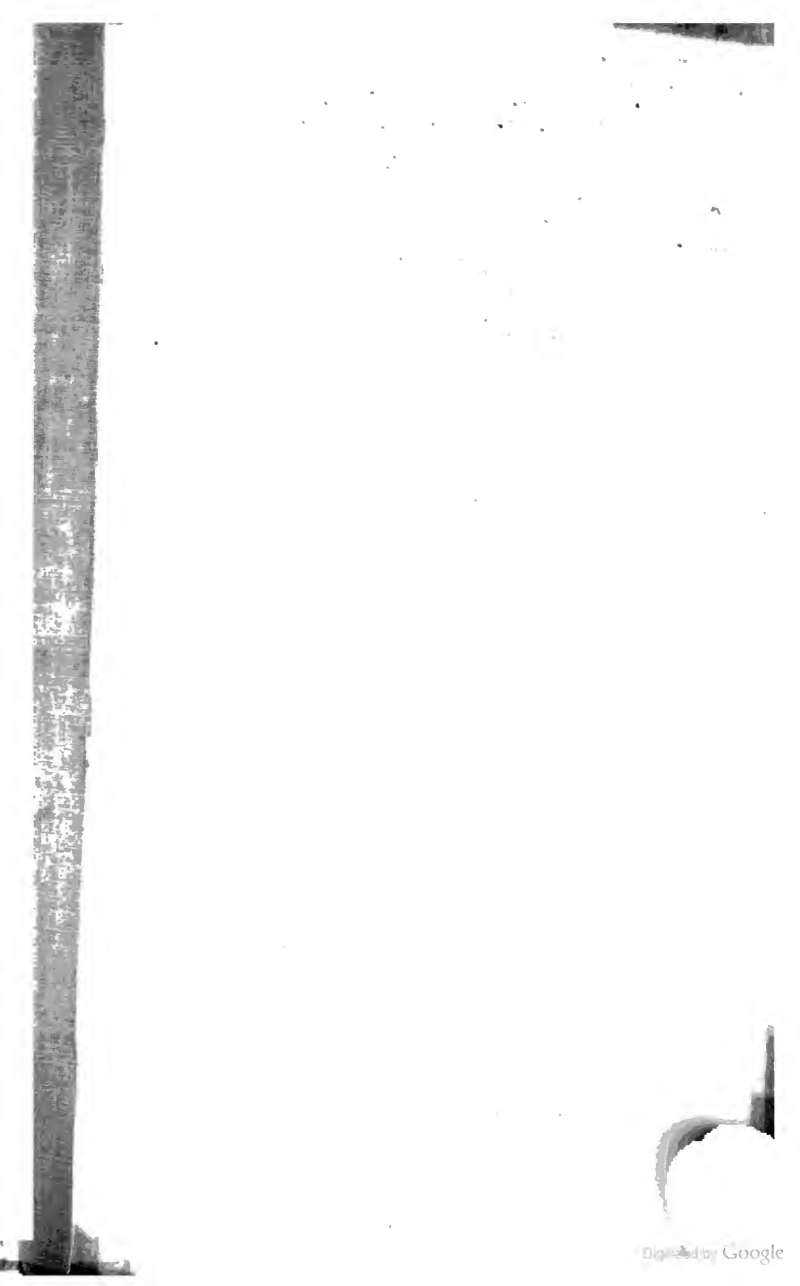


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Edinburgh

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1863.



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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DLXXIII. JULY 1863. Vol. XCIV.

CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XVII.

NO. XXIII.—POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

Posthumous reputation! who can honestly say that posthumous reputation, in one sense of the phrase, is of no value in his eyes? If it were only heroes and poets, those arch-cravers of renown, who cared what were said of them after death, our village burial-grounds would lack their tombstones. A certain desire for posthumous reputation is so general that we might fairly call it universal. But I shall attempt to show that, being thus universal, it springs from sources which are common in human breasts, and not from that hunger for applause which is the exceptional characteristic of the candidates for Fame. It grows out of the natural affections or the moral sentiment, rather than the reasonings of intellectual ambition.

Be a man how obscure soever—as free from the desire of fame, as devoid of the capacities to achieve it—still the thought of sudden and entire forgetfulness would be a sharp pang to his human heart. He does not take leave of the earth without the yearning hope to retain a cherished place in the love or esteem of some survivors, after his remains have been removed into the coffin and thrust out of sight into the grave. The last "*Vale*" were, indeed, a dreary word without the softening adjuration, "*Sis memor mei.*" Even criminals themselves, in that confusion of reasoning which appears inseparable from crime, reconciled, in death as in life, to names scorned by the honest (who to them, indeed, form a strange and foreign race), still hope for posthumous reputation among their comrades, for qualities which criminals esteem.

The Pirates in Byron's poem are not content to sink, without such honours as pirates afford, into the ocean that "shrouds and sepulchres their dead."

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"Ours"—they exclaim, in the spirit of Scandinavian Vikings—

> "Ours the brief epitaph in danger's day,
> When those who win at length divide the prey,
> And cry—remembrance saddening o'er each brow—
> 'How had the brave who fell exulted now!'"

But if the bad cannot banish a desire to live after death in the affection even of the bad, where is the good man who, trained throughout life to value honour, can turn cynic on his deathbed, and say, "Let me in life enjoy the profitable credit for honesty, and I care not if, after death, my name be held that of a knave"?

All of us, then, however humble, so far covet posthumous reputation that we would fain be spoken and thought of with affection and esteem by those whose opinions we have prized, even when we are beyond the sound of their voices and the clasp of their hands. Such reputation may be (as with most of us it is) but a brief deferment of oblivion—the suspense of a year, a month, a day, before the final cancel and effacement of our footprint on the sands of Time. But *some* kindly reminiscence in *some* human hearts man intuitively yearns to bequeath; and the hope of it comforts him as he turns his face to the wall to die.

But if this be a desire common to the great mass of our species, it must evidently rise out of the affections common to all—it is a desire for love, not a thirst for glory. This is not what is usually meant and understood by the phrase of posthumous reputation; it is not the renown accorded to the exceptional and rare intelligences which soar above the level of mankind. And here we approach a subject of no uninteresting speculation—viz., the distinction between that love for posthumous though brief repute which emanates from the affections and the moral sentiment, and that greed of posthumous and lasting renown which has been considered the craving, not of the heart nor of the moral sentiment, but rather of the intellect, and therefore limited to those who have the skill and the strength to vie for the palm awarded to the victor only when his chariot-wheels halt and the race is done. Competitors are many; victors, alas! are few. Out of all the myriads who have tenanted our earth, the number even of eminent intellects which retain place in its archives is startlingly small. The vast democracy of the dead are represented by an oligarchy to which that of Venice was liberal. Although successive races of laborious compilers and reverential antiquarians do their utmost to preserve in dusty shelves the bones and fossils of every specimen of man which has left a vestige of its being in the layers and strata of the past, it were as well, to a lover of fame, to sleep in his grave ignored, as to be dishumed, a forlorn fragment of what he once was, and catalogued alphabetically in a Biographical Dictionary.

Let us suppose some youthful poet whose heart is now beating loud with "the immense desire of praise," to whom his guardian angel lifts the veil of Futurity, and saith, "Thy name shall be preserved from oblivion. Lo! its place in yon compendium of embalmed celebrities, which scholars shall compile five centuries after thy decease. Read and exult!" The poet (his name be Jones) reads as follows under the letter J :—

"Jones, David, a British author in the reign of Victoria I. Wrote many poems much esteemed by his contemporaries, some few fragments of which have been collected in the recent 'Anthology' of his learned and ingenious countryman, Professor Morgan Apreece; and, though characterised by the faults prevalent in his period, are not without elegance and fancy. Died at Caermarthen A.D. 1892."

Such would be a very honourable mention—more than is said in a Biographical Dictionary of many a

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bard, famous in his day; and yet what poet would not as willingly be left calm in "God's Acre," without any mention at all? Saith Sir Thomas Browne, in his quaint sublimity of style, "To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Grüter — to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names—to be studied by antiquarians who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies,—are cold consolation unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages."*

Yet, alas! how few of us can hope for the perpetuity even of an inscription "like those in Grüter!" Nor is this all; out of those few to whom universal assent and favouring circumstance have secured high place in the motley museum of Fame, and lengthened account in the dreary catalogue of names, how very few there are whose renown would be a thing of envy to the pure and lofty ambition of heroic youth! How few in whom the intellectual eminence conceded to them is not accompanied by such alleged infirmities and vices of character, as only allow our admiration of the dead by compelling an indulgence which we could scarcely give, even to the dearest of our friends if living!

I am not sure whether any student of perpetuity, while the white of his robe is still without a weather-stain, and his first step lightly bounds up the steep

> "Where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

would be contented to leave behind him the renown of a Bacon's wisdom, coupled with those doubts of sincerity, manliness, gratitude, and honour, which Bacon's generous advocates have so ingeniously striven to clear away. On such points, who would not rather be unknown to posterity than need an advocate before its bar?

It is not the bent of my philosophy to disparage illustrious names. I am myself predisposed rather too implicitly to revere than too harshly to criticise the statues set up in Walhalla. I do not call Alexander the Great "the Macedonian madman"—I do not fix my eyes upon all the stains that historians discover in the toga of Julius Cæsar, nor peer through the leaves of his laurel wreath to detect only the bald places which the coronal hides. I gaze with no Cavalier's abhorrence on the rugged majesty of our English Cromwell. No three in the list of the famous are perhaps more sure than these three of renown unwasted by the ages; yet, seeing all that has been said, can be said, and will be said against all three, and upon those attributes of character which I have been taught to consider more estimable than intellectual ability and power, I know not whether, after death, I would not rather have nothing said about me. It would give me no satisfaction to think that I

> "Leave a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

There is something in renown of that kind which is, after all, little better than a continuity of the ignorant gossip and uncivil slander which have so often made the great sadly wish that they were obscure. When the poet, who had achieved a fame more generally acknowledged throughout Europe than has perhaps been accorded to any poet in his own lifetime since the days of Petrarch, was on his deathbed, he did not exclaim, "I demand glory!" but sighed, "I implore peace!" Happy indeed the poet of whom, like Orpheus, nothing is known but an immortal name! Happy next, perhaps, the poet of whom, like Homer, nothing is known but the immortal works. The more the merely human part of the poet remains a mystery, the more willing is the reverence given

* 'Urn Burial.'

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to his divine mission. He may say with the prophet—

"Mon empire est détruit si l'homme est reconnu."

Some kinds of posthumous renown there are indeed which the purest coveters of fame might envy. But such kinds of renown are the rarest; nor are they those which most fascinate the emulous eyes of youth by the pomps of intellectual splendour. For perhaps a certain roughness of surface is necessary to the emission of that light which most strikes the remote beholder, as it is said the moon would be invisible to us were its surface even. And the renowns of which I now speak attract less by the glare of genius than by the just proportions of moral beauty, which the genius of others hallowing and revering them (as genius ever hallows and reveres all images of moral beauty), preserves distinct and clear by the tribute of its own rays.

What English gentleman would not rejoice to bequeath a name like that of Sir Philip Sidney? what French chevalier like that of Bayard? what cosmopolitan philanthropist like that of Howard? what republican patriot like that of Washington? what holy priest like that of Carlo Borromeo? But in all these serene and beautiful renowns the intellectual attributes, though not inconsiderable, are slight in comparison with the moral. The admiring genius of others, however, invests them with the intellectual glory which genius alone can bestow. They are of those whom poets do not imitate, but whom poets exalt and sanctify. Yet in the moral attributes which secure their fame they must have been approached by many of their contemporaries never heard of. For though in intellect a man may so lift himself above his class, his land, his age, that he may be said to tower alone as well as aloft, yet the moral part of him must, almost always, draw the chief supply of its nutriment from the surrounding atmosphere. Where we recognise in any one an image of moral elevation, which seems to us at the first glance unique and transcendent, I believe that, on a careful examination, we shall find that among his coevals, or in the very nature of his times, those qualities which furnish forth their archetype in him were rife and prevalent. And if, in him, they have a more conspicuous and striking embodiment, it will be partly from circumstances, whether of birth, fortune, or favouring event, which first served to buoy up his merit to the surface of opinion, and then bear it onward in strong tide to the shore of fame; and partly from that force of will which is often neither a moral nor an intellectual property, but rather a result of physical energy and constitutional hardihood of nerve.

Again, some men have found in a grateful posterity the guardians of an enviable renown, less by any remarkable excellence of their own, than by the wrongs they have suffered in a cause which is endeared to the interests of mankind. Thus, William Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney are hallowed to English freemen so long as our history shall last. But if they had not died on the scaffold, it may be reasonably doubted whether they could still live in fame.

Seeing, then, that the prizes drawn from the funeral urn are so few, and among the few, so very few that are worth more than a blank, it is not surprising that the desire of posthumous reputation, though in itself universal, should rather contract into a yearning for affection or a regard for character, bounded to the memory of our own generation or the next, than expand into the grandiose conceit of everduring fame. Nor do I believe that with those by whom such fame is won is the prophetic hope of it a prevalent motive power after the dreamy season of early youth. At the dawn of life, in our school and college days, we do but dimly see

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the line between life and death,—life seems so distinct and so long—death seems so vague and so far. Then, when we think of fame, we scarce discern the difference between the living and the dead. Then, our enthusiasm is for ideals, and our emulation is to vie with the types that express them. It is less living men we would emulate than immaterial names. In the martial sports of our play-ground we identify ourselves not with a Raglan or a Gortschakoff, but with a Hector or Achilles. Who shall tell us that Hector and Achilles never lived?—to us, while in boyhood, they are living still, nay, among the most potent and vital of living men. We know not then what we could not do; we fancy we could do all things were we but grown-up men. We ignore the grave. As we live familiarly with the ancients, so we associate our own life with posterity. Is our first copy of verse, on the Ruins of Pæstum—is our first theme, to the text, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*,'—uncommended by our tasteless master, unadmired by our envious class, we have an undefined consolatory idea that posterity will do us justice. And posterity to us seems a next-door neighbour, with whom we shall shake hands, and from whom we shall hear polite compliments—not when we are dead, but when we are grown up. We are too full of life to comprehend that there is any death except for those old folks who cannot appreciate us. Bright and illustrious illusions! Who can blame, who laugh at the boy, who not admire and commend him, for that desire of a fame outlasting the Pyramids, by which he insensibly learns to live in a life beyond the present, and nourish dreams of a good unattainable by the senses? But when a man has arrived at the maturity of his reason, and his sight has grown sufficiently disciplined to recognise the boundaries of human life—when he has insensibly taught his ear to detect the hollow blare of those wind-instruments of fame which once stirred his heart like the fife of Calliope descending from heaven to blend the names of men with those of the Uranides,—the greed of posthumous renown passes away with the other wild longings of his youth. If he has not already achieved celebrity even among his own race, his sobered judgment reveals to him the slender chance of celebrity among the race which follows, and is sure to be stunned by living claimants loud enough to absorb its heed. If he has achieved celebrity, then his post is marked out in the Present. He has his labours, his cares, his duties, for the day. He cannot pause to dream what may be said of him in a morrow that he will not greet. If really and substantially famous, his egotism is gone. He is moving with and for multitudes and his age; and what he writes, what he does, potential in his own time, must indeed have its influence over the times that follow, but often mediately, indirectly, and as indetectable from the influence of minds that blend their light with his own, as one star-beam is from another. And for the most part, men thus actively engaged in the work which distinguishes them in the eyes of contemporaries, think as little of the fame which that work may or may not accord among distant races to the six or seven letters which syllable their names, as thinks a star whose radiance reaches us, of what poets may hymn to its honour, or astrologers assign to its effect, under the name by which we distinguish the star, whether we call it Saturn or Mars or Venus.

Certainly we may presume, that of all aspirants to posthumous renown poets are the most ardent and the most persevering—justly so; for of all kinds of intellectual merit, the poet's is that which contemporaries may the most fail to recognise. And yet among poets since the Christian era (I shall touch later on those of the heathen time), we cannot, I think, discover any great anxiety for posthumous renown in

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those who lived long enough to fulfil their mission, and have received from posterity a homage that would have sanctioned their most confident appeal to a future generation. I say, those who lived long enough to fulfil their mission; and I mean, that when their mission was fulfilled—their great works done—their care for the opinion of posterity seems to have been anything but restless and over-eager. No doubt, in youth, the longing for posthumous renown in them was strong. In youth, that yearning might dictate to Milton the first conception of some great epic which the world would not willingly let die. But when, after the toils and sorrows of his hard career, the old man returned to the dream of his young ambition, the joy of his divine task seems to have been little commingled with vain forethought of the praise it might receive from men. He himself was so grand a man, and so fully conscious of his own grandeur, that, however it may wound our vanity to own it, I do not think he cared very sensitively what we light readers or scholastic critics might say of him, for or against. The audience which he hoped to find, "fit, though few," was, according to the guess of one of his shrewdest commentators, confined much to the sect of his own Puritan brethren.

Goethe compares the joy of the poet to the joy of the bird;—the bird sings because it is its nature to sing—not because it is to be praised for singing. But Milton's joy was high beyond the bird's—it was the joy of a sublime human soul—the joy of lifting himself above man's judgment, as a great soul ever seeks to do—high above the evil days—the dangers and the darkness with which he was encompassed round.

True, he enjoins himself not

> "Sometimes to forget
> Those other two, equalled with me in fate
> (So were I equalled with them in renown),
> Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides."

But the brief sigh for renown, less haughtily than modestly breathed forth in the parenthetical line, soon swells into the loftier prayer with which he closes his complaint of the loss of external day—

> "So much the rather thou, celestial light,
> Shine *inward*, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate!"

Poor and trivial, among sublimer consolations, would have been even the assured foreknowledge of that rank among the worldly subjects of mortal kings, which Addison's elegant criticism established for Burnet's blind schoolmaster—to him who, alone among poets, had the privilege to say—

> "Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
> An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."

Again, passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets, attesting Shakespeare's sensitive pain in the thought of his equivocal worldly status and vocation, may, not illogically, be held to imply a correspondent desire for the glory to which he may have known that his genius was the rightful heir. Indeed, if in his Sonnets he may be fairly presumed to speak in his own person (as I think the probable and natural supposition), and not, as some contend, inventing imaginary sentiments for imaginary persons in imaginary situations—he indulges in an exulting vaunt of the immortality his young muse had already secured—

> "Not marble, not the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

But in his later days, when he had attained to such reputation as the reigns of Elizabeth and James would accord to a playwriter—and luckier than most playwriters, and, of course, more prudent (for genius so complete as his is always eminently prudent, eminently practical), had saved or gained the means which allowed him to retire to New Place in Stratford—a gentleman, taking rank not with Homer and Sophocles, but with county squires—with a Master

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Slender, or even with a Justice Shallow—he certainly appears to have given himself no trouble about preparing his works for us—that is, for posterity. He left them to take their chance with a carelessness that startles commonplace critics. Why so careless?—it startles me to think that critics can ask why. To an intellect so consummate as Shakespeare's, the thought of another world beyond the criticism of this world must have been very familiar; that it *was* familiar might, I think, be made clearly manifest by reference to the many passages and sentences in which, without dramatic necessity, and not always with dramatic fitness and effect, the great pyschologist utters his own cherished thoughts through the lips of his imaginary creations.

Now, without straining too far lines in the Sonnets which appear to intimate his own mournful sense of humiliation in his calling of player, the age itself so austerely refused to recognise the stage as a school of morals or an ally of religion, that possibly Shakespeare, who so solemnly attests his Christian faith in the Will written a year before his death, might have had some humble doubts whether his mighty genius had conferred those vast benefits on mankind which are now recognised in the wisdom of its genial and comprehensive humanity. And thus, silent as to the works of his mind, he speaks but of the deathless nature of his soul—"I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

Campbell has thought that Shakespeare made a secret and touching reference to his retirement from his own magic art, in the work which is held by so many critics, including De Quincey, to have been the last (viz., 'The Tempest'), and which Dyce esteems the most elaborately finished, of all his plays; and there is so much in the sympathy by which one great poet often divines the interior parabolic significations veiled in the verse of another, that the opinion of Campbell has here an authority which will not be lightly set aside by thoughtful critics. Certainly, if Shakespeare were at that time meditating retirement from the practice of his art, he could scarcely have been more felicitously "inspired to typify himself" than in Prospero's farewell to the enchanted isle—

> "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," &c.

It is true that it cannot be clearly proved, any more than as yet it has been satisfactorily disproved, that the 'Tempest,' performed before James in 1611, five years previous to Shakespeare's decease, really was the last drama which Shakespeare wrote; but if it were ascertained that, in his retirement at Stratford, he did, during those five intervening years, busy himself on some other play,* it would not confute the assumption that he had meant to typify himself in that farewell, and, at the time, had intended to write plays no more. Descartes at one moment seriously resolved to withdraw from philosophical pursuits, and yet revoked his resolution.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain, whether he did or did not write plays subsequent to the date of the 'Tempest,' he took no pains to secure their transmission to posterity, and evinced so little care even to distinguish those he had composed from other stock-pieces in his theatre, that it is only comparatively within a recent period that the many inferior plays assigned to his pen have been rejected from the list of his dramas; while one of the grandest of all his works, 'Lear,' is spoken of by Tate as "an

* Dyce says, "I suspect that before 1613 he (Shakespeare) had entirely abandoned dramatic composition."

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obscure piece recommended to him by a friend."

My own experience of life, so far as it has extended, confirms the general views I have here taken with regard to the thirst for posthumous renown.

I have seldom known a very young man of first-rate genius in whom that thirst was not keen ; and still more seldom any man of first-rate genius, who, after middle life, was much tormented by it, more especially if he had already achieved contemporaneous fame, and felt how little of genuine and unalloyed delight it bestows, even while its plaudits fall upon living ears.

But, on the other hand, I daily meet with mediocre men, more especially mediocre poets, to whom the vision of a fame beyond the grave is a habitual hallucination.

And this last observation leads me to reflect on the strange deficiency of all clear understanding as to his degree of merit, which is almost peculiar to the writer of verse.

In most other departments of intellectual industry and skill a man soon acquires a tolerably accurate idea whether what he is doing be good, bad, or indifferent ; but the manufacturer of verse seems wholly unable to estimate the quality of the fabric he weaves, or perceive whether the designs he stamps or embroiders on it are really beauteous and original forms, or trite copies and graceless patterns. No matter how consummate his intelligence in other domains of mind, yet he may rank with the most stolid and purblind of self-deceivers when he has to pass judgment on his own rhymes.

Frederick the Great is certainly Fritz the Little when he abandons the tented field for the Pierian grot. Richelieu never errs in his conceptions of the powers at his command except when he plunges into rhyme —never, in his vainest moments, overrates his strength against courts and nobles and foreign armies, but is wholly unable to comprehend that he is not a match for Corneille in the composition of a tragedy.

Nay, what is still more strange, poets the most confessedly illustrious have not always been able to judge so well as the most commonplace and prosaic of their readers the relative merits of their own performances. Milton is said to have preferred his 'Paradise Regained' to his 'Paradise Lost ;' Byron to have estimated his imitations of Pope at a higher value than his 'Childe Harold' or his 'Siege of Corinth.' Campbell felt for 'Theodric' a more complacent affection than he bestowed on 'Gertrude of Wyoming ;' and even Goethe, who judged his own compositions with a cooler and more candid survey than any other poet ever bestowed on the beloved children of his brain, can neither by artistic critics nor popular readers be thought justified in preferring the Second Part of 'Faust' to the First.

Possibly a main cause of this offuscation of intelligence in verse-writers may be found in the delight which the composition of verse gives to the author. And Richelieu explained why he, so acute in assessing his power for governing kingdoms, was so dull in comprehending his abilities for the construction of rhyme, in the answer he once gave to Desmarets, to whom he said, wearily, "In this troubled life of mine, what do you think constitutes my chief pleasure ?" Desmarets, courtier-like, replied, "The thought that you are making the happiness of France." "*Pas de tout !*" answered Richelieu, "*c'est à faire les vers.*"

Now, the mere delight of making verse was perhaps quite as great in Richelieu as in Corneille—is as great in the schoolboy poetaster as in the loftiest bard ; and in the loftiest bard not less, possibly even more, when he is rapidly and painlessly writing down to his lowest level, than when piling thought on thought, with carefully selected marbles of expression, up to his highest height. If it be truly reported of Virgil that he spent the morning in pouring forth his verses, and the evening in correcting, condensing,

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abridging, polishing the verses thus composed, the probability is that the morning's task was one of delight, and the evening's task one of pain. But without the evening's task, possibly the morning's task might not have secured to posterity the *Monstrum sine labe*, which Scaliger has declared Virgil to be.

The verse-maker's pleasure in his verse intoxicates him. It is natural that he should think that what so pleased him to write, it ought to please others to read. If it do not please them, it is the bad taste of the day—it is the malice of coteries—the ignorance of critics. Posterity will do him justice. And thus the veriest poetaster takes refuge in the thought of posterity, with as complacent an assurance as could possibly cheer the vision of the loftiest poet. Indeed, if the loftiest poet had been sensible of pain as well as pleasure in his composition, his pain would have made him sensible of his faults; whereas the poetaster, in composing, feels only the unalloyed satisfaction of belief in his merits. And thus, having cited one traditional anecdote of the painstaking Virgil, I may add another—viz., that, far from deeming himself *Monstrum sine labe*, he considered his 'Æneid' not sufficiently corrected and perfected for the eye of posterity, and desired that it should be destroyed.

I think, then, that a poet of some thought and modesty will hesitate before he admit as a genuine, solid, well-founded consolation for any present disparagement to which he may conceive his genius unjustly subjected, that belief in future admiration, which he must share in common with the most ordinary mortals who ever composed a hemistich. He can never feel quite sure that his faith in posterity is a sound one. Granted that he have an internal conviction, which appears to him a divine prescience, that posterity will reward him for the neglect of his own day; yet, if he will take the pains to inquire, he will find that an internal conviction, conceived to be a prescience just as divine, comforts the grocer's apprentice in the next street, whose hymns to Mary, or Marathon, or the Moon, have been churlishly refused admission into the Poet's Corner of a Monthly Magazine.

But, after all, a consolation for present disparagement or neglect, in the persuasion, well or ill founded, of praise awarded by a future generation, does not seem to me a very elevated source of comfort, nor do I think it would be dearly prized by a strong mind, which has matured its experiences of mortal life, and trained itself to reflect upon the scope and ends of an immortal spirit. Although most men destined to achieve large objects commence their career with a rich share of that love of approbation which is harshly called vanity, yet in masculine natures there is no property which more refines itself into vapour, and fades away out of the character, when completed, compact, rounded, solidified, by its own evolutions in the lengthened course of its orbit, than that same restless gaseous effervescence of motive power which, at the onset of the career, while the future star is still but a nebula, bubbles and seethes from the crudity of struggling forces. That passion for applause, whether we call it vanity or by some nobler name, has done its work in the organisation of the man when he has effected things that are substantially *worthy* of applause.

And here I may observe that there are three causes of satisfaction in the creation of works designed for endurance, that are often confounded with the pleasure supposed to exist in the anticipation of the fame which may eventually honour the design. 1*st*, The satisfaction of art in the consultation of the elementary requisite of artistic construction; 2*d*, The satisfaction of what I call the intellectual conscience, and shall endeavour to define; 3*d*, The satisfaction of the moral conscience.

1*st*. Durability is the requisite of

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all constructive art; the artist intuitively aims at it in all his ideals of form, and the aim itself constitutes one of the steadiest, nor least vivid, of the Pleasures of Art. No great architect could feel much delight in his palaces if he built them of snow; and even should he build them of marble, his anguish, as artist, would be keen if he discovered that he had committed some so great fault in mechanics, that his girders and columns were unable to support his dome, and in a few years his fabric would be a ruin. Neither could any great writer rejoice in designing works in which he knew that the principle of duration was violated or ignored. What is thus true as a source of satisfaction in art is, though in lesser degree, true also in action, wherever the action be that of a constructor. Strenuous endeavour, in all really great minds, aims at durability, wherever it seeks to construct.

And in proportion to a man's belief in the worthiness of labours which necessitate the sacrifice of many fugitive joys, will be his satisfaction in the adoption of principles which tend to secure the result of those labours from decay. Nor is this all. In the very habit of consulting the object of permanence in the designs which he meditates, his whole mind ascends into a higher and calmer atmosphere of intellectual enjoyment; he is less affected by the cares and troubles of the immediate hour in his positive existence, and less mortified by any shortlived envy or neglect to which his intellectual or ideal existence is subjected. As the eye finds a soothing charm in gazing on extended prospects, so does the mind take pleasure in contemplating objects remote in time.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

2*d*. There is an intellectual as well as a moral conscience; and the content of both is serene and full in proportion as the attraction to things evanescent is counteracted by the attraction towards objects that endure. Hence genius is patient as well as virtue, and patience is at once an anodyne and a tonic—nay, more, it is the only stimulant which always benefits and never harms.

3*d*. There is a cheering pleasure to the moral conscience akin to that of beneficence, in the construction of intellectual works worthy of duration—a satisfaction which every human being not indifferent to the welfare of his kind may reasonably conceive in the design of things that may contribute to the uses and enjoyments of succeeding generations.

But all these three sources of gratification are wholly distinct from the vainer and ignobler calculations of reward for present labours in the imagined murmur of future plaudits. For, after all, perhaps the best of what a man of genius (whatever his fame may be) has accomplished, is never traced popularly or distinctly home to him. He suggests infinitely more than he can perform—what he performs is visible, what he suggests is undiscerned. Whether in science, or art, or action, he implants many an idea in other minds, which they develop in their own way, unconscious of what they owed to the originator. Can any living poet tell us, or divine himself, what he owes to Shakespeare, to Homer, or perhaps to some forgotten ballad, chanted low by an old woman's cracked voice when he lay half asleep, half awake, and the shadows of twilight crept along his nursery-floors? Let me start a great thought—let me perform a noble action—and the effects thereof may continue, impelling wave after wave of the world's moral atmosphere till the last verge of time; but that I should publish the thought or do the action from a motive of reward in human praise, would neither evince a sublime generosity of mind, nor a prudent calculation of probable results. For whether the praise be now or a thousand years hence, it would still

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be but human praise; and if there would be something inherently vain in my nature, and vulgar in my ambition, did I make myself a mere seeker of applause now, I do not see that I should be more magnanimous because the applause thus coveted was a deferred investment. All I can see is, that I should be less rational; for at least applause now I can enjoy—applause when I am dead I cannot.

Nor would it be a sign of a disciplined intellect to forget the unpleasant truth introduced by so vast a majority of instances—viz., that a man who cannot win fame in his own age, will have very small chance of winning it from posterity. True, there are some half-dozen exceptions to this truth among millions of myriads that attest it; but what man of common sense would invest any large amount of hope in so unpromising a lottery!

Now, in proportion as some earnest child of genius and labour, with capacities from which renown emanates and travels as light does from a sun, nears the mystery of the grave, it is a reasonable supposition that his mind will more solemnly take into its frequent meditation the increasing interest of the mighty question to which the very thought of the grave invites all who have learned to think. Either he arrives at a firm conviction, or at least at a strong belief, one way or other—or he remains in that indecision of doubt which distrusts a guide and disdains a guess. If his conviction or belief be that which I conceive to be exceedingly rare in men of genius,—viz., that when the breath passes from his clay, his sense of being, his *Ego*, is eternally annihilated, and all of him that remain indestructible are what he in life despised as the meanest and rudest parts of him—viz., the mere elements of his material form escaping from his coffin to furnish life to some other material form, vegetable or organic, with which he can have no conscious identity, no cognate affinity,—I cannot conceive by what confusion of ideas he could rejoice in some remote honour paid to the *Ego* blotted evermore out of creation. I can understand that a man adopting this Sadducean creed might still care what his children, his friends might think of him when absorbed in the *Néant* or Nothingness which Danton understood by the word Death; because, though he may argue himself out of the perceptions of his soul, he has obeyed, perhaps to the last kiss of his faltering lip, the last wistful look of his glazing eye, the feelings of his heart; and it is his heart which bids him hope that the children he loves, the friends he regrets to leave, should, if but for their sakes, feel no shame in mourning him who so loved and cherished them. But an egotistical desire for mere fame continued after the *Ego* itself is annihilated—after children and friends are annihilated in their turn; a fame which, howsoever long it may endure, is but to be transmitted to races all as perishable in thought and spirit as himself, momentary animations of mere salts, and minerals, and gases—evanescent as Mayflies on a rivulet, and obeying but instincts as limited to the earth they scarcely touch ere they quit, as are an ant's to the wants of its toilsome commonwealth;—a desire for posthumous fame, on the conditions founded on such belief, were a bloodless and imbecile vanity, to which a man worthy to win fame could scarcely bow even his human pride.

But if on this subject of spiritual immortality a man approach the grave with no conviction—no belief one way or other (simply in that state of sceptic doubt with which philosophy commences inquiry, and out of which into some definite conclusion or other it must emerge if it would solve a single secret or hazard a single guess into truth), then, I apprehend that the very coolness of his temperament would preserve him from any very eager desire for a thing so airy and barren—so unphilosophical in itself

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as the vague echo of a name. Minds thus cautiously hesitating before they can acknowledge the substance of proofs, are not likely to be the superstitious adorers of a phantom.

Lastly, if a man of strong mind and bright imagination has come to the firm conviction or pervading faith that he begins after death to live again in some region wholly remote from earth, with wholly new perceptions adapted to new destinations, the desire of mere renown on the spot to which for an infinitesimally brief period of his being he has been consigned, may indeed be conceived, may at moments be even keen, but it will not be constant, nor, when it stirs within him, be long indulged. For it could scarcely fail to become subordinate (in proportion to the height of his aspirations and the depth of his intellect) to the more important question — how far he has been preparing and training himself, not for renown to the name which on quitting earth he will have more cast off and done with than Pythagoras had cast off and done with that of Euphorbus, but rather for new name and new rank in that great career which only commences when earth and its names are left.

Thus the dream of fame, so warm and vivid in very early youth, gradually obtains its euthanasia among the finest orders of minds, in a kind of serene enthusiasm for duty. The more beautiful and beautifying is the nature of the man, the more beauty that nature throws into its ideals of duty. So that duty itself loses its hard and austere aspects, and becomes as much the gracious and sweet result of impulses which mellow into habits, as harmony is the result of keys and chords fitted and attuned to music.

Among the ancients, the peculiar religious conceptions of a future life seem to have given to the desire of posthumous fame, a force, a fervour, which it could scarcely draw from any existent mode of psychological belief, whether that of a Christian or a deistical philosopher. For with either of the last this life is but an initiation — a probation; and the life hereafter is not a spectral continuance of the same modes of being, but a fresh and strange existence—immeasurably, ineffably more glorious, at least for those not condemned to lasting punishments by the Divine Judge—and (where the philosopher ventures on speculations warranted to his reason, by analogies from natural laws) a state of development and progress such as becomes the sublime notion of a being exalted from material into spiritual spheres. But the popular, and indeed (with the exception of a few segregated sages) the almost universal idea of the classic ancients as to a future state even for the Blessed, was not one of progress and development, but of a pale imitation in the sunless Elysian fields of the pursuits which had pleased on earth. It is no wonder that Horace should exult to have built in his verse a monument of himself more perennial than brass; when, in his vision of the realms of Proserpine and the chosen seats of the Pious, Sappho still wailingly sings of her mortal loves, and Alcæus, in more ample strain, chants to his golden lyre the hardships of shipwreck and flight and war. To recall the span of life was the only occupation of eternity. The more contentious and strifeful the reminiscences invoked, the more agreeably they relieved the torpor of unwilling repose—

> "Magis
> Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
> Densum humeris bibit aure volgus."

Putting aside the speculative conjectures of their philosophers, the notions of a future state conceived by the ancients have no representation in any of the three sections of modern doctrine at which I have superficially glanced. They did not doubt with the modern sceptic—did not accept a natural religion like the modern deist, nor rely upon the distinct assur-

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ances of a divine revelation, like the modern Christian. They maintained the continuance after death of an unsatisfactory, unalluring state of being, in which the mortal, conducted by Mercury to Charon's boat, was, in mind, desire, and thought, as in bodily form, but the ghost and larva of his former self. In the fields of Asphodel, nothing new, nothing more, was to be done throughout the flat waste of wearisome eternity—mortal life alone was the sphere of intellect and action. What, therefore, the mortal had done in life was all that the immortal could do throughout the endless ages. And as the instinct of immortality is not, when it be profoundly examined, the mere craving to live on, but, with all finer natures, the craving to live worthily, hereafter as here; so, to genius the life even of Elysian fields being but an objectless, unprogressive existence, the very instinct of the only immortality in any way correspondent to its powers as well as to its aspirations served to intensify the desire of perpetuity for the things achieved in the sole sphere of life, wherein anything at all could be achieved. And as the brightest joy the Elysian wanderer could experience was in the remembrance of his glories past, so the fame for glories past in his life of man formed a practical idea of enduring solace, even in the notions a heathen formed of his life as spirit. Nor can even the philosopher thoroughly escape the influence of the prevalent and popular tenets of his age. And thus the old philosophers, in their rejection of vulgar fables, and their more enlightened conceptions of the destination of souls, did not, and could not, attain to the same spiritual elevation of thought as is at this day mechanically attained by even the philosophical deist who, in rejecting Christianity, at least takes his start into speculation from the height he quits. For his idea of a soul's destination will include total change of earthly pursuits and ends—development and progress through the eternity he concedes to it.

Thus, among the ancients of the classic world, as among our Teuton or Scandinavian forefathers, the life of ghost being little more than the pale reflection of the life of man, the man not unnaturally identified his ambition with that renown amongst men, the consciousness of which would form the most vivid of his pleasures, and afford him the highest rank, in the Realm of Shadow.

It is not so to the psychologist, who associates his notion of immortal life with that of infinite progress, and lifts the hope of virtue farther and farther from the breath of man—nearer and nearer towards the smile of God.

Let us consider! Suppose you were to say to an intelligent, aspiring child, at a small preparatory school, "The reward to which you must look forward, as inducement and encouragement to all your present toils and privations, is the renown you will leave in this little school when you have left it. No matter how repugnant now your lessons, no matter how severe your floggings, no matter how cruel the boys, nor how unjust the master—is it not a sublime consolation, a sustaining joy, that, fifty years after you have gone out of these narrow walls into the spacious world on which they open, other little boys, in skeleton-jackets like your own, will point to the name you have carved on your desk, and say, 'He was one of us?'"

I suspect that the child, being intelligent and aspiring, would answer, if permitted to speak frankly, "Sir, that is all very well; but in itself such anticipation would not console me in my sufferings, nor sustain me in my trials. Certainly I should be well pleased, while I am here, to be admired by my schoolfellows and praised by

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my masters; that hope would encourage and animate me, as a present reward for present labours; but when you bid me look into the future for reward, my mind does not conceive it probable that it will go back to the past life in this little school—involuntarily it goes forward to that wide world, which, as you say, opens out of the school, and for which my lessons here educate and prepare me; and to win high place among those in that larger world, is a dream of ambition much more inspiring, and much more comforting, than any thought of what little boys in skeleton-jackets may say of me in this little school, fifty years after I have left it, and forgotten all the troubles and torments I experienced herein."

Yet what preparatory school, as compared with the great world it leads to, can be to the child so small and insignificant as the scope of this life must seem to the man who believes himself immortal, compared with the infinity for which this life educates his soul? And if, on the other side of the grave, we allow ourselves to suppose that a departed spirit could be made aware of the renown which it has left on this—could learn that, centuries or cycles after it had quitted the poor painful little school, the name it had carved on its old worm-eaten desk was still visible, and pointed out to new-comers by the head boys with respect — we can scarcely conceive that this long-departed spirit would feel any very sensible joy.

For indeed it does happen to many of us to be told in middle life or old age, that at the little preparatory school — where, after some mental effort, we can just dimly remember that our knuckles were once rapped by an usher, and our tasks once rewarded by a badge of ribbon, or even a silver medal—little boys, little as we were then, do talk of us, do point to the name we so clumsily carved on our desk, and do say, "That fellow was one of the cleverest boys we ever had at the school." And yet I do not think that when, from time to time, such complimentary intelligence comes to us—mature men—it dwells on our minds for more than a moment or so. It may give a transient and lukewarm gratification; but the grander occupations of our mature life, in grander spheres of action, engage and absorb us, and lift our sources of joy high beyond the reminiscence of petty triumphs achieved by us when little children. Five hundred years is a long term for renown on earth, yet it is not too much to hope that five hundred years after an immortal being has left this world, he will be at least as far advanced and exalted in the measureless course of his progress —above his proudest achievements in this human life—as a man of sixty can be advanced and exalted in the development of his powers beyond the Gradus and Syntax he dog-eared fifty years ago.

Out of these reflections grows a psychological query, which, as it often occurs to me when meditating on such subjects, I venture to cast forth in suggestion. Assuming, as sufficiently borne out by evidence, the propositions herein laid down—viz., that the desire for posthumous reputation is so far common to mankind, that few of us do not desire that those we love and esteem should cherish and respect our memory for what are called our moral qualities—while the desire of renown among those not endeared to us by personal love and esteem, for qualities purely intellectual, is limited to very few, and of those few, fewer still (nor they, perhaps, the worthiest of renown) with whom the desire is either intense or habitual after the season of youth;—assuming, I say, the general truth of those propositions, may it not be possible, seeing how far the

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great scheme of Providence embraces general laws rather than particular exceptions, and makes most enduring the phenomena most general and least exceptional—may it not be possible that, while we retain in the next life the same or kindred instincts of affection, the same or kindred substrata of moral being, our purely intellectual attributes may undergo a complete transformation—that a wholly new order of those mental faculties, which we here, in vulgar phrase, call our "talents," may grow up within altered organisations fitted to the wholly new range of destinies and duties to which we are removed and readapted? Now, when we pursue the thoughts which this query humbly starts, we are certainly compelled to allow that by far the greater number of these intellectual faculties or "talents" are specially applicable to the special order of things which belongs to this life, and for which no philosophical speculation on the next life enables us to conjecture any renewal of analogous uses.

I may have the special talents that fit me to be a great general, or a great lawyer, or a great surgeon; and for such talents, in such fitting application of them in this life, I may, in this life, obtain great renown, though, apart from the special talents for which the renown is obtained, I may be but a very ordinary mortal. Nor can I, by any stretch of imagination, suppose that any field for these special talents lies yonder—in the spiritual empyrean. There, surely, no spirit will have to consider how many other spirits he can destroy with the least destruction of life to his own spiritual followers; there, surely, no spirit can find exercise for those talents so valued here, by which witnesses are puzzled, juries dazzled, truth clipped or counterfeited by the craft of a glozing tongue; there, surely, will be no work for the surgeon's skill—no bones to set, no limbs to amputate—no discoveries in blood and tissues, such as give fame to a Harvey or a Bichat. So far as concerns the special talents which their whole intellectual organisation here was devoted to enlarge and enrich, the occupations of these Othellos—martial, forensic, clinical—would be gone.*

Do the followers of art arrogate better right of perpetuated exercise to their special talents—or may we not rather doubt if an immortal being, removed from the sphere of academies and galleries, exhibitions and patrons, would even desire to go on through eternity sculpturing and painting? Orators, to whom, here, we accord such popular renown, would find small profit from Quintilian's lessons, in realms where nothing wrong can be defended, and nothing right can be attacked. Even authors, alas! may not secure to their "talents" the scope and delight of perpetuated scribbling. For each author has his own specialty, whereby he wins, here, his fame: one is a poet, another a novelist, a third a historian, a fourth a critic, and a fifth perhaps a political pamphleteer. But out of any of these special departments of intellect subtract the special pabulum that the soil of each department requires—subtract this world of men, with men's fleeting interests and passions, and there would remain little or nothing for which the special faculty of the author is adapted. The poet, perhaps, would claim a superb exemption—he would contend for the privilege of eternal versifying, as the highest occupation of spiritual existence. But if you take from any poet to whom criticism here accords the highest order, the theses

* The thought here expressed is, in a previous Essay (July 1862, p. 42), applied to 'Hints on Mental Culture:' "This world is a school for the education not of a faculty, but of a man."

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of crime and war, pity and terror, suffering and strife—you take away all that gave to his special faculty as poet its noblest exercise and its most confessed renown. He might still, it is true, describe and moralise, but it were some discouragement to that anticipation to be told by Hegel, that of all departments of poetic art, the descriptive and didactic are the lowest. And to describe and moralise as spirit in a spiritual state of being!—what special faculty in mortal poet would be fitted to describe what no mortal heart can conceive, or to moralise where no immorality is permitted? Nay, even the genius of the great preacher, who has devoted his special faculties to the holiest uses, will have surely no need to preach to immortals. It is not his talents as preacher—though here their uses are so vast—though here the renown they bequeath is so august; but rather the purity and the lovingness of motive—the moral qualities, in short, that animated the talents, dictated their uses, beautified the preacher's whole moral being—which we may reasonably conceive continued, perpetuated, developed in a world where there are no sins to denounce and no sorrows to console.

The philosophers, as the seekers after nature and explorers of the unknown, have implied, in many an eloquent page, that their special talents are those best fitted for celestial regions. But, unluckily for this assumption, it is a maxim received among philosophers themselves, from the days of Aristotle down to those of Sir William Hamilton, that philosophy ceases where truth is acknowledged. Instancing the received doctrine of gravitation, Sir William Hamilton says, "Arrived at the general fact that all bodies gravitate towards each other, we inquire no farther." Again, "The sciences always studied with keenest interest are those in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study; and the last, worst calamity that could befall man as he is at present constituted, would be that full and final possession of speculative truth which he now vainly anticipates as the consummation of his intellectual happiness." Thus the genius, and even the desire, of philosophy ceases in any state of being where truth ceases to be uncertain. The special talents of the philosopher are those which enable him keenly to detect, and cautiously to trace, a something in creation previously obscured or hidden. But let the something be made clear and acknowledged, and there is nothing left to philosophise about. So that when we come to examine, it would seem that not only do the occupations for those special intellectual faculties which we call our "talents," and on which earthly renown is bestowed, seem to terminate with their special uses for their exercise on earth; but the stimulants and motives which have called forth their exercise would be withdrawn in a state of being which, according to all enlightened conjecture, must be distinguished from this by the very absence of those causes in human passion, contest, suffering, error, by which such special faculties are quickened and impelled. And seeing that, by the Divine Guide towards the future whom Christians revere, so much stress is laid on cultivating the affections of the heart, and the moral sentiments which conduce to moral improvement, while no stress is laid on the elaborate culture of purely intellectual faculties (as it was by those Greek philosophers who seem to have regarded the affections of the heart with sublime contempt, and made moral improvement the result of that scholastic wisdom into which they resolved virtue, and which not one man in a million could have the leisure to acquire or the wits to understand, so that their conception of the blessed would have been a college of lecturing

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sages),—this comparative silence of Christian doctrine as to heavenly reward for the intellectual faculties which win earthly renown, may have deeper reason than at first glance appears;—viz., not only because Christian promise being extended to illiterate multitudes as well as to the cultured few, only those requirements for immortal reward were enforced, with which the peasant as well as the sage could comply; but also because the foundations of our future spiritual reconstruction are in those portions of our being which are given to us in common, and not in those special faculties or talents which may be as exclusively adapted to this earth as are the instincts of the caterpillar to his state of caterpillar, and may undergo as great and entire a change as do the instincts of the insect when it abandons its creeping form and hovers in the air—a butterfly.

Possibly, at first sight, the views here suggested may seem discouraging to our human intellectual pride. "What," I may ask, "are the faculties I have so studied, whether as soldier, lawyer, surgeon, artist, author, orator, to develop and ripen here, as the finest part of my being, and to my pre-eminence in which my fellow-men accord their praise—are those faculties to perish while I myself do not perish? No; whither goes my soul, must go my mind; whither goes my mind, must go those special faculties which my mind has the most diligently cultivated and the most largely developed." Vain presumption! Whither goes the soul, may go the mind—but a mind so wholly changed, that it no longer needs, for the purveyors of ideas, the senses of the material body, nor the inducements to special purposes and uses limited to an initiatory stage of trial.

For the rest, so long as I myself—the personal integral Ego, conscious of identity—survive, and am borne to a higher state of development, it is no extravagant supposition, that if what are now called my faculties or talents, being no longer needed, fade out from my new phase of being, they will be succeeded by other capacities and powers of which I cannot conceive nor conjecture (so foreign they will be to my present modes of thought and existence), but which may be so incomparably loftier than those which I now complacently value, that could I foreknow the difference, I should smile to think I had pined to carry my spark of glow-worm into the splendours of celestial light.

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FROM CRACOW TO WARSAW.

LETTER FROM POLAND.—NO. II.

If it is impossible, without visiting Poland, to obtain an accurate idea of the true character of the insurrection, and of the nature of the obstacles with which it has to contend, it is still more difficult for the traveller to convey in any satisfactory form the result of his observations. As an essential condition to the ultimate success of the movement is secrecy, a stranger must enjoy peculiar advantages to acquire information of any real value, and can only expect to be let in behind the scenes upon the assumption, not merely that he is thoroughly trustworthy, but that his sympathies are entirely with the insurgents. He is thus naturally expected to tell only what may advance the cause, and to colour, with a pardonable enthusiasm, his narration of the events which have come under his notice. Under no circumstances is he regarded as an impartial observer, whose only object is the discovery of truth: if he be not a frantic and unreasoning partisan either of one side or the other, he can be nothing else than a political spy. In that case, it is probable that both parties will tell him just so much as they think proper, and may possibly also take great pains to mislead him where it may seem to serve their ends. Neither Russians nor Poles will ever believe that an Englishman should have no other object in visiting them than that of relieving the monotony of the London season by a little mild excitement likely to be afforded by the investigation of a country in a state of revolution, or that he should be animated by the still more natural and worthy motive of improving his mind, and forming his own opinions upon the political events of the day. That he should travel on beaten paths for the mere purpose of sight-seeing, is in their eyes a silly English eccentricity, to which they have got accustomed; but that he should take an abstract interest in the moral, political, social, or religious condition of foreign nations, is to them incomprehensible. That one should not be contented with learning geography at school, but choose as a pursuit the observation of men, and the study of the working and effects of their institutions in different countries, is in their eyes simply ludicrous; and yet it is only the exploratory tendency cropping out in another form. Instead of plunging into the centre of Africa to discover the source of the Nile, like Speke and Grant, why not dive into the sources of revolutions? Why confine exploration to physical geography, when there are so many moral and political geographical problems yet unsolved? When does human nature lie more open to philosophical examination than when convulsed by mixed and violent passions? When is the value of political institutions better tested than during a revolution? When is the national character more easily read? What is more exciting than the acquisition of knowledge when everybody conspires to retain it from you? What more interesting than those speculations upon the future, to which the most critical moments in a nation's history give rise? There is a fermentation in political opinion upon the Continent just now which promises to be a fruitful source of revolution, but each movement will owe its origin to different causes; it will be marked by its own special conditions; and just in proportion as his former experience has enabled the observer to arrive at just and accurate conclusions, will he find an interest in bringing his knowledge to bear on each successive

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occasion, and thus be better able to examine, with the calm and impartial scrutiny of a surgeon, the seat of the disease, watch its progress, and predict its result.

The happy privilege which Englishmen possess of being able to travel without restraint, and to express their opinions openly and without reserve, is calculated to puzzle and mislead foreigners who have lived in the retirement of oppressed nationalities. The impossibility of being frank and open among themselves, renders them suspicious of those who come without *arrière pensée* to visit them, and have no reason to disguise their feelings on political subjects.

Thus, I was not surprised to find in the 'Czas,' a Polish newspaper published at Cracow, the following paragraph, sent to it from Warsaw, on the occasion of my visit to that city, by its special correspondent, who evidently could not conceive it possible that I should go there at such a time for my own amusement, and, when there, that I should say what I thought :—

"WARSAW, *25th April.*

"I have some further news to announce to you respecting —— the Englishman who, ostensibly in the character of an ordinary tourist and observer, but really, I believe, with an object well known to Palmerston, has arrived here to have a nearer view of us. In general, he expressed himself with great hostility towards France; he thinks we ought to turn out the Russians by every possible means—even the least proper; at the same time he tried very hard to frighten us by detailing the sad consequences of an eventual French intervention, pointing out with much indignation the traditional policy of the Napoleonic race, whose members, while constantly making use of us, always ended by leaving us to our own efforts. He expressed much love for us in the name of the three United Kingdoms of Great Britain: it was, however, not difficult to perceive beneath this fine appearance of sympathy a much deeper object."

In other words, I only expressed the sentiments of nine Englishmen out of ten, when I told those Poles with whom I conversed that they possessed the sympathies of the English generally, and that they would retain those sympathies more surely by trusting to their own efforts alone to expel the Russians from Poland, than by looking to the French Emperor for assistance, while, like the Italians, they might feel the weight of their obligations to France little less oppressive than the tyranny from which they escaped, if they owed anything to her. It was indeed rather trying to the temper of a Briton to be informed at every turn that England was the only obstacle in the way of the reconstitution of Poland, and that our selfish policy prevented a magnanimous and disinterested Power from liberating the Poles, and advancing the cause of progress and humanity in Europe. The familiarity of the Poles with the French language, and the traditional and historical associations connected with France, draw their sympathies strongly towards that country. Deriving all their ideas of European policy through French newspapers, they are in general ignorant of any other views than those which are put forward in them, and unite a profound respect for the French Emperor with an intense admiration for the people he governs. It is difficult to say whether my supposed capacity of political intriguer facilitated or impeded my very harmless investigations: on the one hand, I found no difficulty whatever in hearing a vast number of political opinions, but there was no great variety in them, and an utter absence of facts. I was perpetually grasping at shadows; the realities were there, but they were difficult to lay hold of. There was a great deal going on while I was at Cracow; bands were

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forming, people were plotting, and important measures being adopted, and yet a stranger, while overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality, was groping in the dark. Perhaps this was only natural, and the prudence and reticence which characterised the leaders of the movement had been taught by bitter experience; but it stimulated one's faculties all the more, and I regret that the most interesting items of information which I ultimately obtained I am not at liberty to disclose. The delicacy of the situation arose out of the relations in which the Galician Poles, who are co-operating in every possible way with those in Russia, stand with reference to Austria. It was of the utmost importance that the measures undertaken in Cracow should be of such a nature that the jealousy or suspicion of the Austrian Government should not be aroused — that nothing, in fact, should be done which should induce the Austrian Government to interpose greater difficulties to the formation of bands and the transmission of arms than those which already existed. Cracow was essential as a base of operations; the policy of Prussia had increased the value of Galicia in this respect; and the most serious blow which the movement could receive, it was in the power of Austria to inflict. Every day almost indicated some change in the policy of this latter Power. At one moment the restrictions were relaxed, and there seemed a tendency to give the greatest latitude to the stipulations which exist between Russia and Austria, in favour of the movement; at another the reins were unexpectedly tightened, and people who had been encouraged into imprudence found themselves sufferers for their temerity. It did not do to trust to appearances. Sometimes they seemed to doze at Vienna, but it was only to wake up suddenly with a start. No doubt this sort of spasmodic action on the part of the Austrian Government was in a great measure forced upon it by the representations of M. de Balabine. The Russian Minister at Vienna was better served by his agents at Cracow than Count Rechberg, probably because he paid them better. Indeed, the Austrian police in Galicia had a profitable time of it, as in addition to their regular pay they were largely subsidised in secret by the Russian Government. Cracow swarmed with spies in Russian pay, and thus the Government at St Petersburg was kept far more accurately informed of the proceedings of the insurgents who were in Galicia than of those who were in Russian Poland, inasmuch as it was always easy to find Germans who would serve as spies — not so easy to find Poles. It was necessary, then, to make arrangements for the collecting and arming of bands with all possible secrecy, and every description of device was resorted to in order to elude the vigilance of the Austrian Government and the observation of the Russian spies. In order to appreciate the difficulties incidental to the equipment and despatch of a band under these conditions, we must consider in detail the *modus operandi*. First of all, inasmuch as the Russians lined the Galician frontier in considerable force at the time of my visit to Cracow, it was necessary for any band which crossed into the kingdom to be sufficiently numerous to be able to repel the troops they might encounter on the other side. Of course, just in proportion to the size of the band did the difficulties increase. It was impossible to form them in Cracow. All that the leader could know through the recognised channel was, that a certain number of men had enrolled themselves as his followers. Most of them, perhaps, he had never seen. Some had obtained arms from their own sources, others were directed to the quarter from whence they could be in secret supplied. In the middle of the night groups of young men might occasionally

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be seen stealing out of Cracow in different directions, and making their way to the frontier. As the country is undulating and well wooded, the impossibility of the Austrian patrols guarding its whole extent on a dark night is manifest: besides, there can be no doubt that the patrols would often look the other way when they suspected that insurgents were crossing in the vicinity. At daybreak the band would have arrived at the rendezvous—perhaps a wood a mile or two inside the frontier. Here they would be joined by the leader, who would look over the men and material he found at his disposition, and examine their nondescript arms. Two or three waggons loaded with ammunition, which have been dragged along by-lanes, and passed the frontier in safety, would now be unloaded, and their contents distributed. Sometimes all their munitions of war would be intercepted, and the band, after having crossed, would be obliged to return, and await a more auspicious occasion; but supposing the spot to be happily chosen, and everything to have gone smoothly thus far, the next object was to lie *perdu* as long as possible, and hidden from Russian observation. A day or two thus gained was of infinite value. A messenger would go back to Cracow, to report proceedings. More men, arms, and ammunition would cross over next night, while the day would be occupied by the leader in the endeavour to impart some kind of discipline to the men, and in instructing them in the use of their weapons. With a new raw band the leader was unwise if he removed from his base of operations, which was Cracow, a day sooner than he was obliged. But he could not hope for a respite of more than three or four days; he then finds himself called upon to exercise all his ingenuity to avoid meeting the enemy, which is beginning to close round him; for the peasants, not well disposed in these parts, are not long in conveying the news. However, he has supplied himself with a few carts and horses, though, as his men have no clothes except those they have on, and carry a great proportion of their ammunition, his necessity for land transport is not very great. If he can manage to get away into the mountains of St Croix, or to bury himself in some of the woods and morasses with which the interior of the country abounds, he is comparatively safe; if his band is not too large, he finds no very great difficulty in procuring supplies; and if he is a prudent leader, his whole object will be to keep out of the way of Russians for weeks to come. As it is of the utmost importance that he and his men should get to know and have confidence in each other, and acquire some slight knowledge of the kind of work before them, at first he should confine himself to operations on a very small scale, and content himself rather with a trifling success, than with risking the *morale* of the band by attempting too ambitious an enterprise. Such has been the experience of Jezioranski, Lelewel, and other leaders. But the majority of the bands which have left Cracow have not been so fortunate. Either they have been unable to convey their ammunition across the frontier, or they have been attacked so immediately after crossing that they were not in a position to defend themselves, and, although behaving with great courage, have been obliged to fall back before disciplined troops. Sometimes on these occasions they succeed in burying their arms, more often they fall into the hands of the Austrians, who make prisoners of them as they retreat in confusion upon the frontier. Such was the fate of a portion of Gregovicz's band, which was attacked so close to Cracow that the firing could be heard in the town. Unfortunately, as I left the same day, I was unable to go to the frontier to witness the skirmish, which, however, though it resulted in the dispersion of the

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band, was more serious in its results of killed and wounded to the Russians than to the Poles. A large city naturally possesses greater facilities for the despatch of a band than the country villages; but, on the other hand, the Russian troops were generally collected in greater numbers on the frontier in the neighbourhood of Cracow than elsewhere. Bands were therefore often formed at other points, but here greater circumspection was required. The men were lodged in farm-houses, or even camped in woods, for a night or two on the Galician side. The difficulty of getting arms to them was very great; but it would be unfair here to recount the various ingenious expedients resorted to, as they may still be applied with success.

In spite, however, of every precaution and of the most cunning devices, a great quantity of arms are constantly being seized *in transitu* by the Austrian Government; and it was calculated that it was necessary to add a sovereign to the price of every rifle or musket conveyed in safety across the frontier, after all other expenses were paid, in order to cover the loss sustained by those intercepted. It is almost impossible to estimate rightly, unless one has been upon the spot, the enormous disadvantages under which the insurgents labour in being deprived of any safe base of operations. They are perpetually exchanging the frying-pan for the fire. The position of an Austrian Pole who takes part in the movement is bad enough, but that of the Russian Pole is still worse. The Austrian who has been fighting with the insurgents, when desiring repose, can at least return to his home, and hope to remain there unmolested; but the Russian no sooner finds himself a refugee in Cracow, than he has to scramble across the frontier into the kingdom for safety. I have conversed with some who belonged to Langiewicz's army, and had succeeded in reaching Cracow; here they were lying hidden, afraid of being arrested and thrown into prison, for the Austrian Government drew a broad distinction between their own and Russian subjects. The latter they were bound by the convention to arrest, if not to give up. It is due to the Austrians to say that they did not interpret this obligation too strictly; but if a Russian Pole would persist in living in Cracow, he could not expect unlimited grace. The consequence was, that his only plan was to put his head back into the lion's jaws, and make the best of his way to the nearest insurgent band in the kingdom with the least possible delay. Unfortunately for the Poles, although they have shown the greatest aptitude as contrabandistas, they do not seem to possess an equal instinct for guerilla warfare. In this respect their habits are French: they like fighting in masses, they glory in the rules of regular warfare, and, with a strong military instinct and unlimited courage, insist upon undertaking operations upon a larger scale than the conditions under which they are fighting will admit of. It is rare to find a chief who will resist accessions to his band, which at the very moment may possess neither discipline, ammunition, nor food; rarer still to find a man who will not sacrifice half his band for the glory of taking a couple of cannon, which will be of no earthly use to him after he has got them. The disastrous attack of Miechow was perhaps one of the most painful illustrations of this blundering style of warfare. The insurgents cannot be brought to understand that the great object of guerilla warfare is to be invisible—that victories are only one shade less disastrous than defeats, because you cannot afford the men they cost—that while discipline is necessary to keep a band in order, drill is absolute ruin to it, because the men will immediately fancy themselves soldiers—that excess of courage is a positive nuisance where you want to teach men the art of killing

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others without getting killed themselves—that large bodies of human beings without guns are only food for the artillery of the enemy; whereas if the whole country is kept alive with scattered guerillas, their artillery arm is paralysed, for you give them nothing to fire at.

Thus there is an absence of ingenuity in their present mode of conducting their operations. The essence of partisan warfare is *ruse*, but very little strategy has been displayed as yet; while it is due to the insurgents to say that their proceedings have always been characterised by the utmost humanity. They almost invariably, after depriving their prisoners of arms, restore them to liberty; and some of the leaders even expressed horror at the idea, which very naturally occurred to me, that they should follow our example in the Crimea, and choose the Russian Easter, when the enemy would be engaged in celebrating that feast, to make a general attack upon him. I received abundant and convincing testimony that no such scruples of humanity animated the Russians, who have committed atrocities which were not justified by the exigencies of the situation, and who could not complain if the Poles were driven to retaliative measures, as severe as those which we inflicted upon the rebels during the Indian mutiny.

Again, the desire for military distinction is a principle so firmly rooted in the heart of every Pole that it sometimes interferes with his love of country. Not only does the leader despise the petty achievements to which a guerilla warfare should be confined, and from which he cannot acquire renown; not only does he love to augment his band even at the sacrifice of its efficiency, but he finds it difficult to hear of the success of rivals without a certain degree of jealousy: his ambition is to be the commander-in-chief of a Polish army; and although this struggle has been the means of calling forth in many instances a display of magnificent self-sacrifice, and neither life nor liberty is considered where the interests of the country are concerned, there can be no doubt that a danger exists of personal feelings being excited among the leaders, which may prejudice the success of the cause they all have at heart.

I crossed the Russian frontier at two points while at Cracow, but upon neither occasion did I see any troops. The nearest barrier is Michaelowice, and here there is a mile or so between the Austrian and Russian guardhouses. At the former was a patrol, and we were a good deal cross-examined before we were allowed to pass it, although promising to limit our explorations to a short drive. A number of peasants' carts laden with country produce was all we met, and my curiosity was considerably excited as we approached the Russian barrier, as it had been reported that the enemy was still there. However, beyond a dirty Jew leaning over the bar which crossed the road, and a few mangy curs, the place was deserted. Not a soul inhabited the handsome block of building, the official character of which was denoted by the Imperial eagle; the windows were many of them broken, and all was silent and forlorn. Taking courage from the desolate aspect of this post, we ventured on, and found ourselves in the kingdom. The coachman now began to think that we had gone far enough, but the temptation was too great to turn back at once, and we continued till we reached a hill from which we obtained a good view of the surrounding country. Not a Cossack was to be seen, scarcely a living creature; still the silence might be treacherous, and the fate of Finkenstein was too vividly before our eyes, to induce us unnecessarily to have to trust to the tender mercies of Russian soldiery; so we turned back, to the immense relief of our coachman, whose speed was considerably accelerated until he found himself once more safe in Galicia. Practi-

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cally, travelling in this part of the kingdom is impossible, except by railway, and then it is uncertain. Every peasant has a right to stop any one dressed respectably whom he may chance to meet, and bring him up to the nearest Russian post. One gentleman whom I saw, and who was harmlessly proceeding to his farm, was thus arrested, and he informed me that the Russian officer blamed his captors for having brought him in alive. They were informed that they would be considered to have rendered better service, if they would spare the Russians the responsibility and trouble of executing persons. As my informant could under no pretext be considered an insurgent, he was allowed to go; but so unsafe were the streets of the small town in which he lived during its occupation by Russian troops, that he was obliged to beg two Russian officers to accompany him across the road, as a protection from their own men. I was prevented, from the utter disorganisation of the Russian army upon this frontier, from visiting Miechow, then the headquarters of General Szachowsky, as, although I might have obtained a safe-conduct from this officer, it was not considered by the Russians themselves a sufficient protection. Even the wives of Russians employed in the kingdom were removed from places likely to be occupied by the Imperial troops. There is no doubt that this insubordination is due to an order issued by the Grand-Duke Constantine at the commencement of the outbreak, in which the men were enjoined not to place too much confidence in their officers. It seems that the Government had some reason to suspect the fidelity of the latter; certainly such an order was not likely to confirm it. The result has been, that in several instances officers have been shot by men; and the account which Mr Bielski, in whose veracity I have every confidence, gave me of the attack upon his own country-house at Gibultow, vividly illustrated the utter demoralisation of the Russian army.

It would appear that the proximity of Langiewicz's camp induced four of the insurgents to pay him a visit, the more especially as his own son, who had joined the army of the Dictator, was of the number. Mr Bielski, who had a wife and daughter, was naturally alarmed at such dangerous visitors, and implored them not to prolong their stay, as it was known that the Russian army was in the neighbourhood: however, they lingered a little, and were just preparing to start, when a number of Cossacks and infantry were seen approaching from all sides. The first impulse of Mr Bielski's guests was to jump upon their horses and escape; this, however, they found impossible. A gentleman, unconnected with the insurgents, who was a visitor in the house, managed to jump into a bed and feign illness, the others endeavoured to hide themselves in a ravine. Of these Mr Bielski's son alone eluded the vigilance of the Russians, who, having secured his three companions as prisoners, now approached, in order to ransack the house. Meantime the ladies had taken refuge in the chapel, where they were praying, while Mr Bielski went out to try and parley with the officer. As, unfortunately, he had a boil on his face, and a handkerchief stained with blood round it, he was mistaken at first for a wounded insurgent, and the officer could with difficulty prevent the Cossacks from shooting him. Seeing that his life was in danger, he hastily retreated, and the house was entered by two officers and six men. Those outside clamoured furiously for the work of destruction to begin, shouting *Rubac!* (pillage), *Rezac!* (murder), *Palic!* (burn); and for more than an hour did the horrified inmates listen to these ominous cries, expecting every moment that the officers would cease to have any control over the men. Meantime the house was searched, the six

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Cossacks filling their pockets with everything that appeared of any value, and utterly disregarding the threats and injunctions of the officers. The gentleman in bed was turned out, and every room ransacked, the officers apologising for the painful task which was forced upon them, and the impossibility of executing it in any other way. Ultimately, but not until the officers had threatened to shoot the men, one of whom replied that his carbine also contained a ball, they were induced to leave the house. As they were leaving, Mr Bielski, who felt some gratitude to the officers for their endeavours to mitigate the ferocity of the men, offered one of them cigars. On their being declined, Mr Bielski said ironically, "Why do you refuse them? do you think they are poisoned?" On which the officer answered, "Had they been poisoned, I would gladly have smoked one, and thus relieved myself from any more of this hateful work."

A violent altercation next ensued between the officers and the men outside, who refused to take charge of the prisoners unless they were first allowed to plunder the house. When at last the latter were removed into the high-road, they found Mr Finkenstein and a lady in a cart, surrounded by soldiers. What then transpired I had from the lips of one of the prisoners, who declared that he heard an officer give the order for their massacre. Mr Finkenstein, on the other hand, assured me that the officer, who was endeavouring to protect him, presented a revolver at the men who first attacked him: however that may be, the whole party were attacked—three of the Poles were killed on the spot. My informant, after receiving thirteen wounds, managed to shelter himself under Mr Finkenstein's waggon, out of which Mr F. was dragged and left for dead, with thirty-two wounds, the lady who was with him having been stabbed in three places.

Another history, the details of which were of the most harrowing description, was narrated to me by Mr Woyciachowski, whose son was murdered before his eyes, but that has already appeared in print. Indeed, there was no lack of evidence in Cracow confirmatory of the worst accounts we have read in the public prints of the barbarity of the Russian soldiery. The hotels were crowded with refugees, all of whom had some instances to relate; while the hospitals were filled to overflowing with young men, not merely wounded in the ordinary course of fighting, but often covered with wounds they received after having been captured and disabled. Unfortunately, the length of the interval which usually elapsed between the time when the wounds were inflicted and when they could be attended to, caused them in a very undue proportion to terminate fatally. Not a day passed without my being attracted to the window by the mournful chant of a funeral procession, winding its solemn way to the cemetery outside the town, one portion of which was devoted to the interment of those killed for the national cause. Almost every evening I met in that gloomy society persons who had some new tale of distress to recount, or the loss of some near relative or friend to bewail. Still there was no symptom of flinching; those who were recovering from their wounds were only yearning to be back to the scene of action. The hardships they had undergone could not deter them from seeking to rejoin their comrades who were in the field; and the hotels swarmed with ardent young men either just returned from camp for a moment's respite, or just starting to take their share in the movement. It was difficult to be an indifferent spectator of so much misery and so much devotion.

The concentration of Russian troops in the neighbourhood of Cracow, and the obstacles in the way of despatching bands from that city, had induced the insurgents to commence

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operations upon other points of the frontier, so I went to Lemberg to see what was going on in the eastern part of Galicia. A ten hours' railway journey takes one to this outpost of Austrian civilisation. The contrast between the provincial capital and the old city of Cracow is sufficiently marked. Containing a population of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants, Lemberg possesses none of the grand historic associations of Cracow, and can boast none of its picturesque effect. The houses are large white palatial structures, the shops gay and well furnished, the streets broad, and the city generally modern-looking and handsome. In Cracow the whole world seemed to live in the central square and the streets running into it. Everybody knew everybody, and everybody was in the movement: nothing else was thought of or talked of; youths in unmistakable insurgent costume were swarming everywhere, and the committees were in constant deliberation. In Lemberg the streets were busy with people going about their usual avocations. For all that a stranger could discover, there might have been no national movement in existence: except the predominant black, there was nothing to indicate Poland. It is true that its official character obliges a number of Germans to live at Lemberg, and that the large garrison may give a greater air of animation to the scene; but one felt, on walking about the streets, that one had got out of the movement. Nevertheless there was something going on, and arrangements were being made here as at Cracow to equip bands. It is from this point that an insurrectionary movement in Podolia could most advantageously be assisted, and there can be little doubt that an outbreak upon a large scale in that province, supported from Eastern Galicia, would be a source of considerable embarrassment to the Russian Government: to carry it out effectually, Wallachia should be considered the real base of operations.

The weather was so bitterly cold during the period of my visit to Lemberg, that the camp of Lelewel, which I had intended visiting, and which was just upon the other side of the frontier, in the Palatinate of Lublin, was dissolved. It was almost impossible to keep the field with the driving snow and piercing wind, which seemed to penetrate one's whole system. It should be remarked, that the dispersion of a band by no means implies its extinction. When either an overwhelming force, inclement weather, or the absence of supplies or ammunition, render it impossible for a band to keep the field, they bury or conceal their arms; and, if in the neighbourhood of Galicia, cross the frontier, and rest themselves for a while; or, if in the kingdom, scatter temporarily, but only to reunite at a given rendezvous on a more convenient occasion. Thus at Easter numbers of insurgents went home and spent the feast with their friends and relations; and just at the moment of my visit to Lemberg there was a lull in affairs in consequence. After staying a few days, I therefore decided upon going direct to Warsaw, and proceeded to arrange my luggage, in anticipation of the ordeal to which I understood travellers were subjected on entering Russian Poland. I was reluctantly compelled to refuse to be the bearer of sealed letters, as of course the only safe means of communication between Poles is by private *entremise;* and they are so skilled in concealing correspondence that the Russians seldom succeed in intercepting the letters. I did not feel the same confidence in being able to elude the vigilance of the frontier officials, though, had I possessed my subsequent experience, I need not have been so prudent. The force of circumstances has obliged the Poles, when they write by post to each other, to convey their political intelligence in the shape of domestic details, so cunningly worded that they possess no meaning to any one not initiated in the family affairs, and the ideas

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which they can be made to represent. The number of deaths, funerals, illnesses, and misfortunes, which occasionally overtake a family, would appal a stranger who read the letter, and did not know that these domestic afflictions were only fabricated to convey news of national disaster.

As the through trains from Cracow to Warsaw had ceased to run, I was obliged to pass the night at the miserable frontier station of Graniza, where a gaunt building, inhabited by a deaf old woman and a sulky barefooted maid, does duty for a hotel, and where my evening meal consisted of junks of ham and tea, and my bed of a very narrow stretcher, with thickly-populated dirty sheets. Only two other travellers were in the train, and they were both insurgents, on their way from a camp to spend Easter at home, as I afterwards discovered. None of us had any difficulty with our passports, and my luggage was subjected to a mere formal examination. My companions dispensed with any such encumbrance, and walked about the platform, on which a company of ill-favoured Russian soldiers were drawn up, with the utmost effrontery.

The fact that insurgents were reported to be hovering about the line, that they had already interrupted the communication upon several occasions, and that they had a disagreeable habit of firing upon the trains as they passed through the dense pine-woods, invested railway travelling in Poland with a novel sort of interest. Only three days had elapsed since the bridges destroyed by the insurgents had been repaired, and we did not know that we might not find some new interruption established.

At eight o'clock A.M. we collected on the platform. When I say "we," I mean one company of Russian soldiers who were in permanent occupation of the station — one company who mounted the open fourth-class carriages, and were to be considered as our protectors— an officer with a revolver, and three soldiers, who got upon the engine to see that the engineers and firemen did not play tricks—the two above-mentioned insurgents, who were not deterred by the presence of the Russian escort from going to Warsaw to see their friends, and who had only left their camp two days before—and a small group of Polish railway officials, who, I presume, had no more idea than the Russians of the real character of their passengers, otherwise they would have insisted upon asking to see the tickets the insurgents had no money to purchase; for we will not, for fear of getting them into a scrape, do them the injustice of insinuating any complicity with their penniless compatriots; though the chief of a station on another line, I won't say where, did inform me that he could take ninety guards and *employés* off their duty at any moment, and make a band of insurgents of them, only he thought they were more useful passing insurgents up and down the line under the noses of the Russian troops.

With a puff and a shriek we dashed off with our light freight over the dreary flat country, across vast open plains thickly dotted with habitations and with peasants tilling the ground, through dark woods, across marshes, and over trestle-bridges, till we got to a station where another company of grim, dirty, Mongol-looking soldiers were waiting to receive us, and a few wild-looking Cossacks, with horses fastened to trees close by, were lounging about; while in the fields, a few hundred yards off, pickets were posted: for the insurgents like dashing suddenly upon isolated stations where a company of men may be surprised; then they have been known to jump into the train and make it take them up or down the line as their fancy may direct. They have played all sorts of pranks on the railways; hence the strong guard, consisting of seldom less than a hundred men, by which each train is accompanied. The spruce officer, with spotless uni-

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form and patent-leather boots, looks rather out of place in these wild regions, and in command of these wild, Tartar-looking men, and we cannot wonder that sometimes they will not obey his orders, and that lady-passengers do not much like trusting themselves along a line where there is more to be feared from the troops who protect than from the insurgents who threaten it. The mayor of a small town sent the following rather characteristic account of events which transpired in his arrondissement not long since :—"At twelve o'clock on such a day," he reported, "'the destroyers of order' (insurgents) arrived; they took so much flour, so much brandy, so many pigs, &c., for all of which they paid, and they then retired; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, 'the preservers of order' (Russians) arrived; they took so much flour, so much brandy, so many pigs, &c., for which they did not pay; they then burned the town to the ground and retired."

At every station there is the same smart officer and the same company of soldiers; two or three times between the frontier and Warsaw the escort is changed, and as we proceed more passengers get in. Every soul, man or woman, is in the movement, and talks about it freely; they hand photographs of celebrated insurgents about, and upon one occasion the man whose likeness was being discussed was sitting placidly opposite, and did not attempt to conceal from his neighbours that he was the very individual whose figure, bristling with revolvers, we were inspecting. There can be no greater proof of the unanimity of the popular sentiment than the mutual confidence which all classes display in each other, and the freedom with which the most compromising topics are discussed. When surrounded by Russian soldiers, insurgents who were lounging about the platforms were openly pointed out and introduced to me. I felt the only coward of the party, and could scarcely believe that all the rest of the people who were in the secret were to be trusted. Upon one occasion, I saw the insurgent whom we had recognised by his photograph, in the most amicable and confidential conversation with the Russian officer commanding the company, and was laughed at for excessive caution when I expressed my surprise at his imprudence. I afterwards learned that no fewer than 3000 insurgents on leave from their bands had arrived by the three different railways which centre at Warsaw, to spend Easter in that city, and that so inefficient were the police, or rather so much implicated themselves in the movement, that the Government could not lay hands on any of them. One young man, who had been wounded in an encounter with Russians, was actually lying ill of his wound in Warsaw, and being attended for it under the nose of the Russian authority. How, upon our arrival at Warsaw, all those who had come with us managed to get passports which should satisfy the authorities, was a mystery; but my friend of the photograph, who had never from the beginning owned a ticket, was careering along triumphantly in a cab, before I had extricated myself from the police formalities.

Not long since, before the Government had adopted the plan of sending escorts with the train, it was stopped by the insurgents, about fifty of whom availed themselves of it. As it approached the station, the engineer perceived that the authorities had got some suspicion of its contents, and that the platform was lined with troops. There was still time to allow the occupants to creep out of the doors on the opposite side, and hide themselves in the luggage-van. This operation was barely accomplished before the train slowly entered the station. No suspicious passengers were found in the carriages, and the officer was at a nonplus, when it occurred to him to search the luggage-van. No sooner did the engineer hear the order given than he quickly attached the

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van to the engine, and, detaching the rest of the train, steamed down to get water, taking the luggage-van with him as if by mistake. After watering the engine, he was obliged to come back to the station; and as they had been all the time in sight of the troops, no opportunity had been afforded to the insurgents to escape. Their situation was becoming critical as they re-entered the station; but, to the astonishment of every one, the guard again re-attached the empty train, and off it all went at full speed. No sooner did the train arrive at a turn which hid it from the station, than the van was opened, the insurgents jumped out, and the train once more entered the station amid a general volley of abuse, the guard accusing the engineer of stupidity, the engineer laying the fault on the guard, and all secretly amused, indulging, for the benefit of the Russians, in the loudest mutual recrimination.

Upon another occasion the line had been destroyed by the insurgents, and a party of engineers were sent down to repair it. In the day they worked at the demolished bridge, but in the night they proceeded to another bridge farther on, which they broke down, and next day pointed out to the Russians what they pretended had been a fresh work of the insurgents. These latter naturally aim, in the first instance, at supplying themselves with funds; and two or three young men called upon an official the other day to hand over the treasure-chest of a small town. As they were too few in number to resort to force and make a tumult, they were rather disconcerted at his refusal, and were going away without it, when he called them back and said, "I can't give you the box unless you present a pistol at my head." This was done at once, and the box handed over. The youths, being inexperienced, then asked him for the keys, which he also refused. Here was another puzzle; and the good-natured official was actually obliged to remark, "I shall certainly not give you the keys, nor can you get the money unless indeed you break open the lock." In this fashion do the Polish officials of the Russian Government serve their masters.

The air seemed heavy with suspicion when I at last got away from the station, with the sort of feeling of having escaped some danger, and of being still a very guilty personage. I imagined that everybody was narrowly examining me, and that all the waiters in the hotel were spies. And when I drove along the wide streets, crowded with foot-passengers in black, and met here and there a patrol of Russian infantry, or a few Cossacks with ragged ponies and long lances, there was something in the close proximity of these antagonistic forces which gave me the same sort of sensation I once experienced in America, when a gentleman informed me that the barrel upon which I was sitting smoking a cigar contained gunpowder. There can be no doubt that, in spite of the efforts of the Grand-Duke Constantine on the one hand, and the Central Committee on the other, the spark may fall at any moment, and Warsaw may blow up.

The two first essentials to the traveller's comfort in Warsaw, are a lantern, and a permit to be out after ten o'clock at night. After seven the streets present a most singular aspect; everybody is compelled to carry a lantern, and the town seems inhabited by a population of lively glow-worms. After ten o'clock all this disappears; here and there at long intervals a stray lantern may be seen, but the bearer of it carries in his pocket a permit to be in the streets at all. Very few Poles carry these, as it implies too great a familiarity with the Russian authorities, and loyal Poles pride themselves upon not having sufficient interest to obtain one.

With a pair of coloured trousers and a hat, however, one may do a good deal without a permit, as no native will be seen in either the one or the other. The wearer, there-

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fore, must expect black looks from the townspeople; but, *en revanche*, he is not so likely to be molested by the police. Upon one or two occasions I was out late without a permit, but escaped observation by getting into the deep shadow when any one passed. I found several people doing the same thing: they are apt to bolt to some other corner on a new arrival, and it becomes quite an interesting amusement to dodge about, not unlike the game of "post," the usual forfeit being a night in prison. The police, however, are not stricter than is necessary to keep up appearances, as they are all in the movement: one of them informed a friend of mine that the muzzle of a rifle he was endeavouring to smuggle home beneath his great-coat was visible above the collar, and he had better hide it before the patrol came, for the patrol are disagreeably personal in their investigations, particularly when they are not sufficiently educated to read the permits.

In spite of all their endeavours, the united exertions of the Grand-Duke Constantine, General Berg, and the Marquis Wielopolski, are incapable of suppressing the Central Committee, or of preventing that occult body from governing not only Warsaw, but Poland, just as it pleases. It makes use of the Government telegraph for the transmission of its information, of the Government post-office for the forwarding of its despatches, of the Government machinery for the promulgation of its orders, of the Government clerks for the obtaining of official information, of the Government police for carrying out its secret designs—in fact, of everybody in Poland, whether in Government employ or not, except the Russian army, the Marquis Wielopolski, and the peasants of some districts. The proclamations of the Central Committee are freely circulated, and passports issued by it, which facilitate the movements of the stranger anxious to visit their camps, but involve his speedy execution if they are discovered upon him by the Russian soldiery. I therefore declined burdening myself with so dangerous a document. At the period of my visit, among other proclamations issued by the Central Committee, was one warning the people against spurious documents emanating from the Russian Government, but which purported to be promulgated by the Central Committee, and to which a stamp in imitation of the one used by that body was appended. The idea of the authorities in resorting to this ruse was characteristic; but the stamp was badly imitated, and though for the moment it created some little confusion, the public are now on their guard against similar forgeries. Another notification announced the death of two persons who were executed as spies in the streets of Warsaw by order of the Central Committee; the warrant for their execution was found pinned upon their dead bodies. It is probable that the police on duty at the time looked the other way.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole of this movement is the continued existence of this Committee in spite of all the efforts of the Government to suppress it. The authority it wields over the Poles is marvellous. Every order is executed as soon as it is given, and it possesses the confidence of the country so completely, that if it commanded the suspension of hostilities to-morrow, there can be no doubt that the insurrection would be at an end. Many are the stories told of the mysterious working of this secret council. Some assert that it consists really of only one man, who is known only to two other men, who in their turn are known to four others, and so on, each set being bound not to reveal the particular link in the chain with which they have to deal, so that the first man would be unknown to the four. But these are the fables with which wonder-loving gossips delight to amuse strangers. The fact is, that the members of the Central are very

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well known to a great number of persons, and that practically it is merely a sort of upper house to the more active and intelligent spirits of Warsaw, who discuss in private the measures to which the Central Committee give effect. Latterly the aristocratic element has predominated in its councils, and there is probably scarcely a single individual on the Committee now who was on it in January, when the movement was commenced. This is not on account of any wide divergence of opinion, although there is an essential difference in the views of the two parties, so much as in the fact of every original member having been either executed, imprisoned, exiled, or obliged to join an insurgent band; still the Committee exists, and would continue to exist if every member of it were arrested to-morrow. The odd thing is, that there is no difficulty whatever in communicating with it. It lives nowhere, but is to be found everywhere. A band of insurgents having occasion to take some forage, &c., from a peasant the other day, gave him an order for payment on the Central Committee. He being as ignorant of politics as most of his class, came into Warsaw and asked the first person he met which was the way to the Central Committee: people laughed and passed on; at last he went to the Russian police-office and inquired there, ingenuously remarking that he had a claim on it for some money. The police could give him no assistance; but requested him, should he ever find the Committee, to come back and tell them where it was. So he wandered disconsolately on till he came to a group of persons in one of the public squares, and asked one of them if he could direct him to the Central Committee. The gentleman he addressed took him at once up a by-street and inquired his reason for wishing to find it, on which the peasant pulled out his order for payment for forage received by insurgents. The gentleman immediately took the order, pulled out his purse, paid the money, and made the man put his mark in pencil to a formal Central Committee receipt which he had in his pocket. Half an hour later a body of police were crossing the square under the guidance of the ungrateful rustic, and minutely examining the by-streets; but the group of persons had vanished, and the gentleman who had represented the Central Committee upon the occasion was nowhere to be seen.

A glacis, about half a mile wide, separates the city of Warsaw from the citadel. It is filled to overflowing with political prisoners, and every morning crowds of women may be seen clustered round the prison doors, who have brought comforts to their relatives and friends, with whom, by special favour, they are sometimes permitted to communicate. In the event of a popular movement in the city, the guns of the fort could lay it in ruins; but it would not offer any very formidable resistance to the siege operations of a regular army. A barrier round the town is guarded by Russian sentries, and they examine minutely the passes of persons who may wish to go into the country for a drive. This is, however, a luxury very rarely indulged in by the inhabitants, partly because a pass is not a very easy thing for a Pole to get, and partly because the country, even close up to the city, is by no means safe. The insurgents come to within two or three miles of it, and Cossacks, not very scrupulous in their treatment of harmless wayfarers, scour the neighbourhood. The insurgents themselves, however, find very little difficulty in going in and out of the town as they please. The sentries are all to be bought, and in the night can easily be induced for a consideration to look the other way while their enemies are passing to or from their camps. Indeed, so ready are the Russian soldiers to provide themselves with the means of procuring brandy, that they willingly sell their ammunition to the insurgents, and are only prevented from selling their arms as well, by

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the impossibility of accounting for the absence of them to the military authorities.

General Berg was sent expressly from St Petersburg to assist in the military administration of Poland, and arrived in Warsaw about the same time as myself; he is reported to have said, after his first week's experience of the difficulties with which he had to contend, from the unanimity amongst all classes of Poles, whether employed by the Government or not, in favour of the movement, that there was only one other man in Warsaw upon whom he could depend besides himself, and that this was the Grand-Duke Constantine. The remark was aimed specially at the Marquis Wielopolski, the Civil Governor, between whom and General Berg an intense jealousy existed, notwithstanding the fact of both being included in an order from St Petersburg, which commanded the inhabitants of Warsaw to take off their hats whenever they met either the Grand-Duke, Berg, or Wielopolski. The poor "Marquis," as he is called, *par excellence*, because he is the only noble of that rank in Poland, enjoys a most unenviable distinction amongst both the Russians and his own countrymen, the Poles. The former distrust him because he is a Pole, and was engaged in the revolution of 1830-31; the latter call him a traitor, and the author of all the misery which has latterly fallen upon their unhappy country. While General Berg reports him to the Emperor as unfit for the Imperial confidence, the Poles endeavour to get rid of him by poison. It is sufficient for the "Marquis" to propose a measure to insure the opposition of Berg; but as the latter has also an opponent to his policy in the Grand-Duke, Wielopolski has in the long-run been triumphant. However much we may regret that the most remarkable Pole which this century has produced should have placed himself in a false position with reference to his country, we are bound to accord him a certain qualified admiration. There is something grand in his imperturbable stubbornness, in his egregious self-sufficiency, and in his indomitable courage. In his ponderous figure, massive brow and chin, and shrewd eyes, there is an individuality that imposes upon those who come under his influence. His appearance reminded me at the same time of Yeh and Cavour, and his character does not belie his looks. It contains about equal proportions of the Chinaman and the Italian; with the pride and obstinacy of the one he combines the *finesse* and intelligence of the other. Stolid and reflective, he elaborated a policy repugnant to his country, and trusted to the strength of his will and the inflexibility of his character to force it upon the nation; but he over-estimated his power, the nation refused to bend, and Wielopolski, too proud to yield, became the servant of Russia. Phrenologically speaking, the inordinate development of the organ of self-esteem has neutralised all the grand qualities which might have made him the saviour and the blessing of his country. The scheme to which he has sacrificed his own reputation and his country's well-being was a vast conception, and seems to have been suggested by the Galician massacres in 1846. Then it was that he addressed to Prince Metternich a celebrated letter, which ended in an exordium to his countrymen:—"We must take a line. Instead of the irregular and haphazard course we have been hitherto pursuing, we must, by a bold stroke which may cause our hearts to bleed, substitute for it a line of conduct which is safe, and which is marked out for us by events." And then he proposed to Poland to abdicate its pretensions as a distinct nationality, and to put itself at the head of Sclavonia. His idea was, in other words, that the superior moral and intellectual resources of Poland should be directed to the annexation of Russia—that the Poles, identifying themselves with the aspirations and aims of the

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Sclavonic nationalities, should, as their most civilised representative, control the destinies of eastern Europe. "The nobility of Poland," he writes, "will surely prefer to march with Russia at the head of a Sclavonic civilisation, young, vigorous, and with a great future before it, than to be dragged, jostled, despised, hated, and insulted at the tail of a decrepid, intriguing, and presuming civilisation." But the Poles, however much they might hate Germany, could not make common cause with Russia against it. They still clung to the traditions of their former independence, and preferred rather to fight single-handed against three enemies, than to identify themselves with one in the hope of crushing the other two. Wielopolski was too enamoured of himself and his plan to abandon it. If Poland declined to found Panslavonia, Wielopolski would found it by himself; and he went to St Petersburg to take the preliminary steps. The first was the subjugation of Poland by force, as argument had proved of no avail; and in order to carry this out thoroughly, he succeeded in getting named the governor of the country. Of course he found himself placed in a position of direct antagonism with the whole nation, and could only rely on Russian bayonets to give effect to his will. This he never scrupled to do. He never hesitated to trample on anything, so that he could keep his own head erect. It became a struggle between the nation and the man. We cannot but wonder whether there was not a fiercer struggle going on within the man himself. Has he never felt, now that he has laid the country he so undoubtedly loves, prostrate and bleeding at his feet, one twinge of remorse? Has he never thought of the day when he fought for the liberties he is now crushing, when he was the ambassador to England of the same people, engaged in the same struggle that they are now, and when he pleaded for them so eloquently? Has he never inwardly cursed that pride of his nature which has so blinded and hardened him that he thought he could change the aspirations of a nation, and did not shrink from massacring them when he failed? Unfortunately, Wielopolski had not been long in Warsaw before his *amour propre* became involved in another direction. He had assured the Emperor that he understood the Poles, and could govern the country; but every day was proving the contrary, and the imminence of an outbreak threatened altogether to destroy his credit and his prestige. Then it was that he proposed the Conscription Act in the dead of winter. No wonder his countrymen call him traitor. And they are right. A man who will not sacrifice his own pride to the good of his country is a traitor —not, perhaps, in the worst sense, but in one equally fatal to the cause he ought, if necessary, to die for. And Wielopolski would die sooner than give in; so he clings to Warsaw, and drives about the streets surrounded by a Russian escort to protect him from the bullets of his countrymen.

Notwithstanding the rigorous measures adopted by the Russian Government, and the stringency of the rules to which everybody is obliged to conform in Warsaw, there is an entire freedom in the expression of opinion. It is only before a popular outbreak, when public feeling, seething and fermenting, has not yet found a vent, that people are afraid to speak. When the surface is still calm, any solitary individual venturing to express an opinion is at once seized, so that it is generally difficult beforehand to predict a revolution. There is always a moment of lull, and the police are doubly active, while the masses are nerving themselves silently for the final effort. No sooner is that made than the tongues of the most prudent are loosened. In proportion as the prisons are filled and arrests increase do men become reckless, un-

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til the Government gives up in despair the attempt to control the freedom of speech. When one common sentiment animates a whole population, and each individual is determined to express it, imprisonment becomes impossible. Thus it happened that treason and revolution, so far as Russia was concerned, were openly talked in Warsaw; spies were of but little avail, because they would have been obliged to report everybody in the town for the same offence. But the office of a spy was not coveted; even Jews were not to be bribed. The police of the Central Committee was so much more efficient than that of the Russian Government, that sooner or later the doom of a spy was certain. So far, then, as the liberty of discussing openly the situation was concerned, there was no difficulty. Every one was glad to give a stranger the benefit of his patriotic opinions. The Warsaw Society met at each other's houses; triumphed over the news of victories gained by insurgents; mourned over defeats; anathematised Russia in general, and Berg and Wielopolski in particular; canvassed the probabilities of aid from without, and the expediency of the policy to be adopted by the Central Committee. It was strange to be in a room with thirty or forty persons, all of whom were uttering sentiments which would have infallibly consigned them to Siberia if they had been heard by a Russian; and yet so thoroughly confident of each other, that no man hesitated to say exactly what he thought; and interesting to observe the phases of character as indicated by the nature of the views expressed—some so sanguine of the power of the internal forces at work that they were comparatively indifferent to foreign intervention; others so earnestly anxious for an indication from any Western Power of a disposition to take up their cause; some gloomy and despondent of the whole affair; some alarmed at the strong infusion of the middle-class element, to which the movement owed so much of its force; all interested in hearing what impression a stranger had received, and in discovering what he considered to be their ultimate chances of success.

It was indeed difficult for a traveller to arrive, on such short notice, at any definite conclusion; but no one could be long in the country without perceiving that one ingredient most essential to a successful revolution was wanting. The leading spirit had not appeared—the movement had not yet found a living representative. For a moment, persons looking on from abroad expected to find in Langiewicz a second Garibaldi, but Poland has not yet produced either a Garibaldi or a Cavour. The Central Government at Warsaw has proved itself a most admirably-contrived machine for the management of internal affairs, but the wisdom of its measures has not been in proportion to the adroitness which has been exhibited in carrying out its organisation. To make it effective it should be the tool of one man, and he a man of consummate genius. In supreme moments, if the ship is to weather the storm, it must be steered by one hand and one head; and it does not seem that there is any political leader of surpassing ability, who, by means of the Central Committee, governs the country. Hence the very composition of the national government undergoes change, and there is not that consistency and decision in its policy which would give confidence were it under the guidance of one man. However, that is a misfortune, and not a fault. The Central Committee, of whomsoever it may be composed, deserves the highest credit for patriotism and skilful organisation; and whatever may be the result of their labours, they will have deserved well of their country, and have given evidence of a great many most useful qualities.

Hitherto my observations had been confined to the men of council. I still wished, before leaving the country, to see the men of action at work in the field; and I shall hope in my next to give you the results of my experiences in this direction.

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IRELAND REVISITED.

It has happened to me lately to travel in Ireland, and pass over a considerable quantity of ground which I had seen on a previous visit just twelve years earlier; and in the interval I found that a change had passed over the land equally astonishing and gratifying. My previous visit was not exactly in one of the famine years, but the paralysis of that crisis still lay heavy on the land. The work on hand was still the clearing away of the rubbish of the old broken-down social system, before the nation could fairly start into new life. All over it, was lamentation and mourning and woe. The very jest and laugh of the legendary Irishman, merry when shirtless, were extinguished; and a grim echo of the departed merriment came from a peasant to whom I expressed my wonder at the universality of threadbareness and rags—wondering when, where, and in what circumstances the raiments, so universally venerable, could have been new—"Ah, sir, they were new before the famine!"

There was reason to expect some change of scene, for such powers had been at work as will exercise more influence over the social condition of a people than a political revolution, or even a war. The census of 1841 gave a population of 8,175,124; that of 1851 reduced the number to 6,552,385. The return for 1861 was 5,764,543. During my earlier visit the mortifying process alone was going on; at the second, there had been time for the restorative to show itself. In 1849 upwards of 2,000,000 of paupers had to be relieved; in the tenth year afterwards the number did not quite reach 150,000. Concurrently with these processes, the Encumbered Estates Commission were busy transferring vast tracts of land from the descendants of its ancient owners to new men. This is a touching process to the romance-writer and the sentimental poet. See what Scott makes out of one small instance, and that only partly effected, in 'Guy Mannering.' But what is the pathos of a romance to the expression of the regrets and broken associations that must have attended the disposal of twenty-three millions' worth of paternal acres? yet what public writer ventures, on sentimental grounds, to lament the metamorphosis that passed so much of the available soil of the country from bankrupts who let it lie waste, to capitalists who crop it on the principles of high farming? Sentiment had to be dumb in the case of a peasantry whose wages were doubled, and even in some places trebled.

For all this, one does not somehow expect great social changes to be immediately perceptible on the outward surface of a country, like the shiftings of the scenes in a play. Hajji Baba had heard of distress and calamity in England, but he could not perceive the symptoms of misfortune usual in Oriental countries, in the shape of ruined houses, deserted cities, and uncultivated fields. In this instance, however, the palpable and physical testimonies to the revolution were grand and unmistakable. Passing through the southern provinces, on either side of the railway—the season being the same in both visits—the landscape was as different as a summer landscape from a winter. Those dismal stretches of flat wet waste —green, no doubt, but with the greenness of putrescence and decay, not the healthy verdure of vitality and growth—are now under the plough, or fenced off in dry and healthy pasture-paddocks, frequented by well-conditioned kine. Nor is there any dash of sadness thrown over the smiling prospect by touching memorials of the departed children of the soil, such as are apt to remain after clearances or suchlike social revolutions in this island. It has been well remarked

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that the types of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' "Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn," are all English, and taken from his experiences when, in his days of struggle and success, he took his walks abroad in the rural districts round London; not from his boyish memories of an Irish ejection. Skull, Skibereen, and Balinskelligs, are not the places where, the happy garden having smiled, it would follow that on their desertion many a garden flower would grow wild. In fact, the turf hovels would just slough back into the sod and slime from which they had been raised, leaving no mark of human handiwork behind them. Many of them, indeed, must have had little distance to sink ere finding their level. I remember seeing, across a peat-moss in Kerry, smoke rising from the ground. Approaching to inspect the cause of the phenomenon, I found that in a very deep peat-cutting advantage had been taken of the perpendicular sides at one of the corners, in such manner that, by raising two turf walls at a right angle, a square enclosure was made, which, roofed in, became a house wherein human beings dwelt. While such things existed, I remember also seeing on the estate of a benevolent landlord, who had a hobby for improving mankind by the simple enlargement of their dwellings, a set of large five-front-windowed houses — literally villas—into which he had drafted a portion of the peasantry from their brown hovels. Their acquired nature had become too strong for his project. The tenants of these edifices, finding the rooms too large and light, probably experienced the desire to hide themselves which moles or rats would feel in similar circumstances; and it was wonderful to see the many contrivances they had for getting into small space, and keeping out light and air. Some of them, by way of keeping a quantity of fuel at hand, had built a sort of turf huts within the large chambers, and there squatted.

The improvement that has come in the course of nature, though distinct enough, is on a scale of less exaggerated contrast. The country is speckled with moderate-sized cottages, and it seems to be a general practice to whitewash them. The effect of this is very cheerful. Cleanliness without takes us by association to the idea of cleanliness within, although we have heard of the thing called a whited sepulchre.

There is now a new route opened to Ireland by Stranraer and Belfast —four hours only of sailing, and only half of that in the open sea. The effect of the journey that way would be to give an unreflecting person a sad notion of the poverty and barbarism of Scotland when compared with Ireland. You go towards the most highly cultivated portion of the sister country through the dreariest part of Scotland. Wigtownshire is the quartziest district in the British dominions. Its lumpish brown hills look as if they were sown with salt, or had just caught the first brush of a snow-storm. Yet it will be some time ere the average of the Irish peasantry be as comfortable as the dwellers of this waste, for they take care that no more of them shall inhabit it than can obtain a competent living within it, poor as it is. Passing from the north to the south of Ireland, you still see that you are going, as it were, from an old country, where capital and industry have been invested for generations, to a new; but there is not the absolute contrast one used to see. It was a far greater contrast, and in itself a curious sight, to observe, as I did, here and there, and especially near Limerick, patches of the old sour "mountain," with its brown hovels, left in the midst of stretches of modern culture, like fossils valuable as testimonies to the characteristics of a departed age. I wondered whether the dwellers in the neat whitewashed cottages looked down on those in the peat hovels, or if it might be the other way, and the pristine children of the soil despised their better-housed and better-farm-

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ing neighbours as an effeminate race, who had degenerated from the usages of their peat-smoked and potato-fed ancestry, and become victims of that propensity to abandon the hardy simplicity of pristine manners, and yield to the seductions of luxurious effeminacy which, according to an established formula adopted by a certain class of historians, has led many a noble nation to decay.

The appearance of the inhabitants of the country was as thoroughly changed as that of its face. Formerly rags were the rule, and decent sufficiency of clothing the exception—now the condition is inverted. This phenomenon I found most signally illustrated in Dublin, where of course it passed before the eye on the largest scale. There abound, chiefly for the use of young people, picture-books of national costumes, where the Swiss peasant swaggers in his jager-hat, sash, and leggings, and the canny Scot masquerades in that angular and zigzag costume which the skill of Cockney tailors invented for the Highland regiments—these books, I have observed, shy Ireland, as affording nothing distinctive enough to be set down as national costume. Yet was no human being in any part of the world more specifically marked out than the Milesian of twelve years ago, by the thatch of glutinous rags into which had triturated the long frieze coat, smallclothes, and grey hose. Now, a few aged peasants retain their rags—more, as it seemed to me, from habit than necessity; and they look as much at home in them, and as proud, as any forefathers of the village adhering to the costume of their generation through the novelties of a fickle age. Among the well-clad majority, the long coat and smallclothes seem to be rapidly passing away, and making room for the common jacket and trousers of the English peasant and mechanic.

Wandering about in some lone places in search of scenery and antiquities, I missed, without deep regret, a specialty of the former times which I can express no otherwise than as an oppressive sense of being haunted by the natives. You crept, for instance, up the edge of a brawling brook, and, finding a plot of dry green turf, undid your wallet, and proceeded to your repast, hoping for such privacy as you would find in the Highlands or Westmoreland. But when you looked around, you found that two or three human beings had slunk close to you, and that so many pairs of hungry eyes were watching your proceedings. They did not beg from you, but they were there, and that was enough to disperse the joys of solitude: nor, wherever you wandered, could you entirely get rid of them. They were not always the same persons, any more than the midges which infest you in a walk through the forest in a wet August evening are always the same group of midges, but they are the same so far as the victim is concerned. I believe the cause of this peculiarity was of a kind calculated rather to demand pity than to incur censure. It arose from a sense of misery, helplessness, and uncertainty, engendering a propensity to cling around the tolerably well-dressed stranger, as an object in which there was hope and possible protection against the overwhelming evils of the time. The proverbial helplessness of the stranger dependent on the kindness and benevolent influence of those he sojourns among was reversed in Ireland. The stranger tourist was the man of power and influence, who seemed to radiate around him a protecting influence over those among whom he sojourned. In this as well as other more substantial things I found a change, comfortable to myself and cheering as an indication of misery past and prosperity present.

Begging, of course, has eminently decreased, and whether that will be an agreeable change to him will depend much on the taste of the traveller in Ireland. There is a story

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of a political economist perambulating Ireland, who, having been subjected to long and eloquent imploration by a native mendicant walking on by his side, at last turned round, and, drawing on the resources of his special science, said, sternly, "Now, what service have you done to me to entitle you to expect a payment in the current coin of the realm?" "And plase yer honour, haven't I been keepin' you in discoorse?" was the answer. The philosopher spurned it with indignant scorn, but in reality it involved a sounder principle of political economy than any that had for some time passed through his head. He had been, of course, taught to accept and respect as absolutely as any axiom in geometry the principle that labour is divided into productive and unproductive. But this division is not strong enough to keep up an actual separation in practical life. It means, that whenever there comes forth something tangible, that can be handled, pocketed, stored up, and broken or kept whole—as stockings, hats, and bottles—then the labour is productive; but if nothing come thus from it, it is *un*productive. The painter of the scene in a theatre—the maker of the actors' dresses—are thus each a productive labourer; but the actor himself, of whose services they are only the subordinate mute assistants, is *un*productive. A book is of course a produced article of commerce, but it has been made solely by the papermaker, the printer, and the binder; the author's share in the work is unproductive, and goes for nothing: if, on the other hand, we admit him to be productive, can we exclude the orator while we include the printer who gives his speeches to the world? According to this classification, the manufacturer of the cigar which you puff into the cloud for the soothing of your nerves is productive, but the artist who soothes them with divine music is not. The thing won't hold, and we must include among producers worthy of their hire, whoever does aught that we like and are ready to pay for. Now, to every man of taste the "discoorse" of the Irish mendicant is of this character. Its department in the valuable and useful arts is the rhetorical. Hear first the sweetly modulated and pathetic appeal, governed by that subtlest spirit of the art that conceals art; hear next the rich, eloquent outpouring of exuberant gratitude crowned with the benediction—the assurance, expressed with such sublime and patriarchal benignity, that now at last you have done that act which is to insure you the acceptance of the Mighty Dispenser of events: surely all this is worth a penny in the current coin of the realm, and would bring much more if it could be brought in a legitimate shape into the market. There is a converse of the affair, where, to be sure, the law of economic supply and demand does not maintain itself so satisfactorily. It may be questioned whether the storm of objurgatory eloquence which follows on the certainty of failure to obtain the desired copper, is not more sublime and worthy of the study of a man of taste than the expression of grateful blessings; and this, it has to be observed, is a rhetorical exhibition which can be had for nothing.

I daresay you remember the allegory about the Eastern prince who was to be cured of his fit of despondency by wearing the shirt of a happy man; and how, to give effect to this prescription, an ambassador was sent over the world, who, ever as each aspirant to the Happy passed before him, found some little shade or blot in his felicity, until he reached perfection in the Irishman rollicking through his holiday, but discovered that, though he had found the happy man, his mission was incomplete, since the one perfectly happy man to be found in the world did not possess a shirt—the physical symbol necessary for communicating his elasticity of spirit to the melancholy prince. The aim of this allegory is at the won-

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derful flow of animal spirits which in the Milesian bubbles up through every pressure of external adversity. There are conditions, however, with which even *his* animal spirits cannot contend, and among these are a long contest with hunger, and the additional ills that flesh inherits from passing repeated winters in rags. Of all the lands it ever happened to me to sojourn in, that inhabited by the easy, hearty, thoughtless sons of Erin was, during my peregrinations among them more than twelve years ago, the most dismal. The feeling with which it oppressed me was not merely that caused by the general squalor and hard struggle with the world which one feels in the sordid back slums of a great city. There, indeed, you see that the people have a hard fight for existence—that they may not in the end succeed—and that if they do, the vitality they achieve is hampered with the condition of privation, of sufferings, and of a general exclusion from all the respectable amenities that make life enjoyable to the comfortable classes. Still it is felt that these are people who will rub on, and that, though there will be casualties among them—many more than those which statistics allow as the average meted to mankind in general—they are close to where the elements of comfort and happiness abound, and are not precluded from all chance of participation in them. But the Ireland of the time I allude to was so wide a sea of misery that it seemed shoreless and hopeless—a people, in the mass, absolutely losing all hold on the means of subsistence, and seeming likely, unless the whole social organisation took a sharp turn, to rot, as it were, off the surface of the earth.

The turn was taken, and the new road had been for years followed before my last visit. Hence it happened that, for all the Irishman's reputation for carrying a light heart through everything, I found him a much more agreeable fellow in prosperity than in adversity. Of all the peasantry one comes in contact with in wandering through the world, he is about the most agreeable—so polite, so complimentary to all your tastes, so ready to admit all you say about the superiority of your own country to his that he even expresses a wish to accompany you home. And all these winning ways are quite natural to him; they are not put on, nor are they even quite superficial, but spring from a genial warmth of heart.

It will sound cynical beside such an admission, to acknowledge a preference for our northern crofter, with his hard features and hard broad dialect, who would as soon turn Papist as touch his hat to the well-dressed stranger, or call him "your honour" in answer to a question tossed at him with a tourist's insolence; yet that preference I cannot help entertaining, though its object chills one after the geniality of the peasantry in sister Ireland. Hard and ungenial as the crofter peasant may be, he is of our own race—our own flesh and blood, as it were; while the other is a stranger, pleasant to meet in the journey through life, but not one with whom it is quite satisfactory to establish permanent relations: and the serious part of the affair is, that he is equally an alien to his own countrymen of the upper class.

Yes, there it is; we are one people here, some well off and others poor, and shifting up and down throughout, with no great gulf fixed in any part of our social system. But you cannot go through Ireland without feeling that there are two nations there; and the feeling is not an unpleasant one to the tourist, if his own consequence and convenience are all he thinks of in the matter, for he belongs to the superior nation. Never do we feel the existence of this division into two nations so distinctly as when Irish gentlemen speak in vindication of the Irish peasantry, in consequence,

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perhaps, of some blunt expression of censure by an inhabitant of this island. No doubt, our tourists are insufferable dogs in the way they turn up their noses at all things not in precise conformity with their stereotyped existence, at home, or in well-adjusted touring districts. But none of their petulant insolence conveys the deep meaning imparted in an Irish gentleman's rebuke of any prejudicial remark they may happen to make on the Irish common people. You feel at once that whatever you have said cannot possibly concern the Irish gentleman, or his family, or his caste. If you have spoken in words of depreciation, he may contradict you, but it would be with little more of kindred indignation than if you had attacked the scenery, the method of farming, or the breed of cattle. I was going to have said that the Irish gentleman would defend the peasantry from your reproaches much as an English or Scotch gentleman might his domestics; but that would not hit the spirit of the condition quite accurately, nor indeed can I expect it to be understood by one who has not paid some attention to it on his own part. So far, however, might a comparison with our affluent householder defending his domestics from censorious charges apply, that to animadversions on the Irish peasantry all the vindications offered will be in the direction of certifying their docility as a subordinate caste; that they are really not so bad when treated with consideration—that they do very well under judicious persons who know the way to manage them—that they are very susceptible to any attention they may receive—that they express themselves so appropriately when a kindness is conferred, and so forth. The leading consideration with benevolent Irish people, when they inquire about the social condition of other places, is to know whether the rich are kind to the poor. They are specially solicitous about the vital question, how the landlords treat their tenantry; and it is not easy to get them to realise an agricultural system the boast of which is that the tenant is completely independent of the landlord—that each is expected to make the best and the hardest bargain he can; while, if liberality in outlay and allowances be going, it is nearly as likely to come from a rich tenant dealing with a poor landlord, as from the other side. But things are changing rapidly, and the phraseology which so completely subordinates one portion of the population to the other will pass with it. If the higher classes will then speak less kindly of the lower, they will speak more respectfully, as of those not so far off from the level of their own position. Already I have heard it favourably augured of the Irish peasantry, that they are beginning occasionally to exhibit discontent. This looks, no doubt, like a paradoxical blessing; but the term is not here used for the purpose of expressing the diseased feeling of vague generic discontent brought on by long sufferings, and by hardships and inflictions for which there seems no specific remedy. The more wholesome discontent referred to is the parent of remedy—it is the protest against sitting down inertly in the midst of evils and imperfections which exertion can remedy. It does not excite the rustic to the burning of his neighbour's ricks or the shooting of the landlord, but it disinclines him to put up with a bad bargain, and makes him demand better drainage and improved outhouses.

I have sometimes been inclined to attribute it to their great division into two nations or castes that a people naturally frank, hospitable, and open-handed, should often appear to strangers suspicious and greedy. They seem as if they required ever to be on their guard against some anticipated injury or injustice. Travellers remark that there is scarcely any country in Europe where it is so disagreeable to fall short of money in

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a neighbourhood where one happens to have no personal friends, as Ireland. There is a want of reliance on man being just to man, and the stranger might probably find that it is still more conspicuous when the Irish transact with each other than in their dealings with himself. One observes it in the very reluctance that there is to part with any purchased article of merchandise until the money is tabled, or is evidently just going to be so. Our friend the northern crofter, whose face and manner are as forbidding as his native mists and east winds, may probably begin to thaw a little to the stranger, especially if his inquiries show that he has orthodox views on eating off with turnips and the five-shift rotation. He may even be induced to leave the stilts, guide the stranger up the hill, and point out his course; and it is not impossible, if he observe some symptoms of regret concerning the distance of the nearest place of entertainment, that he may offer the wanderer a bannock and a bowl of milk. Should money, however, be proffered for such services, the red spot of anger will glow on his cheek, and he will return to more than his old hardness. One finds it otherwise in sister Ireland. I happened to have so miscalculated as to require to wait till some hours past midnight for a train at a rather comfortable-looking village, which owned a small public-house. The amount of sympathy which I received among the inhabitants was touchingly extensive, and would have reconciled me to my position if sympathy alone were sufficient to do so. Among other symptoms which it exhibited, every farmer in the neighbourhood was, I perceived, devotedly prepared to sit up with me during the night, drinking in the public-house at my expense. The kind-hearted creatures would not endure the thought that I should walk to the train when there was such a thing as a vehicle to be had; and when it was brought up, the driver was so careful to disabuse me of any notion of its being provided gratuitously, that he took care, before I stepped in, to get possession of the fare, amounting to, I think, about four times that of a London cab.

In noticing the symptoms of a sudden and rapid stride onwards in prosperity, one sees, or imagines that he sees, marks of its youth in a sort of feebleness and superficiality in which it is distinct from the developments of old-established wealth. Travellers remarked similar characteristics in Scotland, when our country began to recover, in the middle of last century, from her long depression, and it is sometimes said that we have not even yet entirely got over it. In shops, hotels, and other places of public traffic, the exterior tone of the wealthier country was assumed while as yet there was not sufficient realised capital to back it, and, in short, realities did not answer to appearances. So I have thought that, to justify what tradesmen call "the dressing of the windows," the stock within an Irish shop would generally appear meagre. Wherever there is a concourse of tourists, sea-bathers, or other pleasure and health seekers of the upper orders in Ireland, hotels seem to abound; but he who seeks in them the ready supply of wholesome cheer to be found even in much less ambitious houses in England, will be grievously mistaken. In one of these fashionable pleasure towns, where was the Royal Hotel, the Victoria, the Crown, the Queen's, the Prince's, and a succession of the other next most dignified denominations after all royal terms had been exhausted, it happened that, there being brief time before I started for a train, I plunged into each and asked if I could get a slice of cold meat. No. Indefinite supplies were offered in the shape of expectant cookery, and perhaps, if I had had a quarter of a year instead of a quarter of an hour to spend in the fashionable watering-place, I might have been made comfortable. Yet, though it was the height of the season, and a place full of visitors

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who were there avowedly to spend surplus money, I convinced myself that in no one larder of any of the showy and regally-named hotels did there exist in the form of corned beef, ham, leg of mutton, or other variety, any one of the ordinary items which come under the generic designation, so well appreciated by travellers, of "cold meat." On another little item of food, of importance to the wayfarer, I have also found a meagreness in Ireland. The village bakehouse, with its fresh biscuits, its rolls, and sometimes its varieties of gingerbread and other sweetened cakes, is unknown there, and it was only after long familiarity with the fact that the reason for it occurred to me. Ireland is the country of potato-eaters — not of bread-eaters. Perhaps the phenomenon would not have struck me so forcibly as it did on my last visit had I not come fresh from Saxony — probably the cakiest country in the world. It may be questioned, indeed, whether beer, tobacco, or sweetcake is the greatest enemy to the health of the northern Germans. The difficulty there is to get possession of a morsel of simple bread or biscuit; for even when the baked commodity has the simplest and plainest of aspects, its use will develop some red or yellow yolk of sweet stuff enclosed within the crust like a fossil. How pleasant it would be to casual wanderers if each town in Ireland possessed just one of the cakehouses of which some dozen will be found in every village in northern Germany.

But these are very trifling matters when one remembers that now in Ireland there is in progress one of the most portentous social experiments that the world has ever witnessed. In some countries the people govern themselves, or at least a considerable portion of them govern the whole by what is called a constitution. In other countries everything is managed for the people through a centralised authority. Accident has made the Irish a portion of a population accomplishing self-government, and at the same time has shown that they are awkward hands at such an accomplishment. Race, of course, is the solution of the difficulty. There is the self-governing race and the race that must have a master, and Ireland belongs to the latter. The doctrine of the absolute qualities of races is a rather seductive and dangerous one. It comes readily to hand whenever any act of oppression or injustice has to be vindicated; and though it is scarcely possible to deny its influence, yet it is as well not to draw practical inferences of a very conclusive character from it. There remains ever the question how the race obtained its type, and whether this may have been created, or at least enhanced, by external influences arising out of conflicts with other races.

The great social experiment I have referred to has for its object the removal of the characteristic defects of the Celtic race—in other words, the improvement of the breed. At other times, and in other countries, there have been mighty efforts to educate the people, and there have also been great social revolutions intended to elevate their position, but often ending in the bitterest disappointment from their total inability to maintain an elevated position. The work now going on in Ireland is different from both of these, and has so far an element of hopefulness in it, that it is not one of the schemes that have been tried and have failed. It is in reality a vast system of training rather than of education — of training in those common vulgar qualifications and capacities which are the means through which the inhabitants of this island make themselves comfortable.

So far as I could judge, nothing could be more skilfully adapted as a remedy for the special deficiencies of the Irish than this training, so far as I saw it. We are apt to look at our neighbours' defects as they exhibit themselves in turbulence,

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restlessness, fickleness, and general antagonism to the law, without noting the minor disqualifications which place him in a false position. A want of the practical is ever the Irishman's fault or misfortune. He is not a man of business. He does not know the best market in which to invest his labour, or whatever else he has to dispose of. When looking out for employment, he drifts towards some great public work with a gregarious band of his countrymen, none of them having thought how individually he can push his own fortunes by the best investment of his individual capacities. Even when educated, he has not that minute inquisitiveness about matters bearing close upon his personal interests which distinguishes the Englishman, and still more the Scotchman. Upon the wages given by such a house or in such a trade—of the places where employment is desirable and undesirable—upon all, in fact, that constitutes the thoughts and the talk of the ordinary British workman, he is profoundly ignorant. He does not know places and names, and the individualising of the people he has to do business with by street and number is a mystery to him.

In the national schools and elsewhere I could see the efforts to make the vast training system now in progress meet these special defects. Boys who would have to go into the world as mechanics, and girls who would have to seek situations as domestics or in manufacturing establishments, were taught how to address letters to different classes of persons, how to enter with them on the business on hand, with a number of other practical particulars adapted to helping people on in the world. Many of the school-books issued by the Board of Education have an amount of the practical in them that appears a little ludicrous to us who are accustomed to the child obtaining all that sort of information at the domestic hearth. If the farming of Ireland, as conducted by the rising generation, be not perfection, it will not be for want of teaching in the nature and uses of draining, manuring, rotation of crops, and, in short, the whole philosophy and practice of agriculture. Nor is this confined to precept and the school-room. It is a fine sight that at Glencree, in the heart of the Wicklow mountains, and far from the corrupting influence of their companions, where the young criminals — if criminal at their age they can be called—are passing onward, under the auspices of those good kindly souls, the brethren of St Keverns, to a life so different from that they seemed to be fated to in the streets of Dublin. The establishment itself is an epitome of working society; for although it is in the free open country, yet the boys are not all, or beyond a due proportion, trained to agricultural labour. Of those who are so, the cheerful fruits already rise around them in the conversion of the bleak brown wilderness into a wide stretch of corn and pasture — surely the most convincing evidence that can be brought home to the young vagabond of the beauty and value of labour. Others, again, are trained in carpentry, cabinetmaking, and other mechanical trades; and though guided by religious brethren who have taken vows on certain points of asceticism, it is difficult to conceive a better forecast of the busy world in which they will have to mix and fight their way than this community of industrious boys. Whether or not it is to place them on a level with the hard-headed, self-relying Saxon, the immediate benefit to their individual fortunes cannot admit of question.

As a hard logical Protestant, I have little relish for the dark shadows and bright lights brought out by alternations of sin and penitence, of wrong and expiation. These are the elements, no doubt, of a very picturesque life—such, for instance, as the careers of the Borgias, Joanne of Naples, and Mary

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Queen of Scots. Yet for the humdrum daily business of life I prefer your folk of fair average goodness, who do not go so far astray from the flock as to task the energies of the beneficent shepherd in searching for them over mountain and morass, and bringing them back exhausted and repentant to the fold. Since stray they will, however, it is difficult to realise a sight more richly endowed with all the attributes of moral beauty than the labours and watching of the Roman Catholic brotherhoods and sisterhoods now devoted to the moral regeneration of Ireland. And should it be said that Romanism has caused the disease for which it now prescribes an imperfect remedy, the blame thus inferred, at all events, does not attach to those who are now engaged in the good work. Whether caused by their predecessors or not, *they* found the disease deep-rooted, and society cannot thank them too heartily for their efforts to remove and ameliorate it.

This is a function of Romanism at which we Protestants make comparatively poor work when we attempt to mimic it. We won't submit to the control of, and therefore we cannot have the honour of, that spiritual supremacy of which it is the fruit. Look at that slim sister, scarcely yet beyond girlhood, gliding about among brawny women, whose lives outside have approached as nearly as human beings' can to that of the savage beast—who have committed every crime from murder downwards; yet she demeans herself as serenely among them as Una among her rugged companions. She not only fears no violence, but is safe from a jibe or an insolent cast of the eye; for so established is the religious supremacy of the sisterhood that such an act would partake of the character of blasphemy.

The special competency of Romanism for this sort of work may be felt after a few hours in the convict refuge at Golden Bridge, where convicts live while they are out on ticket of leave, being restrained by no other sanction than that, if they attempt to escape, the ticket or licence will be forfeited, and they must go back to the convict prison. Order, cleanliness, industry, and hope are triumphant here. All the special defects of the Irish seem to be defeated, or by some alembic inverted. There is no quarrelling, no noise, no confusion, no filth; and with those who have the management and responsibility there is the strong conviction that in by far the greater number—in all, indeed, with a few exceptions—reformation has taken solid root, and a life of useful virtue is to follow. Turn now to a refuge set up for Protestants, and administered as well as Protestant institutions permit. You feel at once that there is little reverence or obedience there, for there is no religious sanction to exact it. There is little hope also; in fact, the inmates are much more like our own convicts in this island of Great Britain—confirmed thieves, and hopelessly incorrigible. Is there, then, in all this, no comfort for our Protestantism to fall back upon? Yes, I think, there is, and it lies here: the inmates of Golden Bridge, with its preponderance of hopefuls, I found to be between sixty and seventy—those of the meagre and unpromising Protestant establishment numbered five!

While I am on this subject, let me give a hint to every Saxon desirous of settling anywhere near one of the large towns in the south of Ireland, to secure without delay a staff of approved convicts for servants, if he can be so fortunate as to obtain them. I assure you I am not jesting. I believe them to be the best domestics to be had in Ireland. For butlers and valets I cannot speak to their merits; but as farm-bailiffs, gardeners, and out-door workmen generally, I had high assurances of their eligibility; while the women make skilful cooks, tidy attentive lady's-maids, and kind nurses—being selected, of course,

in each instance, according to the specialties of their characteristics. One would not probably select a child-murderess for a nurserymaid to an infant; but from the other frailties that would render British female convicts undesirable companions to one's children, the Irish peasantry, including those who find their way to the convict prisons, are peculiarly exempt. Then, as to the men, they may have a turn for shooting agents and breaking the heads of bailiffs; but these are specialties that may not apply to you, or import to you more danger than from the average peasant; for the great advantage of a convict staff of servants remains to be told, that your household is under the vigilant supervision of that fine constabulary which so distinguishes Ireland from the rest of the empire. Even if, in looking into the antecedents of those to whom you propose to commit the custody of your property, you should find in their testimonials such ugly words as larceny or burglary, you are told that they may have taken a sheep, or a pig, or a flitch of bacon, from a neighbour not belonging to their own faction in the hard times; but if you put them beyond want they will not repeat the offence, for they are not of the nature of the professional London thief. One reason given for Ireland being as free from professional thieves as from snakes and toads, is, that in Ireland there is nothing to steal. No doubt, heretofore, those humble dwellings, stocked with the small wealth of a frugal under-middle class which forms the stock-in-trade of the professional thief, have been rare in Ireland; but the bright day is dawning, and soon, perhaps, that impoverished country may owe his presence, as well as that of other testimonies, to wealth, progress, and happiness. The Irish convicts are in fact models of docility and obedience, while they have received in prison such a training as by no other chance can fall to the lot of the Irish peasant: and hence, among a people whose mode of dealing with cause and effect is peculiar, one might expect it to be sometimes a puzzling consideration with them, whether it is not their duty to put their children in the way of crime, that they may receive the valuable training, and partake in the brilliant prospects so opened up.

These remarks may perhaps serve as very minute items to swell the praise of the famous system of Irish convict discipline. Of that system I do not propose to detract from the ingenious structure and the wonderful results. I am content to contemplate it with silent awe, and call it "Irish," no more arrogating a capacity to appreciate its merits than to measure those of many another Irish moral phenomenon—such as the reason why, on the Shannon shore, while the physical-force, otherwise blood-and-violence party, were taking tea quietly like a set of old maids, the moral-force party should fall upon them, burn them out, and try to slay them. With my small British experience I can only look on the affair with silent wonder, as one does on Brahminism, Budhism, and other grand moral phenomena arising strange and mighty among Oriental tribes. This only I can perceive, that no practical man, in his sober senses, could think of introducing the system into Britain. It is, in fact, just a slice of despotism; and whether the Irish ought to stand it or not, our unreasonable people in this country will not put up with despotism when they see it practically revealed, however much they may applaud it when described by some bewildered enthusiast, who colours it up for exhibition. That a convict should be detained until he has given satisfactory indications that he intends to behave well, has the sober rational sound that generally characterises the procedure of the kind of government called paternal; but the carrying out this principle to the extent to which it is effected in Ireland, gives to a servant of

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the Government acting in official privacy the power of deciding whether a convict shall be released at the end of a certain term, or shall have some period, more or less, within the duration of five years, of additional detention. We have an old prejudice in this country, that such power should only be vested in a judge and jury, with publicity over all. If we are to have a touch of arbitrary power, I am not sure that I could name any man in the world to whom I would more readily commit it than the genial and accomplished gentleman now at the head of the convict system of Ireland; but I would rather that he kept it there, since it is of far too paternal a nature for this self-willed unfilial country. No doubt it would greatly simplify matters to get rid of our ponderous *Habeas Corpus* and trial by jury, and have some beneficent caliph or cadi sitting at the gate administering prompt justice to all comers, with the whip and cord at hand for ready use; but we are a slow people, and likely to stick in the end to our old constitutional safeguards. Sometimes the gallant fellows who have spent the best of their days in the maintenance of our Eastern empire, and in the protection of its inhabitants from a cruel despotism, when they return to the native hearth are astonished at the slow-coachism of everything—the quantity of talk and deliberation—the requisitions, memorials, public meetings, reference to committees—and so on in endless circumlocution, and they can tell you how differently they go on with the black fellows; but even they, after they have been a time at home, begin to see that the paternal sway they have been accustomed to will not do among their old schoolfellows.

As to our friends over the water, I never happened yet to have met with an Irishman of the humbler orders who had the slightest belief in the existence of any law or justice in the world for people like himself. That a powerful friend, or blarney, or abundant lying, will bring him through, an Irishman believes; but he has no faith in public justice doing anything for him. Perhaps there have been events in the history of his country only too likely to indurate such a creed into its people; but in the mean time the effect is, that the Irishman takes with arrangements which would not be endured among us. Since subjection to arbitrary authority is what he thinks his lot, he feels it to be much the same whether he is locked up at the will of a judge and jury or at the will of a jailer.

By all means, however, let the stranger who has an opportunity of doing so, look at the phases of this social phenomenon; he will find them displaying themselves in highly curious and interesting scenes. An evening at the competitive examination of the convicts in Smithfield Prison, with the renowned Mr Organ standing in the midst of his interesting pupils and driving intellectual life into them, as if it were by imparting a portion of his own strong vitality, is a scene not easily to be forgotten. Were all the sound aphorisms in morals, political economy, and physiology, then bandied about from guilty lips, admitted into general practice, how changed a world it would be! how little would there be in it, not only of crime, but of debt and imprudence! In answering the questions put to them by their instructor and by each other, these children of crime show how readily the Irish intellect acquires what is taught. I shall just give one instance. A question comes from one side of the house, "How were the crowns of England and Scotland united?" Thereupon a bullet-headed murderous-looking ruffian rattles out from his bull-dog muzzle, as fast as the words can tumble, "Henry VII. left a son, Henry VIII., and a daughter, Margaret, who was married to James IV. of Scotland. Their son, James V., had a daughter, Mary, who, by her husband,

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Darnley, had a son, James VI. of Scotland; and when the last child of Henry VIII. died without heirs, he succeeded to the throne of England as great-great-grandson of Henry VII." Garter King-at-Arms could not have told the tale more distinctly or accurately.

The Irish convict system has had the good fortune to have been wafted onward on the gale of national prosperity. There has lately been a material increase to productive labour in Ireland, giving employment to the higher kinds of industry; and here the training in the convict prisons has told, by giving their inhabitants a hold on the labour market. Had such a system of training—and admirable training it is—been developed at a less encouraging period, there might have been the rather painful result that all the most lucrative industrial employments throughout the country would have fallen to the convicts, to the exclusion of the more slovenly, untrained, because unconvicted, workers. Fortunately, however, there has been occupation for all comers, and so the Irish convict system is a success to everybody—only let it remain where it is. Not that we in this other island are unsusceptible of the influence of trade on crime. It must be a rather humiliating consideration for those who administer prison discipline, that all they can accomplish seems to be but something like a percentage on what good or bad trade can do. Just now, the stagnation of a portion of our industry by the war in America has put more criminals into prison than any system of discipline will keep out of it. This brings us back again to that specialty which casts sunshine over the whole picture—the recent rapid progress, the existing substantial prosperity, of Ireland. It is a matter from which in this country we should draw more than merely sentimental exultation. It has been well said that it *may* prove a misfortune to us that our neighbour is rich; it *must* be a misfortune that he is poor. When, some twelve years ago, the troops of gaunt and tattered wayfarers from the west were spreading over our more fortunate soil, dispersing everywhere a certain touch and influence of their misery, I could hardly join in the notion that this threw an unjust burden on our resources, which should be forcibly repressed, but rather thought it entered into the beneficent arrangement of the economy of the world, that in this way we, the vigorous, the enterprising, and the successful, should have practically and keenly brought home to us the woes of our poor, and, if you will, prodigal brother, so that we might feel a substantial interest in his welfare, and be influenced to bestow some portion of our energy in lifting him out of his miseries.

The general aspect of cheerful prosperity brightens many things around, and, to my mind, removes a certain gloomy antithesis caused by contemplating the remains of very ancient affluence which abound in Ireland. That the early ecclesiastics were affluent, for a northern church, we see in the jewelled shrines for relics, psalters, and bells, and in other ecclesiastical valuables. But many of the ornaments of precious metal in the museum of the Royal Irish Society belonged to the lay aristocracy, who of course were also the possessors of the curious and costly weapons stored away there. The various ancient devices for cookery, too, that have been rescued from the sod, the gigantic bronze kettles and the quaint drinking-cups, point to a period when hospitality abounded in some class or other. I have been struck, especially in Kerry, with the number of old towers—almost as closely grouped as suburban villas, and far too crowded to be the fortalices of separate domains. Local antiquaries know all about them, of course; but they reminded me of such groups of lordly houses as one hears of in the old Assyrian cities, where an assem-

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blage of domestic establishments, each with large pleasure-grounds attached to it, was surrounded by a wide circuit of wall.

Ireland, if she cannot match England in the number, the greatness, and the perfect art of her Gothic buildings, excels the rest of the empire in abundance of those mysterious and chaotic antiquities, as to which we only know that they go back beyond the bounds of recorded history, and cannot be attributed to any specific age or people. I had set my heart, in my last visit, on seeing the cairn of Newgrange—a structure which one would call the embyro of an Egyptian pyramid, if such things grew. I succeeded, but not without some difficulty. I know no part of the world where, in general, antiquities are so widely known among the people as Ireland—none where your steps will be directed in the right path towards them from a wider distance. I found it quite the reverse of this about Newgrange, and I accounted for the phenomenon to my own satisfaction, by the consideration that the antiquities so well known to the peasantry are ecclesiastical, and that it is their sacred character, not their architecture, that makes them interesting and known. It was provoking to find that, even when I was pretty certain that I had come within two miles of the spot, I could find no one who knew of it, even among well-dressed comfortable-looking people of the farmer class. It brought up no recognition that I showed them pictures of it, and said it was one of the wonders of the world. Totally impregnable to the conviction that I was actually in search of a hole in the ground, I was repeatedly asked if I wanted to see Farmer Macguire; and that they beheld before them a living man so far left in the bond of ignorance as never to have heard of Farmer Macguire, was in their eyes a phenomenon at least as wonderful as their ignorance of the ancient cairn was to me. It seemed, somehow, as if there were something akin to my object in the repeated references to Farmer Macguire. At length I found a long-coated peasant who had actually worked for that local magnate, and whom, after a long series of cross-questions, I ran to earth, as it were, by eliciting a statement that, in search of lost poultry, he had once gone into a hole with big stones in it. Of this bearer of good tidings, who was named after one of the archangels, I took care not to lose my hold until I beheld at a distance what I doubted not was the scrubby mound I sought. A circle of stones of the kind called, because no one knows anything about them, Druidical, and the black square entrance, like a largish drain, leading into the bowels of the mound, confirmed the identification. By great good-luck there was no prowler at hand to do the honours as guide. I had been so provident as to bring with me a candle and matches, and so was master of the situation.

To understand the structure of this edifice, you must suppose a parcel of boys taking some stones as large as they can handle, and, without any idea of an arch or even of a wall, laying them tapering towards each other until they nearly meet at the top, dropping in a stone or two in the orifice left there, and others at insterstices elsewhere, and then making them keep their position by the pressure of a heap of stones thrown over all. If you suppose a place big enough to hold a rat or a rabbit thus formed, the giant nature of this structure will be understood when it is known that it contains a chamber twenty feet high. It was a nice place to cool one's self in after a hot walk. Taking the liberty of presuming it to be a chamber in which smoking was not prohibited, I drew aids for reflection from the breath of latakia, and bethought me that surely nowhere else in the British dominions could one feel so thoroughly as if some spirit had swept one into the

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subterranean temple of some far Eastern land, where worships and superstitions carry themselves back endless centuries behind everything of which we have practical conception in this country. The imagination is let loose without any practical hold on it; you may suppose the stones, or rocks rather, on which the candle glints to have been placed there by giant fingers as easily as you could deposit so many bricks; and as to the two stone saucers or basins—which remain where they seem to have been carelessly dropped, because it would require a piece of skilful engineering to remove them—the idea naturally to be associated with them is, of course, that they were the receptacles for the blood of the victims offered up in human sacrifices.

I wonder if the world is ever to know anything about the age and use of those mysterious monuments and erections of shapeless stone, which, however they may differ, have so strong a rough family likeness wherever they are found. If people ambitious of getting at their secret, instead of going off at a tangent among Druids, Brahmins, Budhists, Zoroasterists, worshippers of Baal, and suchlike out-of-the way people, would carefully examine, compare, and classify the existing monuments, we might have a better chance of getting into some track. An interesting source of comparison has lately been brought out in the discovery of a rival to Newgrange, close by the stone circle of Stennis in Shetland, which itself is the rival of Stonehenge. A round mound, called Maes Howe, standing there conspicuous on the flat margin of a salt-water lake, was lately opened by some enterprising antiquaries, with curious results. The whole affair is set forth, accompanied by sketches and transcripts, in a monogram called 'Notice of Runic Inscriptions discovered during recent Excavations made by James Parker, M.P.' Like Newgrange, Maes Howe is a cairn or mound containing a chamber. They differ from each other greatly, however, in the place each holds in that peculiar department of architectural art. The Orcadian edifice is a far more spruce and dapper affair than its Irish rival, to which it bears, indeed, something like the resemblance of a modern mansion to an old country-house. Its builders evidently did not know the arch, but they had found a structure nearly approaching to it. It is rectangular, and formed by long stones, like beams of wood, laid on each other. In nearing the roof each successive stone is shortened a little, and leans in from that above it, until all meet, forming a sort of quadrangular dome.

The excavators of Maes Howe were delighted to find that it contained Runic inscriptions. On these all the best learning that the world contains as to northern letters has been concentrated, but with no result throwing light on the origin of the edifice. These inscriptions are, indeed, rather an illustration of the saying that there is nothing new under the sun, since they show that the practice, supposed to be almost peculiar to the Cockney race, of leaving their names and immediate subjects of contemplation cut in the wood or stone of remarkable places, by way of dropping their visiting-cards, had been followed by our northern ancestors many hundreds of years ago. There are here such names as Orkason, Kolbainsson, Sigurthson, Goukr Traenaldson, and others—no doubt men of as great respectability "as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat" in their day. Some of them call themselves Jerusalemites, whence it is inferred that they were Crusaders; and there are some cutting taunts about the pride of Ingiburg, the fair widow, from one who had perhaps bitter experience of it.

Ireland contains a rich and little-appreciated harvest of curious and uncommon types of ecclesiastical architecture. It is to be regretted that they are not more zealously sought out by artists and anti-

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quaries, so that the world may have the benefit, before they disappear, of whatever they can contribute to history or to art. At Mellifont, where I had to touch in endeavouring to find Newgrange, I knew there were some ruins, but had no reason, from anything I had heard about them, to suppose that they were of any note. Among them I observed a building so light and airy that at a distance I thought it must have been a garden-house of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Italian was affected in such things; but, on close approach, I found it to be one of the most exquisite specimens I had almost ever seen of the slim decorated Norman—the medieval architecture, in fact, in the first stage of its departure from the old Roman, in which, curiously enough, it has a resemblance to the corresponding stage in the return of medieval architecture back to the classic forms from the influence of what is termed the Renaissance. I prefer, however, and that strongly, the specimens done on the way from the classic to the Gothic, over those through which the steps were centuries afterwards retraced. And this is natural; for the old Norman or Romanesque was a part of an original process through which the cold, correct, classic fancies passed gradually to the development of the rich and mellow Gothic, and consequently had all the vigour of originality; while the way back was, of course, mere repetition, and monotonous, like the retracing backwards at eve of many a morning journey into new scenes. The building at Mellifont is octagonal —a chapter-house, or something of that sort, raised on a circular colonnade, with light pillars and round arches. It stands in a neglected little corner of a glen, not absolutely left to wildness, but invaded by an establishment which seems half farm, half paper-mill; and, such edifices affording useful shelter for cattle, you find the octagon surrounded by the usual sights and smells which characterise the habitations of these useful quadrupeds.

As there are thus in Ireland many antiquities turning up by chance in the wanderer's path, and not surrounded by the reverence to which their merits entitle them; so, on the other hand, some seem unduly appreciated. I saw a building lately brought into reverence as St Columba's house at Kells, and, taking advantage of the right of private judgment arrogated by us British subjects, I venture to question the high antiquity attributed to it. It seems to owe its venerable reputation to its similarity in external form to other buildings in Ireland, held to be older than the oldest of English Gothic, or Norman. But the antiquity attributed to them is inferred from their builders having been evidently ignorant of the structure of the arch, while St Columba's house is well arched, much after the manner of some outhouse or subordinate building of a religious establishment of the fourteenth century. Its repute may have arisen from the odd position which local changes give it, making it, in fact, although a building of ecclesiastical character, an actual dwelling-house in a street.

The visit to Kells was not, however, lost. I saw the sacred fountain of St Kiarn welling close to the root of a gnarled oak, decorated with many rags and other offerings to the saint. Judging from the intrinsic value of these gifts, he must have been a moderate saint and easily propitiated; yet he had the reputation of looking sharply after his own. He had some pet stone crosses which disappeared mysteriously one by one. Keeping watch one night, who should the saint see but his rival, St Columba, slinking away with one of the crosses over his shoulder! The injured saint gave chase, and St Columba, unable to get through the Blackwater, dropped the cross there, where it may still be seen. To hear all this solemnly told by an ancient St Bernard-looking peasant, with seri-

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ous, earnest eyes, which turned to the spot where, sure enough, in the middle of the rapid river, you saw peeping over the water what seemed certainly to be the head of an Irish cross, had in it a sort of realisation of old old times. It would be perhaps attributing too much congruity to such legendary lore to connect it with the fact that Columba made himself many enemies in Ireland as a supporter of the Dalriadic, or Scotch branch of the Irish community. I found something else worth notice at Kells—a sort of Old Mortality discovering and resuscitating at his own hands the remains of antiquity there. With the historical name of Latimer, he holds office as beadle or sexton of Kells, and enjoys in the corner of the churchyard an official residence not unlike a grave itself in narrowness, darkness, and mouldiness. I found him engaged, with some assistants, at what appeared to be an enormously heavy job for one not greatly endowed with worldly goods—the re-erection of one of the stone crosses which had been buried since Cromwell's days, or some pretty remote period. He said it would, when erected, be the tallest cross in Ireland; and it was certainly, where it lay, a huge mass of stone. The man himself reminded me somewhat of John Shanks, who obtained for himself a local reputation by clearing away with his own hands the rubbish of the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, and revealing the outlines of its foundations, and whatever decorations, either in their own proper place or mixed up with the ruins, had yet been preserved. It was almost inconceivable that one man's hands should have accomplished all he did; but the fruit of long-continued steady labour, directed year after year to one object, astonishes people when they see it in the bulk. I remember John when he was a venerable man, and had to rest from his labours; indeed he had completed them, and left nothing for the Woods and Forests to do when that sylvan institution undertook the protection of our ruined churches, except to give a little aid in strengthening the walls. Standing dressed in his decent blue coat and small-clothes and long ribbed stockings, he looked around with a well-earned air of genial satisfaction as the setting sun of a summer day—a good emblem of himself in the bright beneficence of its day's work—reddened the two great towers: but that is an old story now.

I shall be anxious to find if his Irish representative has succeeded in re-erecting that enormous cross. As an acute friend observed to me, it reveals, in its existing condition, to some extent the method in which these crosses were sculptured. The tracery in it never was completed, an arm remaining a bare block. Thus it appears that the sculpture of these famous crosses was cut after they were erected. This is a practice which, in architectural decoration, is reviving; and there is no doubt that, in the hands of a good artist, it has more capacity for freshness, expression, and the full adaptation of the decorations to the architectural structure and form of the edifice, than tracery cut upon the stones before they are put together is likely to achieve.

These Irish crosses are the masterpieces of a school of art with which Mr Stuart's wonderful book on 'The Sculptured Stones of Scotland' is beginning to make the inquiring world acquainted. The sculptor influenced by the true catholic spirit of art might profit by the study of these achievements, since the methods in which beauty and symmetry struggle for development out of chaos in the hands of primitive artists must be more fruitful in suggestion than the works of those who are taught mechanically to follow approved models. And yet one would be frightened to fix too much attention on such new resources in this age of the eccentric and sensational in art, lest they should tempt some ambitious sculptors to adopt the systematic representation of

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squalid and deformed monstrosities, and, giving them the name of Prepraxitelesism, or some such, maintain that they are the way, the truth, and the light, for no better reason than that they discard all the elements of beauty and grandeur, and all the facilities for affording an accurate transcript of nature, which the genius of the great masters has from time to time brought within the domain of art.

I could put up with such a new school if it produced nothing worse than the small cross of Monasterboice, which is a decided work of genius, and shows a command over grouping and anatomy as well as symmetrical decoration. In Mr Wakeman's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities'—a model for all such travellers' mentors, since its useful directions are accompanied with scholarship and good taste — it is said: "The smaller cross is most eminently beautiful. The figures and ornaments with which its various sides are enriched appear to have been executed with an unusual degree of care, and even of artistic skill. It has suffered but little from the effects of time. The sacrilegious hands which attempted the ruin of the others appear to have spared this; and it stands almost as perfect as when, nearly nine centuries ago, the artist, we may suppose, pronounced his work finished, and chiefs and abbots, bards, shanachies, warriors, ecclesiastics, and perhaps many a rival sculptor, crowded round this very spot, full of wonder and admiration for what they must have considered a truly glorious and perhaps unequalled work."

I had a second time to feel internal thankfulness at escape from the pestilent presence of any guide when I stepped into the ancient graveyard of Monasterboice. It was a calm, sunny day, with silence around, and all suitable conditions for a meditation among the tombs; and whatever amount of solemn and saddened thoughtfulness there may be in one's nature, few scenes are better calculated to bring the whole of it forth. Here, among the ruins and among the graves of countless generations of peasants, stood up those beautiful crosses, while overhead rose black against the sky their mysterious guardian, the huge round tower—a united testimony to the genius, the enterprise, and the wealth that flourished in that region in far far distant ages—recalling the strange and tragic history, the stormy wars and the ages of desolating misery which they have outlasted, to see, let us hope, the country revive, and raise around them the monuments of a new age of prosperity.

I believe that this is the tallest of the round towers, and a grand object it truly is. Mr Petrie and his followers have cleared away a good deal of the mystery surrounding these remarkable buildings; and I cannot say that they have less interest in my sight that they are practically connected with an incidental and important epoch in early Christianity, and that we hear no more of Phalic temples, fire-worship altars, Chaldean observatories, provincial Babel towers, or pillars for followers of St Simeon, with improved accommodation, calculated to mitigate the hardships of that school of anchorites. They are Christian edifices, connected with ecclesiastical establishments, and rank in age with the earliest English churches. All that was special and inexplicable in their nature,—their great height, the doors a considerable distance from the ground, the absence of interior stairs or other means of ascent, and their existence without any other edifices, such as churches or monastic buildings, attached to them,—can be shown to be peculiarities adapted to particular objects. It is known that, at the time when they were built, places of worship were often constructed of wood, wattles, or turf. The question sometimes being, How the means at the disposal of a community for building with stone could be best invested? the answer would be, In making a place of strength for secur-

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ing the treasury of the establishment, and those relics and holy books which are beyond all price, from the rapacity of the heathen Northmen. It was the way of these unwelcome guests to run their galleys on any tolerably safe landing-place, scour the country for some distance, carry off whatever was both valuable and portable, and then scamper away to their galleys before a force had collected sufficient to trouble them.

Suppose the dangers which a nest of peaceful monks have to meet from such an incursion, and you will easily suppose their round tower to be a good investment of the funds available for building purposes. On hearing that the galleys have touched land, the brethren carefully collect their reliquaries, psalters, ecclesiastical robes, and other valuable things, and remove them from the sacred but fragile fane in which they worship to the top of the round tower, and then the bulk of the brethren take to their heels and get protection where they can. The tower, though untenanted, will protect its precious contents for a time ; but if some four or five of the brethren shall valorously remain with them, whether trusting to the arm of the flesh or to the influence of the sacred chattels in their charge, they may give a good deal of annoyance to the enemy. They have, of course, taken with them the ladders and temporary platforms by which they have ascended, and so they await their coming enemy. This latter let out a portion of their ferocious excitement in burning the church and the cells of the recluses. The little garrison perched a couple of hundred feet up in the air, were they in a condition to indulge in a sense of the ludicrous, might amuse themselves with noting the perplexed councils of their adversaries trying to solve the question how they are to be got at. To undermine the tower, or batter in its lower courses so as to topple it down, would, of course, be almost certain destruction to those who might bring such an attempt to a successful conclusion. If they should attempt to mount up by scaffolding and ladders inside, the brethren, waiting a judicious moment, may knock their whole apparatus to pieces by dropping on it one of the stones abundantly at their disposal. An attempt to smoke them out would go for nothing, as they could easily shut out any draught from the interior, and breathe the pure air of heaven. As to starving them out, of course that would be possible had the northern rovers time for such an operation, but, as professed ascetics, of course the garrison would have more than average capacity for resistance in this direction. It would be difficult indeed to design an edifice better fitted for the protection of what these recluses counted the most valuable of all temporal things, than these round towers.

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"WHY HAS NOT ITALY DONE MORE?"

It is difficult to imagine anything less instructive than a House of Commons debate on the condition of Italy. An honourable gentleman rises with a motion for the production of certain papers, or in pursuance of an intention to ask for certain information, and at once launches out into statistics, taxation, prison discipline, and press restrictions. He is replied to by a Minister, or a Ministerial supporter, by the query, "Would you bring back the Bourbons, with all their cruelty, priestcraft, duplicity, and the rest of it?" The two parties at issue never face each other; indeed, they seem to stand back to back, and direct their blows at some unseen antagonist in front of them.

Session after session witnesses the same sham-fight. When certain opponents of the Piedmontese party allege that there are gross abuses in the present government of Italy—that prisons are overcrowded, prisoners untried, the freedom of the press trammelled, and a widespread corruption amongst the officials of the State—the answer invariably is, "All the same vices existed under the Bourbons." It is very much like an unsuccessful surgeon saying to his patient, "It is true my operation has not cured you, but remember how much you used to suffer from your malady before I applied the knife." This is the real condition of Italy. There were great evils under the old system, but the new one has not redressed them. It is easy enough for the sub-Alpine Italian, who has gained much and given up nothing, to uphold the present state of things. He belongs to a larger and more powerful kingdom, of which his own sovereign is the head, and, for the time at least, his own city the capital. He sees grouped around him as provinces the former States of the peninsula—far more than his equals yesterday, and to-day his dependants and suppliants. From a city neither rich in traditions of the past, nor splendid in associations of the present, he issues the *mot d'ordre* to the most renowned capitals of Europe, and it is natural enough that he should be vainglorious over the success of his United Italy. But think of the Tuscan or the Neapolitan, who has sacrificed his whole national identity—who has given up his State to be a province, and his splendid capital to be a town—who has surrendered all the power, pomp, and prestige of a metropolis, and sees in his neglected city, even already, the signs of decline and decay! Is it not reasonable that he should look for some return, some recompense, for all these forfeitures? He was told that there was one prize, which was cheap at them all; that there was in the charm of national independence a power that more than repaid men for all the sacrifices they could make; that in elevating Italy into a nation, Italians would at once attain a moral status, for which all that they surrendered individually would be as nothing. It was a very attractive bribe, no doubt: it seduced many. There were, in fact, only a few who distrusted its realisation or discredited its potency. Italy was to be a first-rate European power—a barrier at once against France and Austria, and a new guarantee for the peace of the Continent. Has she, I would now ask—has she attained to this proud position, or is she even on the road to it? Was it ever the intention of France that Italy should be her rival? Was it ever French policy that she should be anything but a dependant? It is needless to deny—no one presumes to question it—that the world at large would be a gainer by a well-governed, peaceful, and prosperous Italy, whether as one State, under one head, or as a group of separate kingdoms.

Italy has many things—Italians have much—to contribute to the common stock of national characteristics which would benefit the world of Europe. They are a highly-endowed and richly-gifted race: and they are the depositaries of centuries of civilization, which have imparted to their habits an instinctive refinement that would not ill combine with the more stern realism of northern nations. They are the great representatives of that Latin race whose civilizable claims to be the first in Europe. It has been most unfairly, most disingenuously urged against the Conservative party in England, that they have been unfriendly to Italy, and were then indifferent to all her attempts at freedom. The Whig party have traded on this question, as they have done in numberless others, on certain cheap and easily-uttered expressions in favour of Liberty: and they have by mere intrigue, and the support of a press by no means either well informed or wisely guided, established a sort of reputation as the *par excellence* friends of Italy. Let it be borne, however, in mind that it was the coldness of Lord Palmerston, and the firm assurance that he was to expect nothing but civil words from England, that drove Count Cavour into the French alliance. It was not the Derby Administration that refused their co-operation and encouragement to the war with Austria. It was the same Minister, one of whose claims to the popularity which sustains him in office is no other than the pretence to be the friend of Italy, Lord Malmesbury, it is true, was opposed to the war, which he hoped would either be to establish an Austrian domination in Italy, or to supersede it by a French one. He wisely did not well calculated that it is out of a strong Italy could be formed. But the liberty the Italians were to receive from the hands of the Allies, they must accept the amount and the form that might be offered them. They who witnessed the French army in Italy after the campaign can alone tell to what indignities and insults the Italians were subjected. When the first French troops entered Milan at the outbreak of the war, popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. In that fervid gratitude of a southern people there were displays which would have shock the delicacy and wounded the dignity of a northern race: and the exhibition of a Zouave soldier seated beside some *grande dame* of Milan in a splendid carriage, and triumphantly carried about from one public place to another, was an every-day spectacle in those days of boundless joy and bad taste. But when the time came for the recall of the troops, and the withdrawal to France, so heart-sick and disgusted were the Italians with their guests that not only no demonstration of respect or regret followed their returning steps, but the streets were deserted, the windows closed, no one was allowed, and the French marched out without an emblem of an ally. So much for the truth which Louis Napoleon is so fond of alluding to as the sure link of sympathy between the two families of Latin blood.

The day the armistice of Villafranca was announced at Turin saw the portrait of Orsini in all the printsellers side by side with that of the Emperor. The Italians saw them, and for the first time—what their vanity alone had blinded them to before—that the war was less for them than it was against Austria. That necessity for a complaint with Mr Kinglake, with such perfect truth, assigns as the ultimate reason of the Crimean war, was far more urgently felt by France in the spring of 1859. There was a personal obligation, not to take the field of which the Emperor well knew the weight and the importance. The payhew, who affected the traditions of his caste, must show himself to be a soldier. It was this urgent call to do something great and astounding—something that might savour of a grand act of public solidarization and a great *jeu d'armes* to-

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gether—that induced Cavour to turn to France. He very clearly saw that the Emperor's necessity would be Italy's opportunity. "If you want a *battue*," said the Hungarian noble, "come and rid me of my wolves." So well did the crafty Italian statesman understand the motives of the war, and so thoroughly did he separate in his own mind the cause of Italy from the real political object of the Emperor, that he never, in the freedom of his confidential intercourse, hesitated to say that they had done as much for France as France for them, and though it was a case for much profession, it was one for small gratitude.

There is, in vulgar phrase, no love lost between France and Italy; there are precisely those close resemblances between the two peoples which lead to rivalries, and not friendships; which suggest comparisons, but inspire no affection. There is, besides, an unconscious imitation of France throughout Italy, which, to a Frenchman's eyes, is the frank recognition of a superior from an inferior. The little that Italians read is French; their drama, their dress, their *salon* life, are all taken from France; and yet there is a more firmly-rooted dislike to France throughout the peninsula than in any other part of Europe. The insufferable pretension of a Frenchman is indeed a heavy infliction, and especially to those who are bound by the ties of deep obligations, and unable, by the debt of their gratitude, even to utter a word of protest against it. The debates in the Turin Chamber have more than once shown the awkwardness of even practised orators in a position of such difficulty, and ministerial courtesy has often been sorely pushed by the indiscreet candour of some southern patriot asking whether the Emperor's leave had been obtained for this or that project. When we bear in mind that the French came into Italy to curb the power of Austria and assert French supremacy over the head of the Church, and not to make Italy a great or a united power, we have at once the key to all the failures and shortcomings with which Italian politicians have been reproached.

Our English theory was, that France, in her unthinking, unreasoning desire of military glory, was mainly contributing to create a rival to herself on the Continent; that the French Emperor—that guileless, simple-minded child of nature—was, in the unsuspecting innocence of his trustful heart, erecting into a powerful State a kingdom, all whose sympathies and interests would incline her to side with England, should England at any time be at war with France. We, of course, advocated the claims of a Free Italy on far higher grounds than these. Whig orators and statesmen have been for years sole patentees and proprietors of such phrases as civil and religious freedom, universal toleration, and such-like; but underneath, and not very deep underneath, these noble sentiments, lay the pleasant assurance which they never omitted to record, "Italy always will be with us whenever there is anything to be done in the Mediterranean." On whatever other points men might differ, on this one all were agreed. In fact, the incautious inquirer who might dare to ask for the grounds of this opinion, was not always sure of an over-courteous reply. It was a proposition so self-evident, it looked mere captiousness to discuss it. With all the responsibility of such a danger, I would still ask, Is this really true? Is Italy more likely to take part with England than with France in the event of a war between these States?

From which nation has she most to gain and to fear? Is it from England, who has reiteratedly declared to her, We wage no wars for the sake of our sympathies; we are a careful, thrifty, hard-working race, who, so far as what we believe to be our own excellent example, and certain good precepts which

we are generous enough to throw in, have sincere pleasure in seeing other countries happy, free, and prosperous. Or is it from France, who stands fully armed and equipped on her frontier, as ready to invade as avenge her, whose daily task it is to study the map of Europe, as a general studies a battle-field, thinking what is defensible, what must be reinforced—here I have so many battalions, and there so many squadrons!

No intelligent Italian ever feared that ill to his nation could come from England; there are tens of thousands who dread France and her designs on the peninsula, and this same dread has a potency to an Italian heart that cannot be exaggerated.

Cavour, indeed, in his moments of confidence, owned that he regarded a war with France as the last necessity of Italian freedom. He speculated on the time when railroads would be able to convey, at a few hours' warning, from thirty to fifty thousand men to the foot of each of the Alpine passes, relying fully, as perhaps he might, that England would take care of the seabord; but these were speculations which were to follow on the union of Rome and Venice to the kingdom,—an era remote in his own day, how much more remote now!

It is to this contingency the French Emperor has ever looked. He has enough of the Italian in his nature to understand the cautious, patient game of his grateful allies. And had Cavour lived, there is every reason to believe he never would have vouchsafed that frank and outspoken recognition of the Italian kingdom which he gave so promptly after that statesman's death. The Emperor over and over again declared that the only antagonist whose subtlety equalled his own was Cavour. "There are but three men in Europe," said he one day at Plombières, when talking to Count Cavour, "and two of them are now in this room." With Cavour alive, and in the full vigour of his abilities, the Emperor would have conceded nothing. It was in the insolence of his contempt of those who were to follow him that Louis Napoleon said, "Play out your game how you like, my cards are on the table." The consciousness that he is master of the situation oozes out in every act of the Emperor, and even points the very sarcasm of those affectedly kind counsels to patience he from time to time administers to Italian statesmen. Have you not enough to do without Rome or Venice either? is the tone of these advices. Are there not internal reforms to engage you—the assimilation of your laws—your weights and measures—the construction of your railroads—the improvement in your prisons—the development of various industries—the increase of your schools and colleges? Doubtless here are cares weighty enough for any statecraft; but to engage in them with success one element is all-essential, and that is Confidence. Men must feel, above all things, that the nation is made, and cannot be unmade. There must be such an implicit faith in the future of Italy that men will sacrifice present and actual prosperity, the pride they have felt in the city of their birth, and the glorious traditions they have cherished from childhood; they must be ready to surrender all these, not for any direct and palpable advantage, but simply and solely on trust, that by such sacrifices a great Italy is to be made one day, a grand and united kingdom from the Alps to the Adriatic. Now, I would ask, is there such a trustfulness as this? Is a firm conviction that Italy is made, the sentiment that prevails in the peninsula? Is there not the ever-present terror of a reaction? Do not men speculate every day how many hours—they are only hours!—of march lie between the battlements of Verona and the gates of Milan? Has not every rumour of a European convulsion its own especial fear for

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an Italian heart? Are not the convulsive efforts of some half-starved highwaymen in the Abruzzi elevated to the dignity of a Royalist plot? And, last and greatest of all, who is to guarantee them what the French Emperor may not already have decided as to their destiny? He has declared, "I never promised you Rome;" but he has not said, "I never pledged myself that I would not take back Naples."

The very East threatens them with its complications. It was but the other day that the tone of the Italian journals on the subject of Turkey predicted a coldness of all their relations with England; and in their ardour for the success of the Suez Canal, they have long foreseen the possibility of a breach with Great Britain.

It is not that by the convulsions *outside* the frontier their foreign relations might be modified, and their peace endangered, for in this they would only be following the fortunes of all other States; but that their whole internal condition, and their very existence as a nation, would be jeopardied by events in which they had no close interest, and over whose course they could exercise no control.

This is the uncertainty that hangs like a dark cloud over Italy; an uncertainty that paralyses the activity of commerce, and dulls the zeal of the servant of the State, which takes from the soldier that faith in his flag which is like a religion. It renders the politician hesitating and undecided, and imparts even to the journals a shifting and evasive tone that may suit any turn of events, and "be equal to either fortune."

In this uncertainty Italy, like a becalmed ship, lies, "without steerage-way on her." Men of capital think twice before they invest in a land of such insecurity. The maladministration in all public works is notorious. Cheap contracts, under-let again and again, to finish in bankruptcy, is the history of all of them. The great harbour of Ancona and the arsenal at Spezia are lamentable exhibitions of incompetency, unskilfulness, and fraud. An ignorant jealousy of foreigners, the stupid fear that French or English men should make fortunes out of Italian enterprises, have led to the employment of Italians who have neither the knowledge, nor the experience, nor the capital required for large undertakings. The very first condition imposed by the Government is of itself such an obstacle as no one conversant with such enterprises would encounter. It is in this wise: All grants of public money have not merely as their object the accomplishment of some work of public utility or advantage, but are also to fulfil the service of being boons to the locality wherein they are to be expended; in fact, they are the price paid to a population to secure its adhesion to the Government, and its satisfaction with the present order of things. These "Yankee contracts" are rife in Italy, and with an amount of malversation and corruption that Yankees alone can rival. The first requirement from the contractor is, that he should purchase land at rates totally above all calculations of its value; the next is, the establishment of a rate of wages so high that all private enterprise seems contemptible compared with the generous treatment of Government labour. What farmer besides, or builder, or other employer, can afford to pay three francs a-day for the commonest sort of labourer?—an amount not only disproportionate to all the man's ordinary wants, but out of all relation to the services he renders in return—five, if not six, such men never doing the same amount of work in one day as a single navvy in England!

The system is precisely that which, in old days of corrupt elections, we used to see at home, the whole question resolving itself into this, We must secure popularity here, and to do so we must pay for it [illegible] the nation at large [illegible] certain locality.

Brindisi, and Spezia, where the governing powers were little liked —a more friendly feeling might obtain, and a certain popularity be secured. Contractors are very soon given to understand that, come what may, there must be no dismissals of idle or refractory men, no stoppages—none of what, in the vernacular of the police, is called "discontent." How public works are conducted under such a system, and what are the sort of accommodations by which these losses are repaired, the lamentable failures of some of the great banking-houses of Bologna and Parma well testify.

It is needless to say that no government, with any confidence in itself, would stoop to such measures; but this confidence is the element wanting on every side. The Ministers do not trust the Parliament, the Parliament does not trust the nation. It was but the other day, and the whole country was divided as to whether Garibaldi had or had not the sanction of the Government in his expedition to Sicily. They knew how all the disclaimers of Cavour were sent post-haste over Europe after "the Thousand" had embarked, and they asked, Why may it not be the same now? Is Ratazzi more scrupulous or less crafty than his predecessor? Even when the proclamation appeared condemning the project, and warning all loyal subjects against it, the cry was, "This is a mere blind. Ratazzi must make this pretence to satisfy the Emperor; but the Cabinet is with us, and so is the King." It is very easy to believe that Garibaldi thought so,—indeed, until he reached Catania, he never fully credited that the measures to arrest his progress were real. What greater bane can there be to a State than this perpetual distrust? Trust is to a question of politics what credit is to commerce; without faith either must do. The merchant can no more [illegible] prepared to deal in [illegible] can the Minister [illegible] measure [illegible] publ[illegible]ds time, and time requires faith. Now, in what or in whom has the Italian his trust? It is for the interest of a numerical majority that the old governments of Italy should not be restored—the probability, therefore, is, that they will not be restored; but to whose advantage the new order of things may redound is another question. The party of action declare, and truthfully declare, that the idea of a united Italy was originally Mazzini's. There is no disputing this fact, however impracticable the means he proposed, or however Utopian the project he suggested. To Joseph Mazzini is due all the honour of the "Italia Una." So much for the theory. What amount of fact has been realised is greatly owing to Garibaldi. It remained for the craft of Cavour to absorb both these men, and turn them to more profitable account than they could ever have made of themselves; but what a spectacle is all this for the nation! This game of alternate theft and disparagement is surely not the schooling by which a new people can be trained to a high estimate of their rulers. Why should there not be distrust—universal, all-pervading distrust—in a community where such practices prevail? But distrust is an Italian instinct. There is not an act or an incident of daily life that does not inspire it. The Minister recommends the construction of a certain bridge or a breakwater, and the whole world is at once in full cry to hunt out what personal or family objects he will gain by the enterprise. He subsidises a theatre, and every one asks if there be not some scandal about the *prima donna*? Let him grant the concession for a line of railroad, and woe to him if, like Baron Ricasoli, the project enables him to sell an oak-wood to some advantage. The theory is, that every one turns the station he may chance to occupy to his own benefit; and that, though the Minister may serve the State well, he always serves himself first.

Italian unity was the idea of the

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revolution. It was the invention of Mazzini, and its success depended on that amount of popular energy which could be enlisted in its favour. They who first advocated it never meant that it should redound to the greatness of a monarchy; they never speculated on a triumph for the House of Savoy. It was through the ability of Cavour that this turn was given to the national will. Cavour saw that the party of revolution included the great vitality of the nation. To employ this party for his purpose—to make them the means by which the national enthusiasm could be moved—was his first effort: his second was to restrain, and, when necessary, to crush them. It was in aiding him to curb the men of action that the Moderates in the Parliament, and even the Right in the Chamber, rallied to the side of Cavour.

That Ratazzi intended to follow out the same line in the Garibaldian expedition to Sarnico many still believe. Indeed, there is an impression abroad that it was by the interference of the French Government the expedition was arrested. Nothing is more certain than that Ratazzi had resolved on employing Garibaldi in some shape or other when he came last from Caprera to Turin. Like Cavour, he also saw that all that the nation possessed of daring and "go" lay in that party; that the appeals of Parliament were coldly listened to, and the articles in the press read with apathy. If enthusiasm was to be evoked, it was the men of action alone could do it. Now Ratazzi wanted the enthusiasm; he needed it as a means of obtaining concessions from France; but he never intended that it should have carried him into a forward movement, and involved him in a war. What he required was to be able to say to the Emperor—"You see how the popular feeling is excited; you perceive that the nation is bent on obtaining Rome for a capital, and by further resistance that you expose us to civil war." The answer from France was—"If you have revolution, you must crush it; and if *you* cannot, *I* will." When, therefore, he did interfere, and directed the whole force of the Government against the Garibaldians, the French Minister congratulated him on the success by sardonically remarking that it was plain to see that the desire to obtain Rome was only on the part of the revolutionists, and the nation at large showed no sympathy whatever with their designs. Thus is it that Italian statesmen are ever thwarted and embarrassed. Pressed for action on one side, and menaced by France on the other, every step they take is one of danger. To assume even a show of independence they are forced to maintain an army almost on a war footing, at the ruin of their finances. Let any one compare the proud and haughty tone maintained by the little kingdom of Sardinia, with its four millions of subjects, to Austria, with the subservient and craven language now observed by the Italian Government in all their relations with France, and he will be astounded to perceive how little of independence has been achieved by greatness.

When Talleyrand appeared at the Congress of Vienna to support the claim of the Restoration, he said, "Je vous apporte l'idée du Droit." Was it that this same *idée du Droit* sustained the little kingdom in their bold defiance of the great Austrian Empire, and is it the absence of this conscious Right that now weakens and invalidates Italy? Was it the sturdy consciousness of asserting no more than their own that made this little people able to confront one of the greatest military powers of Europe? Is it the knowing and feeling by what trick and artifice they have risen to greatness that is now the source of their indecision and weakness?

The all-pervading, overwhelming influence of France it is that constitutes the present difficulty of Italy. It is through the proud

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sense of a national independence that Italians should reap the fruits of all the sacrifices they have made; and yet how can this spirit consist with the submission their Ministers must show to the Imperial will?

Italian patriotism was strong when it was banded against Austria. Now that it is diluted by fears of France, it is all but powerless. A Minister may from time to time venture on a tone of haughty remonstrance or displeasure, but he is at once met by a sharp rebuke from the Tuileries; and some future extract from a French blue-book shows "that the explanations so tendered by the Italian Government have completely satisfied the Imperial Cabinet, and the 'incident' has left no unpleasant memories behind it."

Here lay the wily statesman's great success, that he could derive from each section in turn, no matter how opposite their views or how diverse their intentions, the amount of support they were able to afford him, just as he made France the means of pressure on England, and England in turn the pressure upon France. The employment of the Revolution was, however, so far perilous, that it always excited the fears and displeasure of France, and upon each occasion did the Emperor manifest his anger at the policy. The annexation of the Duchies cost the peace of Villafranca; the expedition of Garibaldi was followed by the demand for Nice and Savoy; and the invasion of the Pope's dominions was replied to by the recall of the French Minister from Turin.

Cavour had to pay the price of each success; his triumph was that he always made a good bargain.

There is very little doubt that, in any scale of material value, the "Duchies" were cheaply purchased at the price of Nice and Savoy. Still there were questions in that cession of territory that might have made a more sensitive Minister pause ere he signed his name to the treaty. The cradle of that same proud House of Savoy was an old battlemented keep, that still held up its rugged head among the ruggeder rocks of that Alpine region. The King held fondly and affectionately to his birthplace; he held, besides, to the glorious battalions of brave Savoyards who had stood around him like a wall at Novara and Magenta. They were the model infantry of the kingdom, as patient and unmurmuring on the march as they were daring in the day of battle. Where were such men to be replaced? How their memory survives them, let the fact proclaim, that the word "Savoia!" is the cry of the Italian army at the charge. Nice, too, was Garibaldi's native town, and in the few affecting words of his farewell to it he touched the very heart of the nation. With all these "sentiments," if you will, M. Cavour liked his bargain, and felt all the stockbroker's delight in an "excellent transaction." It must, however, be borne in mind that all the national enthusiasm—all that great popular rising which had placed the whole of North and Central Italy ready to take the field—had its origin in a sentiment. It was the appeal of orators, and poets, and soldiers, and statesmen to a long-enslaved race, listened and responded to at last with a cry for vengeance. It was a very dangerous policy to discredit this fervour. It was a bold step to say to the nation, It is yours to struggle, and suffer, and toil, and fight, but it is for us, the men of intrigue and plot, to sit down and divide the spoil. Neither Savoy nor Nice were Italian, but their severance from Italy was a painful wound to the nation.

It enabled, besides, the Mazzinians to say, You see of how little account are the affections and sympathies of a people where the interests of a dynasty enter: here are our countrymen, the comrades who fought beside us in a hundred fields, disposed of and bartered like a herd of cattle, all because it en-

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ters into the scheme of an ambitious Minister to carve out a wider kingdom for his master. It may possibly have been the growing menace of Garibaldi against driving him from his rock at Caprera that really saved the Island of Sardinia from being yielded up to France. Assuredly our English remonstrances on the subject would have been no more heeded than the former ones about Nice and Savoy. The haughty indifference of the Emperor's Cabinet to Lord John Russell's protest was the first declaration of that policy which assumes as its right the control of the Italian peninsula.

Like all young nations—for such, in every condition, must this country rank — Italians overrate their strength and miscalculate their weight. Their army, all told, would not number two hundred and eighty thousand. Their fleet, on which they have expended immense sums, is in a most incomplete and disorganised condition. Their two ironclads, the Formidabile and Terribile, are mere floating batteries, which would probably soon cease to float in a seaway. Their deficiency in revenue yearly increases. Taxation will no more be borne in Naples than the conscription in Sicily. Such is the incongruous condition of the law, that the Tuscan, the Lombard, the Æmilian, and the Neapolitan systems are different, and sometimes opposed. Here are some causes for anxiety, if not of despondency; and yet the "Value of our Alliance" is no uncommon heading in the columns of the daily press.

M. Peruzzi, the Italian Minister of the Interior, in a speech mainly addressed to contradictions of the statements made by Lord Henry Lennox in the House, institutes a comparison between the English and the Italian revolutions, and asks, "Was the condition of your own country so peaceful after the accession of William that you can afford to cast such heavy reproach upon us?" Without entering upon the broad question of the differences which progress and civilisation have implanted from that time to this, how much men have learned of tolerance and of generosity in matters of opinion, we would simply declare that, to make the cases analogous, some few details are wanting. The ministers of William, for instance, should have been in close and friendly relations with the Cabinet of St James's. Amicable remonstrances as to the danger of this or that policy; friendly warnings as to the perils of opposing popular demands when pressed with force and vigour; wise counsels how to guide the State amidst the quicksands of revolution around; and, lastly, as a lulling security against all present danger, hints about maritime conventions and commercial treaties, which should unite the two countries in closer amity. The Dutch Cavour should have done this, and more; he should have assured the English Cabinet that he was fully prepared to suppress all unauthorised interference, all buccaneering expeditions, and that strict orders had been given to some Dutch Persano to cruise off Cornwall and the Lizard, and suffer no suspicious craft to effect a landing.

Had all these measures of high policy been taken; had the British army been corrupted, and the officials of the State bribed over; had every General and every Minister — ay, even every lord-in-waiting—been paid his price; had the King been left so isolated that not a man could be found to counsel him, and in his need it was to a Russian general, a chance traveller, he had to turn for advice upon a question of military importance;—had all these wise and salutary precautions been taken, the resemblance between the fall of James in England and Francis II. in Naples would certainly have been closer.

It might not be, had we the time for it, altogether unprofitable to speculate what, if such measures had really been taken, would have

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been the course of our own Revolution. It is fully possible that a change of dynasty, heralded by such frauds as these, might not have exhibited us one whit better than our neighbours south of the Alps. Bribery and its offspring, a miserable distrust, might have played its part with us as with them. Our bold Covenanters might have figured as brigands, and we might have found our first steps at reorganising government and restoring society met by all the difficulties which beset those who attempt to build up a right on the foundation of a wrong.

How could you expect the Italians to have done more? is the question so often propounded; and our answer is: We are only astonished that they have done so much; that is to say, that all the difficulties of their task have been quadrupled by the mode in which they undertook it. This spoliation of what was another's was a bad beginning—even to the best of all possible issues; just as it would be a sorry excuse for a burglary that it was intended to convert the house into an hospital! The one initial wrong entailed a whole catalogue of falsehoods. What a mockery, for instance, a plebiscite in a population where the leaders had already been bought over, and the whole public service bribed! What a spectacle was the affectation of consulting the national will where all the springs of popular sentiment had been poisoned! for, let it never be forgotten, the downfall of the Neapolitan Bourbons was the work of Cavour far more than of Garibaldi.

Allusion has been already made to the accidental counsels given by a Russian general to the King of Naples. The circumstances were these—of their authenticity there is no doubt: When Garibaldi's approach to Naples was known, the Royalists counselled the King to stand fast and defend the capital. A Russian general, whose great military fame had obtained for him more than one audience of the King, reasoned otherwise. He argued, that in street-fighting an army was always at a disadvantage; that to take barricades you must also take the houses that flank them; that such warfare gives no advantage to disciplined forces, who are, besides, invariably outnumbered; men who get separated from their corps are never seen again; and all combined action, after a while, is utterly impossible. His advice was, Draw the Garibaldians into the open—in front of Capua, for instance—and compel these raw levies to fight a real battle with disciplined troops. Make them take the field where an effective artillery can operate and a cavalry manœuvre. There, their soldierlike efficiency will be at once tested, and the result will show whether the brawling patriots of Genoa or the Picciotti of Palermo can really face the organised battalions of an army!

The advice was unquestionably excellent, and little doubt is there that it would have succeeded, had not Cavour at once foreseen the threatening danger, and hastened to avert it. The Bersaglieri were despatched at speed to Naples, to be followed as quickly by a considerable force. There is not a question but that for their opportune arrival Garibaldi would have been overwhelmed, and his forces annihilated. It is not to deplore the result which ensued that this incident is recorded. We are no apologists for Bourbon wrongs. We make no pretence to defend the faults and follies of those who fancied they stood above not only the accidents of fortune, but even the obligations of truthfulness. We simply narrate the story, to show that the mine which exploded the dynasty was not fired by a buccaneer, but by the practised hand of one who boasted, "I have been conspiring all my life." Out of all these plots and machinations of Piedmont, where bribery abounded and corruption prevailed—where pensions were accorded to the unworthy, and decorations and orders to the base—

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where turbulence had its price, and treachery to a former master its reward—it would be more than the most sanguine could expect a reign of order at once should issue. There were too many examples of successful iniquity abroad to make men believe that honesty could be even good policy. To begin a course of reforms at such a moment, and with the public mind so agitated, was a bold experiment; and again we say, The wonder is, not that "Italy has not done more, but that she has done so much."

Up to this day it has been the policy of the French Emperor to thwart the designs and arrest the progress of Italy. He may see good reason not to desire a strong kingdom in the peninsula—he may prefer a State over which he can exercise a haughty influence little short of a protectorate, and with which even in matters of treaty he can dictate his own terms, as was lately the case in that "Cabotage," or coasting convention, wherein he obtained the freedom to trade with eighteen hundred miles of coast, in exchange for six hundred on his own side! The Emperor may reasonably enough suspect that the day of such treaties would end if Italy were a great and united power. There may be, besides, as others believe, strategic reasons for keeping a military position at Rome—reasons which bear on questions that only can be settled in the Mediterranean; and not least of all, so long as France remains all-powerful in Italy, so long will English influence be really secondary throughout the peninsula; for, with all respect be it spoken, we are, both within and without the House of Commons, somewhat too vainglorious on the score of that "moral influence" we imagine we exercise over Italy. England is certainly liked—I am not sure Englishmen are—in Italy; that is to say, there is a certain respect and esteem entertained for a nation strong, powerful, rich, and free; but no Italian forgets that we never sent them a soldier, nor took a shilling of the loan; that when France contributed legions, we sent newspaper "leaders;" and kind wishes, however ingeniously expressed, are, after all, not the material which will hunt the Croats out of Verona, or the Zouaves out of Rome.

It suits Italian politicians in the Turin Chamber to re-echo the boastful declarations of our own Parliament as to the moral weight of England, and the priceless value of the English alliance. It is a sort of touchstone of an Italian's liberalism to laud England and her institutions; but we deceive ourselves grossly if we imagine that we have any stronghold upon the affections of this people, least of all such a hold as would render an alliance with a State at war with us a matter of difficulty to a Government.

In our judgments about Italy, we have all of us been too much disposed to partisanship, and consequently too prone to exaggerate the errors of one side, and palliate the faults of the other; the time is not really come when we could pronounce a fair verdict on the nation; and when it does come, she will in all probability not need it!

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THE LONDON ART SEASON.

THE year of the great International Exhibition is past, and we are now left apparently just where we were before. It might perhaps have been anticipated that the grand pictures congregated at South Kensington would have added scale and dignity to the paintings produced for the Academy in Trafalgar Square. It might have been supposed that the master-works of European sculpture brought into competition with our English school would, in coming years, have given to our native artists some novelty of conception or increased strength in execution. And then, in architecture and the allied decorative arts, it were surely not wholly vain the hope that the modern designs or products exhibited in the International building, and the medieval treasures contributed to the Kensington Museum, might have created a new epoch, and have imparted to ornamental art and art-manufactures an impetus which should have borne them onwards in steady if not rapid progression. Now, we do not say that these anticipations are doomed to entire and final disappointment. Movements the most momentous, and certainly among the most enduring, are often both silent and slow. The seed is sometimes sown for long years before the harvest is reaped. And so in this looked-for growth—in this art-culture, where the germ may lie for a season dormant, and the early flowers prove frail, and the first fruit scanty and immature—much patient watching and tending may be wanted before our garners shall be filled with the promised store. And thus would we excuse any present shortcoming, and after this manner must we be content to explain the fact already stated, that, following upon a year of jubilee, art has this season again sunk to its former level. Yet though our painters, sculptors, architects, and designers have failed to show signs of higher or fuller inspiration, we may rejoice that the general public can scarcely revert to its previous position. In the conflux of nations, manufactures, and arts, our knowledge has been increased, our horizon extended, and, above all, the standards by which merit must be henceforth judged have, in the same degree, been elevated. And if we do not let slip from our grasp these undoubted gains, we may rest assured that the arts of our country cannot fail to rise with the advance in the taste of the people. Our painters henceforward will have to paint not down but up to the level of the public mind; and while the demands thus made upon our artists may become more heavy, we hope that the aids and the rewards which may be offered to labour and talent may grow greater and higher. Contact and competition with foreign countries teach, among other lessons, that the State and the Church must be looked to for patronage of the noblest forms of art. In three directions, then, may we hope for amelioration in our national arts: first, as we have said, from improved culture of the public taste; secondly, from the growing conviction that Protestantism no less than Catholicism should make religion the perfection of beauty; and, thirdly, from the strengthened persuasion that our English Government, following the example of foreign nations, must give to the arts, through academies, schools, and commissions for great public works, efficient training and honourable reward. These agencies have already in some small degree come into operation. Revived Gothic architecture has occasionally, as in the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, called to her aid the art of painting. The State has, for a series of years, given to our leading artists commissions for the

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execution of frescoes in the Houses of Parliament. The Government has, moreover, established at South Kensington and in the chief cities of the empire, schools for teaching the principles and the practice of art. Thus, in part through the example set by foreign nations, and in some measure by the lessons received in international competitions, we are little by little removing the disabilities under which art and artists have long laboured in this country. And hence have we reason to hope that, as the products of each succeeding season fall under our review, we may have to rejoice over an art more thoughtful and studious—an art which, in its noble intent, shall respond to an intellect more aspiring, and an imagination more lofty.

It cannot be denied that a growing feeling exists that the Royal Academy has failed to fulfil its mission; and the present Exhibition, disappointing public expectation, certainly strengthens this impression. The want of important leading pictures, which for some years past has been painfully felt, leaves the Academy of this season again destitute of any marked attraction. The rejection, moreover, of works of supposed merit, and the unfair hanging of the pictures accepted — grievances which long ago created discontent—have, in the arrangement of the present Exhibition, provoked bitter dissatisfaction. The injustice of the hanging is so patent to every eye that the abuse cannot much longer be endured. The fault, we gladly concede, is not so much in the individuals to whom the arrangement of the Exhibition has been intrusted, as in the constitution of the Academy itself, which calls for reformation. The prescriptive right possessed by the forty Academicians to the best places on the walls, whatever be the merit or demerit of the works produced, necessarily inflicts an injustice on the thousand and one artists beyond the pale, and almost inevitably reduces the Exhibition itself to mediocrity. Nothing, indeed, can be more melancholy than to mark the tenacity with which certain veteran members, holding on to life, and all but hopelessly struggling to maintain a reputation, still persist, year after year, in gibbeting respectable imbecility in that foremost rank to which, by the laws of their Academy, they are to the last entitled. This decrepitude of genius perhaps at its best never over strong, is a disaster which often threatens the vitality of bodies corporate grown venerable in age. Superannuation is the obvious remedy to apply; and for the administration of this and other strong but needful reforms, artists and the general public are now anxiously awaiting the Report of the Royal Commission, and the consequent action of the Government thereon.

But though the Academy of the season is far below the standard which a great nation such as England has a right to expect, we need scarcely say that it contains some important, and very many most pleasing, works, and that thus the Exhibition maintains its accustomed supremacy over all competing collections. It is true that we have to deplore the absence of painters in whom the strength of the Academy has in former seasons been found. Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, and Mulready are wholly unrepresented on the walls, and therefore the burden has fallen the heavier on younger shoulders, whereon, let us hope, the rewards of labour will rest. The Academicians and Associates to whom the year is most indebted are Elmore, Ward, Phillip, Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Hook, Cooke, Millais, Goodall,—a limited number, assuredly, out of a list of sixty. But other artists are pressing forward to fill the gaps. Mr Leighton has gone far to retrieve a reputation he had all but lost; Mrs E. M. Ward takes rank upon the line as a painter of history; and Calderon, Princep, Hicks, Stone, Yeames, and Sandys, each gives pro-

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mise to the future of the English school. Thus is this pleasing but not illustrious Exhibition compounded.

Of the 1205 works contributed, we shall attempt individual description of but a small percentage. Commencing, as usual, with history, we are glad to find that the chronicling of great events has not failed to impart to several pictures a corresponding dignity of intent. 'Lucrezia Borgia,' by A. Elmore, R.A., is a concentrated composition, of much power in purpose, and of great elaboration in execution. Lucrezia, the daughter of a pope, the sister of Cæsar Borgia the cardinal, herself the wife of three husbands, one of whom had been disposed of by an assassin's hand even at the great door of St Peter's, is here seen plotting with an accomplice one of those murders of jealousy or revenge with which Rome was in those days rife. Her brother, the Duke of Gandia, had been thrown one night into the Tiber, and the boatman, who was a witness, afterwards excused himself for not having revealed the deed, because "he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place without any inquiry being made respecting them, and that he had not therefore considered it as a matter of any importance!" Such are the historic associations which this picture by Mr Elmore awakens. The composition is simple: it consists of two figures, and no more—Lucrezia and her bravo. The lady is of that type of southern beauty which not unfrequently unites brilliant talent with blackest crime. The features are finely formed, as if sensitive to the charms of poetry and of art, but the brow is knit with desperate resolve, and the lip curled by passion. Mr Elmore has thrown into his work rich colour and masterly execution.

The picture by J. R. Herbert, R.A., also a tragedy, may be noticed next. 'Judith,' a commanding figure, gorgeously robed, one hand grasping the sword, the other reaching to the bed on which her victim sleeps, has nerved resolution to strike the blow. This work is not among the most favourable examples of that school in which Mr Herbert stands as a leader—a school severe in drawing, studied in drapery, elaborate in expression, but abstemious in colour—a school which, keeping austerely aloof from the sympathies of the multitude, is content with the suffrages of a select and cultured few. In this figure of 'Judith' the colour of the flesh might certainly with advantage have been warmer, the outlines softer, and the modelling more round. 'The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt to Nazareth,' by W. C. T. Dobson, A., one of the very few religious pictures in the Exhibition, is, by style no less than in subject, a contrast to the work of Mr Herbert. Mr Dobson ever treats Scripture narrative with a gentleness of spirit, and his forms, not over firm, blend with chastened colour into soft concord. The incident here chosen is novel, and has scarcely indeed been touched upon in those Biblical series of the middle ages which were devoted to the life of the Saviour. The New Testament narrative tells us that the Lord had appeared "in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel;" but when Joseph heard that Archelaus reigned in Judea, he was afraid, and turned aside into the parts of Galilee, "and he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." The Holy Family, after their long and weary journey, have just reached their resting-place. The people of the town look kindly, and an air of peace seems to circle the new abode. In the distance rise the hills of the wilderness, where in a few years St John was to preach repentance. The picture is marked by great care, and its well-balanced composition fits it for engraving, to which it is destined.

The largest and the most ambitious work taken from sacred story is

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produced by Mr Leighton, an artist whose genius of late years has fallen into chaos, but who now rises once again into the sphere of well-ordered creation. Of the pictorial sobriety or sanity of the picture of 'Peacocks,' we cannot say much in apology. 'The Girl with a Basket of Fruit,' belonging to the same dreamy style, falls more within pictorial moderation: the drawing is indeed subtle, and the form most lovely. After a wholly different manner — robust, strongly marked in expression, and altogether admirable—is 'An Italian Cross-bowman,' a work, indeed, which might have been designed by Mantegna, or any one of the more naturalistic and severe among the great masters of the olden time. But the picture which demands our deliberate attention is a life-size rendering of 'Jezebel and Ahab met by Elijah the Tishbite.' Naboth had been put to death, and Ahab and Jezebel thereupon went to take possession of his vineyard. "And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab, king of Israel." The painter represents the prophet entering the vineyard at open door, where he meets the king and the guilty Jezebel. And the man of God spake unto the king, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." "And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." Ahab is bowed down; for we are told that he rent his clothes and humbled himself; but his guilty wife raises herself with proud disdain. This remarkable picture is not wholly satisfactory—at any rate, from the nature of the subject, it is very far from being agreeable. Yet let us frankly admit, that not for many years has issued from our English school a work which so nearly accords with the conditions imposed on the high historic style. Our English artists are accustomed to paint history as the French do *genre*. We scarcely have among us at the present time the man who can idealise his model into such noble types of humanity as have come down to us from Greece and Italy of the middle ages. Our painters go to Wardour Street, and know nothing of the Vatican, and care, it is to be feared, but little even for the master-works in our own National Gallery. The grand style and the mode of study upon which Reynolds insisted so earnestly in his Discourses, have wholly died out; and thus even the chief works which are honoured by a position in our Royal Academy, possess usually the characteristics, and indulge in the blandishments, of mere costume-painting. Mr Armitage, in his picture, 'The Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero,' forms to this lower mode of treatment a notable exception. This arduous walk of art, forsaken by our painters, and unpopular among our people, deserves, in the attempt, whenever honestly made, even though not absolutely successful, all possible encouragement. The great schools of the Continent, unlike to our own, are prolific in these products of labour and of knowledge; and if the Royal Academy in this country had not been guilty of dereliction of the duties for which it was instituted, we should not now have to deplore the extinction of high art among its members. The country is in need of great sacred and historic works for the decoration of our churches, senate-houses, municipal and other public buildings. We believe, could artists be found in whom patrons might safely repose confidence, the precedents set by the mural decorations in Italy would be followed in our own land. But our painters at present, as testified by the current Exhibition of the Royal Academy, lack the needful training.

'The House of Commons, 1860,' by J. Phillip, R.A., is a picture which has naturally awakened great personal interest. A subject of pro-

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verbial difficulty, portraits of grave darkly-dressed senators, has been here mastered with unusual pictorial tact. Titian might have given greater dignity, Veronese more colour, Raphael a subtler reading of thought and character, but, taken for all in all, we could scarcely expect in the present day a more satisfactory rendering of the features of our leading orators and statesmen—Disraeli, Stanley, Bulwer Lytton, Palmerston, Russell, Graham, Cornewall Lewis, with the Speaker presiding in his chair. Mr Phillip never fails in breadth, power, and effect; more finished detail, however, would have improved this picture as a work of art, added to the accuracy of the heads, and thus have enhanced the value of what, in a few years, will stand as a historic record. Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., has painted an interesting page from the annals of last century, 'The Visit of the Foundlings to the Studio of Hogarth,' to view the just finished portrait of their good benefactor, Captain Coram, who devoted his fortune to the fostering and providing for these deserted children. The portrait is on the easel, the artist and the Captain join in talk, and a bevy of foundlings gaze in wondering admiration at the picture. The telling subject is treated with power and verisimilitude. We think, however, the effect of this popular composition had been rendered more pleasing by greater fusion of outline and detail, whereby a unity less distracted had been maintained. 'The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St Bartholomew,' by P. H. Calderon, is a thoughtful work—the thought being manifest by intention thrown into each character and purpose which pronounces the attitudes and marks the incidents. We are sorry that we cannot congratulate Mr Calderon as the recipient of the honour which has been his due. For reasons which are only known and appreciated by close corporations, the claim of Mr Calderon to election as Associate was overruled, and a mistake committed, which, at this moment, when the misdeeds of the Academy are under severe scrutiny, must be regarded as peculiarly unfortunate. 'The Meeting of Sir Thomas More and his Daughter after Sentence to Death,' by W. F. Yeames, another among our younger artists of coming fame, is worthy of honourable mention; and in the same category we may place M. Stone's 'Napoleon on the Road from Waterloo,' notwithstanding its uneven execution. Lastly, one of the most commendable of historic pictures, is Mrs E. M. Ward's 'Episode in the Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' a subject of never-failing interest, treated with good taste, and painted with skill.

The poet who apostrophised a thing of beauty as a joy for ever, has obtained, through some mistaken perversity, an interpretation by the rules of contrary! 'The Eve of St Agnes' is known as one of Keats's loveliest compositions; but 'The Eve of St Agnes,' as painted by Mr Millais, will be remembered with 'The Vale of Rest,' and 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' as among the artist's most cherished personifications of the repulsive. Keats describes fair 'Madeline,' by the help of two metaphors: under the one she is the "angel, newly drest, save wings, for heaven;" by the other, "a mermaid in sea-weed." Mr Millais has chosen the latter simile: "Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,"—"On Madeline's fair breast:"

> "Her vespers done,
> Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
> Unclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;
> Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
> Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees."

The painter has seized upon this moment for his marvellous picture, which, let us once for all admit, bears undoubted marks of genius. But, to pursue the story, Madeline had heard old dames declare how,

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upon St Agnes's Eve, "young virgins might have visions of delight," and "full of this whim," we here see the maiden standing in a flood of silvery moonlight, "soon to tremble in her soft and chilly nest, in sort of wakeful swoon." The sequel to the prelude, which Mr Millais has painted, was, that Madeline did dream of St Agnes; but awoke to find her lover Porphyro on his knees. The wind beats wildly at the window, but "they glide like phantoms into the wide hall," "and they are gone: ay, ages long ago these lovers fled away into the storm!" This is the romance; and we cannot but think it a pity that instead of a figure lovely as a bride, we have here in this picture a form shrouded as it were for death and burial. The painting thus becomes positively painful, and in the words of Keats in his 'Endymion,' we would seek as relief, though in this canvas, alas, in vain, for "some shape of beauty to move away the pall from our darkened spirits." If a ghost had appeared on the walls of the Academy, it could scarcely have created more dismay than this figure of Madeline! 'St Agnes's Eve' is from the land of sleep and dreams; the other two pictures by Mr Millais, 'My First Sermon,' and 'The Wolf's Den,' are from the world of reality. The conception of the 'St Agnes' is as unsubstantial as a shadow—a mere freak of genius; the painting of the two latter pictures, portraits of the artist's own children, is solid as flesh and blood. The school to which Mr Millais belongs is strong just in proportion as it is naturalistic; and accordingly 'My First Sermon' and 'The Wolf's Den' are among this artist's chief successes.

We shall not attempt a detailed criticism of the portraits, because in number they are beyond all reasonable limits, and for treatment and quality present no express novelty or attraction. Three heads, however, may be taken as exceptions. One is the likeness of 'Madame Hartmann,' by H. Lehmann, a Parisian painter, conspicuous for qualities wholly foreign to our British school. In the presence of this highly-finished product, surrounding heads look like the rude work of nature's journeymen. The flesh is of pearly purity, soft as satin, and the drapery lustrous in reflected light. The other two portraits, the one of 'Dr Lushington,' by Holman Hunt, the second of 'Mrs Susanna Rose,' by F. Sandys, belong to the manner of the German Denner, literal in the transcript of every care-worn line, as if each passing thought had traced a furrow on the brow. The truth and the force thus attained are marvellous, yet in the head of Dr Lushington the general effect fails of being agreeable. Contrasted with this literal manner of Denner here revived, which may be taken almost as the antitype of the photographic portrait, was the style of Vandyke, upon which since and indeed before the time of Reynolds our English school has been moulded. The competition which has set in between painting and photography, coupled with the growing tendency to detail in every branch of art, will probably bring into vogue a portraiture less generalised and more individual than heretofore. Yet this Denner-like dotting of detail is so severe a tax upon the labour of the painter and the patience of the sitter, that such feats of the pencil will probably remain few and far between. In contrast with this German daguerreotyping, the Venetian school of colour, as represented by Mr Wells, this year far from his best, will ever possess fascinations not only in an Exhibition, but for every well-furnished house and home, where pictures are expected to give warmth and to look cheerful.

The school of Scotland, or rather of Edinburgh—the school of Wilkie and of Raeburn—is in the present Exhibition represented, in portraiture by Sir Watson Gordon, R.A.; in pictorial architecture, by David Roberts, R.A.; and in domestic subjects, after the spirit of

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the poet Burns, by Thomas Faed, A., J. Faed, and Alexander Johnston. There is altogether about this style of the north a vigour and manliness as if the keen air of the Highlands had braced the nerves — a simplicity and downright truth and closely-knit domestic affection, such as might grow up in clans, and be found among peasants nestling under hills or gathering round a cottage hearth. The portraits by Sir John Watson Gordon of 'Mr George Baird,' 'Mr Archibald Bennet,' and 'R. W. Blencowe,' are broadly marked and strongly moulded into individual character. The pictures by David Roberts, however grand may be the subject—and he has seldom painted an interior more glorious than that of 'Milan Cathedral' in the present Exhibition—are always kept within limits of sober moderation by sound judgment and common sense. His manner is large, his treatment intelligible, his effects scenic and even poetic. Mr T. Faed, by his reading of the old proverb, 'Train up a Child,' gives us one more chapter, though far from as thrilling as that of his 'Dawn to Sunset' of a previous year, in those annals of the poor, in the narrative of which he has shown both truth and pathos. Upon these homely records of peasant life after the Wilkie manner, Mr T. Faed bestows more than accustomed force, and even more than usual character. To attain Mr Faed's proficiency were difficult; but to imitate second-hand and in second-rate sort what he and Wilkie and Webster have done before is comparatively easy, as may be judged by the increasing multitude of works from low life little calculated to add dignity to the rooms of the Academy, or to refine the tastes of the people. From any such censure, however, must be excepted two admirable pictures, the one, 'A Travelling Tinker,' by Mr J. Burr; the other, 'A Scene from Dora,' by Mr A. H. Burr, both of which have fairly won their honourable position on the line. Two subjects painted with graphic character by Mr A. Johnston, 'The Land o' the Leal,' and 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' are thoroughly in the spirit of Burns and the national ballad-writers of Scotland. It is cause for regret that this year's Academy has not the advantage of a single work by Mr Noel Paton, certainly the poet of Scottish painters. Occasionally Mr Paton, it is true, has been betrayed, as in 'The Bluidy Tryste,' into a weakness for Preraphaelite littleness of detail, which is assuredly in nowise akin to the genius of his brethren of the north. For this Preraphaelite predilection is more of a Cockney caprice, something like the fashion for Dutch gardening, prim, precise, and preposterous; to all of which vagaries nature, as found free, untamed, and at large on Scottish loch or moor, is wholly abhorrent. It is understood that certain Preraphaelite landscapes of the more ultra sort have received severe justice at the hands of the Hanging Committee; or, in plainer terms, have been rejected. When a young artist may have expended the labour of one, two, or even of three years upon a study, in the success of which all his hopes seem for the time to centre, this fate is hard indeed. Yet we cannot but think that this severe lesson should be taken as a warning that the enterprise upon which these painters of the new school are intent is not only thankless, but impracticable. This last catastrophe which has fallen upon the Preraphaelite cause is but a more practical expression of an opinion long entertained by the opponents of the system, that the greater pretended truth of this school, the worse the inflicted libel upon nature!

Yet, on the other hand, we must say that we do not think the hangers have been fortunate in the landscapes they have chosen to admit, or we should rather say which have been forced upon their hands by the vested rights of the Academi-

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cians and Associates. The walls of the Academy, indeed, would bear out the verdict pronounced by Constable, had we not evidence elsewhere to the contrary, that "the art will go out, and that there will be no genuine painting in England in thirty years." The art, certainly, of Claude, Gasper Poussin, Wilson, and even of Constable, has gone out. The high stately style of the old masters is extinct, and a radical change has come, even within living memory, upon the manner of our modern men. Indications, indeed, are not wanting that the landscape art of the future will assume a character which shall be intermediate between the old high, dry, and grand school of the past, and the Preraphaelite apprenticeship to laborious detail which is still on its trial. Signs of this transformation are apparent on the walls of the Academy. Even Creswick is growing more minute, and many passages of his pictures are evidently painted out of doors. On the other hand, the studies of MacCallum, of Leader, and of Hulme will probably settle down into a manner of greater breadth, which shall reconcile what often appears incompatible—grandeur of effect with minutest detail. One landscape in the Exhibition, and that the greatest, Mr Cooke's 'Catalan Bay, Rock of Gibraltar,' is little short of positive proof that the progress of our English school will be for the future in this direction. Mr Cooke's master-work, moreover, serves to establish yet another, but not wholly distinct position—the relation of science to art, and the benefits which may accrue from the union. Mr Hamerton, in his 'Painters' Camp,' has justly observed, "that the progressive element in our art is the scientific element, not the poetic." And this landscape by Mr Cooke is, indeed, true to the science of geology, and accords with the laws whereby the strata of the giant rock have been first laid down and then upheaved: true to the science of statics, by which vast bodies rest in repose; true to the science of dynamics, by which every wave of the ocean moves in cadence. Such is the science of nature, which becomes the science of art, and in turn is transfused into poetry: and in this science, known and fitly applied, is the progress of our landscape school made sure.

As an incident of the London Art Season, and a sign of the times, we may record the sale of a renowned collection of English pictures. The late Mr Bicknell, a discriminating patron, had during his life purchased from the studios of our most distinguished artists many of their choicest works. These oil pictures and drawings, with a few statues, were brought to the hammer in April last, and realised the enormous sum of £74,380. An analysis of the prices obtained by certain famed pictures of favourite artists brings out interesting results. The 'Interior of the Church of St Gomar,' by David Roberts, realised 1370 guineas; the 'Pic du Midi,' by C. Stanfield, reached 2550 guineas; 'The Highland Shepherd,' by Sir Edwin Landseer, fetched 2230 guineas; 'Antwerp,' by J. M. W. Turner, was knocked down amid applause at 2510 guineas; and 'An English Landscape,' by Sir A. W. Calcott, with cattle by Sir Edwin Landseer, attained the astounding price of 2950 guineas. These results in hard cash, in a public saleroom, show more forcibly than written words the worth and the merit of pictures executed by the leaders of our English school. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable point remains yet to be noted—the extraordinary increase in the market-price of these and other like paintings of high order, which has taken place of late years. This rise, the sure test of an artist's growing or established reputation, cannot be brought into more strong relief than by the following comparative statements:—Four pictures painted by Mr David Roberts were purchased by Mr Bicknell for £640, and realised 2885 guineas; four paintings by Mr Stanfield were bought at 1250 gui-

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neas, and sold for 6100 guineas; three works by Sir Edwin Landseer cost £1050, and obtained 6330 guineas; and seven masterpieces by Turner, purchased at £2048, now reached £13,350. Thus these eighteen works, by four painters, which had cost Mr Bicknell £4988, realised in the hands of his executors 28,665 guineas, showing a rise of five hundred per cent; or, in other words, the proceeds being six times the original cost. Comment upon these figures is scarcely called for. We may, however, just indicate the causes which have brought about this state of the picture-market. We have already said that these prices are commensurate with the augmented fame of the artists, and are doubtless further enhanced by the conviction that the number of like first-class works from the same hands cannot be greatly added to. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that pictures by the old masters, save such as may reach to very exceptional merit, have, for the moment at least, fallen to a discount; while, at the same time, public favour has set in strongly on the side of our modern English school. And then again, lastly, with the growing intelligence and refinement and the increased wealth of our people, the number of patrons and purchasers is each day augmented, so that the money bid for pictures coveted transcends all previous bounds. In all art matters, it is true, caprice and fashion hold inordinate sway; and whether the prices which now rule the market will be maintained, of course may admit of reasonable question. But that no immediate collapse need be dreaded, is sufficiently evident from the fact that, in the Bicknell sale, some of the highest prices were bid by dealers whose only object is to sell again at a profit.

The criticisms we have been accustomed to write in former seasons on the Water-Colour, the French, and other Exhibitions, may serve to indicate the general character of masters and of works that do not greatly change from year to year. These various collections of oil-pictures and drawings possess accustomed merit; but the styles of the artists who take their habitual position in these several galleries is by this time so well known that the remaining space at our command may with advantage be devoted to topics recommended by some positive novelty.

Certain collections or museums, permanent in existence, and therefore in some sense not annual, maintain a yearly progress which materially affects the welfare of the arts. Of such public institutions the National Gallery is one of the most important. It is now some years since we reviewed in these pages the project, which then provoked some hostility, of forming a chronological collection of paintings, especially including the works of the earlier Italian masters. That scheme, which was decried at the time in Parliament, has since, from year to year, been carried out with quiet perseverance, till at length the possession of one of the best-selected collections in Europe has silenced opposition. In the course of the last few years have been added to the Gallery master-works by Fra Angelico, Filippino Lippi, Pietro della Francesca, Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Perugino, Borgognone, and Romanino—pictures which would do honour to the galleries of Florence, or to any museum in Europe. And during the present season even has been hung, among other recent purchases, a magnificent example of Crivelli, probably the finest work by this rare painter to be found north of Milan. Crivelli was born at Venice in the early part of the fifteenth century, and is consequently in date, as in style, Preraphaelite. This individual painting may therefore be studied with advantage, as an exemplification of the special qualities which our English Preraphaelites at one time affected to imitate. Its manner is severe, hard, quaint, and even fantastic. It is remarkable for elaboration of de-

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tail. And as a further characteristic of the school, or rather of the individual master, should be observed the introduction of gold not only in the background, but extending even to the gilding of the dress and the illumination of the hair. Making allowance for the period when painted, this is truly a glorious work; but to revive this obsolete style, as attempted in Germany and England, except, perhaps, for strict architectural decoration, were certainly a monstrous mistake, of which we imagine our artists are by this time thoroughly convinced. The uses to which a national gallery may be put by the institution of comparisons between different schools, epochs, and styles, is each year becoming more apparent. Do we wish to test a problem of colour? the appeal here lies to the practice of Titian or Veronese. Is it a question of drawing or expression? we may turn to the masters of Florence and Rome. Should a debate arise as to the developments or applications of which the religious arts are capable, here are examples of what the Christian painters of the middle ages were able to accomplish. And all these questionings, which strike at the foundation and soar to the summit of a truly national art, are each year becoming more urgent. We gladly believe that these benefits conferred are more and more appreciated. We are informed by Mr Wornum, in the thirty-seventh edition of his admirable descriptive and historic catalogue, published during the present season, that "the number of visitors to the National Gallery has, with one or two exceptions, annually increased from the date of its opening up to the present time. It has already been visited in a single year by upwards of one million persons."

The Arundel Society, which in years of difficulty obtained our notice, ranks now, in the time of its prosperity, as among the most potent of the many projects whereby it is sought to bring high and correct art to the knowledge and within the reach of the general public. We have spoken of the uses of the National Gallery. By the chromolithographs published by this Society, from Italian frescoes, country gentlemen, and persons possessed of comparatively limited means in town and the provinces, may form within their own homes a collection which shall subserve in private the good purposes of culture and enjoyment, for which the National Gallery of old masters is designed for the people at large. The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Council, dated May last, paints a bright picture for the future. The publications announced for 1863 consist of an engraving from one of the frescoes by Fra Angelico, in the Chapel of St Nicholas in the Vatican, and of five chromolithographs from the famed mural paintings by Masaccio, in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence. As occasional publications will be issued during the present year illuminated letters from choral books in Florence and Sienna, also chromolithographs of a masterpiece by Mantegna in Padua, and of a well-known picture, 'The Annunciation,' painted by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St Mark, Florence. We trust that the extent of surface thus covered by the operations of the Society may not so distract the attention of the Council as to impair the quality of the numerous works on which they are engaged. Under the pressure of either rapid or of too extended production, inferior artists have, we fear, in the execution of certain chromo drawings, been employed. The high general character, however, maintained by the publications of this Society, and the good service thus rendered to the art-education of the country, have received well-merited recognition. We are glad to quote from the Jurors' Report on the Educational Works in the late International Exhibition the following testimony to this effect: "The Jury thought that the praiseworthy efforts of the

Arundel Society to rescue from oblivion many of the masterpieces of early Italian art, and to familiarise the English public with forms of beauty hitherto little known, deserved the highest honour that it was in their power to give. The fidelity with which this Society has reproduced in chromolithography some of the best frescoes of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, &c., is very remarkable; and the effect of the general diffusion of such works in purifying the national taste is scarcely second in importance to the more direct and didactic forms of art-education. Some of these publications might very properly find a place on the walls of schools and colleges in lieu of the inferior prints too often found there."

The Trustees of the National Portrait-Gallery, in their Sixth Report, are, we are glad to see, able to record the growth of the collection. During the past year they have added to the Gallery, among other donations and purchases, a terracotta bust of John Hampden, a bronze bust of John Kemble, and portraits of Henry VIII., Bishop Burnet, the Earl of Chesterfield, and Sir Richard Steele. But the paragraphs in the recent reports which chiefly call for comment are those which contain the urgent demand of the Trustees for additional space. This petition points to the settlement of a question which cannot much longer be delayed. So many of our metropolitan institutions, including especially the National Gallery, find themselves in the same need of extended room, that a common call for relief will demand from the Government some well-devised and widely-inclusive scheme, which shall secure to overcrowded collections space commensurate with present exigencies, and adequate to meet the demands likely to arise from future developments. We shall again refer to this topic.

The Royal Commissioners on the Fine Arts have issued their Thirteenth Report, with which we are sorry to learn their labours will close. This Commission, it will be remembered, was issued for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Palace of Westminster for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the fine arts of the United Kingdom. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since the nomination of the Commissioners, and in the mean time their ranks have been thinned by the death of Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Henry Hallam, Samuel Rogers, Lord Macaulay, and, lastly, of their Chairman, the late Prince Consort. Fortunately, the surviving Commissioners are able to report that the whole scheme of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament has been considered and decided on. Thus, trusting that the series of works now in progress will be carried to completion, no evil, we may hope, is likely to ensue from the termination of labours which hitherto have been essential to the success of a great national undertaking.

A year ago we were able to report on the successful completion, under the authority of the Royal Commissioners, of a large wall-painting, forty-five feet in length, representing the meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo—a work executed by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Royal Gallery of the Palace of Westminster, after a new method derived from Germany, called "water-glass." The corresponding painting, 'The Death of Nelson,' intrusted to the same artist, is now in progress. A series of subjects taken from the legend of King Arthur have for several years been intrusted to William Dyce, R.A.; but even the first of these works is still incomplete. In justice to Mr Dyce, however, we may state that he has published a letter, in which he promises that five of the seven pictures for which he has received commission will be finished by the end of the year.

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Mr Dyce, it is understood, still adheres to the practice of fresco-painting, which, however, he does not hesitate to pronounce as "a most patience-exhausting art, which everybody but himself has abandoned." J. R. Herbert, R.A., has long been employed on cartoons designed to manifest 'Justice on Earth, and its Development in Law and Judgment.' The first of these compositions, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites,' is nearly completed on the walls of the Peers' Robing-Room. The explanation given by the artist himself of the delay which has taken place in the execution of this and its companion works is not only interesting in itself, but at the present moment becomes specially significant. Mr Herbert tells us that the eight subjects intrusted to him being from Holy Writ, much research was necessary, and that a number of sketches and drawings, together with studies in oil, had to be made. He assures us that he laboured diligently, and "produced of finished work as much as would have covered 446 square feet of wall." "It is true," continues Mr Herbert, "that I destroyed all this work, which represented to me a large sum; but I felt that I could improve upon it, and that it was due to the subjects, to the place, and to my art, that I should not consider the loss or the labour." "Having, for many reasons, come to the conclusion that fresco ought to be abandoned, it was necessary to adopt and acquire another process. I may add that this change was sanctioned, and the new material suggested, by that accomplished Prince who watched with so much interest and sympathy the art-labours carried on in this Palace." Mr Maclise, we have seen, has likewise espoused the new process of water-glass, and three years ago he actually condemned, in writing, fresco as a medium in which art is but the slave to the means; "for," says Mr Maclise, "whatever be the style of subject to be treated in fresco, and however simple in its design it may appear, the obstacles to be overcome are still in such obstructive force as to be positively repellant to the artist." We are given, accordingly, to understand that the new German invention or discovery of *wasser-glas*, or water-glass, is in future works to find favour. Thus we are bound, however unwillingly, to arrive at the conclusion that the process of fresco, in which the great middle-age artists of Italy laboured rejoicingly—a method which has been deemed specially suited for the expression of noble thought—a style in which the greatest conceptions of Raphael and Michael Angelo have been handed down to the present generation;—that this method, in short, which, after deliberate inquiry, obtained the sanction and won even the encomium of the Royal Commissioners, has positively failed in the hands of our British painters, and actually broken down in this England of boasted science and art. The whole question is certainly at present involved in a perplexed mystery which we would wish to see solved. The decay which has fallen upon certain of the frescoes, especially those in the Upper Waiting-Hall, induced the Royal Commissioners to appoint in the year 1860 a distinct committee "to inquire into the causes of their deterioration." The Commissioners state in this their Thirteenth Report, that "the members of that committee, assisted by an able chemist, after careful and repeated inspections of the paintings not only in the Upper Waiting-Hall but throughout the building, have examined various artists and other competent witnesses, *but up to this time they have not been able to arrive at any satisfactory result.*" It is thus painfully evident that, notwithstanding all the light which the Commissioners have thrown upon the ancient, and now apparently extinct, process of fresco-painting, our artists have [illegible] probably still are,

dark. This is the reverse of satisfactory. We cannot but again express our regret that the labours of the Commissioners have now come to a close. The thirteen reports issued by this body are a record of deliberations carried through with more than accustomed knowledge and wisdom, and it is but fair that the public should be informed to whom the world is signally indebted for the judicious conduct of these difficult and often delicate investigations. "We cannot conclude," write the Commissioners, "this our final Report without desiring to offer our testimony to the professional skill, as well as the activity, the zeal, and the uprightness, with which our Secretary, Sir Charles Eastlake, has, during a period of twenty-one years, fulfilled an important and sometimes an invidious task. We know that Sir Charles Eastlake's services were fully appreciated by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and we venture to hope that some regard may be shown to those long and meritorious services."

We may just mention in passing that Westminster Abbey, which forms, with the adjacent palace of the British Parliament, one of the most effective architectural groups in Europe, has received careful and detailed elucidation in the second and enlarged edition of a work by Mr Gilbert Scott, aided by Messrs Burgess, Parker, and Willis, with other able coadjutors. The illustrations, executed by Mr Jewitt, who has also been intrusted with the woodcuts to 'Murray's Handbook of the English Cathedrals,' are admirable, and the text gives the last and most reliable results of those untiring archæological inquiries, which not only disinter the relics of past ages, but often succeed in clothing old bones in life and beauty.

The competition designs for the Prince Consort Memorial were publicly exhibited in the Royal Gal- [illegible] liament. [illegible] part

in this contest:—James Pennethorne, Philip C. Hardwick, Thomas L. Donaldson, George Gilbert Scott, M. Digby Wyatt, Charles Barry, and Edward M. Barry; and in the plans displayed by these well-known men, were fought out once again the great battle of the styles. Classic and Gothic, with a mongrel which was neither one nor the other, each sought for victory. Classic temples, monuments suggestive of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; canopies, crosses, buildings not unlike the Baptistry of Florence; statues, cascades, flights of steps, a 'Mediæval Fountain of National Science,' and a 'Classic Fountain of National Art,'—such were the varied and prolific conceptions which these seven architects submitted to the approval of the Committee and the public at large. The genius displayed by these works, with one or two exceptions, was of that quality which may be fairly designated as sinking, on the one hand, into the simply feeble, or rising, on the other, to the boldly extravagant. If the noble art practised by the architect have in this country witnessed a revival—a proposition which we do not dispute—certainly evidence of the great renaissance was wanting in the late competition. But one exception at least to this sweeping judgment must be made in favour of the design executed by Mr Gilbert Scott. This "magnificent design," to quote the words of the Committee, has been by some persons termed an Eleanor Cross; by others it has been likened to Sir Walter Scott's Monument in Edinburgh; and again we have been told that the original type is to be found in ecclesiastical Baldichini—the grandest of which, for example, a design by Bernini, canopies the high altar of St Peter's in Rome. To each of these well-known forms Mr Gilbert Scott's conception bears some resemblance, yet does it differ from all by virtue of an originality of its own. The central or chief idea of this Memorial is a statue of the late

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Prince, to which the architectural structure comes as a protecting tabernacle and a crowning pinnacle. The next motive in the design, we are told by the architect himself, was that this overshadowing structure should have the character of a vast shrine, enriched with all the arts by which the idea of "preciousness" could be imparted to the object protected. In the centre, as we have said, is placed the statue of the Prince Consort, seated in attitude of repose and dignity, and around, on pedestals and in niches, or on pinnacles, are groups of sculpture illustrating the arts and the sciences which the late Prince fostered, or commemorative of those great undertakings which he originated. The whole structure is crowned by a lofty spire of ornate tabernacle-work, gilt and enamelled, terminating in a cross at the height of one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding ground. The entire edifice, decorated to utmost splendour, may indeed be said to shine in the full light of "the lamp of sacrifice." The materials, if the finances at command should be found adequate, are little short of sumptuous. The white marble of which the work will chiefly be composed, it is intended, shall be inlaid with granite, porphyry, crystals, and cornelians, thus imparting to the architectural composition the polychromatic brilliancy known to the buildings of Lombardy. The gables or pediments will be filled with mosaic pictures; the vaulted roof of the canopy beautified with the enamels or mosaics revived by Salviati in Venice, and displayed, it may be remembered, at a stall in the nave of the late International Exhibition. Thus can we well understand that this design—which certainly promises, should it ever be completed, to be one of the most elaborate and ornate architectural edifices which this country and century have witnessed—will possess the merit of uniting within itself those decorative arts to the formation of which the late Prince was so zealously devoted. A fatality, we are sorry to be reminded as we turn to all sides of the metropolis, has attended nearly every one of our public monuments. We trust that this, the last and the greatest, will prove an honourable exception. The very magnificence of the enterprise has alone, however, filled some minds with misgivings as to the ultimate issue. The voluntary subscriptions, we know, reach close upon £60,000; and the State has augmented the sum to a total of £110,000. We feel assured, too, that if further subsidies be wanted, Parliament will meet the requirement, whenever it may arise, in a liberal spirit.

In this Memorial, designed by Mr Scott, we witness Gothic architecture in its glory. On the other hand, in the proposal put forth for decorating the interior of St Paul's Cathedral, we trust we may yet see the honour of the Renaissance retrieved. Sir Christopher Wren intended that the nave, the choir, and transepts of this his masterpiece should receive the adorning of sculpture and painting, and that the vault of the dome should be made resplendent with mosaics. Dean Milman, we trust, may live to see his great City Cathedral thus completed after the architect's original intent. The plan now proposed, which has indeed already secured part performance, consists in filling eleven windows with painted glass, in decorating the roof and the dome with mosaics, and in introducing colour throughout all other portions of the present void interior by the use of gold and of tinted marbles. It must be admitted that the nakedness and the poverty in which one of the grandest of architectural conceptions has been so long relentlessly left, is little short of disgraceful to our country and our national Church. Still we are not without fear for the possible issue of the present perilous experiment. There is something venerable even in the black shadows and the dirt and the dust

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of ages. The gaudy glare of gold, and the unveiled brightness of prismatic colour, will, if greatest caution be not used in the balance and the blending, sadly shock the sobriety and the religious sense of our people. For ourselves, we always rejoice over every triumph of Art in the service of Religion. Only in this case we would say to the authorities, "Remember that the English sky is sombre, the sentiment of our people serious: London is not Rome, and St Paul's must not be made St Peter's." The mere want of funds, however, will probably impose moderation.

Two of the chief metropolitan art-centres—Trafalgar Square and Westminster—have already fallen under our notice. A third—that of South Kensington—might claim greater space than remains at our command. The Kensington Gore Estate, purchased by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, furnishes the site for the Schools and the Museum of Art, for the building of the late International Exhibition, and likewise space for the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, all thus brought to a focus at the extreme west of the metropolis. These separate enterprises have severally become centres of distinct activity, each as yet but in the infancy of a future and wide development. Firstly, the gardens, the conservatory, and the arcades of the Horticultural Society, deserve here passing notice for a pleasing and every way praiseworthy exhibition of modern sculpture. The works collected have not, with few exceptions, express novelty, yet, artists being permitted to send figures previously exhibited, some of the best works from the studios of our leading sculptors have naturally been selected. This alone has given to the Exhibition a distinctive character. Then again there is novelty in the mere contrast between the "Black Hole" to which British Art has hitherto been consigned in Trafalgar Square, and the ample space and flooding light obtained at Kensington. The effect gained in these gardens is indeed quite scenic and picturesque. Statuary on a lawn, set off by trees as a background, or exhibited in a conservatory in the midst of luxuriant, and even, it may be, of tropical vegetation, is almost magical in light and shade and pictorial perspective, taking the visitor, as it were, into a visionary and fairy land altogether pleasant to dwell in. Such, indeed, is the charm of many a famed villa in Italy; and notwithstanding the diversity of climate, England, at least in summer months, may possibly yet make for herself a garden of the Medici.

The Department of Science and Art assumes at Kensington bodily form in the Schools and the Museum, each of which has, or ought to have, a history and progression from year to year. The Schools, it is well known, were established primarily for the purpose of improving our national manufactures, and for transfusing into our native industries the symmetry and the colour of art. Upwards of eighty of these educational institutions, to which the establishment at South Kensington is the Normal School, are now labouring in furtherance of this good work in London and the chief cities of the provinces. The Jurors, in their Reports on the late International Exhibition, bear repeated testimony to the advance made during the last ten years in the art-manufactures, not only of the United Kingdom, but of the entire world. And this result, which it is the very object of international competitions to bring about, they ascribe mainly to the increased efforts made during the decade, both by governments and peoples, to diffuse among artists, artisans, and even patrons, the true principles and the correct practice of artistic decoration. Much, doubtless, especially in this country, still remains to be accomplished. Our manufacturers complain, for example, that the pupils sent out

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from the Government Schools are wanting in the practical knowledge required in designs which are not to remain merely as school exercises on paper, but which must be executed in the actual material of iron, or wood, or clay. And the truth of this charge is, we think, borne out by the fact, that not English but foreign designers still continue for the most part in the employ of our staple manufacturers. The Committee of Council on Education, coming as they do to the country for supplies, will certainly have to show, in answer to these objections, practical benefits conferred. The Schools of Art, then, let it be admitted, have not accomplished all that was anticipated. On the other hand, it is difficult to conjecture where this country would have been in international competition, without these educational appliances. This at least is certain, that the importance of art-culture to a people presuming to high civilisation is so manifest, that these establishments must be maintained, and that in utmost efficiency. No person acquainted with the exigency of the case can for one moment urge their abolition. The only question is, how best to augment their usefulness.

So much for the Schools. We will now give a word to the Museum. This Museum is indeed as a studio to the Schools; the two, therefore, are united in one purpose. The idea of the art-collections is, that the principles inculcated in the class-room shall find illustration in the halls and galleries of the Museum. For this end have been purchased by the nation, and here displayed, first-rate examples of various art-manufactures both ancient and modern—such as carving in wood and ivory, glass paintings, enamels, pottery, glass, metal-work, jewellery, furniture, and textile fabrics. We are not aware that to this section of the Museum any very important additions have been made during the year. We may, however, call to remembrance a ticket attached to many of the choicest products of art-manufacture in the late International Exhibition, announcing that the object was "purchased for the South Kensington Museum." These purchases, placed side by side with similar acquisitions from the Exhibition of 1851, and the Paris Exhibition of 1855, will serve to show the progress effected in art and manufacture during the periods and in the countries over which they extend. We may notice, also, a forward movement in the literary department of the Museum,—the completion of critical and descriptive catalogues—works we need not say essential to accurate study, and requisite even to guide the artist in the practice of a strict historic style. Of all such catalogues, that on 'The Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages,' by Mr J. C. Robinson, is the most mature. The author, indeed, here describes objects which his own zeal and knowledge have served to acquire for the country. In illustration of this volume has since been published a handsome folio of photographs taken from master-works in the Museum. Of this collection, a bust of 'St Cecilia' by Donatello, an 'Adoration of the Magi' and 'The Angelic Salutation' by Luca and Andrea della Robbia, a terra-cotta bust of a member of the Capponi family by a Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century, a statue of 'Cupid' by Michael Angelo, and a profile bust of the 'Emperor Rudolph II.' by Andrian Fries, are specially worthy of note. We are sorry to have heard a rumour concerning a rupture among the heads of the Museum and Schools. On the merits of any possible disagreement, which at one time threatened to be serious, we cannot pronounce a judgment, not having been in personal communication with any of the parties concerned. We would only express the hope that, in the interests of an institution which we believe has been most ably served by one and all of the leading officers engaged, any little passing difficulty may

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be adjusted and forgotten. As for the author of the critical catalogue just mentioned, there can be no question of his fidelity and ability. On the publication of the Parliamentary Report on the South Kensington Museum in 1860, we well remember the handsome testimony paid by Mr Cole to the manner in which Mr Robinson had performed the arduous duties of his office. "It is an office," said Mr Cole, in answer to a question put by the chairman, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, "which requires the actual experience of an artist, with a most extensive archæological knowledge of objects of art, and a very keen appreciation of the value of them. There is not a collector of any note in Paris or London who would not trust Mr Robinson's judgment as much as they do that of any of the existing dealers, and he being an artist also, they would trust it the more. I believe that in all purchases he has made, he could have sold them again at once, at a very increased profit, owing to his keenness and judgment."

The new courts of the South Kensington Museum have in the course of the year been turned to good and frequent account. During the Great Exhibition they were used for soirees, later in the autumn for the reception of the "Loan Collection," and, more recently, for the display of the "Wedding Presents." Of the merits of the Loan Exhibition, now again brought to our notice by a magnificent series of photographs, only one opinion can be entertained. By common consent the collection far exceeded all previous gatherings of a like description, whether for rarity, for beauty, or for historic association. Among other well-selected objects in the photographic work published by Colnaghi, now before us, we may specially signalise 'The Gothic Processional,' the property of the Duke d'Aumale; 'The Shrine of St Monachan,' Irish work of the twelfth century, contributed by the Bishop of Kilduff; 'A Ewer or Aiguière in Henri-deux ware,' belonging to Sir Anthony de Rothschild; 'A Ewer in Sardonyx,' mounted in enamelled gold, and set with jewels, lent by Mr Beresford Hope; 'A Binding in crimson leather of a Manuscript which belonged to St Cuthbert,' a work of the seventh century, from Stoneyhurst College; and a colossal bust in terra-cotta of 'Lorenzo de Medici,' the contribution of Lord Taunton. An exhibition of such works as these, comprising the art-wealth of England, a country perhaps the richest in Europe in treasures rescued from the wrecks of nations, the trophies of the world's art-epochs—an exhibition, we say, such as that now put on permanent record in this published series of fifty photographs, serves to bring archæology out from the shadow of the dead past into the light of our modern life. Arts have been lost, and now truly the time has come when forgotten mysteries are found, remembered, and revived. Products of this rare beauty not only bear testimony to the genius and the pervading taste of ancient eras, but they show us how we ourselves may clothe our present life in the array of loveliness. The church, the palace, and even more humble dwellings, were once, and shall yet again be, persuasive in those forms of beauty—chalices and caskets and jewels and cabinets—which workmen alone can fashion who are imbued with the taste and possessed of the skill of trained artists. To give this knowledge to our artisans is the mission of South Kensington in its Museum and Schools. Far is the task, we fear, from being yet accomplished. Let us, however, labour, and trusting wait. Our present survey even of one season assuredly gives promise of harvest.

The crowning act of the Art Season, at the moment we are now writing, is the probable purchase by the Government of the "International Building." This "large shed," as it is sometimes called, *alias* "Cap-

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tain Fowkes's enormity," has the honour of being the ugliest and the best-abused building in Europe. "O Art, what atrocities have been committed in thy name!" exclaimed Mr Bernal Osborne, in parody of a well-known apostrophe. The capacities, however, of this gigantic monstrosity are, it must be admitted, by no means despicable. What is wanted, said the Commissioners of 1851, when they purchased the Gore Estate—what was wanted is ample space. The Department of Science and Art, to use the words of Lord Elcho, has been "suffering from chronic congestion." And we learn from the official statement made by Lord Palmerston, jaunty, witty, and winning as usual, that more ample room is needed for the expansion of the collective Sciences and Arts; that, moreover, three acres of ground are wanted for the uses of the Patent Museum; that five acres in addition are required for the Natural History collections from the British Museum, including, it is understood, a handsome mileage for Professor Owen's magnificent collection of whales; and, finally, that the Portrait-Gallery deserves and demands a better and a larger housing. Now Captain Fowkes's shed or barn has certainly, in its capacity for providing for these necessities, manifest qualifications. Its external walling alone stretches over an extent of surface ample enough to receive a field of stucco three-quarters of a mile in length! Its two glass domes, or umbrellas, otherwise cucumber-covers, may easily be converted into brick roofings, weather-tight and fireproof, made a little cheerful by one or two garret skylights! And so, to use the words of Mr Gregory, we have at once ready made for our use "a city of refuge for all the houseless and destitute collections and institutions of the metropolis!" It was shown by the Government that the nation had got a bargain indeed—a bargain which the Ministry could not let slip. And so we might fondly believe that we had secured an ugly thing cheap. We should, there can be little doubt, possess a couple of domes as remarkable, after their kind, as the famed pepper-boxes of the National Gallery, for a figure at which, it may be supposed, even a Joseph Hume would not have grumbled. But even this assumed economy we should venture to question, simply on the principle, that a bad article is dear at any price. Such transactions manifest, indeed, just that penny wisdom by which the House of Commons, the guardian of the pockets of the people, has ever, in the notorious failure of almost every public monument, outraged and betrayed the national tastes. "The finest situation in Europe," Trafalgar Square, was ruined, and now a great opportunity for adorning the capital of the empire with a grand gallery and museum dedicated to the Arts is likely to be lost. Think of what scorn would curl the lip of the sneering Frenchman, proud of his Paris Louvre, as he paced along a mile of stucco, or reposed, after a survey of sixteen acres, beneath a dome of brick pierced by a skylight. Such was the architectural consummation which Lord Palmerston, as art-dictator, pronounced handsome, ornamental, and pleasing to the eye!

The arts, it will be inferred, are on the eve of vast "developments." We can only express the hope that the new growth may be of a quality commensurate with its promised extent. The Government have obtained space, they will doubtless take to themselves time, and we trust they may in the end fill the void over which they reign with something better ordered than chaos. We have seen that the national frescoes have failed—we all know that the Royal Academy, for its proverbial inefficiency, is undergoing the ordeal of public scrutiny. Other of our institutions are in a state barely saved from anarchy. A master mind would soon set this disorder right. Parliament, we fear, wanting the head to lead, will commit itself to a patching hand.

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UNDER THE LIMES.

PEN-AND-INK PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BERLIN.

LIMES are pleasant things enough, whether as fruit, in combination with ice and Manzanilla, on a torrid day in Andalusia, or as trees, in a more northern latitude, casting, with fragrant and refreshing rustle, a broad shadow over the noontide wayfarer. But the limes of Berlin do not depend for fame upon their intrinsic qualities; they are but indifferent specimens of their kind, as might be expected of trees planted in sand, and cramped amongst paving-stones, and over whose roots carriage-wheels continually do roll. Their celebrity is due to their name being borne by a street, of European note, in which Berlin is supposed to be centralised, as Paris is in the Boulevards, Madrid in the Puerta del Sol, Rome in the Corso. In reality, *Unter den Linden* is at one extremity of the city, and can be considered as the centre only of its elegant and best-inhabited portion. It is the main artery of the western section of Berlin, leading up to Paris Square —composed of some of the best houses of this capital—and to that very handsome gate which is surmounted by the famous statue of Victory, conveyed to Paris, appropriately enough, by the French in 1807, and brought back, with equal poetical justice, by the Prussians in 1814. The Brandenburg Gate is undeniably one of the finest in the world; of pure Greek design, with five distinct roads passing under it, whereof two for carriages, two for pedestrians, and the central and widest one for the Court. The view from under this gate is very remarkable: townwards one looks up the broad avenue of the Linden, formed by double rows of limes, amongst which some chestnuts have intruded, to Rauch's masterly monument of Frederick the Great (striking contrast to the sculptural monstrosities to be met with in certain London squares); and, past that, over the spacious square in front of the opera and arsenal, by the university and classic mainguard house, across the Palace Bridge, with its groups of sculpture, into the island of the Spree and the pleasure-garden hard by the royal palace. In the other direction, extending to Charlottenburg, you have the long straight road through the *Thiergarten*, enclosed by masses of foliage. Much may be said of the disadvantages of Berlin as a residence. Its situation and soil — its flat, sandy, and uninteresting environs— the dead level of its streets—grievous deficiency of drainage, and consequent evil smells—its climate alternately excessively cold and oppressively hot—and also, it may be added with truth, the somewhat ungenial character of its inhabitants (rude in the lower classes; stiff, formal, and exclusive, in the higher ones),—do not recommend it, and it does not stand high in the books of tourists generally. There are cities to which foreigners resort for their own sakes, and others that are visited merely because they lie on the highroad to metal more attractive. Berlin can hardly be said to come within either of the two classes; for it is on the road to no important place save St Petersburg (which not many inhabitants of Western and Southern Europe think worth the long and weary journey necessary to get to it), and as to its own attractions, they certainly are not reputed great. Of the foreign visitors who find their way hither, many are bound for Vienna, and deviate thus far from the direct route in order to visit Dresden and explore Saxon Switzerland. For Berlin's own undivided sake few tourists come to it, although the city itself has both buildings and collections

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well worthy of a view; whilst Potsdam, close at hand, with its charming gardens and its abundant relics and associations with the Great Frederick, is alone worth a day's journey. As it is, the most frequent English visitors to the Prussian capital are merchants bound for St Petersburg, and the members of that hard-worked and ubiquitous corps, Her Majesty's Foreign Service Messengers. As regards the general aspect, although the perfect flatness of Berlin and the adjacent country is wearisomely monotonous, there is an openness, airiness, lightness, and abundance of space, which impart a certain cheerful air to a city otherwise decidedly dull; there are plenty of broad streets and large squares, and nowhere is one shocked by the examples of bad taste and abortive conception, only too common in at least one capital which shall not here be named. The environs are, by foreigners, generally voted extremely ugly, but they are far from appearing so to your thoroughbred Brandenburger, who gazes complacently over his level plain and tells you that he prefers it to scenery more picturesque, which he finds artificial and theatrical. When he says this, however, he is probably merely making game of himself—a diversion to which the Berliners are reputed prone. In reality he heartily enjoys the scenery that most contrasts with that of his native district. Ask the mountain guides of the Tyrol, or those of the nearer Saxon Switzerland or Harz, and they will tell you that none are greater lovers of Alpine rambles and views than the natives of flat sandy Brandenburg.

The Berlin Boulevard, as the Linden may best be called, combines the requisites and qualities of a promenade and of a street of great traffic. Spacious private residences, handsome hotels, cafés, restaurants, and some of the best shops, border the footpaths. Then come two paved roads for vehicles, then two alleys for equestrians, and then two parallel lines of iron railing, enclosing between them a broad gravelled walk, well supplied with benches, and to some extent shaded by the trees that grow along its edges. Although dissimilar in aspect, the Linden may be called the Piccadilly of Berlin, as being contiguous to many of its best streets, adjacent to the Thiergarten, the very agreeable Hyde Park of the Prussian capital, and also because its extremity is the exit from Berlin proper, whilst beyond it, southwards, lies a Belgravia, a fashionable and daily-increasing suburb.

Let us sit down on this bench, "under the Limes," on this fine May morning, and observe what passes by and around us. Summer has not yet begun in northern Germany, but yet the sun is bright in a cloudless sky, and the weather is very hot, as is not unfrequent about this time; although such premature glows are often succeeded by cold winds and rain before the warm season really sets in. Our station is near the centre of the Linden, just where it is traversed at right angles by Frederick Street, level and straight and nearly three miles long, crossing the whole of western Berlin from north to south, and being in its turn cut through by most of the streets of that division of the capital. A great omnibus line, it largely contributes to the traffic of the Linden, and the point of intersection of the two thoroughfares is the most bustling focus in Berlin—the only one where the pedestrian may often, owing to the stream of vehicles, have to wait a few moments for an opportunity of crossing. Here, at the corner, is the Tortoni of Berlin, the most celebrated ice-shop of this city, with a raised *perron* or platform in front, on which stand chairs and tables—a place of great resort, much frequented by strangers and by officers of the Guards. Refreshment of a commoner kind may be had near at hand; for here, right under the Linden, at a corner of the central promenade, is a little house, or rather one small room, of painted wood, the upper

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part of whose front is open. Behind a narrow dresser stand two trim damsels, reigning supreme over rows of glittering tumblers, and over two brightly polished spouts, whilst bottles of coloured syrups stand conveniently at hand. They are the presiding nymphs of the fountains of soda and selzer; draughts that can hardly be said either to cheer or inebriate, but which do most decidedly refresh, and are consequently in great favour with the Berliners, of whose city these soda-shops are quite a feature, found in every square and street of much passage during the warm and dusty season, supposed to begin on the 1st of May, and which, so far so dust goes, commences a great deal earlier. At the opposite corner to that at which the sodalisques (as the Berliners have rather wittily nicknamed them) are just now pumping out sparkling tumblers, gilt pine-apples, adorning the roof of another wooden kiosk, intimate to the public that fruit may be had below. No fruits of this year's growth as yet in this northerly clime, but the remnants of the last orange and apple crops, and a few strawberry plants, with reddening berries, set in pots. The ruddy-faced, grey-haired old proprietor seems to have a notion that the busy time for him is not yet come, for he has made himself comfortable on a bench outside his establishment, and smokes his pipe with all the gravity and apathy of a Stamboul tradesman, cross-legged before his store in the bazaar.

It is about ten in the forenoon: the sun is already hot: a high but warm wind blows, the dust flies in clouds — quite Berlin weather. From far up Frederick Street, in the direction of the Halle Gate, where Rauch's statue of Victory stands on one foot, with a wreath in her hand, on the top of the Peace Column in the centre of Belle Alliance Square, the sound of military music is heard. Troops are returning from one of the frequent reviews held at this season on Hare's Heath—a convenient exercise-ground at a short distance from the city. A march of soldiers through Berlin's streets is far too common an occurrence to attract much notice; and so the column advances, begirt with a halo of dust, attended for sole escort by a troop of boys, who keep up with the very creditable band which leads the regiment briskly along to the favourite national air of '*Ich bin Preusse!*' Moving with an erectness and perfect regularity which look stiff when compared with the easy undulating swing of crack French infantry, the Grenadiers of the Prussian Guard stride across the Linden—certainly a very fine body of stalwart, well-drilled young soldiers. They are a favourable specimen of the army which, at no distant period, according to the belief of many, will have to measure itself with veteran legions, bearing on their colours Crimea and Italy, Africa and Mexico. Until quite lately, thousands thought that 1863 would not expire without the occurrence of such encounter; now, the majority postpone it until next year; whilst nearly all admit that, sooner or later, it must come. The general belief in Prussia is that the French Emperor, so long as he lives and reigns, will find periodical wars indispensable to avert internal commotions. With the help of England he has humbled and weakened Russia; with the aid of revolutionary Italy he has wrenched a fair province from Austria—to exchange it with Piedmont for others that suited him better. Prussia's turn is the next, they say in Berlin; and in France it will be the most popular of the three campaigns, because the actual gain expected will be the greatest. The Rhine frontier is a war-cry that will unite all parties in France, at least for a time. It is the dream of every Frenchman; and, moreover, to all parties of the Opposition, whether Republican, Bourbonist, or Orleanist—to all (and those are millions) who abhor the Bonaparte regimen and desire its

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overthrow—a great war will always be welcome, since, if successful, it gives increase to France, whilst, disastrous, it would be the ruin of the Empire.

Such are the opinions prevailing in many Continental countries, and in Prussia, at the present time, they are decidedly those of a majority of the reflecting classes. If we may credit the echoes that reach us from the mess-rooms of the Prussian Guards, there is at least one class of men most comfortably confident as to the issue of a contest with France, and those are the officers of the army. Entertaining a high opinion of their soldiers, and a yet higher one of themselves, they by no means think that Prussian troops must be beaten by the French because the Austrians were; and they not only feel sanguine of the repulse of an invading army, but cherish delightful visions of a campaign in France and triumphal entrance into Paris. The merits of their men one does not feel disposed to call in question, whilst watching the march of the Grenadiers—strong, big-boned young fellows of resolute mien, who are likely to do their duty gallantly against any troops in the world. There is no reason to think meanly of the professional attainments of the officers, although these of course are founded, except in a few very exceptional instances, upon theory, and one is sometimes puzzled to account for the numerous decorations on the breasts of certain members of an army which has taken part in no campaign worth the naming since 1815. It is believed, however, that in the event of a war, Prussia would be much at a loss for competent generals, and also that her troops would be greatly excelled in rapidity of movements by those of France—of which a large proportion would likewise have the very important additional advantage of experience of war. Whatever Prussian officers may think, military men of other nations will very generally consider the chances to be vastly against them in a first campaign against the French; and this is also the opinion of German civilians, who, without depreciating their own troops, are less disposed to overrate them than those who wear the epaulet. "They would probably be worsted in a first campaign," one commonly hears it said, "but they would redeem their losses in a second." It might prove so; but it must be borne in mind that, thanks to railways and rifled guns, a short campaign may now have all the results which a long war used to be necessary to attain, and that the most successful and aggressive conqueror of the present day has twice shown that he knows how to content himself with moderate gains, and to leave off whilst the game is good. The real probabilities are—supposing Prussia, unsupported, to be attacked by France—a short, sharp, campaign, followed by a peace involving some loss of territory, but which this country would yet be driven to make by the severity of the blows struck or the imminence of further disaster. After a time, it is possible there would be a second war, in which not Prussia alone, but all Germany, would march to retrieve its reverses and reconquer its soil. This supposes great changes to have taken place in the interval—changes which it would be presumptuous to attempt exactly to define, but of whose general nature some idea may be formed. The numerous and intelligent German nation will not for ever submit to have its power, its prosperity, and its liberties frittered away for the profit and pleasure of some score and a half of petty princes, or to leave its influence, as a great whole, committed to the keeping of that most obstructive and pedantic of assemblies, the Frankfort Diet. The Germans are commonly reproached with apathy under misgovernment; and it is certain that, although quite capable of energetic efforts, they have hitherto shown themselves wanting in that tenacious

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perseverance whose sustained force has achieved such great things in the history of some nations. But they daily get more ashamed of their present condition, and more resolved on self-emancipation; and in Prussia, at least, the events of the last twelve months sufficiently prove the determination that exists to resist the encroachments in a retrograde sense which a feeble and misled sovereign has been induced to attempt.

But our march with the Grenadiers has led us far away from the Linden, and on our way back we diverge into the Friedrichsstadt, the south-western and most aristocratic quarter of Berlin, including the principal public offices and the residences of numerous princes, ambassadors, and ministers. We pause upon William Square, a large open place with a pleasant garden in the middle, not for the exclusive use of the neighbouring inhabitants, but free to the public. Frederick the Great adorned it with marble statues of several of his lieutenants; but the marble proved less durable than the reputation of the heroes it represented, and the battered, discoloured, and in some cases noseless, array was lately swept away and replaced by exact metal copies of the originals. There stand Seydlitz, and Schwerin, and Winterfeldt, and Keith, and the grim old Dessauer,* and, best of all, Ziethen the dour hussar, eager and fierce, peering into the adjacent square, which bears his name, with the very same look he wears in a well-known picture of him as he leads his horsemen, in the first grey glimmer of morning, through brush and thicket, to waken a foe with the sabre's edge. On his left hand, forming one side of the Wilhelm's Platz, is a building of almost palatial proportions, through some of whose windows are seen the richly-gilt balustrades of a spacious staircase, whilst others, lined with old painted glass, are those of an armoury containing some curious antiquities. Before the entrance to the mansion two sentinels are posted. With the stiffness and immobility of thoroughly-drilled Prussian soldiers they are just now presenting arms. It may be observed, *en passant*, that the extent to which the practice of saluting is carried in the Prussian service at first surprises and very much amuses foreigners. One frequently, when passing near a sentry who has brought his weapon to the "carry" or "present," looks about for a time in vain for the officer to whom he can be rendering this mark of respect, and whom one perhaps ends by discovering at a distance which might well exempt any but the very sharpest-sighted soldiers from noticing him at all. The chief business of a Prussian sentry seems to be to keep the brightest possible look-out for an opportunity to salute, for which ceremonial the most far-off glimpse of an officer's helmet or epaulet is considered to suffice. No officers ever pass each other in the street without exchanging salutes, and they even carry the military style into drawing-rooms, bringing their heels smartly together as by word of command. The constant wearing of uniform is also very strictly enforced in the Prussian service.

The building before which the two sentries stand motionless, as if carved out of wood, in the attitude of the "present," was formerly the palace of the Order of St John, but has been for many years inhabited by the foremost of a group of officers now riding towards it along William Street, and whose uniforms, loaded with dust, show that they too have been at the review. He is a rather sinister-look-

* The statues of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, who died in 1747, and of General Ziethen, who died 1786, are the work of Schadow, the well-known German sculptor, and were set up, the first by Friedrich-William III. in 1800, and the latter by his predecessor in 1797.

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ing man, about sixty years of age, dressed in a general's uniform, and bearing a strong family likeness to the King of Prussia, but with a far less pleasant expression of countenance. This is Prince Charles of Prussia, Grandmaster in Brandenburg of the Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, chief of the Prussian Ordnance, colonel of regiments in the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian services, and still better known as an active chief of the Russian and retrograde party in this country. To his counsels and influence is in great measure attributed the unpleasant turn political affairs have taken in Prussia since the commencement of last year. As brother of the King, he of course has unlimited opportunities of impressing upon him the danger his throne and country are in from the constitutional party, whom he would naturally designate as democrats and red republicans; and he is one of a small clique—including the Queen-widow and Generals Alvensleben and Manteuffel—which is considered to have done most of the mischief that lately has here come to pass. His great unpopularity is due not only to his political views and manœuvres, but also to the charges brought against his private character. At the present time one hears him little spoken of. Like the mole, his labour is in darkness; but there is no doubt of the influence he exercises over his weak-minded relative, of whom, at one critical period within the last few months, he seemed scarcely ever to lose sight, accompanying him everywhere — to drives, reviews, and theatres,—by which three things a very large part of His Majesty's time is taken up. It was said that, when prevented from being with the King, he generally contrived to substitute for his own presence near the royal person his son Prince Frederick-Charles, the chubby, heavy-looking young man in hussar uniform who now rides beside him.

Noon strikes as we quit William Square, and once more make for the Linden. As we pass the Foreign Office, a rather tall man comes out of the door and precedes us down the street. He takes off his hat to a passing royal carriage, and we observe his peculiarly-shaped head, rising remarkably high above the ear. He is very bald; round the back and sides of his head is a feeble fringe of brown hair; his face is shaved, with the exception of a long mustache, growing down over the corners of his mouth; it is usually pale, but is liable to occasional partial rednesses, the result probably of physical irritation. It is not a handsome or a pleasant face, but neither is it silly or repulsive. On it the physiognomist may read, without much effort of imagination, arrogance, audacity, tenacity of purpose. He may also think that he discerns traces left by indulged passions and hard living —something of what French novelists designate as a *figure ravagée*, generally supposed to be the result of a *vie orageuse*. Mr Von Bismark, of Schönhausen, was not always the care-laden politician, ardent in the breach, fighting the battles of a faction against a whole House of Commons, hurling scorn at the Opposition and defiance at the Speaker, and cynically maintaining, by dint of stentorian insolence, rights which he unwarrantably assumed. He was once (we need not inquire how long ago) of the flower of the gay young Prussian aristocracy, a member of the *jeunesse dorée*, eager in the enjoyment of the pleasant things of this life, by devotion to which, it is here reported, he impaired a patrimony never very large. In society he can be pleasant enough: more amusing than discreet, however, he has more than once, since assuming his present high office, indulged in unguarded conversations, which were afterwards repeated to his disadvantage, and even cited in the journals and referred to in the Chamber. Those indiscretions are known to have done him harm in the highest quarter, and indeed

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they might have led to his downfall under ordinary circumstances; but Mr Von Bismark had already succeeded in getting things into such a state that nobody was willing to accept his charge and carry on his policy. By no means deficient in good opinion of himself, he buoyantly rode over his blunders, kept in his place by the fact that he had rendered it too discreditable for anybody else to occupy it on the same conditions. It is open to a doubt whether he himself considers that he shines more in general society or in his seat at the ministerial table, whence he has been wont to sneer and storm at the representatives of the nation. By nature pugnacious, aggressive, and overbearing, his insolence to the Chamber during the session now just concluded defies description. His words might be set down, but his tones and gestures, and the disdainful and cynical latitude of his attitudes, must be left to the caricaturist's pencil, since justice cannot be done to them by the pen. Affecting to despise the sarcasms of his adversaries, he steadily persisted in his plan of constantly insulting the Chamber, in the hope of rendering it contemptible in the eyes of the nation; and, although he did not succeed in this, either by his language or by the efforts of the few journals that support him, nor yet by putting an end to the session before the most important of its business had been transacted, it is due to him to say that he did his best to attain his end. Unfortunately for him, the more he did the more detested he became in the country, and the more firmly and approvingly did the nation cling to its deputies, whom it beheld fighting a good fight with creditable prudence, temper, and moderation.

But I promised you photographs, and I am giving you politics. In truth, the two are just now almost inseparable in Berlin—as the shop-windows testify, where the more prominent members of the Chamber divide the space with the members of the Royal family, with popular actresses and Polish insurgent leaders—especially Langiewicz and the young lady with an unpronounceable name, who shared his fortunes and his perils in the field. The chiefs of the Liberal party in the Lower House are evidently in much favour with the public, for one sees their likenesses everywhere. Here is Mr Grabow, the President or Speaker of the Chamber, an old gentleman in a brown wig, with a countenance expressive of good-humour and shrewdness. He is not a man of brilliant parts, but he is much respected and well qualified for the post he occupies. Earnest and sincere in his political convictions, he has borne himself with dignity in the late struggle with the Government, and has more than once proved that he knew well how to say the right word at the right time. The brief exhortation wherewith he closed the last session, urging the nation to do all in its power to resist arbitrary encroachments on its constitutional rights, was eloquent and impressive in its simplicity, and in its solemn concluding words—"May God preserve our country!" to which the critical circumstances of the time gave unusual import and pathos. Hard by Grabow we find one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr Bockum Dolffs, whom the photographer has placed in juxtaposition with his late antagonist, General Roon, Minister of War, a dogged soldier of moderate abilities, whose violence of speech and intemperate refusal to recognise the presidential authority and the rules of the House as binding upon him, led to the scene in which the Government found a pretext for getting rid of a representative assembly it was impossible either to cajole or to intimidate. Here is a group of Opposition deputies, belonging partly to the Radical Left of the Chamber, and partly to the more moderate section with which —their differences being more in

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questions of detail than in general principles—it has maintained a cordial alliance during the two sessions through which the present Prussian Parliament has run. This tall, meagre, erect old man, with a deeply furrowed countenance, a good deal of white hair, and a collar of white whisker round his face, is Waldesk, a Roman Catholic, and one of the most Radical deputies in the Chamber. As a veteran in the political fight, and also by reason of his recognised honesty of purpose, he is much respected even by some who do not share all his views. As a speaker he is uncertain, sometimes happy and effective, at others losing himself in the advocacy of extreme theories which make the sarcastic lip of Vincke ironically to curl, as he sits, like an old lion deposed from the almost sovereignty he once enjoyed in this Prussian Chamber, malcontent and surly on the benches of the Centre. Vincke has been left far behind by the progress of Liberal opinions in this country; and, after his power, his popularity also left him, sacrificed chiefly by his bitter and unhandsome tongue, and having received the finishing stroke from the manner in which, during the present session, he has shown a disposition to support former enemies out of spite against quondam friends. Here are the dark, keen, expressive features of Dr Virchow, a physician, a Professor at the Berlin University, and a man of distinguished abilities, as well as of considerable eloquence and power of sarcasm. He is a leading member of the Party of Progress, as the Left of the Chamber is called, and none, during the present session, have made keener and more telling onslaughts upon the Government. Not far from him, although belonging to the less thorough-going party of the Left Centre—at whose head he has lately marched as chief, in company with Mr Gneist — we recognise the intelligent physiognomy of Von Sybel, the well-known professor and historian, who only very lately has emerged from a student's retreat to share in the busy strife of the great political arena. His pale face and weak eyes tell the tale of long assiduous studies, and of midnight oil consumed. During the session of 1862 he rather disappointed his friends, who had expected great things from him; but probably he was only examining his ground and preparing for the combat, and this year he fully redeemed himself. His speeches have been amongst the most remarkable of the session, perhaps the most brilliant that have been made in its course; at any rate, the name of no deputy occurs to me in connection with so many speeches that have been enthusiastically received, both by the Chamber and by the public. The chief fault found with them is that which was addressed to a famous English historian and orator—namely, that they smell of the lamp; and this is doubtless the case, but the odour does not exist to such an extent as to impair the effect produced by the orator. Of course the practice, when it implies a necessity on the part of the speaker, has its serious disadvantages; and he who is compelled to resort to it may achieve fame as the maker of set speeches, but can hardly hope for the reputation of a quick and ready debater. This latter class does not abound in the Prussian Parliament, which is still in its infancy; although, considering how few years of existence it numbers, it must be admitted to have borne itself well and bravely, and even to have displayed some of the best qualities of a maturer age.

But we are disturbed in our photographic contemplations at the shop-window by the noise of wheels more rapid than the usual jogtrot of Berlin vehicles. There comes along the Linden a low open carriage and pair, the coachman in Russian costume, and driving in Russian fashion, with both arms extended before him. On the box beside him is a plumed chasseur; in the vehicle, which is

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meant for two persons, there sits a general officer alone. A light grey cloak partially protects his uniform from the dust; on his head he wears the well-known Prussian helmet. He sits erect, and is evidently still fresh and vigorous in his old age. His countenance is by no means unpleasing, although the slightly Calmuck cast of feature deprives it of any claim to beauty. But there is a geniality in its general expression which rather prepossesses one in its owner's favour. That expression is now dashed and saddened (surely no preconceived fancy dictates the thought) by a look of care, almost of pain, combined with a half-mistrustful, half-defiant glance. It is the look of one who, although not too certain of the justice of his cause, is still obstinate in its defence, and keeps the door closed against conviction; who also has been irritated until his habitual attitude is that of resistance to attack. We are reminded of the saying of a very quicksighted female observer, who, after passing an evening in this officer's society, declared that he left her the impression of some wounded denizen of the forest, apprehensive of hurt from every creature that approached it. As the carriage drives along the Linden, officers and soldiers draw up and respectfully salute; a few civilians do the same, some of them fronting to the road and remaining hat in hand until the vehicle has completely passed them. Of these latter, some may be personally known to the personage to whom they thus profoundly make obeisance; the others, we may be pretty sure, are chiefly public functionaries, in some way or other connected with the Government or in the service of the State. The majority of the people in the street do not appear to see the carriage, whose occupant seems punctiliously prompt in his acknowledgment of the salutes offered to him. The sleek, spirited pair of horses need no urging to bear him quickly through the most bustling part of the Linden; towards the further end the street is comparatively empty, and he is spared the trouble of raising his finger to the peak of his helmet. The guard, however, at the Brandenburg Gate is all turned out, with presented arms and drums beating, to do honour to the King of Prussia as he quits the city for a drive in the Thiergarten, or perhaps for Charlottenburg to visit his widowed sister-in-law.

Time was, and it is not yet distant, although it unfortunately is much to be doubted whether it ever will return, that King William had not to depend for greeting, when he went abroad, on soldiers and courtiers, on clerks in public offices, and on the purveyors of the royal household. Time was that every head was quickly and cheerfully uncovered when the Sovereign showed himself on the street. A sad change has taken place, due to the King's weakness, to his prejudices, and to his accessibility to evil counsels. It is a thousand pities. There is much to like in the King personally. Naturally affable, courteous, and kind, he was intended for a popular constitutional sovereign; but education and baneful influences have turned him into an impracticable despot, and have completely lost him the love and respect of his subjects, the majority of whom now only desire his resignation or his death, in order that his son, from whom they are warranted in hoping better things, may reign in his stead. The fine soldierly old gentleman, who has passed his life in a uniform, and whose affections are divided between the parade-ground and the ballet, once lay, when heir to the crown, under the suspicion of Liberal tendencies; but he has since abundantly cleared himself from any such imputation, and has proved even a greater stickler for the divine right of kings than his brother and predecessor. Surrounded by veterans whose services have been for the most part limited to

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the barrack-yard, and whose political wisdom is on a par with their military experience, he has a brother who ranks amongst the steadiest upholders of combined pipeclay and prerogative, who is Russian in sentiments and sympathies, and whose influence over him has been constantly exerted for evil. Then there is an old field-marshal, ridiculously vain and in some respects little better than half-witted, on whom it is the fashion to father bad jokes, and for whom the street-boys form an escort when he walks abroad in Berlin. This personage is also amongst those to whom the King listens; and silly though he be in some respects, he has a good deal of cunning, and it is all exerted in behalf of a despotic military government. There are also habitually in His Majesty's vicinity a certain number of generals, all of them, doubtless, most gallant and honourable, but whose views are of the narrowest, and for whose ability, for any duties beyond those corresponding with their professional rank, very little can be said. They are supported by a large portion of the body of Prussian officers, and especially those of the Guard, who naturally uphold a system tending to make the army the paramount institution in the country. Also we have at hand, ever ready, by its votes and its speeches, further to stimulate the King on the path of retrogression, that worse than useless assembly, the Prussian House of Lords. There are no elements in this country for a House of Peers such as we have in England. There is not, as with us, an aristocracy which takes a lead in the country, not only by virtue of its rank and wealth, but also as a consequence of its eminent qualities, which win for it high consideration and ready deference from a people with whom it sympathises and is intimately connected. The Prussian nobility, although ludicrously haughty and exorbitantly pretentious, is altogether one of the last in Europe. When the Christian knights of other great European countries were winning, at the Crusades, honours which their descendants still proudly exhibit on their scutcheons, the unknown ancestors of the Prussian aristocracy were wallowing in paganism.* You seek in vain, in the roll of Prussian Peers, for those great names, the very sound of which falls upon the ear like a trumpet-note in a tournay, and which of themselves fill a page in Europe's history, or illustrate one of the brightest records of chivalry. The absence of such here-

* See the earlier chapters of Carlyle's strange 'History of Friedrich II. of Prussia'—often long drawn out, but still singularly attractive, especially to readers who have seen something of the Prussian country and people—for corroboration of this statement. "The Brandenburg countries," he says, "till they became related to the Hohenzollern family, which now rules there, have no history that has proved memorable to mankind." "Shaggy Wends, who have the task of taming the jungles and keeping down the otters and wolves. Wends lately in a waning condition, much beaten upon by Charlemagne and others, but never yet beaten out. And so it has to last, century after century; Wends, wolves, wild swine, all alike dumb to us." In his peculiar dialect, he tells what a "vehemently heathen country" Preussen was, its inhabitants of "uncertain miscellaneous breed, figured to us as an inarticulate, heavy-footed, rather iracund people, their knowledge of Christianity trifling, their aversion to knowing anything of it great," and that at a time when Poland and the neighbours to the south were already Christian, and even the Bohemian Czechs were mostly converted. In vain did Adalbert, bishop of Prague, "devote himself to converting those Prussian heathen, who, across the frontiers, were living in such savagery and express bondage to the devil, worshipping mere stocks and stones." He was much ill-treated by "armed heathen devil's servants—was set upon in his sleep, and, as his biographers relate, his "beautiful bowels (*pulchra viscera*) were run through with seven spears." Long after this, however, Brandenburg was again and again a prey to the Wends, who slew priests, burned churches, overran the country, and worshipped their god Triglaph, a monstrous idol with three heads. It is highly probable that some of the present Prussian aristocracy may claim descent from individuals who bowed down before this

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ditary distinction, it may justly be urged, would matter little, were the nobility enlightened and patriotic, and solicitous to find the best way of promoting the greatness of their country and the happiness of their fellow-subjects. But this is not the case. The Prussian aristocracy forms a distinct caste, connected only with the court and the army, and having no sympathy with the people, whose progress it jealously opposes out of a selfish regard for what it imagines to be its own interests. There are wanting the materials of an Upper Chamber, like the English House of Lords; the most that should be aspired to is a senate like that of Belgium. Meanwhile the *Herrenhaus*, as it is called, gives its thoroughgoing support to every reactionary measure, and within its walls are heard speeches worthy of the middle ages. The small Liberal minority is perfectly powerless against the avalanche of rabid absolutist doctrines; whilst the majority, by its veto, is able at any time to neutralise the combined efforts of a Liberal King of Prussia (supposing such a one upon the throne) and of the majority of the Lower House. This was repeatedly proved in the time of the Schwerin ministry. Most of the measures which that very moderately Liberal administration carried through the Deputies were rejected by the Peers, whose principle is to set their faces against every improvement. By pursuing this course, they have incurred the hatred of the nation; and a reform of the Upper House must be one of the first measures taken when a sovereign more enlightened than the present one shall, for the happiness of the country, ascend the Prussian throne. To effect such reforms, perfectly legal means are to be found; but it would lead me too far to set them forth in the present letter.

Between the King, his military clique or *camarilla*, his reckless cabinet, and the House of Lords, on the one hand, and the Chamber, the press, and the great bulk of the nation on the other, there stand, somewhat aloof, and occupying a difficult and painful position, a few personal friends of the sovereign, including his own son, who deplore the course he is bent on following, but know not how to turn him from it. Once, at least, it is perfectly well known the Crown Prince has stood between his father and abdication. Doubtless it was the act of a dutiful and prudent son, but it may be questioned whether a benefit was thereby conferred upon the

Cerberian graven image, but the best of them would find it difficult to prove a crusading ancestor, or to establish a right to the smallest scallop-shell. None have left their mark on the roll either of statesmen or warriors, until quite within modern times, and then not many.

In 1226 we find the titular Bishop of Prussia, a bishop *in partibus*, urging the attention of Christian knights, crusading being over in the East, to the state of things in his pagan diocese. "What use," he says, "in crusading far off in the East, when heathenism and the kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand, in the North? Let the Teutsch order come to Preussen—head a crusade there." "The Prussians," says Carlyle, "were a fierce fighting people, fanatically anti-christian;" and we find crusade after crusade proclaimed against them in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and kings and dukes of Bohemia and Austria joining in them. The Teuton knights were a great scourge to Prussian heathenism, and brought it very low in the course of little more than fifty years, but another century elapsed before it ceased to struggle and break out again.

To one of the crusaders in the heathen province now known as Brandenburg, Berlin owes its origin. Margrave Ascanier is related to have made it "a German *Burg* and inhabited outpost in those parts: the very name, some think, means 'Little Rampart' (*Wehrlin*), built there, on the banks of the Spree, against the Wends, and peopled with Dutch; of which latter fact, it seems, the old dialect of the place yields traces. How it rose afterwards to be chosen for metropolis, one cannot say, except that it had a central situation for the now widened principalities of Brandenburg: the place otherwise is sandy by nature, sand and swamp the constituents of it; and stands on a sluggish river, the colour of oil."—Carlyle, i. 136.

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country. Whatever the opinions —and these are various—held in Prussia with respect to his capacity for government, the nation would be too happy to receive him in the place of the present monarch. The declaration he lately took an opportunity of making at Dantzic, and by which he plainly implied his disapproval of the unconstitutional ordinances against the press, has won him the goodwill and suffrages of many who previously unwillingly entertained doubts as to his real political tendencies. Doubtless, in the tour he is now making in Eastern Prussia, he will have received many testimonies—not in the way of exuberant rejoicings, of illuminations, and fireworks, for which the time is ill suited when the whole country is lamenting his father's misgovernment, but in other ways quite as significant and unmistakable — of the goodwill of the people over whom he is one day to reign. Loyal as the Prussians unquestionably are, it has only been after long provocation, and with a bitter feeling of regret, that they have at last withdrawn from their sovereign their affection and respect; and those feelings which he has forfeited they gladly find grounds to fix upon his heir. Certainly Prince Frederick-William is not the less favourably looked upon by his future subjects because they see constantly by his side the Princess of that country where constitutional liberty pre-eminently flourishes. The daughter of the Queen of England has won many friends in Prussia, as well as a high reputation for some of the best qualities that can adorn one destined to share a throne, and probably to exercise no inconsiderable influence on the destinies of a great country. The intelligent classes here entertain a high opinion of her abilities; the Liberals speak of her with the most kindly esteem, because they are convinced that, so far as her will and power go, their constitutional rights run no risk at the hands of an English Princess. And truly it is pleasant to an English eye to see how well this Royal Rose of Britain blooms, transplanted to these arid sands of Brandenburg. It is the rich and kindly nature of the plant that has overcome the asperity of the soil. Not without regret, or at least a tender sadness, does the daughter of England think of her native land—still hers though Germany now claims her for its own. "I was jealous," she was heard to say, not long after her return from Italy, "to see so many English at Rome, and to think how few come to Berlin." There will always beat, we may be sure, under the ermine of Prussia's future Queen, a warm heart for England. One has only to observe the Prince's countenance and pleasant smile—as they really are, and not as they are misrepresented in prints and photographs, of which I scarcely ever saw one that did him justice —to feel sure that he is neither of an evil disposition nor an unkind husband. In her marriage, in her children, and in the truly maternal affection of her mother-in-law, the excellent Queen Augusta, the Princess has found domestic happiness such as falls not to the lot of the majority of persons in her high position. With connections less close the sympathy may be less, and diversity of political views may at times cast a shadow over relations otherwise friendly, but such are minor sources of care, and can hardly be said materially to affect happiness.

Since this letter was commenced we have got deep into the month of June, and Berlin is now deserted by nearly all to whom escape is possible. The two Chambers scattered far and wide as soon as an end had been put to the session, the Upper House having for a long time previously sat but rarely, and been but scantily represented in the capital. Good society has betaken itself to its country houses, or to the various baths; diplomacy flits to and fro, still rather wing-tied, perhaps, by the recent crisis and by Polish complications; few private carriages are seen in the streets

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and promenades, and indeed of such vehicles Berlin is never, even in the height of its season, very affluent. The King, after passing a short time at his pleasant country villa of Babelsburg, left his capital yesterday morning for Carlsbad. The hot weather had, for some time previously, put an end to his favourite diversion of field-days and parades, although one still heard occasionally of his having inspected a few companies of *Landwehr*, or some other minute fraction of that overgrown army, whose maintenance has been one of the chief grounds of discord between his government and his people. The half million or more of individuals who remain in Berlin now that everybody has gone away, gasp for fresh air and swallow much dust, throng the Thiergarten of evenings in quest of cool breezes which they seldom find, consume inordinate quantities of thin beer in the gardens and *guinguettes* that surround the city, and make excursions into the vicinity to feast on crawfish and asparagus, the chief delicacies of the district. In a gastronomical point of view, Berlin is by no means celebrated. The epicure about to proceed thither should be warned that he will hardly get a good dinner there, except in some few private houses. Restaurants abound, but it would be hard to name one of them to which a Christian man possessed of a palate at all refined, and having a proper respect for the comfort of his stomach, would gladly very often repair. There exist, under the Linden and elsewhere, eating-houses which seek, by the adoption of foreign names and attributes, to ensnare the unwary; but the promises of their ambitious bills of fare are ill carried out except in the matter of payment. Most of the hotels have copious *tables d'hôte*, and, at an extremely low price, cover the board with the semblance of a good dinner; but the cheapness probably compels resort to the baser stratagems and devices of the culinary art, for, although they may pass muster well enough for a short time, few persons whose digestive organs are habituated to plain wholesome food will long endure, without detriment, those composite dishes and suspicious condiments. The two great faults of German cookery, a profusion of grease and a superabundance of acid, are here carried to an extreme highly obnoxious to foreigners; and the really magnificent asparagus, white and tender from root to tip, which their environs yield, is spoiled, for an Englishman, by the melted butter, transparent as oil and of gross flavour, with which it is held indispensable to combine it. Good cooks are extremely rare here, even according to the Prussian estimate, and are quickly caught up when discovered; but a great many persons, the talents of whose domestic artist do not reach beyond everyday requirements, employ, when they give a dinner, cooks who have establishments of their own, extensive kitchens where they prepare a repast, which is then sent to the house of their customer, when the last touches, the final heating and saucing, are given to it. We should think this an unsatisfactory way of doing things in England, at least as a general practice, but here it is found to answer pretty well, and thus are many houses, even very great ones, supplied, whether the case be one for a great banquet or for a neat dinner to a select party. The dinner-hour is generally very early in Berlin. Few persons sit down to table later than three o'clock, and the burgher class dine at one or two. The King and royal family frequently dine at three, and five is considered a very late hour, beyond which no Berliner, that I ever heard of, waits for his principal meal. Some of the diplomatists retain their foreign habits and dine at the hours common in Paris and London. It would be an omission to talk of dinners in Berlin without mentioning one singular custom that prevails—a custom I have met with in no other part of Germany, and which I believe to be confined to this capital, or at least

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to be unknown beyond a very limited district of Prussia. When, the meal being at an end, the diners rise from table and pass into another room, they turn to each other and go through a set form of bowing and salutation. Everybody bows to everybody; the ladies curtsy, as Prussian ladies are apt to curtsy, with an elaborate grace and formality, worthy of the days of the minuet; I think I do not err when I say that I have seen some men shake hands and women even kiss each other; but if this took place it probably was only after some remarkably good dinner. Occasionally you hear something murmured by the persons bowing to you, but as to whether there be any set form of speech appropriated to the ceremony, I confess my ignorance. The intention is doubtless a friendly one; that, namely, of desiring to you a good digestion,—which really, considering the composition of many Berlin dinners, is no superfluous wish. It is, in another form, the "Buen provecho!"—may it profit you—of the courteous Spaniard when he finds you at a meal. As to the rise of the practice, it is difficult to speak—whether it be an ancient Wendish usage, handed down through centuries, or a modern innovation, first suggested by tough viands and an anti-gastric style of cookery. If it be borrowed from any other country it has doubtless died out in the land of its origin. I have remarked that some Berliners seemed rather ashamed of it, as of something old-fashioned or out of date, that must seem ridiculous to foreigners; but in truth there is nothing objectionable in the custom, which is a cordial and courteous one, although strangers may be apt to stare a little when, for the first time, immediately after dinner, they behold the entire company bowing in pairs, and then facing to the right about to renew the performance with somebody else, and so on until they have got through the whole party.

Upon the whole, foreigners are not generally particularly charmed with Berlin society, even with the best, but find it stiff and ungenial. Of course there are exceptions, especially in the case of those natives whom foreign travel has weaned from home prejudices and from exaggerated estimates of self. As to the lower orders, they are simply boors—a definition which may justly be extended to all classes except those better ones which in all countries have more or less of the polish given by superiority of education and associations. Berlin is noted in Germany and in Prussia for the bad manners of its inhabitants, the grossness and brutality of its lower orders, who render the streets positively unpleasant, especially for ladies, by their shambling mode of walking, their carelessness of which side of the path they take, their propensity to push against the passengers, and their rude practice of staring fixedly at persons in whose appearance anything strikes them as in the slightest degree different from what they are used to see amongst themselves. Go down southwards, and as soon as you pass the Saxon frontier, you mark the difference in the people; and at Dresden you are struck with the contrast to the overgrown provincial town which the Berliners pretentiously style the Athens on the Spree. Gladly would I conduct you, at this pleasant season of the year, to the Saxon capital and its cheerful promenades, its picturesque environs, its treasures of art, its civil, good-natured inhabitants—so English in appearance, especially the women, that one recognises kindred, and almost fancies one's self at home—and then on to Saxon Switzerland to enjoy the delightful prospect from the Bastei, visit the curiosities of Königstein, and inhale the pure breezes that blow over those wooded hills. But for the present I must abstain, and conclude this letter, already full long, from him who is, at one and the same time, your attached and detached VEDETTE.

BERLIN, 20*th June* 1863.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

Mr Wentworth's sermon on Easter Sunday was one which he himself long remembered, though it is doubtful whether any of his congregation had memories as faithful. To tell the truth, the young man put a black cross upon it with his blackest ink, a memorial of meaning unknown to anybody but himself. It was a curious little sermon, such as may still be heard in some Anglican pulpits. Though he had heart and mind enough to conceive something of those natural depths of divine significance and human interest, which are the very essence of the Easter festival, it was not into these that Mr Wentworth entered in his sermon. He spoke, in very choice little sentences, of the beneficence of the Church in appointing such a feast, and of all the beautiful arrangements she had made for the keeping of it. But even in the speaking, in the excited state of mind he was in, it occurred to the young man to see, by a sudden flash of illumination, how much higher, how much more catholic, after all, his teaching would have been, could he but have once ignored the Church, and gone direct, as Nature bade, to that empty grave in which all the hopes of humanity had been entombed. He saw it by gleams of that perverse light which seemed more Satanic than heavenly in the moments it chose for shining, while he was preaching his little sermon about the Church and her beautiful institution of Easter, just as he had seen the non-importance of his lily-wreath and surplices as he was about to suffer martyrdom for them. All these circumstances were hard upon the young man. . Looking down straight into the severe iron-grey eyes of his aunt Leonora, he could not of course so much as modify a single sentence of the discourse he was uttering, no more than he could permit himself to slur over a single monotone of the service; but that sudden bewildering perception that he could have done so much better—that the loftiest High-Churchism of all might have been consistent enough with Skelmersdale, had he but gone into the heart of the matter—gave a bitterness to the deeper, unseen current of the curate's thoughts.

Besides, it was terrible to feel that he could not abstract himself from personal concerns even in the most sacred duties. He was conscious that the two elder sisters went away, and that only poor aunt Dora, her weak-minded ringlets limp with tears, came tremulous to the altar-rails. When the service was over, and the young priest was disrobing himself, she came to him and gave a spasmodic, sympathetic, half-reproachful pressure to his hand. "Oh, Frank, my dear, I did it for the best," said Miss Dora, with a doleful countenance; and the Perpetual Curate knew that his doom was sealed. He put the best face he could upon the matter, having sufficient doubts of his own wisdom to subdue the high temper of the Wentworths for that moment at least.

"What was it you did for the best?" said the Curate of St Roque's. "I suppose, after all, it was no such great matter *hearing* me as you thought; but I told you I was not an ambitious preacher. This is a day for worship, not for talk."

"Ah! yes," said Miss Dora, "but oh, Frank, my dear, it is hard upon me, after all my expectations. It would have been so nice to have had you at Skelmersdale. I hoped you would marry Julia Trench, and we should all have been so happy;

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and perhaps if I had not begged Leonora to come just now, thinking it would be so nice to take you just in your usual way—but she must have known sooner or later," said poor aunt Dora, looking wistfully in his face. "Oh, Frank, I hope you don't think I'm to blame."

"I never should have married Julia Trench," said the Curate, gloomily. He did not enter into the question of Miss Dora's guilt or innocence—he gave a glance at the lilies on the altar, and a sigh. The chances were he would never marry anybody, but loyalty to Lucy demanded instant repudiation of any other possible bride. "Where are you going, aunt Dora; back to the Blue Boar? or will you come with me?" he said, as they stood together at the door of St Roque's. Mr Wentworth felt as if he had caught the beginning threads of a good many different lines of thought, which he would be glad to be alone to work out.

"You'll come back with me to the inn to lunch?" said Miss Dora. "Oh, Frank, my dear, remember your Christian feelings, and don't make a breach in the family. It will be bad enough to face your poor dear father, after he knows what Leonora means to do; and I do so want to talk to you," said the poor woman, eagerly clinging to his arm. "You always were fond of your poor aunt Dora, Frank; when you were quite a little trot you used always to like me best; and in the holiday times, when you came down from Harrow, I used always to hear all your troubles. If you would only have confidence in me now."

"But what if I have no troubles to confide?" said Mr Wentworth; "a man and a boy are very different things. Come, aunt Dora, I'll see you safe to your inn. What should I have to grumble about? I have plenty to do, and it is Easter; and few men can have everything their own way."

"You won't acknowledge that you're vexed," said aunt Dora, almost crying under her veil, "but I can see it all the same. You always were such a true Wentworth; but if you only would give in, and say that you are disappointed and angry with us all, I could bear it better, Frank. I would not feel then that you thought it my fault! And oh, Frank, dear, you don't consider how disappointed your poor dear aunt Leonora was! It's just as hard upon us," she continued, pressing his arm in her eagerness, "as it is upon you. We had all so set our hearts on having you at Skelmersdale. Don't you think, if you were giving your mind to it, you might see things in a different light?" with another pressure of his arm. "Oh, Frank, what does it matter, after all, if the heart is right, whether you read the service in your natural voice, or give that little quaver at the end? I am sure, for my part——"

"My dear aunt," said Mr Wentworth, naturally incensed by this manner of description, "I must be allowed to say that my convictions are fixed, and not likely to be altered. I am a priest, and you are —a woman." He stopped short, with perhaps a little bitterness. It was very true she was a woman, unqualified to teach, but yet she and her sisters were absolute in Skelmersdale. He made a little gulp of his momentary irritation, and walked on in silence, with Miss Dora's kind wistful hand clinging to his arm.

"But, dear Frank, among us Protestants, you know, there is no sacerdotal caste," said Miss Dora, opportunely recollecting some scrap of an Exeter Hall speech. "We are all kings and priests to God. Oh, Frank, it is Gerald's example that has led you away. I am sure, before you went to Oxford you were never at all a ritualist—even Leonora thought you such a pious boy; and I am sure your good sense must teach you——" faltered aunt Dora, trying her sister's grand tone.

"Hush, hush; I can't have you

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begin to argue with me; you are not my aunt Leonora," said the Curate, half amused in spite of himself. This encouraged the anxious woman, and, clasping his arm closer than ever, she poured out all her heart.

"Oh, Frank, if you could only modify your views a little! It is not that there is any difference between your views and ours, except just in words, my dear. Flowers are very pretty decorations, and I know you look very nice in your surplice; and I am sure, for my part, I should not mind—but then that is not carrying the Word of God to the people, as Leonora says. If the heart is right, what does it matter about the altar?" said aunt Dora, unconsciously falling upon the very argument that had occurred to her nephew's perplexed mind in the pulpit. "Even though I was in such trouble, I can't tell you what a happiness it was to take the sacrament from your hands, my dear, dear boy; and but for these flowers and things that could do nobody any good, poor dear Leonora, who is very fond of you, though perhaps you don't think it, could have had that happiness too. Oh, Frank, don't you think you could give up these things that don't matter? If you were just to tell Leonora you have been thinking it over, and that you see you've made a mistake, and that in future——"

"You don't mean to insult me?" said the young man. "Hush—hush; you don't know what you are saying. Not to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of Vicar of Skelmersdale. I don't understand how you could suggest such a thing to me."

Miss Dora's veil, which she had partly lifted, here fell over her face, as it had kept doing all the time she was speaking—but this time she did not put it back. She was no longer able to contain herself, but wept hot tears of distress and vexation, under the flimsy covering of lace. "No, of course, you will not do it—you will far rather be haughty, and say it is my fault," said poor Miss Dora. "We have all so much pride, we Wentworths—and you never think of our disappointment, and how we all calculated upon having you at Skelmersdale, and how happy we were to be, and that you were to marry Julia Trench——."

It was just at this moment that the two reached the corner of Prickett's Lane. Lucy Wodehouse had been down there seeing the sick woman. She had, indeed, been carrying her dinner to that poor creature, and was just turning into Grange Lane, with her blue ribbons hidden under the grey cloak, and a little basket in her hand. They met full in the face at this corner, and Miss Dora's words reached Lucy's ears, and went through and through her with a little nervous thrill. She had not time to think whether it was pain or only surprise that moved her, and was not even self-possessed enough to observe the tremulous pressure of the Curate's hand, as he shook hands with her, and introduced his aunt. "I have just been to see the poor woman at No. 10," said Lucy. "She is very ill to-day. If you had time, it would be kind of you to see her. I think she has something on her mind."

"I will go there before I go to Wharfside," said Mr Wentworth. "Are you coming down to the service this afternoon? I am afraid it will be a long service, for there are all these little Burrowses, you know——"

"Yes, I am godmother," said Lucy, and smiled and gave him her hand again as she passed him, while aunt Dora looked on with curious eyes. The poor curate heaved a mighty sigh as he looked after the grey cloak. Not his the privilege now, to walk with her to the green door, to take her basket from the soft hand of the merciful sister. On the contrary, he had to turn his back upon Lucy, and walk on with aunt Dora to the inn—at this mo-

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ment a symbolical action which seemed to embody his fate.

"Where is Wharfside? and who are the little Burrowses? and what does the young lady mean by being godmother?" said aunt Dora. "She looks very sweet and nice; but what is the meaning of that grey cloak? Oh, Frank, I hope you don't approve of nunneries, and that sort of thing. It is such foolishness. My dear, the Christian life is very hard, as your aunt Leonora always says. She says she can't bear to see people playing at Christianity——"

"People should not speak of things they don't understand," said the Perpetual Curate. "Your Exeter Hall men, aunt Dora, are like the old ascetics—they try to make a merit of Christianity by calling it hard and terrible; but there are some sweet souls in the world, to whom it comes natural as sunshine in May." And the young Anglican, with a glance behind him from the corner of his eye, followed the fair figure, which he believed he was never, with a clear conscience, to accompany any more. "Now, here is your inn," he said, after a little pause. "Wharfside is a district, where I am going presently to conduct service, and the little Burrowses are a set of little heathens, to whom I am to administer holy baptism this Easter Sunday. Good-bye just now."

"Oh, Frank, my dear, just come in for a moment and tell Leonora—it will show her how wrong she is," said poor aunt Dora, clinging to his arm.

"Right or wrong, I am not going into any controversy. My aunt Leonora knows perfectly well what she is doing," said the Curate, with the best smile he could muster; and so shook hands with her resolutely, and walked back again all the way down Grange Lane, past the green door to his own house. Nobody was about the green door at that particular moment to ask him in to luncheon, as sometimes happened. He walked down all the way to Mrs Hadwin's, with something of the sensations of a man who has just gone through a dreadful operation, and feels with a kind of dull surprise after, that everything around him is just the same as before. He had come through a fiery trial, though nobody knew of it; and, just at this moment, when he wanted all his strength, how strange to feel that haunting sense of an unnecessary sacrifice—that troubled new vein of thought which would be worked out, and which concerned matters more important than Skelmersdale, weighty as that was. He took his sermon out of his pocket when he got home, and marked a cross upon it, as we have already said; but, being still a young man, he was thankful to snatch a morsel of lunch, and hasten out again to his duty, instead of staying to argue the question with himself. He went to No. 10 Prickett's Lane, and was a long time with the sick woman, listening to all the woeful tale of a troubled life, which the poor sick creature had been contemplating for days and days, in her solitude, through those strange exaggerated death-gleams which Miss Leonora Wentworth would have called "the light of eternity." She remembered all sorts of sins, great and small, which filled her with nervous terrors; and it was not till close upon the hour for the Wharfside service, that the curate could leave his tremulous penitent. The schoolroom was particularly full that day. Easter, perhaps, had touched the hearts—it certainly had refreshed the toilettes of the bargemen's wives and daughters. Some of them felt an inward conviction that their new ribbons were undoubtedly owing to the clergyman's influence, and that Tom and Jim would have bestowed the money otherwise before the Church planted her pickets in this corner of the enemy's camp; and the conviction, though not of an elevated description, was a great deal better than no conviction at all. Mr Wentworth's little sermon to them was

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a great improvement upon his sermon at St Roque's. He told them about the empty grave of Christ, and how He called the weeping woman by her name, and showed her the earnest of the end of all sorrows. There were some people who cried, thinking of the dead who were still waiting for Easter, which was more than anybody did when Mr Wentworth discoursed upon the beautiful institutions of the Church's year; and a great many of the congregation stayed to see Tom Burrows's six children come up for baptism, preceded by the new baby, whose infant claims to Christianity the Curate had so strongly insisted upon, to the awakening of a fatherly conscience in the honest bargeman. Lucy Wodehouse, without her grey cloak, stood at the font, holding that last tiny applicant for saving grace, while all the other little heathens were signed with the sacred cross. And, strangely enough, when the young priest and the young woman stood so near each other, solemnly pledging, one after another, each little sun-browned, round-eyed pagan to be Christ's faithful servant and soldier, the cloud passed away from the firmament of both. Neither of them, perhaps, was of a very enlightened character of soul. They believed they were doing a great work for Tom Burrows's six children, calling God to His promise on their behalf, and setting the little feet straight for the gates of the eternal city; and in their young love and faith their hearts rose. Perhaps it was foolish of Mr Wentworth to suffer himself to walk home again thereafter, as of old, with the Miss Wodehouses—but it was so usual, and, after all, they were going the same way. But it was a very silent walk, to the wonder of the elder sister, who could not understand what it meant. "The Wharfside service always does me good," said Mr Wentworth, with a sigh. "And me, too," said Lucy; and then they talked a little about the poor woman in No. 10. But that Easter Sunday was not like other Sundays, though Miss Wodehouse could not tell why.

CHAPTER V.

Next day the Miss Wentworths made a solemn call at the Rectory, having known an aunt of Mrs Morgan at some period of their history, and being much disposed, besides, with natural curiosity, to ascertain all about their nephew's circumstances. Their entrance interrupted a consultation between the Rector and his wife. Mr Morgan was slightly heated, and had evidently been talking about something that excited him; while she, poor lady, looked just sufficiently sympathetic and indignant to withdraw her mind from that first idea which usually suggested itself on the entrance of visitors—which was, what could they possibly think of her if they supposed the carpet, &c., to be her own choice? Mrs Morgan cast her eyes with a troubled look upon the big card which had been brought to her—Miss Wentworth, Miss Leonora Wentworth, Miss Dora Wentworth. "Sisters of his, I suppose, William," she said in an undertone; "now *do* be civil, dear." There was no time for anything more before the three ladies sailed in. Miss Leonora took the initiative, as was natural.

"You don't remember us, I daresay," she said, taking Mrs Morgan's hands; "we used to know your aunt Sidney, when she lived at the Hermitage. Don't you recollect the Miss Wentworths of Skelmersdale? Charlie Sidney spent part of his furlough with us last summer, and Ada writes about you often. We could not be in Carlingford without coming to see the relation of such a dear friend."

"I am so glad to see anybody who knows my aunt Sidney," said

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Mrs Morgan, with modified enthusiasm. "Mr Morgan, Miss Wentworth. It was such a dear little house that Hermitage. I spent some very happy days there. Oh yes, I recollect Skelmersdale perfectly; but, to tell the truth, there is one of the clergy in Carlingford called Wentworth, and I thought it might be some relations of his coming to call."

"Just so," said Miss Wentworth, settling herself in the nearest easy-chair. "And so it is," cried Miss Dora; "we are his aunts, dear boy—we are very fond of him. We came on purpose to see him. We are so glad to hear that he is liked in Carlingford."

"Oh—yes," said the Rector's wife, and nobody else took any notice of Miss Dora's little outburst. As for Mr Morgan, he addressed Miss Leonora, as if she had done something particularly naughty, and he had a great mind to give her an imposition. "You have not been very long in Carlingford, I suppose," said the Rector, as if that were a sin.

"Only since Saturday," said Miss Leonora. "We came to see Mr Frank Wentworth, who is at St Roque's. I don't know what your bishop is about, to permit all those flowers and candlesticks. For my part I never disguise my sentiments. I mean to tell my nephew plainly that his way of conducting the service is far from being to my mind."

"Leonora, dear, perhaps Mr Morgan would speak to Frank about it," interposed Miss Dora, anxiously; "he was always a dear boy, and advice was never lost upon him. From one that he respected so much as he must respect the Rector——"

"I beg your pardon. I quite decline interfering with Mr Wentworth; he is not at all under my jurisdiction. Indeed," said the Rector, with a smile of anger, "I might be more truly said to be under his, for he is good enough to help in my parish without consulting me; but that is not to the purpose. I would not for the world attempt to interfere with St Roque's."

"Dear, I am sure Mr Wentworth is very nice, and everything we have seen of him in private we have liked very much," said Mrs Morgan, with an anxious look at her husband. She was a good-natured woman, and the handsome curate had impressed her favourably, notwithstanding his misdoings. "As for a little too much of the rubric, I think that is not a bad fault in a young man. It gets softened down with a little experience; and I do like proper solemnity in the services of the Church."

"I don't call intoning proper solemnity," said Miss Leonora. "The Church is a missionary institution, that is my idea. Unless you are really bringing in the perishing and saving souls, what is the good? and souls will never be saved by Easter decorations. I don't know what my nephew may have done to offend you, Mr Morgan; but it is very sad to us, who have very strong convictions on the subject, to see him wasting his time so. I daresay there is plenty of heathenism in Carlingford which might be attacked in the first place."

"I prefer not to discuss the subject," said the Rector. "So long as Mr Wentworth, or any other clergyman, keeps to his own sphere of duty, I should be the last in the world to interfere with him."

"You are offended with Frank," said Miss Leonora, fixing her iron-grey eyes upon Mr Morgan. "So am I; but I should be glad if you would tell me all about it. I have particular reasons for wishing to know. After all, he is only a young man," she continued, with that instinct of kindred which dislikes to hear censure from any lips but its own. "I don't think there can be anything more than inadvertence in it. I should be glad if you would tell me what you object to in him. I think it is probable that he may remain a long time in Carlingford," said Miss Leonora, with

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charming candour, "and it would be pleasant if we could help to set him right. Your advice and experience might be of so much use to him." She was not aware of the covert sarcasm of her speech. She did not know that the Rector's actual experience, though he was half as old again as her nephew, bore no comparison to that of the Perpetual Curate. She spoke in good faith and good nature, not moved in her own convictions of what must be done in respect to Skelmersdale, but very willing, if that were possible, to do a good turn to Frank.

"I am sure, dear, what we have seen of Mr Wentworth in private, we have liked very much," said the Rector's sensible wife, with a deprecating glance towards her husband. The Rector took no notice of the glance; he grew slightly red in his serious middle-aged face, and cleared his throat several times before he began to speak.

"The fact is, I have reason to be dissatisfied with Mr Wentworth, as regards my own parish," said Mr Morgan: "personally I have nothing to say against him—quite the reverse; probably, as you say, it arises from inadvertence, as he is still a very young man; but——"

"What has he done?" said Miss Leonora, pricking up her ears.

Once more Mr Morgan cleared his throat, but this time it was to keep down the rising anger of which he was unpleasantly sensible. "I don't generally enter into such matters with people whom they don't concern," he said, with a touch of his natural asperity; "but as you are Mr Wentworth's relation——. He has taken a step perfectly unjustifiable in every respect; he has at the present moment a mission going on in my parish, in entire independence, I will not say defiance, of me. My dear, it is unnecessary to look at me so deprecatingly: I am indignant at having such a liberty taken with me. I don't pretend not to be indignant. Mr Wentworth is a very young man, and may not know any better; but it is the most unwarrantable intrusion upon a clergyman's rights. I beg your pardon, Miss Wentworth: you have nothing to do with my grievances; but the fact is, my wife and I were discussing this very unpleasant matter when you came in."

"A mission in your parish?" said Miss Leonora, her iron-grey eyes lighting up with a sparkle which did not look like indignation; at this point it was necessary that Miss Dora should throw herself into the breach.

"Oh, Mr Morgan, I am sure my dear Frank does not mean it!" cried the unlucky peacemaker; "he would not for the world do anything to wound anybody's feelings—it must be a mistake."

"Mr Morgan would not have mentioned it if we had not just been talking as you came in," said the Rector's wife, by way of smoothing down his ruffled temper and giving him time to recover. "I feel *sure* it is a mistake, and that everything will come right as soon as they can talk it over by themselves. The last Rector was not at all a working clergyman—and perhaps Mr Wentworth felt it was his duty—and now I daresay he forgets that it is not his own parish. It will all come right after a time."

"But the mission is effective, I suppose, or you would not object to it?" said Miss Leonora, who, though a very religious woman, was not a peacemaker; and the Rector, whose temper was hasty, swallowed the bait. He entered into his grievances more fully than his wife thought consistent with his dignity. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor, tracing the objectionable pattern of the carpet with her foot, but too much vexed for the moment to think of those bouquets which were so severe a cross to her on ordinary occasions. Perhaps she was thinking secretly to herself how much better one knows a man after being married to him three months than after being engaged to him ten

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years; but the discovery that he was merely a man after all, with very ordinary defects in his character, did not lessen her loyalty. She sat with her eyes bent upon the carpet, feeling a little hot and uncomfortable as her husband disclosed his weakness, and watching her opportunities to rush in and say a softening word now and then. The chances were, perhaps, on the whole, that the wife grew *more* loyal, if that were possible, as she perceived the necessity of standing by him, and backing him out. The Rector went very fully into the subject, being drawn out by Miss Leonora's questions, and betrayed an extent of information strangely opposed to the utter ignorance which he had displayed at Mr Wodehouse's party. He knew the hours of Mr Wentworth's services, and the number of people who attended, and even about Tom Burrows's six children who had been baptised the day before. Somehow Mr Morgan took this last particular as a special offence; it was this which had roused him beyond his usual self-control. Six little heathens brought into the Christian fold in his own parish without permission of the Rector! It was indeed enough to try any clergyman's temper. Through the entire narrative Miss Dora broke in now and then with a little wail expressive of her general dismay and grief, and certainty that her dear Frank did not mean it. Mrs Morgan repeated apart to Miss Wentworth with a troubled brow the fact that all they had seen of Mr Wentworth in private they had liked very much; to which aunt Cecilia answered, "Quite so," with her beautiful smile; while Miss Leonora sat and listened, putting artful questions, and fixing the heated Rector with that iron-grey eye, out of which the sparkle of incipient light had not faded. Mr Morgan naturally said a great deal more than he meant to say, and after it was said he was sorry; but he did not show the latter sentiment except by silence and an uneasy rustling about the room just before the Miss Wentworths rose to go—a sign apparent to his wife, though to nobody else. He gave Miss Wentworth his arm to the door with an embarrassed courtesy. "If you are going to stay any time at Carlingford, I trust we shall see more of you," said Mr Morgan: "I ought to beg your pardon for taking up so much time with my affairs;" and the Rector was much taken aback when Miss Wentworth answered, "Thank you, that is just what I was thinking." He went back to his troubled wife in great perplexity. What was it that was just what she was thinking?—that he would see more of them, or that he had spoken too much of his own affairs?

"You think I have been angry and made an idiot of myself," said Mr Morgan to his wife, who was standing looking from a safe distance through the curtains at the three ladies, who were holding a consultation with their servant out of the window of the solemn chariot provided by the Blue Boar, as to where they were to go next.

"Nonsense, dear; but I wish you had not said quite so much about Mr Wentworth," said the Rector's wife, seizing, with female art, on a cause for her annoyance which would not wound her Welshman's *amour propre*, "for I rather think he is dependent on his aunts. They have the living of Skelmersdale, I know; and I remember now that their nephew was to have had it. I hope this won't turn them against him, dear," said Mrs Morgan, who did not care the least in the world about Skelmersdale, looking anxiously in her husband's face.

This was the climax of the Rector's trouble. "Why did not you tell me that before?" he said, with conjugal injustice, and went off to his study with a disturbed mind, thinking that perhaps he had injured his own chances of getting rid of the Perpetual Curate. Mrs Morgan had permitted herself to soliloquise after

the matter of her thoughts might have been interesting; but as neither ladies nor gentlemen in the nineteenth century are given to that useful medium of disclosing their sentiments, the veil of privacy must remain over the mind of the Rector's wife. She got her gardening gloves and scissors, and went out immediately after, and had an animated discussion with the gardener about the best means of clothing that bit of wall, over which every railway train was visible which left or entered Carlingford. That functionary was of opinion that when the lime-trees "growed a bit" all would be right; but Mrs Morgan was reluctant to await the slow processes of nature. She forgot her vexations about Mr Wentworth in consideration of the still more palpable inconvenience of the passing train.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Dora Wentworth relapsed into suppressed sobbing when the three ladies were once more on their way. Between each little access a few broken words fell from the poor lady's lips. "I am sure dear Frank did not mean it," she said; it was all the plea his champion could find for him.

"He did not mean what? to do his duty and save souls?" said Miss Leonora—"is that what he didn't mean? It looks very much as if he did, though—as well as he knew how."

"Quite so, Leonora," said Miss Wentworth.

"But he could not mean to vex the Rector," said Miss Dora—"my poor dear Frank: of course he meant it for the very best. I wonder you don't think so, Leonora—you who are so fond of missions. I told you what I heard him saying to the young lady—all about the sick people he was going to visit, and the children. He is a faithful shepherd, though you won't think so; and I am sure he means nothing but——"

"His duty, I think," said the iron-grey sister, resolutely indifferent to Miss Dora's little sniffs, and turning her gaze out of the window, unluckily just at the moment when the carriage was passing Masters's [illegible] engravings were [illegible]ously devotional [illegible] over the door, [illegible] shop-window, [illegible], and the fine profile of the Perpetual Curate was just visible within to the keen eyes of his aunt. Miss Dora, for her part, dried hers, and, beginning to see some daylight, addressed herself anxiously to the task of obscuring it, and damaging once more her favourite's chance.

"Ah, Leonora, if he had but a sphere of his own," cried Miss Dora, "where he would have other things to think of than the rubric, and decorations, and sisterhoods. I don't wish any harm to poor dear old Mr Shirley, I am sure; but when Frank is in the rectory——"

"I thought you understood that Frank would not do for the rectory," said Miss Leonora. "Sisterhoods!—look here, there's a young lady in a grey cloak, and I think she's going into *that* shop: if Frank carries on that sort of thing, I shall think him a greater fool than ever. Who is that girl?"

"I am sure I don't know, dear," said Miss Dora, with unexampled wisdom. And she comforted her conscience that she did not know, for she had forgotten Lucy's name. So there was no tangible evidence to confirm Miss Leonora's doubts, and the carriage from the Blue Boar rattled down Prickett's Lane to the much amazement of that locality. When they got to the grimy canal-banks, Miss Leonora stopped the vehicle and got out. She declined the attendance of her trembling sister, and marched along the black pavement, dispersing with the great

waves of her drapery the wondering children about, who swarmed as children will swarm in such localities. Arrived at the schoolroom, Miss Leonora found sundry written notices hung up in a little wooden frame inside the open door. All sorts of charitable businesses were carried on about the basement of the house; and a curt little notice about the Provident Society diversified the list of services which was hung up for the advantage of the ignorant. Clearly the Curate of St Roque's meant it. "As well as he knows how," his aunt allowed to herself, with a softening sentiment: but, pushing her inquiries further, was shown up to the schoolroom, and stood pondering by the side of the reading-desk looking at the table, which was contrived to be so like an altar. The Curate, who could not have dreamed of such a visit, and whose mind had been much occupied and indifferent to externals on the day before, had left various things lying about, which were carefully collected for him upon a bench. Among them was a little pocket copy of Thomas à Kempis, from which, when the jealous aunt opened it, certain little German prints, such as were to be had by the score at Masters's, dropped out, some of them unobjectionable enough. But if the Good Shepherd could not be found fault with, the feelings of Miss Leonora may be imagined when the meek face of a monkish saint, inscribed with some villanous Latin inscription, a legend which began with the terrible words *Ora pro nobis*, became suddenly visible to her troubled eyes. She put away the book as if it had stung her, and made a precipitate retreat. She shook her head as she descended the stair—she re-entered the carriage in gloomy silence. When it returned up Prickett's Lane, the three ladies again saw their nephew, this time entering at the door of No. 10. He had his prayer-book under his arm, and Miss Leonora seized upon this professional symbol to wreak her wrath upon it. "I wonder if he can't pray by a sick woman without his prayer-book?" she cried. "I never was so provoked in my life. How is it he doesn't know better? His father is not pious, but he isn't a Puseyite, and old uncle Wentworth was very sound—he was brought up under the pure Gospel. How is it that the boys are so foolish, Dora?" said Miss Leonora, sharply; "it must be your doing. You have told them tales and things, and put true piety out of their head."

"My doing!" said Miss Dora, faintly; but she was too much startled by the suddenness of the attack to make any coherent remonstrance. Miss Leonora tossed back her angry head, and pursued that inspiration, finding it a relief in her perplexity.

"It must be *all* your doing," she said. "How can I tell that you are not a Jesuit in disguise? one has read of such a thing. The boys were as good, nice, pious boys as one could wish to see; and there's Gerald on the point of perversion, and Frank ——. I tell you, Dora, it must be your fault."

"That was always my opinion," said Miss Cecilia; and the accused, after a feeble attempt at speech, could find nothing better to do than to drop her veil once more and cry under it. It was very hard, but she was not quite unaccustomed to it. However, the discoveries of the day were important enough to prevent the immediate departure which Miss Leonora had intended. She wrote a note with her own hands to her nephew, asking him to dinner. "We meant to have gone away to-day, but should like to see you first," she said in her note. "Come and dine—we mayn't have anything pleasant to say, but I don't suppose you expect that. It's a pity we don't see eye to eye." Such was the information received by Mr [illegible] when he got home in the afternoon, himself [illegible]

stances, it would not be proper for him to return some books of Mr Wodehouse's which he had in his possession, of course by way of breaking off his too-familiar, too-frequent intercourse. He had been representing to himself that he would make this call after their dinner would be over, at the hour when Mr Wodehouse reposed in his easy-chair, and the two sisters were generally to be found alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps he might have an opportunity of intimating the partial farewell he meant to take of them. When he got Miss Leonora's note, the Curate's countenance clouded over. He said, "Another night lost," with indignant candour. It was hard enough to give up his worldly prospects, but he thought he had made up his mind to that. However, refusal was impossible. It was still daylight when he went up Grange Lane to the Blue Boar. He was early, and went languidly along the well-known road. Nobody was about at that hour. In those closed, embowered houses, people were preparing for dinner, the great event of the day, and Mr Wentworth was aware of that. Perhaps he had expected to see somebody—Mr Wodehouse going home, most likely, in order that he might mention his own engagement, and account for his failure in the chance evening call which had become so much a part of his life. But no one appeared to bear his message. He went lingering past the green door and up the silent deserted road. At the end of Grange Lane, just in the little unsettled transition interval which interposed between its aristocratic calm and the bustle of George Street, on the side next Prickett's Lane, was a genteel little shop, into which Mr [illegible]orth strayed to [illegible]his was Elsworthy's well known, [illegible]oque's. Elsworthy's shop that [illegible]o was his [illegible] was a

returned from an excursion, and a prettier little apparition could not be seen than that dimpled rosy creature, with her radiant half-childish looks, her bright eyes, and soft curls of dark brown hair. Even Mr Wentworth gave a second glance at her as he dropped languidly into a chair, and asked Elsworthy if there was any news. Mrs Elsworthy, who had been telling the adventures of the holiday to her goodman, gathered up her basket of eggs and her nosegay, and made the clergyman a little curtsy as she hurried away; for the clerk's wife was a highly respectable woman, and knew her own place. But Rosa, who was only a kind of kitten, and had privileges, stayed. Mr Wentworth was by far the most magnificent figure she had ever seen in her little life. She looked at him with awe out of her bright eyes, and thought he looked like the prince in the fairy tales.

"Any news, sir? There ain't much to call news, sir—not in a place like this," said Mr Elsworthy. "Your respected aunts, sir, 'as been down at the schoolroom. I haven't heard anything else as I could suppose you didn't know."

"My aunts!" cried the Curate; "how do you know anything about my aunts?" Mr Elsworthy smiled a complacent and familiar smile.

"There's so many a-coming and a-going here that I know most persons as comes into Carlingford," said he; "and them three respected ladies is as good as a pictur. I saw them a-driving past and down Prickett's Lane. They was as anxious to know all about it as—as was to be expected in the circumstances," said Mr Elsworthy, failing of a metaphor; "and I wish you your 'ealth and 'appiness, sir, if all as I hear is true."

"It's a good wish," said the Curate; "thank you, Elsworthy: but what you heard might not be true."

"Well, sir, it looks more than likely," said the clerk; "as far as [illegible] seen in my experience, ladies

don't go inquiring into a young gentleman's ways, not without some reason. If they was young ladies, and noways related, we know what we'd think, sir; but being old ladies, and aunts, it's equally as clear. For my part, Mr Wentworth, my worst wish is, that when you come into your fortune, it mayn't lead you away from St Roque's—not after everything is settled so beautiful, and not a thing wanted but some stained glass, as I hear a deal of people say, to make it as perfect a little church——"

"Yes, it is very true; a painted window is very much wanted," said Mr Wentworth, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps there's one o' the ladies, sir, as has some friend she'd like to put up a memorial to," said Mr Elsworthy, in insinuating tones. "A window is a deal cheerfuller a memorial than a tombstone, and it couldn't be described the improvement it would be to the church. I'm sorry to hear Mr Wodehouse ain't quite so well as his usual to-night; a useful man like he is, would be a terrible loss to Carlingford; not as it's anything alarming, as far as I can hear, but being a stout man, it ain't a safe thing his being took so sudden. I've heard the old doctor say, sir, as a man of a full 'abit might be took off at once, when a spare man would fight through. It would be a sad thing for his family, sir," said Mr Elsworthy, tying up a bundle of newspapers with a very serious face.

"Good heavens, Elsworthy, how you talk!" said the alarmed Curate. "What do you mean?—is Mr Wodehouse ill?—seriously ill?"

"Not serious, as I knows of," said the clerk, with solemnity; "but being a man of a full 'abit of body—I daresay as the town would enter into it by subscription if it was proposed as a memorial to *him*, for he's much respected in Carlingford is Mr Wodehouse. I see him a-going past, sir, at five o'clock, which is an hour earlier than common, and he was looking flabby, that's how he was looking. I don't know a man as would be a greater loss to his family; and they ain't been without their troubles either, poor souls."

"I should be sorry to think that it was necessary to sacrifice Mr Wodehouse for the sake of our painted window," said the Curate, "as that seems what you mean. Send over this note for me, please, as I have not time to call. No, certainly, don't send Rosa; that child is too young and too—too pretty to be out by herself at night. Send a boy. Haven't you got a boy?—there is a very nice little fellow that I could recommend to you," said Mr Wentworth, as he hastily scribbled his note with a pencil, "whose mother lives in Prickett's Lane."

"Thank *you*, sir, all the same; but I hope I don't need to go into that neighbourhood for good service," said Mr Elsworthy: "as for Rosa, I could trust her anywhere; and I have a boy, sir, as is the best boy that ever lived—a real English boy, that is. Sam, take this to Mr Wodehouse's directly, and wait for an answer. No answer?—very well, sir. You needn't wait for no answer, Sam. That's a boy, sir, I could trust with untold gold. His mother's a Dissenter, it is true, but the principles of that boy is beautiful. I hope you haven't mentioned, sir, as I said Mr Wodehouse was took bad? It was between ourselves, Mr Wentworth. Persons don't like, especially when they've got to that age, and are of a full 'abit of body, to have every little attack made a talk about. You'll excuse me mentioning it, sir, but it was as between ourselves."

"Perhaps you'd like me to show you my note," said the Curate, with a smile; which, indeed, Elsworthy would have very much liked, could he have ventured to say so. Mr Wentworth was but too glad of an excuse to write and explain his absence. The note was not to Lucy, however, though various little epistles full of the business of the district had passed between the two.

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"DEAR MISS W.,—I hear your father is not quite well. I can't call just now, as I am going to dine with my aunts, who are at the Blue Boar; but, if you will pardon the lateness of the hour, I will call as I return to ask for him.—Ever yours,

F. C. WENTWORTH."

Such was the Curate's note. While he scribbled it, little Rosa stood apart watching him with admiring eyes. He had said she was too pretty to be sent across Grange Lane by herself at this hour, though it was still no more than twilight; and he looked up at her for an instant as he said the words. —quite enough to set Rosa's poor little heart beating with childish romantical excitement. If she could but have peeped into the note to see what he said!—for, perhaps, after all, there might not be anything "between" him and Miss Lucy —and, perhaps—— The poor little thing stood watching, deaf to her aunt's call, looking at the strange ease with which that small epistle was written, and thinking it half-divine to have such mastery of words and pen. Mr Wentworth threw it to Sam as if it were a trifle; but Rosa's lively imagination could already conceive the possibility of living upon such trifles and making existence out of them; so the child stood with her pretty curls about her ears, and her bright eyes gleaming dewy over the fair, flushed, rosebud cheeks, in a flutter of roused and innocent imagination anticipating her fate. As for Mr Wentworth, it is doubtful whether he saw Rosa, as he swung himself round upon the stool he was seated on, and turned his face towards the door. Somehow he was comforted in his mind by the conviction that it was his duty to call at Mr Wodehouse's as he came back. The evening brightened up and looked less dismal. The illness of the respected father of the house did not oppress the young man. He thought not of a sick-room, but of the low chair in one corner, beside the work-table where Lucy had always basketfuls of sewing in hand. He could fancy he saw the work drop on her knee, and the blue eyes raised. It was a pretty picture that he framed for himself as he looked out with a half smile into the blue twilight, through the open door of Elsworthy's shop. And it was clearly his duty to call. He grew almost jocular in the exhilaration of his spirits.

"The Miss Wentworths don't approve of memorial windows, Elsworthy," he said; "and, indeed, if you think it necessary to cut off one of the chief people in Carlingford by way of supplying St Roque's with a little painted glass——"

"No, sir—no, no, sir; you're too hard upon me—there wasn't no such meaning in my mind; but I don't make no question the ladies were pleased with the church," said Elsworthy, with the satisfaction of a man who had helped to produce an entirely triumphant effect. "I don't pretend to be a judge myself of what you call 'igh art, Mr Wentworth; but, if I might venture an opinion, the altar was beautiful; and we won't say nothing about the service, considering, sir—if you won't be offended at putting them together, as one is so far inferior—that both you and me——"

Mr Wentworth laughed and moved off his chair. "We were not appreciated in this instance," he said, with an odd comic look, and then went off into a burst of laughter, which Mr Elsworthy saw no particular occasion for. Then he took up his glove, which he had taken off to write the note, and, nodding a kindly good-night to little Rosa, who stood gazing after him with all her eyes, went away to the Blue Boar. The idea, however, of his own joint performance with Mr Elsworthy not only tickled the Curate, but gave him a half-ashamed sense of the aspect in which he might himself appear to the eyes of matter-of-fact people who differed with him. The joke had a slight sting, which brought his laughter to an end. He went up through the

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lighted street to the inn, wishing the dinner over, and himself on his way back again to call at Mr Wodehouse's. For, to tell the truth, by this time he had almost exhausted Skelmersdale, and, feeling in himself not much different now from what he was when his hopes were still green, had begun to look upon life itself with a less troubled eye, and to believe in other chances which might make Lucy's society practicable once more. It was in this altered state of mind that he presented himself before his aunts. He was less self-conscious, less watchful, more ready to amuse them, if that might happen to be possible, and in reality much more able to cope with Miss Leonora than when he had been more anxious about her opinion. He had not been two minutes in the room before all the three ladies perceived this revolution, and each in her own mind attempted to account for it. They were experienced women in their way, and found out a variety of reasons; but as none of them were young, and as people *will* forget how youth feels, not one of them divined the fact that there was no reason, but that this improvement of spirits arose solely from the fact that the Perpetual Curate had been for two whole days miserable about Skelmersdale, and had exhausted all his powers of misery—and that now youth had turned the tables, and he was still to see Lucy to-night.

CHAPTER VII.

"Your Rector is angry at some of your proceedings," said Miss Leonora. "I did not think a man of your views would have cared for missionary work. I should have supposed that you would think that vulgar, and Low-Church, and Evangelical. Indeed, I thought I heard you say you didn't believe in preaching, Frank?—neither do I, when a man preaches the Tracts for the Times. I was surprised to hear what you were doing at the place they call Wharfside."

"First let me correct you in two little inaccuracies," said Mr Wentworth, blandly, as he peeled his orange. "The Rector of Carlingford is not *my* rector, and I don't preach the Tracts for the Times. Let us always be particular, my dear aunt, as to points of fact."

"Exactly so," said Miss Leonora, grimly; "but, at the same time, as there seems no great likelihood of your leaving Carlingford, don't you think it would be wise to cultivate friendly relations with the Rector?" said the iron-grey inexorable aunt, looking full in his eyes as she spoke. So significant and plain a statement took for an instant the colour out of the Curate's cheeks—he pared his orange very carefully while he regained his composure, and it was at least half a minute before he found himself at leisure to reply. Miss Dora of course seized upon the opportunity, and, by way of softening matters, interposed in her unlucky person to make peace.

"But, my dear boy, I said I was sure you did not mean it," said Miss Dora; "I told Mr Morgan I felt convinced it could be explained. Nobody knows you so well as I do. You were always so high-spirited from a child, and never would give in; but I know very well you never could mean it, Frank."

"Mean it?" said the Curate, with sparkling eyes; "what do you take me for, aunt Dora? Do you know what it is we are talking of? The question is, whether a whole lot of people, fathers and children, shall be left to live like beasts, without reverence for God or man, or shall be brought within the pale of the Church, and taught their duty? And you think I don't mean it? I mean it as much as my brother Charley meant it at the Redan," said young Wentworth, with a glow of suppressed enthusiasm, and that natural pride in Charley (who got

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the Cross for Valour) which was common to all the Wentworths. But when he saw his aunt Leonora looking at him, the Perpetual Curate stood to his arms again. "I have still to learn that the Rector has anything to do with it," said the young Evangelist of Wharfside.

"It is in his parish, and he thinks he has," said Miss Leonora. "I wish you could see your duty more clearly, Frank. You seem to me, you know, to have a kind of zeal, but not according to knowledge. If you were carrying the real Gospel to the poor people, I shouldn't be disposed to blame you; for the limits of a parish are but poor things to pause for when souls are perishing; but to break the law for the sake of diffusing the rubric and propagating Tractarianism——"

"Oh, Leonora, how can you be so harsh and cruel?" cried Miss Dora; "only think what you are doing. I don't say anything about disappointing Frank, and perhaps injuring his prospects for life; for, to be sure, he is a true Wentworth, and won't acknowledge that; but think of my poor dear brother, with so many sons as he has to provide for, and so much on his mind; and think of ourselves, and all that we have planned so often. Only think what you have talked of over and over; how nice it would be when he was old enough to take the rectory, and marry Julia Trench——"

"Aunt Dora," said the Curate, rising from the table, "I shall have to go away if you make such appeals on my behalf. And besides, it is only right to tell you that, whatever my circumstances were, I never could nor would marry Julia Trench. It is cruel and unjust to bring in her name. Don't let us hear any more of this, if you have any regard for me."

"Quite so, Frank," said Miss Wentworth; "that is exactly what I was thinking." Miss Cecilia was not in the habit of making demonstrations, but she put out her delicate old hand to point her nephew to his seat again, and gave a soft slight pressure to his as she touched it. Old Miss Wentworth was a kind of dumb lovely idol to her nephews; she rarely said anything to them, but they worshipped her all the same for her beauty and those sweet languid tendernesses which she showed them once in ten years or so. The Perpetual Curate was much touched by this manifestation. He kissed his old aunt's beautiful hand as reverently as if it had been a saint's. "I knew you would understand me," he said, looking gratefully at her lovely old face; which exclamation, however, was a simple utterance of gratitude, and would not have borne investigation. When he had resumed his seat and his orange, Miss Leonora cleared her throat for a grand address.

"Frank might as well tell us he would not have Skelmersdale," she said. "Julia Trench has quite other prospects, I am glad to say, though Dora talks like a fool on this subject as well as on many others. Mr Shirley is not dead yet, and I don't think he means to die, for my part; and Julia would never leave her uncle. Besides, I don't think any inducement in the world would make her disguise herself like a Sister of Mercy. I hope she knows better. And it is a pity that Frank should learn to think of Skelmersdale as if it were a family living," continued Miss Leonora. "For my part, I think people detached from immediate ties as we are, are under all the greater responsibility. But as you are likely to stay in Carlingford, Frank, perhaps we could help you with the Rector," she concluded blandly, as she ate her biscuit. The Curate, who was also a Wentworth, had quite recovered himself ere this speech was over, and proved himself equal to the occasion.

"If the Rector objects to what I am doing, I daresay he will tell me of it," said Mr Wentworth, with indescribable suavity. "I had the consent of the two former rectors to my mission in their parish, and I don't mean to give up such a work without a cause. But I am

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equally obliged to you, my dear aunt, and I hope Mr Shirley will live for ever. How long are you going to stay in Carlingford? Some of the people would like to call on you, if you remain longer. There are some great friends of mine here; and as I have every prospect of being perpetually the Curate, as you kindly observe, perhaps it might be good for me if I was seen to have such unexceptionable relationships——"

"Satire is lost upon me," said Miss Leonora, "and we are going to-morrow. Here comes the coffee. I did not think it had been so late. We shall leave by an early train, and you can come and see us off, if you have time."

"I shall certainly find time," said the nephew, with equal politeness; "and now you will permit me to say good-night, for I have a—one of my sick people to visit. I heard he was ill only as I came here, and had not time to call," added the Curate, with unnecessary explanatoriness, and took leave of his aunt Cecilia, who softly put something into his hand as she bade him good-night. Miss Dora, for her part, went with him to the door, and lingered leaning on his arm, down the long passage, all unaware, poor lady, that his heart was beating with impatience to get away, and that the disappointment for which she wanted to console him had at the present moment not the slightest real hold upon his perverse heart. "Oh, my dear boy, I hope you don't think it's my fault," said Miss Dora, with tears. "It must have come to this, dear, sooner or later: you see, poor Leonora has such a sense of responsibility; but it is very hard upon us, Frank, who love you so much, that she should always take her own way."

"Then why don't you rebel?" said the Curate, who, in the thought of seeing Lucy, was exhilarated, and dared to jest even upon the awful power of his aunt. "You are two against one; why don't you take it into your own hands and rebel?"

Miss Dora repeated the words with an alarmed quaver. "Rebel! oh Frank, dear, do you think we could? To be sure, we are co-heiresses, and have just as good a right as she has; and for your sake, my dear boy," said the troubled woman, "oh, Frank, I wish you would tell me what to do! I never should dare to contradict Leonora with no one to stand by me; and then, if anything happened, you would all think I had been to blame," said poor aunt Dora, clinging to his arm. She made him walk back and back again through the long passage, which was sacred to the chief suite of apartments at the Blue Boar. "We have it all to ourselves, and nobody can see us here; and oh, my dear boy, if you would only tell me what I ought to do?" she repeated, with wistful looks of appeal. Mr Wentworth was too good-hearted to show the impatience with which he was struggling. He satisfied her as well as he could, and said good-night half-a-dozen times. When he made his escape at last, and emerged into the clear blue air of the spring night, the Perpetual Curate had no such sense of disappointment and failure in his mind as the three ladies supposed. Miss Leonora's distinct intimation that Skelmersdale had passed out of the region of probabilities, had indeed tingled through him at the moment it was uttered; but just now he was going to see Lucy, anticipating with impatience the moment of coming into her presence, and nothing in the world could have dismayed him utterly. He went down the road very rapidly, glad to find that it was still so early, that the shopkeepers in George Street were but just putting up their shutters, and that there was still time for an hour's talk in that bright drawing-room. Little Rosa was standing at the door of Elsworthy's shop, looking out into the dark street, as he passed; and he said, "A lovely night, Rosa," as he went by. But the night was nothing particular in itself, only lovely to Mr Wentworth, as embellished with Lucy shining [illegible] like a

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distant star. Perhaps he had never in his life felt so glad that he was going to see her, so eager for her presence, as that night which was the beginning of the time when it would be no longer lawful for him to indulge in her society. He heaved a big sigh as that thought occurred to him, but it did not diminish the flush of conscious happiness; and in this mood he went down Grange Lane, with light resounding steps, to Mr Wodehouse's door.

But Mr Wentworth started with a very strange sensation when the door was stealthily, noiselessly opened to him before he could ring. He could not see who it was that called him in in the darkness; but he felt that he had been watched for, and that the door was thrown open very hurriedly to prevent him from making his usual summons at the bell. Such an incident was incomprehensible. He went into the dark garden like a man in a dream, with a horrible vision of Archimage and the false Una somehow stealing upon his mind, he could not tell how. It was quite dark inside, for the moon was late of rising that night, and the faint stars threw no effectual lustre down upon the trees. He had to grope before him to know where he was going, asking in a troubled voice, "Who is there? What is the matter?" and falling into more and more profound bewilderment and uneasiness.

"Hush, hush, oh hush!—Oh, Mr Wentworth, it is I—I want to speak to you," said an agitated voice beside him. "Come this way—this way; I don't want any one to hear us." It was Miss Wodehouse who thus pitifully addressed the amazed Curate. She laid a tremulous hand on his arm, and drew him deeper into the shadows—into that walk where the limes and tall lilac-bushes grew so thickly. Here she came to a pause, and the sound of the terrified panting breath in the silence alarmed him more and more.

"Is Mr Wod[illegible]e ill? What has happe[illegible] the astonished young man. The windows of the house were gleaming hospitably over the dark garden, without any appearance of gloom—the drawing-room windows especially, which he knew so well, brightly lighted, one of them open, and the sound of the piano and Lucy's voice stealing out like a celestial reality into the darkness. By the time he had become fully sensible of all these particulars his agitated companion had found her breath.

"Mr Wentworth, don't think me mad," said Miss Wodehouse; "I have come out to speak to you, for I am in great distress. I don't know what to do unless you will help me. Oh no, don't look at the house—nobody knows in the house; I would die rather than have them know. Hush, hush! don't make any noise. Is that some one looking out at the door?"

And just then the door was opened, and Mr Wodehouse's sole male servant looked out, and round the garden, as if he had heard something to excite his curiosity or surprise. Miss Wodehouse grasped the arm of the Perpetual Curate, and held him with an energy which was almost violence. "Hush, hush, hush," she said, with her voice almost at his ear. The excitement of this mild woman, the perfectly inexplicable mystery of the meeting, overwhelmed young Wentworth. He could think of nothing less than that she had lost her senses, and in his turn took her hands and held her fast.

"What is the matter? I cannot tell you how anxious, how distressed I am. What has happened?" said the young man, under his breath.

"My father has some suspicion," she answered, after a pause—"he came home early to-day looking ill. You heard of it, Mr Wentworth—it was your note that decided me. Oh, heaven help us! it is so hard to know what to do. I have never been used to act for myself, and I feel as helpless as a baby. The only comfort I have was that it happened on Easter Sunday," said

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the poor gentlewoman, incoherently; "and oh! if it should prove a rising from the dead! If you saw me, Mr Wentworth, you would see I look ten years older; and I can't tell how it is, but I think my father has suspicions;—he looked so ill—oh, so ill—when he came home to-night. Hush! hark! did you hear anything? I daren't tell Lucy; not that I couldn't trust her, but it is cruel, when a young creature is happy, to let her know such miseries. Oh, Mr Wentworth, I daresay I am not telling you what it is, after all. I don't know what I am saying—wait till I can think. It was on Easter Sunday, after we came home from Wharfside; you remember we all came home together, and both Lucy and you were so quiet. I could not understand how it was you were so quiet, but I was not thinking of any trouble—and then all at once there he was."

"Who?" said the Curate, forgetting caution in his bewilderment.

Once more the door opened, and John appeared on the steps, this time with a lantern and the watch-dog, a great brown mastiff, by his side, evidently with the intention of searching the garden for the owners of those furtive voices. Mr Wentworth drew the arm of his trembling companion within his own. "I don't know what you want of me, but whatever it is, trust to me like—like a brother," he said, with a sigh. "But now compose yourself; we must go into the house: it will not do for you to be found here." He led her up the gravel-walk into the light of the lantern, which the vigilant guardian of the house was flashing among the bushes as he set out upon his rounds. John fell back amazed but respectful when he saw his mistress and the familiar visitor. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but I knew there was voices, and I didn't know as any of the family was in the garden," said the man, discomfited. It was all Mr Wentworth could do to hold up the trembling figure by his side. As John retreated, she gathered a little fortitude. Perhaps it was easier for her to tell her hurried tremulous story, as he guided *her* back to the house, than it would have been in uninterrupted leisure and quiet. The family tragedy fell in broken sentences from her lips, as the Curate bent down his astonished ear to listen. He was totally unprepared for the secret which only her helplessness and weakness and anxiety to serve her father could have drawn from Miss Wodehouse's lips; and it had to be told so hurriedly that Mr Wentworth scarcely knew what it was, except a terrible unsuspected shadow overhanging the powerful house, until he had time to think it all over. There was no such time at this moment. His trembling companion left him as soon as they reached the house, to "compose herself," as she said. When he saw her face in the light of the hall lamp it was ghastly, and quivering with agitation, looking not ten years, as she said, but a hundred years older than when, in the sweet precision of her Sunday dress and looks, old Miss Wodehouse had bidden him good-bye at the green door. He went up to the drawing-room, notwithstanding, with as calm a countenance as he himself could collect, to pay the visit which, in this few minutes, had so entirely changed its character. Mr Wentworth felt as if he were in a dream when he walked into the familiar room, and saw everything exactly as he had pictured it to himself half an hour ago. Lucy, who had left the piano, was seated in her low chair again, not working, but talking to Mr Wodehouse, who lay on the sofa, looking a trifle less rosy than usual, like a man who had had a fright, or been startled by some possible shadow of a ghost. To walk into the room, into the bright household glow, and smile and [illegible] with them, feeling all [illegible] he knew more [illegible] they themselves

est sensation to the young man. He asked how Mr Wodehouse did, with a voice which, to himself, sounded hollow and unnatural, and sat down beside the invalid, almost turning his back upon Lucy in his bewilderment. It was indeed with a great effort that Mr Wentworth mastered himself and was able to listen to what his companion said.

"We are all right," said Mr Wodehouse—"a trifle of a headache or so—nothing to make a talk about; but Molly has forsaken us, and we were just about getting bored with each other, Lucy and I; a third person was all we wanted to make us happy—eh? Well, I thought you looked at the door very often—perhaps I was mistaken—but I could have sworn you were listening and looking for somebody. No wonder either—I don't think so. I should have done just the same at your age."

"Indeed, papa, you are quite mistaken," said Lucy. "I suppose that means that I cannot amuse you by myself, though I have been trying all the evening. Perhaps Mr Wentworth will be more fortunate." And, either for shame of being supposed to look for him, or in a little innocent pique, she moved away from where she was sitting, and rang for tea, and left the two gentlemen to talk to each other. That is to say, Mr Wodehouse talked, and the Perpetual Curate sat looking vaguely at the fair figure which flitted about the room, and wondering if he were awake, or the world still in its usual place. After a while Miss Wodehouse came in, very tremulous and pale, and dropped into the first chair she could find, and pretended to occupy herself over her knitting. She had a headache, Lucy said; and Mr Wentworth sat watching while the younger sister tended the elder, bringing her tea, kissing her, persuading her to go and lie down, taking all kinds of affectionate trouble to cheer the pale woman, who looked over Lucy's fair head with eyes full of meaning to the bewildered visitor, who was the only one there who understood what her trouble meant. When he got up to go away, she wrung his hand with a pitiful gaze which went to his heart. "Let me know!" she said in a whisper; and, not satisfied still, went to the door with him, and lingered upon the stair, following slowly. "Oh, Mr Wentworth! be sure you let me know," she repeated, again looking wistfully after him as he disappeared into the dark garden, going out. The stars were still shining, the spring dews lying sweet upon the plants and turf. It was a lovelier night now than when Mr Wentworth had said so to little Rosa Elsworthy an hour ago; but mists were rising from the earth, and clouds creeping over the sky, to the startled imagination of the Perpetual Curate. He had found out by practical experiment, almost for the first time, that there were more things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in the philosophy of youth.

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THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

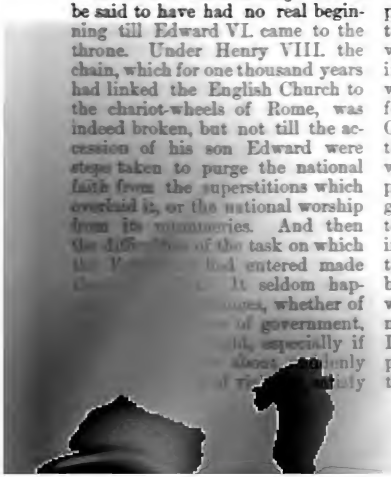
We are inclined to believe that, upon the whole, the country will be satisfied with the results of the debates on Church questions, which recently took place in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons. Though turning ostensibly on different hinges, and put forward by leaders certainly not unanimous among themselves, the objects of the two motions are, in point of fact, the same. Lord Ebury, in one House, representing those among his countrymen who believe as their fathers did on all points of Christian doctrine, is dissatisfied with the length of the Church's ordinary services, and objects, especially to some of her occasional services. He is persuaded that, mainly on account of these things, the great body of Non-conformists stand apart from her communion; and in the hope of bringing them back, he proposes that the Act of Uniformity shall be altered, and the Prayer-Book subjected to revision. In managing his argument, Lord Ebury is very severe upon the obnoxious Act 13th Charles II. He describes it as rabid, malicious, and passed for the mere purpose of doing evil; and he is considerably countenanced in this, if not entirely supported, by the Bishop of London and other speakers. Lord Ebury's designs, if we understand them aright, are neither very extravagant nor very dangerous. He expresses no desire to meddle with the law of faith by which the Church is bound; he would leave the Thirty-nine Articles exactly as they are, introducing, but a few changes into the Prayer-Book, and still require the clergy, who are to preach the Church's doctrines, to subscribe to the former, and to conform to the latter. But he would so recast the law which binds the clergy in this matter of conformity, that it shall exempt them from declaring their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled The Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the sacraments, &c. Now there is nothing very alarming in this. It may indeed appear unnecessary to unsettle the public mind in two directions when one would serve the purpose. If Lord Ebury succeeds in forcing on the revision of the Prayer-Book, he need not, we should think, ask for more. Get rid of the defects, if such they are, of which he has pointed out some, and no clergyman of the Church, holding the Church's views, can well hesitate to express his unfeigned assent and consent to all that remains. For the assumption that the Prayer-Book, as it now stands, contains expressions offensive to sober-minded Christian men, could alone justify the policy of modifying the Act of Uniformity. It strikes us, therefore, that Lord Ebury stood in his own light, when he began by asking for the repeal of that Act. His recent motion on the subject of the burial service is more intelligible, and was, therefore, better received; but it is not quite fair to propose that the two schemes shall be accomplished together.

In the House of Commons, ground higher or lower, as the case may be accounted, has been taken. Mr Buckstone demands that all oaths and subscriptions, as tests of orthodoxy, shall cease to be required of those who are to minister in the Church of England, and to instruct the English people. He does not ask that the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer shall undergo revision; on the contrary, he wishes to keep them exactly what they are, and to have them still regarded as the law of faith and practice for the Church. But, in order "to relieve the clergy, whatever their specific views may

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be, from what many of them feel to be a distressing bondage," he would dispense them from the necessity of subscribing to the doctrines which the law of faith sets forth, and from declaring their assent and consent to prayers and ordinances which they shall still be constrained to use. We do not think that a more startling demand was ever addressed to the Legislature of this country; yet it is that, not of Mr Buckstone alone and of his supporters in the House of Commons, but of a large and growing party in the Church, which—by no means at one in other respects—seems bent on unsettling the minds of the young and half-instructed on the most important of all subjects. We shall take occasion to point out, by-and-by, some of the results which would inevitably follow the concession of this demand. Meanwhile it may not be out of place to pave the way for a calm consideration both of Mr Buckstone's and Lord Ebury's arguments, by giving—what Dr Stanley, in his letter to the Bishop of London, has by no means done—a brief but clear historical sketch of the causes which have operated to bring the Church of England to the state in which, at this moment, she stands.

The Reformation in England can be said to have had no real beginning till Edward VI. came to the throne. Under Henry VIII. the chain, which for one thousand years had linked the English Church to the chariot-wheels of Rome, was indeed broken, but not till the accession of his son Edward were steps taken to purge the national faith from the superstitions which overlaid it, or the national worship from its [illegible]. And then the difficulties of the task on which the [illegible] had entered made [illegible] It seldom happ[illegible]es, whether of [illegible] of government, [illegible]d, especially if [illegible] only [illegible] [illegible]ally



anybody. The authors of these changes expect from them more than in the nature of things it is possible to achieve. The bulk of the people, who had no hand in preparing them, are astonished to find how far anticipation had outrun results. The former, for the most part, had placed before them some specific object up to which they worked, and, accomplishing that object, they persuade themselves that their task is done. The latter, having given a much wider scope to imagination, are very seldom inclined to stop where their leaders propose to stand still. This axiom, which holds good to a greater or less extent in reference to all revolutions, is in an especial manner applicable to the case of the Reformation in England. There was nothing ennobling or magnanimous in Henry's quarrel with Rome. It originated in no impatience of mental thraldom on his own part; it did not aim at emancipating others from the bondage which to himself had become intolerable. There were those about him who, from the first, saw further, and meditated better things than he; but they never succeeded in winning him over—it does not appear that they ever seriously tried to do so—to their own way of thinking. Accordingly, the more fervent of our early English Protestants either perished at the stake for refusing to give to the King what they had withdrawn from the Pope: or else, in order to avoid martyrdom, they went into voluntary exile. They found on the Continent—in France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland—the same struggle going forward in which they had themselves borne a part at home. The papal yoke galled others than the children of the Lollards, and a great effort was in progress to cast it off. But though the objects of the Reformers were in both instances the same, the means which they applied to the attainment of these objects were different. In England princes set the example of rebellion against Rome: on the Continent the people, chiefly of

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the humbler classes, with a few inferior priests at their head, began and carried through this rebellion. In England the nobles, with a large body of the higher clergy, took part in the movement; on the Continent, princes and prelates regarded it at first with scorn, and by-and-by with hatred. The consequence was that, in England, the Church, while asserting its independence, retained the symbols of a monarchical institution, whereas the Reformed Churches of the Continent took a democratic form. The first preserved its Episcopate, with a considerable amount of the magnificence and splendour belonging to that polity; the last became presbyterian in their government, and simple, even to excess, in their modes of worship. But as this was not done from choice, but rather through the pressure of necessity, so not one of these foreign churches ever grudged to her sister in England the advantages which she herself had been unable to retain. On the contrary, the 'Zurich Letters' show clearly enough that Calvin, Gualther, Bullinger, Peter Martyr, and others, were all of the same mind on this head. They freely admitted that Episcopacy had the sanction both of primitive antiquity and of the New Testament, though they considered themselves at liberty, under the circumstances with which they were beset, to reconstruct their own churches upon another model. It was not, therefore, through any discordance in their manner of interpreting the letter of the Holy Scriptures, or the writings of the Fathers, that the Reformed Churches of England and of the Continent cast themselves in different moulds. The former kept the framework which had come down to it from remote antiquity, because circumstances favoured this course; the latter were driven to put together a new framework, because circumstances rendered any other course impossible to them. The Divine right of Episcopacy on the one hand, and of Presbytery on the other, seems never to have been asserted on either side. That was a point which remained for later generations to take up, after a series of struggles about matters in themselves perhaps less deserving the attention of reasonable men.

Our English Protestant exiles met from the Continental Reformers with a very cordial reception. They came to them as brethren in distress, and as brethren in distress they were welcomed; and they found in the condition of the churches at Geneva, Zurich, and Frankfort, much which appeared to them to realise ideas suggested to them in reading the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. "Not many rich, not many great, not many wise, after the philosophy of this world," had given in their adhesion to the Reformed faith. The congregations consisted almost exclusively of burghers and of the poor, the workmen and servants of burghers. The preachers were eminent for their zeal, their eloquence, and not unfrequently for their learning; but they held no position in society. There was an entire absence of a stately hierarchy; there was no splendid ceremonial in their forms of worship, no Service-Book, no Litany, no Sacerdotal Robes or Incense. The minister officiated in the same black cloak which served him on common occasions for a covering, and prayed and preached, or seemed to do so, as the Spirit gave him utterance. The people assented to the minister's prayer by pronouncing the word "Amen," and joined in the psalmody with such voices as nature had supplied to them. As to Church government—accepting that term in the sense to which they were accustomed — it seemed to the English Reformers that there was none. Whatever the preachers pronounced to be God's will, that the people voluntarily accepted. Nor were there as yet any tribunals before which the recusant could be carried to give an account of his

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recusancy. To men just escaped from the bastard Popery of Henry's reign, all these incidents presented attractions of which we can scarcely estimate the force. It seemed to Hooper, and to others like Hooper, that they had fallen upon the primitive ages of Christianity, and that the Millennium must be at hand. These good men did not stop to consider how far arrangements which meet the wants of society at one stage of its progress are fit to be applied to the wants of society in another. Looking forward to the time when the Reformed faith should become the common religion of Europe, and therefore the particular religion of each separate nation in Europe, they never asked themselves the question how far it would be necessary, in order to secure unity of purpose between Church and State, that the former should be subject, as the latter was, to laws clearly defined, and to some specific form of government. In this respect their thoughts appear to have run pretty much in the same channel with the thoughts of Dissenters among ourselves. They saw that both preachers and people were satisfied with the state of things as it existed at the moment; they did not see, or they overlooked the fact, that the people consisted of only one class in society, and that usages which suit the taste of one class are, for that very reason, in many respects repugnant to the tastes of other classes, both above and below that level. Hence, when the death of Henry permitted these exiles to revisit the land of their birth, they came to it with minds so narrowed by prejudice as to be incapable of balancing a great ultimate good against submission in the meanwhile to an evil comparatively insignificant. Hooper's refusal to be consecrated to the See of Gloucester in the robes then worn by Bishops in England is a case in point. It was the beginning of troubles, which no man more deeply lamented than the martyr-bishop himself; though he was never sufficiently astute to be convinced, or candid enough to allow, that the blame rested mainly upon his own shoulders.

The reign of Edward lasted just long enough to lay the foundations of the Reformed Church in England, but not to complete the work. His views—or, to speak more correctly, the views of his guardians—extended much farther than would appear from what they actually did. The first edition of his Book of Common Prayer retains, indeed, numerous expressions — the rubrics attached to it enjoin many customs, to which no member of the Church of Rome could object; but the arrangement seems to have been dictated by considerations of policy alone, for the second edition takes more decidedly Protestant ground. So it is with the articles of religion compiled in the last year of his reign. These receive their inspiration manifestly enough from Geneva, and point to further changes, both of polity and ritual, borrowed from the same source. But the death of the young Prince, and the accession of his sister Mary, put an end to all this. Once more the fires of persecution were lighted up, and men, too honest to change their religion at the bidding of the Government, found no escape from martyrdom except in flight.

The second emigration of English Protestants was conducted on a much more extensive scale than the first. Five Bishops, as many Deans, fifty-six Doctors of Divinity of Oxford and Cambridge, were among the fugitives; as well as nobles, merchants, and other men of substance, amounting in all to upwards of one thousand persons. The rest, too poor to undertake so expensive a journey, remained at home—some, more firm of nerve and higher of resolve than their neighbours, to die at the stake; others, less brave, to conform outwardly to a religion which in their souls they abhorred. Once more the fugitives met with a kindly reception in the Low Countries, in the Free Cities of

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Germany, and in Switzerland. They settled chiefly in Frankfort, Basle, Zurich, and Geneva, where the doctrines of the Reformation had taken firm root, and they entered into cordial relations with the churches and their pastors. It was not in the nature of things that five years so spent should fail of weakening, in some of those exiles, their attachment to old usages. The democratic polity of the Continental Churches, their balder services and homelier rites, became associated in the minds of the more enthusiastic with thoughts of peace, and they could never afterwards succeed in dissociating the one idea from the other. Hence, when the death of Mary restored them to their homes, they brought with them thither all the prejudices which they had imbibed abroad; and the English Church, as reformed by Elizabeth, seemed to them to be little better than a modified Romanism.

It is easy enough to condemn or to ridicule the mistaken zeal of persons, who were prepared to inflict or to suffer death, as the case might be, in defence of principles involving nothing more sacred than the form of words in which public worship should be conducted, or the dress to be worn by the clergy while conducting such worship. But before we give way to the impulse, it may be well first to ask ourselves the question, How far we, in this nineteenth century, were wiser than they when, at a period still recent, the war of surplices, stone altars, and candles and flowers upon communion tables, was at its height? and next, to consider what were the views taken by all classes, high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, three hundred years ago, of the duty of the civil ruler towards the subject in matters of religion. With respect to the former of these points, it may suffice to observe, that nothing ever befell in this country more discreditable to all concerned than the riots in St George's in the East, of which the memory is still fresh, and the not very remote struggle in St Paul's, Knightsbridge, between Mr Churchwarden Westerton and the Rector of his parish. Who can doubt that, had the law permitted, Mr Westerton would have brought Mr Liddell to the stake with as much pleasure as Mr Liddell's curate, of rotten-egg notoriety, would have heaped up fagots for Mr Westerton's burning. The only difference indeed between the incidents of 1563 and 1863 seems to be this that, whereas, in modern times, men outrage the law in vindicating opinions which they profess to hold, three centuries ago there was on all sides an appeal to the law—a demand made now by one party, now by another, that the civil magistrate would enforce with the sword principles and practices which each held to be essential to the profession of pure Christianity in the land. For religion was a reality, and a very stern reality, at the period of the Reformation, and long afterwards. Church and State were then held to be not only in alliance, but one and the same, insomuch that every offence against the precepts of the former was punishable as an outrage offered to the supremacy of the latter. The zeal of persons so believing may be regretted; but it is no subject either for ridicule or censure. It was the result of a settled conviction, which is more, perhaps, than can be said with truth of some at least of the eccentricities in word and deed by which we, at this day, are from time to time startled.

That we are not stating the fact too broadly, is shown in the proceedings of the English congregations which established themselves during Mary's reign at Geneva and Frankfort respectively. In Geneva the influence of Calvin bore down all opposition. The English Church there adopted the Presbyterian model, and, discarding both King Edward's Prayer-Book, and the surplice which he had substituted for the cope, worshipped according to the customs of the city. The case was different in Frankfort,

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where the majority of the exiles adhered to the Liturgy, and otherwise retained the usages to which they were accustomed. No sooner was the accession of Elizabeth communicated to them than the chiefs of the congregation at Geneva sent a message to the congregation in Frankfort, inviting them to come to a perfect understanding with the rest of their countrymen, and to settle beforehand the constitution which the Reformed Church should assume at home. They do not leave their correspondents in doubt as to what is meant by this. They speak of the ceremonies then in use at Frankfort as trifles, and propose that the Church of England should in all respects be made to conform to the best of the Reformed Churches elsewhere, that is, to the Church of Geneva. This letter bears the signatures of Christopher Goodman, Miles Coverdale, John Knox, Anthony Gilby, William Whittingham, and six others. The Church at Frankfort, which had recently composed its own internal differences, received this overture in a friendly spirit, but stated, in reply to the suggestion in regard to ceremonies, "that the settlement of that point did not rest with the congregations of Frankfort and Geneva—that it was the duty of the Queen, assisted by the leading divines of England, and by Parliament, to care for such matters; that they hoped the Reformation would recover, and not be clogged by an overweight of ceremonies—and therefore, provided nothing immoral is imposed, they are resolved to acquiesce in the public establishment, and wish their brethren of Geneva may be equally resigned." The names of James Pilkington, Richard Beesley, Henry Knollys, Alexander Nowell, and seven others, are appended to this document—these persons signing, as is declared, in behalf of the whole Church.

Here, then, were two parties among the Reformers themselves with which Elizabeth, as soon as she came to the throne, had to deal, and there was a third, both in numbers and influence stronger than either—the Roman Catholics—members of a Church still established by law, with its hierarchy complete, with some of the most powerful of the nobles attached to it, and a vast majority of the people, especially in the provinces, conscientiously adhering to its communion. It must be confessed that the position of the Queen was a very delicate one. Her own principles forbade her to adopt the Church as Mary had settled it; and there were considerations of policy behind these principles not less potent than they—viz., that the validity of her mother's marriage had never been admitted in Rome, and that her own right to the throne rested upon a judgment adverse to that which Rome had delivered. On the other hand, there was danger of a great rebellion from a too hasty avowal of Protestant opinions, concerning which, moreover, it was no easy matter to decide what particular form such avowal should take. Hence the exceeding caution with which she approached the subject, and the skill with which she balanced the hopes of adverse parties as long as it was expedient so to do. But those were times when a system of trimming could not be carried beyond a certain length. Within a year from her coronation Elizabeth chose her side, and with characteristic firmness adhered to it ever afterwards.

We need not stop to trace the process by which the service of the Mass was superseded, and the Book of Common Prayer, revised and slightly altered, reintroduced at public worship. It was a wise policy, though blamed at the time, and still denounced by men whose zeal outruns their judgment, which put a stop for a while to preaching throughout England. The sermons of the Romanists on the one hand, and of the more violent Reformers on the other, threatened to bring on civil strife, and did lead, on more than one occasion, to scenes

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of scandalous violence. It was equally judicious to allow, for a season, old customs to be maintained, and to innovate only so far as that the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Epistle and Gospel for the day, should be read in the vulgar tongue at the performance of public worship. These changes, trivial in themselves, sufficed to show that, while the Queen's mind was not under the influence of prejudice, she was by no means prepared to take any decided step till its probable consequences should have been well considered beforehand. They were, however, in perfect keeping with the spirit of that very able appeal which, by the mouth of the Lord-Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, she made to the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled on the 25th of January 1559. And then followed, under her immediate sanction, those conferences in Westminster Abbey, wherein the most eminent divines on both sides bore a part. On the side of the Romanists, White, Bayn, Scott, Watson, Bishops of Winchester, Lichfield, Chester, and Lincoln; Cole, Dean of St Paul's; Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury; Chadsey, Prebendary of St Paul's; and Langdale, Archdeacon of Lewis. On the side of the Reformation, Scory, late Bishop of Chichester; Cox, late Dean of Westminster; Horn, late Dean of Durham; Elmer, late Archdeacon of Stowe; Whitehead, Grindal, Guest, and Jewel. The results are matters of history. Victory was declared to rest with the advocates of the Reformed opinions; and both Houses of Parliament—the lay lords unanimously, the spiritual estate alone dissenting; the Commons by a majority of 134 to 90—passed a succession of acts, of which, for our present purpose, it will suffice to say, that they restored matters ecclesiastical throughout the realm to the state at which, prior to the death of Edward VI., they had arrived.

The Reformed religion, being thus established in spite of the protests of all, except five of the incumbent bishops, it became necessary to provide for the regular performance of Protestant worship, with which view, and directed mainly against the continuance of the mass, the first act of uniformity was passed. This is a circumstance of which they who complain of the stringency of the act in question, and of the severity with which it was enforced, are apt to be forgetful. Had no such law taken its place in the Statute-Book, the Reformed Church must have been powerless to insure obedience to its own regulations. Romish priests, of whom multitudes had outwardly conformed, would have retained the people in their old superstitions, and a great work, accomplished not without labour and difficulty, must have been in constant danger of overthrow. The intervention of the Act of Uniformity put aside this danger. It was stern and stringent, because the law cannot equivocate, claiming at the same time to be obeyed. The sound emitted by its trumpet must be distinct, especially in a case like that which we are now considering, when there were almost as many diversities of action as there were differences of opinion among persons all equally sincere, and therefore all alike indisposed to compromise what they considered to be a principle. For this reason, had legislation been in the slightest degree vague—had no specific form of public prayer been substituted for that which the Legislature abolished, there would have arisen, in every parish throughout the kingdom, such discord and wrangling as would have driven all who preferred order to confusion back into Romanism. The statute of 1 Elizabeth, chapter 13, was therefore a necessity—concerning which he must have studied history to little purpose who is not convinced that, on the whole, great forbearance was exercised, especially at the outset, in carrying its requirements into effect.

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That the law in question, with the other enactments which settled the faith and practice of the Church of England in Elizabeth's reign, met with the hearty assent, if not with the cordial approval, in all their details, of the leading Reformers elsewhere, is a fact which admits of no denial. So late as 1573, Gualther, himself a Presbyterian, writing from Zurich to Bishop Cox, condemns the proceedings of Cartwright, the leader of the Presbyterian faction in Cambridge. "You ask me to reply to those nine articles,* by insisting upon which they give you so much trouble; but if these are the only matters in dispute between you, they are scarcely deserving, in my opinion, that any divine should be occupied in the refutation of them. They savour of nothing but a longing after innovation, and I wish they were not sprinkled with something of the bitterness of envy and blind emulation." So likewise Peter Martyr and Bucer express themselves with entire approval of the Liturgy, and censure those overzealous among their brethren who endanger the safety of the true Church through scrupling its habits. But, as we have just said, those were times when, in questions both of religion and politics, men would not listen to the suggestions of expediency. And so it came to pass that a Church, purified from doctrinal errors, and resting its claim to a nation's loyalty on the right of Christian men to separate from Rome, became a persecutor to the same extent, and upon the selfsame principle on which the State persecuted those who refused to acknowledge Elizabeth's right to the throne, or resisted the laws which the Parliament and the Crown had enacted.

The Act of Uniformity was followed in due time by the Church's Confession of Faith, which resulted, as our readers need scarcely be reminded, in the publication of the Thirty-nine Articles. The great object of that compend, sanctioned both by Parliament and the Convocation of the Clergy, undeniably was to open the Church's doors to the largest possible number of Christian men. Two religious bodies, and only two, were marked for exclusion—viz., they who believed in purgatory, the sacrifice of the mass and works of supererogation, and the German Anabaptists. All the rest, whatever their abstract opinions might be, so long as they assented to the fundamental truths set down in the New Testament, found nothing in the Thirty-nine Articles to offend or repel them. And it is a remarkable fact that, amid the strifes and contentions which have beset the Church's course from that time to the present, the bitterest of her enemies have never called in question the soundness of her views on points of

* 1. The civil magistrate has no authority in ecclesiastical matters; he is only a member of the Church, the government of which ought to be committed to the clergy.

2. The Church of Christ admits of no other government than that by Presbyteries—viz., by the minister, elders, and deacons.

3. The names and authority of Archbishops, Archdeacons, Deans, Chancellors, Commissaries, and other titles and dignitaries of the like kind, should be altogether removed from the Church of Christ.

4. Each parish should have its own presbytery.

5. The choice of ministers of necessity belongs to the people.

6. The goods, possessions, lands, revenues, titles, honours, authorities, and all other things relating either to Bishops or cathedrals, and which now of right belong to them, should be taken away forthwith and for ever.

7. No one should be allowed to preach who is not a pastor of some congregation, and he ought to preach to his own flock exclusively, and nowhere else.

8. The infants of Papists are not to be baptised.

9. The judicial laws of Moses are binding upon the Christian princes, and they ought not in the slightest degree to depart from them.

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Christian doctrine. It was always for something else—for the abandonment or retention of different orders among the clergy, for the wearing or laying aside of certain robes, for the use or disuse of certain forms and words in the conduct of public worship—that the battle raged; and doubtless it was because on both sides these points were felt to be comparatively indifferent that neither party would give way to the other. Meanwhile the temper of men's minds had not yet so softened down that they could look with complacency on a variety of creeds and religious usages doing their work side by side in the same land, and among the same people. The Precisians or Puritans, as the favourers of the Calvinistic model came to be called, were no more tolerant of the Church than the Church was tolerant of Puritanism; and the Queen and the Legislature, having accepted the Church and rejected Puritanism, considered themselves bound to maintain the one and put down the other, if necessary, by force.

Elizabeth's policy—whatever may be thought of its abstract fitness—was at least successful. Romanism ceased, with the pressure of her heavy hand upon it, to show a front; and nonconformity to the usages of the Church, as by law established, wellnigh disappeared from among her Protestant subjects. She was scarcely cold in her grave, however, before the fact became apparent that Puritanism in England, though scotched, was not killed. Trusting more than experience proved that they ought to have done to his early education, under George Buchanan, a considerable number of the English clergy met King James, on his arrival among them, with a petition which, because the names subscribed to it are erroneously assumed to have reached a thousand, has been called the Millenary Petition. It was a document which implied a good deal more than it expressed, though in some respects its language was explicit enough, and it suggested a mode of settling the questions raised which fell in exactly with the King's humour. "These, with such other abuses yet remaining and practised in the Church of England"—so ran the Petition—"we are able to show not to be agreeable to the Scriptures, if it shall please your Highness further to hear us—or more at large by writing to be informed, or by conference among the learned to be resolved." Sitting as umpire in disputes about religion, James believed himself to be in his glory. He received the petition, and directed the issue to be tried in the Bishop of London's apartments in the Savoy by a process which we need not stop minutely to describe.

The Millenary Petition divides itself into four heads: The first treats of matters of detail, and objects to the sign of the cross at baptism; to the questions put to infants through their sponsors at the font; to confirmation by the Bishop; to the use of the cap and surplice; to the term priest as applied to the minister; to the absolution; and to the ring in marriage. The length of the ordinary services is likewise complained of; and it is further desired that "Church songs and music be moderated to better edification; that the Lord's-day be not profaned; that the rest upon the holydays be not so strictly urged; that there be a uniformity of doctrine prescribed; that no Popish opinion be any more taught or defended; no ministers charged to teach their people to bow at the name of Jesus; and that the canonical books of the Scripture only be read." The three remaining articles pray "that all ministers be required to preach, or, if incapable themselves, to provide preachers at their own cost: that non-residence cease;" and that "ministers be not urged to subscribe, but according to the law, to the articles of religion, and the King's supremacy." Objections are likewise taken to pluralities, particularly in the case

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of bishops,—"some holding Prebends, some Parsonages, some Vicarages, with their Bishopricks"—while the King is besought to reform the "Ecclesiastical Courts, and to provide that excommunication come not from under the name of lay persons, and that men be not excommunicated for trifles or 12-penny matters."

He must be very prejudiced indeed, who scruples to admit that many of the practices complained of in the latter portion of this document deserved condemnation. That they were not got rid of at the moment was the fault rather of the Legislature than of the Church. But the Legislature has since corrected this mistake, so far as pluralities and commendams are concerned, and will, we doubt not, in due time, purge more thoroughly than it has yet done the abuses of Ecclesiastical Courts. The case is different with respect to other points raised in the petition. Nobody will allege, in these days, that the dress of the officiating minister, or the order in which he goes through his prescribed duties, confers or takes away from the ordinances themselves one jot of their sanctity; but all people will allow that, in a national church, you must have uniformity of practice as well as uniformity of faith. You cannot, for example, allow at public worship the surplice to be worn here and the Geneva cloak there—the ring to be used in marriage in one place and not in another—confirmation by the bishop to be the practice in this diocese, confirmation by the parochial clergy in that; and so on throughout the whole catalogue of minor grievances. And this the petitioners felt, for they besought the King to abolish existing usages entirely, and to substitute others in their room. Now, the single question which the King and Parliament had to ask themselves was this: Did the petition represent the wishes and feeling of the bulk of the nation, or were the petitioners asking that to which the bulk of the nation was opposed? Undoubtedly the latter was the case. The people of England were perfectly satisfied with the customs of their Reformed Church as they had got it; and the decision of the Conference at the Savoy, so far as these points were concerned, was therefore a just decision. Can the same thing be said of the King's refusal to relieve the clergy from the obligation imposed upon them, of declaring their entire assent and consent to all that is put forth in the Book of Common Prayer? Looking to the state of public opinion at the time, we do not hesitate to reply that the decision of the Savoy Conference, in regard to this matter, was also a right decision. The Reformation was an event of too recent occurrence then, the condition of the Reformed Churches everywhere else was too unsettled, to render possible, without danger to the cause of truth itself, anything like laxity of discipline and disunity of practice in this country. England alone had succeeded in reconstructing her Church upon a framework suitable, in all respects, to the civil constitution under which the people lived. Church and State were, in her case, so interwoven that nothing short of a revolution could part them; and James felt this when he made use of his memorable expression—"No bishop, no King." We believe, therefore, that in 1603 any relaxation on that head would have been fatal. Are the causes which operated then to keep the Act of Uniformity in its vigour still operative? This is a grave question, which we shall be in a better plight to answer when we shall have sketched, with a very rapid pen, what still remains to be told of the Church's history between the date of the Savoy Conference and the present time.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject of the great Civil War, it appears to us that one of the main causes in which that outbreak originated, has been hitherto, to a great extent, overlooked. Writ-

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ers of all shades of opinion are agreed that the King and his Parliament came to blows at last for reasons obvious enough. The King, finding his Parliament impracticable, endeavoured to govern without it. The Parliament, losing faith in the King's assurances, levied war against him. But what was it which mainly prepared the public mind to accept as possible so dire a contingency? Were the seeds of revolution in the State necessarily sown by the hands which sowed the seeds of reformation in the Church? or did the determination to curtail the prerogatives of the Crown, so that the King should hereafter be but the chief magistrate in a free State, arise naturally out of that enlightenment on political subjects which the progress of education had diffused among the people. Something may be due to each of these contingencies separately, something to both in combination, but the root of the matter seems to us to lie in the inconsistencies to which the English Government lent itself, as well under Elizabeth as under James, and the readiness with which the heads of the Reformed Church abetted the Government in these inconsistencies. Elizabeth and James equally claimed the right to dictate to their own people, by and with the advice of Parliament, what they should believe, and how they should act in things pertaining to religion. They reformed the Church by act of Parliament, and treated as enemies to the State all who refused to submit to the Church so reformed. They proclaimed to the world that such was their duty, and that whosoever endeavoured, whether from within or from without, to thwart them in the attainment of their great object, outraged the laws both of God and man. But Elizabeth and James were not equally mindful of the rights of other crowned heads. They favoured the Reformation everywhere. Alliances were entered into with the Protestants of France, of the Low Countries, and of Scotland; and English troops supported these men when in armed rebellion against their legitimate sovereigns. This might be perfectly just in the abstract—we are not arguing that it was unjust—but it was certainly not consistent with either the law or the gospel, as these had been expounded by Elizabeth and James to the English people; and by degrees the English people, or that portion of them at least which had become unsettled both in religion and in politics, understood this. When William Knight was, in 1621, called to account for declaring from the pulpit of St Peter's in the East that "subjects, harassed on the score of religion, might lawfully take up arms against their prince," he replied, "that he followed in his doctrines the monitions of Paræus, divinity professor at Heidelberg, and was confirmed therein by the authority of King James, who, he understood, was going to send the Rochellers a reinforcement against their own Prince." It was useless to condemn this man, and to get the University of Oxford to declare "that, by the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, it is in no case lawful for subjects to make use of force against their Prince, nor to appear offensively or defensively in the field against the King, either upon the score of religion or upon any other account whatever." King and Church might alike proclaim what they pleased; but thoughtful men—and England abounded in thoughtful men—considered more what the King did than what he said; and while approving his proceedings for the furtherance of Protestantism abroad, came to the conclusion that similar proceedings were lawful at home whenever the occasion might arise. The occasion did arise, or was assumed to have arisen, and an outburst of fanaticism rolled both Crown and Church in the dust. But the bulk of the nation, as they had never intended to go so far—so they were taught by a brief ex-

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perience that the King's Government, arbitrary as in later years it had become, was to them less intolerable than the government of the saints. The King's misrule fell upon the few; the misrule of the saints extended over all. "The Engagement Oath," which bound the people to fidelity to the Commons, without a King or a House of Lords, soon became a burden too heavy to be borne. It broke up the royalists altogether—it stunned the moderate men, the real patriots of the Revolution—it inaugurated a state of things which has been well described as the "Reign of Uproar." The accession of Cromwell to supreme power was welcomed as a relief from anarchy; and the people, if not satisfied, learned to conform to a system which was at all events intelligible.

With Cromwell's schemes for reconstructing the constitution, we have here no concern. They evince, at least, an honest desire to establish public liberty, and are, upon the whole, generous; but they failed because they were unsuited to the genius of the English people. Such a Parliament as he called into existence could command no respect out of doors; it lacked the halo of ancient usage; it was something quite new, and all men despised it. The same, or nearly the same thing, may be said of the ordinances he proposed for the settlement of religion. A National Church was, under all circumstances, to be maintained—the parochial clergy continuing to levy their tithes till "a provision more certain, and less subject to scruple and contention," could be assigned them. But nothing whatever is said of the form of government to be arranged for this Church, which moreover was not to be a dominant church, inasmuch as, "to the public profession held forth, none shall be compelled by penalties or otherwise, though endeavours may be used to win them by sound doctrine, and the example of a good conversation." From the benefits of this act of toleration two religious bodies are indeed excluded. Thus all, "who profess faith in God through Jesus Christ, though they differ in judgment from the doctrine, discipline, and worship held forth," are assured of protection, "provided, however, this liberty be not extended to Popery or Prelacy, nor to such as, under the profession of Christ, hold forth and practise licentiousness." So determined was the Protector on this head, that, in a letter of instruction addressed to the Judges of Assize, he directed that the magistrates should be called upon "to suppress Ale Houses, and the Book of Common Prayer." These are facts which it would be uncandid to overlook while criticising the temper of the legislation which followed immediately after the return of Charles II. to the throne. It was not easy for churchmen to forget that they, and they alone, had been denied under the Commonwealth that liberty of conscience which all other Protestant sects enjoyed. It was impossible to make them believe that the Presbyterians were not as much responsible for this outrage as the Independents; for though the Presbyterians had denounced the Protector's scheme when it first came out, their denunciation was by no means called forth by any dislike to its partial tolerance. On the contrary, the same men who, in 1603, had professed their willingness, on certain conditions, to become one with the Episcopal Church, clamoured, in 1653, for the suppression, by the arm of the law, of all religious persuasions except their own. And because the Protector refused to act upon their suggestion, they refused to regard him with favour.

The Church of England, thus placed beyond the pale of the law, seemed to go out. A vast majority of the clergy, yielding to the necessity of the times, endeavoured, by conforming to the new order of things, to retain their benefices; others, less yielding, suffered persecution, or were sheltered from it by

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cavalier noblemen and gentlemen, to whom they continued to officiate privately in their country houses. The Committee for Scandalous Ministers, composed chiefly of Presbyterians, began this work of ejecting recusants, which the Triers, with Hugh Peters at their head, carried through. These things could not be forgotten; and so it came to pass that Presbyterians and Independents grew equally obnoxious to the party which, in the day of their supremacy, they had been equally forward to oppress. Meanwhile, of the nobility and gentry a large proportion bore with impatience the yoke thus imposed upon them; and the country people, debarred the sports and recreations to which they were accustomed, associated, not unnaturally, thoughts of freedom with the abolished Church. Even such men as Hollis, Annesley, and the Earl of Manchester, became restive under such a state of affairs. Is it to be wondered at if churchmen, when their turn to give the law arrived, should have listened rather to the promptings of indignation on account of the past than to the suggestions of wisdom and moderation in reference to the future?

Of the second Savoy Conference, its origin, progress, and results, we need not pause to give a detailed account. It began unwisely, and was unwisely conducted to a close. The selection of disputants on both sides proved, upon the whole, to be unhappy. The Puritans, Calamy, Reynolds, Ashe, Newcomen, Spurstow, Wallace, Bates, Manton, Case, however eminent and influential in their own body, were all bigots about trifles. Baxter took a larger view of things, but he stood alone. On the other side, Henchman, Sheldon, Morley, Cosens, Gaudon, Hacket, Berwick, were imbued with an absolute passion for medieval antiquity; and having besides suffered in their own persons, were little disposed to hearken without prejudice to the arguments of men whom they regarded as the authors of the wrong. Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was a wiser man. Had Baxter and he been left to settle the question between them, they would have probably arrived at a more satisfactory conclusion. Other mistakes, however, perhaps more mischievous than any, which occurred during the progress of the Conference, had been committed before the Conference began. The King promised too much, as well in his declaration issued at Breda as in the subsequent and more elaborate document concerning ecclesiastical affairs, which was put forth on the 25th of October 1660. Nobody can read this last State Paper without feeling that it gave the assurance of concessions, which, had they been acted up to, must, for the moment at least, have satisfied all except the champions of extreme views among the Presbyterians. Now, it was either politic to give these assurances—in which case justice required that they should have been accepted at the Conference as a basis already agreed upon—or else it was unwise to enter at all into particulars till the commissioners should have had time to consider what might and what might not be safely done. Accordingly, when the commissioners met, the Puritans began by demanding those minor concessions which the King appeared willing to grant, but to which the Bishops, because of their association with old disputes, happened to be particularly opposed. Had the former set out with suggesting an increase to the Episcopate, a reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the establishment of Diocesan Synods, and of a General Assembly to regulate the affairs of the Church, they might have carried their point. But scruples about dresses and forms, the use of the ring at marriage, and bowing at the name of Jesus, stirred up dormant animosities, and brought a cloud over men's better judgment, which no future discussion could disperse.

Another great mistake committed by the Puritans, was their re-

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jection of the Church preferments which were pressed upon them. Had Baxter, Reynolds, and Calamy consented to become bishops, Manton, Bates, and Bowles, to become deans, their power of moderating the views of other bishops and deans would have been far greater than it was, while they stood aloof. To say that they were actuated by high principle in so refusing, is to use a form of speech which has no meaning. If they were sincere in their desire to fuse the Episcopal and Presbyterian polities into one, there could be no outrage to principle in an act which must have placed them on favourable ground towards the accomplishment of that object. For, granting that they had failed, and that the Church to which they united themselves was found too burdensome, it was always in their power to withdraw from it again. On the other hand, if their minds were made up, as the general tone of their reasoning seems to imply, not to yield an iota for the sake of peace, they did well to decline the preferments. They would have done still better had they declined to enter into the discussion of questions, in the management of which they were determined to give nothing and to take everything.

It was under these circumstances that the Book of Common Prayer underwent its final revision, and that the amended Act of Uniformity not long afterwards passed into law. The changes assented to in the former case were so trifling as scarcely to deserve notice. They did not go beyond the substitution here and there of a modern for an obsolete word or expression, particularly in the Epistles and Gospels. They left all the creeds, services, and rubrics, exactly what they had been before the conferences began. As to the Act of Uniformity, no form of words can be conceived more rigid and unbending. It closed up every loophole through which tender consciences might escape, and was so framed as to comprehend the cases of all clergymen, as well of such as then held benefices as of those who might in after times be admitted into Holy Orders. It thus overthrew among the Puritans whatever hopes and expectations the King's declaration might have excited. Was this an error in legislation? Looking to the temper and condition of the times, we must be excused if we hesitate to answer that question absolutely in the affirmative. The age was one of quibbling and chicane. The leading dialecticians of the age were hair-splitters; there was no catching them except in meshes too tightly drawn to be evaded, too strong to be broken. If, therefore, the customs of the Church were to be continued—the wearing of the surplice—the use of the ring at marriage—the restriction at public worship of the minister to the words of the Prayer-Book — the kneeling posture at the Lord's Supper, and suchlike;—if the Church's doctrine on points of faith, as it pervades the whole of the Service-Book, was to be maintained, then no course was open to Parliament except to require that every clergyman should, in his church or chapel, after reading "the morning and evening prayer," declare his "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Church of England; together with the Psalter or Psalms of David, printed as they are to be said or sung in churches; and the form or manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons." But granting all this to have been right, we grant everything which seems to us to admit of the smallest plea of justification. All that follows in the Act of Uniformity: the declaration on oath of the illegality of bearing arms against the Sovereign; the abjuration of the Solemn League

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and Covenant, which the law had already condemned; the rigidity with which ministers are tied up from preaching at any time or on any occasion without first of all reading the Church's services; and, above all, the clauses which require that incumbents of parishes in Presbyterian orders shall disclaim the validity of these orders, and seek reordination at the hands of the bishop,—all these enactments appear to us to be quite indefensible. Had the law respecting ordination, for example, been prospective merely—had it gone no farther than to arrange that no persons, not episcopally ordained, should, for the future, be eligible to hold preferment, or to perform the duties of a curate in the Church of England—not a single dissentient voice would have been raised against it either at home or abroad. At home, all men, except perhaps a few holding extreme opinions, would have received it as a wise compromise. Abroad, the Protestant Churches, which, up to that date, had not ceased to lament their own defective constitution, would have acknowledged the fitness of a law which guarded the Church of England against the risk of a similar calamity. But to force reordination upon men who for years had executed the functions of the ministry, in the strength of orders which were recognised as valid in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland, and indeed everywhere on the Continent, was to withdraw the Church of England from friendly relations with other Protestant Churches. It was to fulminate a sentence of excommunication, not so much against them as against herself; for, rejected as she was by the Churches both of Greece and Rome, she became absolutely isolated by that one act from the rest of the Christian world. To what results this unfortunate piece of legislation led, few of our readers can be ignorant. Two thousand ministers, some of them eminent for learning as well as for piety, went out from the Church, and Puritanism, as it had existed in England for more than a hundred years—struggling with the Church for supremacy, yet never withdrawing from the Church's communion—faded and died away.

After an interval of two centuries, hostility to the ecclesiastical legislation of 1662 is beginning again to show itself within the Church. Repeated modifications of the old law have, indeed, so far as Dissenters are concerned, rendered it perfectly harmless to them. No man in England, provided he dissent from the Established Church, can now be called to account for any religious opinions which he may entertain, or for practising any form of religious worship which he may prefer, so long as it gives no disturbance to his neighbours. Moreover, the fleet, the army, the magistracy, and both Houses of Parliament, are open, not only to Christians of all denominations, but to Jews and infidels likewise. None of these, therefore, have any just ground of complaint, nor does it appear that any complaints are made by them. But Churchmen are growing impatient of the yoke which their fathers imposed upon them, and, in numbers not lightly to be spoken of, are asking to be relieved from it. Some of them point to the state of things which prevails around them, and say, that it has been brought about mainly by the legislation of which they complain. The Act of Uniformity, they assert, though strong enough to expel 2000 incumbents from their benefices, was never capable of putting shackles upon the human mind. While Churchmen were constrained by it to certain specified usages and expressions of belief, men and women who disliked the one, and shrank from the adoption of the other, gradually fell away from the Church altogether. It is worthy of note, too, that this defection was not the work of the original Puritans, except in a very few cases. Still yearning to be one with the Church of the nation, most of these either

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conformed to it as laymen, or practised their own manner of worship quietly at home, till the Six-Mile Act drove them into exile. But a tension of the cord, too long continued, broke it in the end. The Revolution of 1688, while it proclaimed liberty of conscience to others, allowed the Act of Uniformity still to bind and restrain the Church; and Dissent, in the varied forms which it has since assumed among us, began to put forth its suckers. Though, therefore, it be true that modern Nonconformists are in no sense the representatives of the Puritan divines of 1663, the fact is equally certain that modern Nonconformity originated in the selfsame causes which led to the secession of these 2000 divines from the Church of England. The ceremonies of the Church, its robes, its Liturgy, its form of government, had always been associated, more or less, in the minds of many earnest persons with Popish superstitions, and these persons, as soon as they found that they could do so without danger, broke off from the Church's communion. All this, we are told, is the fruit of the Act of Uniformity, and of the determination, heretofore evinced, of refusing to look into the Book of Common Prayer, with a view to its revision. And in the hope of partially correcting the evil, Lord Ebury and his friends contend, that the Act of Uniformity ought now to be modified, and the Book of Common Prayer now to be revised.

We are afraid that Lord Ebury, if he reckon on a large return of Dissenters to the bosom of the Church, expects too much from the measures which he advocates. As we have just said, modern Dissent and ancient Puritanism are neither the same, nor very much akin one to the other. Puritanism, one or two hundred years ago, was a real principle. It did not desire to divide, but to bring the Church nearer than it was assumed to be, to the simplicity of the Church of the Apostles. Hooper, Coverdale, Sampson, Humphrey, were not self-seeking men, any more than Calamy, Reynolds, and Baxter. They were anxious to make the Church more pure; they never dreamed of dissociating it from the State. Can the same thing be predicated of Miall, Bunting, Parker, Spurgeon, and other prominent leaders of the various Dissenting bodies by which we are surrounded? Would the Wesleyans themselves come back to us, if the Act of Uniformity were repealed? We fear that they would not. A thousand springs of action have been touched and set to work, in the interval between 1663 and 1863, which at the former of these periods had no existence. Men do not readily give up systems of management to which they are accustomed. They are loth to descend from the seat of government, after they have for any length of time occupied it. Mr Spurgeon would hardly care to officiate in his Tabernacle under a bishop's licence. Mr Spurgeon's managers would scarcely brook the thought of being expected to apply for such licence. The Methodist Conference would not relish the surrender of its powers on any terms. And when we look farther into the matter, we see how important small people become, in the character of elders, deacons, class-leaders, and suchlike, with which the Church of England has, as yet, nothing in common. It appears to us, therefore, that Lord Ebury reckons too little on the counteracting influence of feelings which may be neither vanity, nor pride, nor prejudice, but which, whatever they are, undoubtedly create a strong attachment to principles and practices long adhered to. Neither the repeal of the Act of Uniformity, therefore, nor the revision of the Prayer-Book, would, we are afraid, benefit the Church, by bringing back in any numbers those who now stand apart from her communion. On the other hand, there is a palpable risk that, in meddling with usages sanctified by a custom of 200 years, we may outrage the feelings of very

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many Churchmen, if we do not drive them from us altogether. No reader of history can have forgotten how narrowly the Church escaped disruption in 1689, through the attempt to pass Lord Nottingham's Comprehension Bill. It is true that the Bill in question was at least as much concerned with matters of State policy as of Church discipline. Its two principal objects seem to have been, to get rid of the Test Act, and to shelter those among the clergy who, from conscientious motives, were disinclined to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance to King William. The clauses which would have dispensed with the declaration of assent and consent, with kneeling at the Lord's Supper, and the sign of the cross at baptism, were thrown in with a view to conciliate other parties, and to insure the acceptance of the measure as a whole. But the authors of the scheme were soon taught that success in their object, had they obtained it, would have been infinitely more hurtful both to Church and State than failure. They, therefore, arranged that the House of Commons should reject what the Lords had passed, and the Church owes them a debt of everlasting gratitude for doing so. Circumstances are, however, greatly changed since 1689. We have no more nonjuring clergy among us. The Test Act has been long repealed, nor can we point to any other political considerations, properly so called, which should hinder that from being attempted now which failed two centuries ago. The real questions to be asked and answered are indeed these:—Is it the wish of Churchmen generally, or of a majority of Churchmen, that the laws which govern the Church should be reconsidered? And if it be, how shall that process be set about with the best prospect of a happy issue?

We shall endeavour to answer these questions next month.

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A VISIT TO AN INSURGENT CAMP.

LETTER FROM POLAND.—NO. III.

Scarcely a week had elapsed since my arrival at Warsaw, before the opportunity which I had so long desired, and had vainly attempted to find in Galicia, presented itself of visiting a camp of insurgents. I therefore got my passport *viséd*, as though I were going to leave the country altogether, and went through the usual police formalities which were necessary for that purpose; then I took a ticket for Berlin, and bade adieu to Warsaw, without exciting any suspicion. After travelling a few hours, we arrived at a station, too small and lonely for the Russians to care to defend it with the usual company of soldiers. My companion was a Polish gentleman, who did not take so much trouble to disguise our destination as I could have wished; and there was probably scarcely a passenger that saw us alight who did not guess where we were going. A light open country cart, without springs, but plentifully provided with straw, and drawn by a pair of spirited young horses, jolted us first along a rough road, then through a small town inhabited entirely by Jews, where greasy-looking women inspected the heads of their progeny in the sun, and their fathers, in long coats, long beards, and long curled locks, smoked long pipes in all the luxury of *dolce far niente;* for this was their Sabbath. Then we dived into a pine-and-birch wood, dexterously threading our way between the trees—for there was no road—and so again out into the open, till we came to a most picturesque old chateau, with "bridge, and moat, and donjon keep;" but prudence prevents my describing it so accurately as I could wish, for fear of compromising my host. The camp we had expected to find in the neighbourhood had moved, so we determined to drive on and spend the night at a country-house about fifteen miles distant. My host could, indeed, not offer me very much hospitality, as he found that, during his absence in Warsaw, nearly all his servants had disappeared and joined the insurgents; his cook was at this moment exercising his culinary talents for the benefit of a band; his groom, mounted on one of his master's best horses, was perhaps chasing a

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Cossack, while the footman might be leading a body of scythemen on to glory. However, the coachman had remained, being an elderly individual, with a wife and family. It was twilight ere we were *en route*, this time in a civilised landau, which needed four strong well-bred horses to drag it along the deep sandy roads. We kept a bright look-out for Cossacks as the shades of evening closed in upon us; but latterly the insurgents had taken so much to night-work, that the Cossacks preferred staying at home to incurring the risk of meeting them, so that we felt pretty safe, and arrived, without any other incident than one or two false alarms, at our journey's end, just as the family were going to bed. Their astonishment at the arrival of an English traveller on so strange an errand soon gave place to the rites of hospitality, and before going to bed the programme for the following day was already arranged. My new host was a small country gentleman, too devoted to his farm and his country's cause to take refuge, like many of the larger landed proprietors, in Warsaw. His wife was a genuine specimen of a Polish woman, enthusiastically patriotic, high-couraged, self-sacrificing, and energetic in giving aid and encouragement to the insurgents. Though living in the midst of a perpetual scene of guerilla warfare, and liable at any moment to be subjected to outrages such as those which she believed had already been perpetrated on her countrywomen by the Russian soldiery, she showed no symptom of flinching or deserting her post. Already, upon several occasions, at all hours of the day and night, her house had been invaded by Cossacks, who only abstained from massacre and pillage because no evidence could be discovered of complicity with the insurgents. Fortunately the house lay a little distance off the high-road, and was therefore often passed unperceived by the Russian marauding parties: but the occupants could never feel themselves safe; and as every day brought tidings of unsuspecting families falling victims to the rapacity and lust of a disorganised soldiery, the chances of this unprotected little mansion escaping seemed diminished. It was, indeed, little better than a farmhouse, and consisted of only one storey; but it was surrounded by a well-stocked steading, and fields that bore evidence of a master's eye and careful cultivation. In one direction, a long unbroken line of dense pine forest shut out the horizon; in the other, sandy undulating downs stretched away indefinitely. The scenery would have been tame and uninteresting, were it not that its wild desolate character gave it a peculiar charm: this was heightened by the circumstances under which we saw it. A solitary horseman appearing upon the distant landscape caused as much sensation in the household as a suspicious-looking craft in the West Indian seas would to a Federal merchant-ship. There was a constant succession of emotions; and I thought my hostess must have been endowed, in the first instance, with strong nerves, to have been able to undergo the constant wear and tear to which she was daily subjected. An ardent devotion to the cause, and a plentiful indulgence in large, strong cigars, however, sustained her through the various exciting events by which her life was checkered. There can be little doubt that the constant proximity of danger at last renders one callous to it, and that by a providential arrangement the nervous system becomes so accustomed to tension where it is sufficiently protracted, that in the end it ceases to suffer from it. I sat up till a late hour listening to "the sensation anecdotes" which formed the staple of my host's conversation — stories of the robbery and pillage of neighbouring houses by Russians, of deeds of [illegible] formed by individuals [illegible] of skirmishes [illegible]

taken place, and of those which were daily anticipated—of friends who had been arrested, of others who had joined bands, of others who were killed or wounded, of the movements of the insurgents, of farms visited, of horses taken, of peasants hung, of arms concealed —of every variety of incident with which such exciting times must necessarily abound. It was long past midnight before I sought the detached building which contained my bedroom. As I crossed the lawn, the sound of a distant chorus fell faintly upon my ear. I stopped to listen. It was a bright calm moonlight night, and for a moment all was profoundly silent; then gradually the swelling strains of the magnificent Polish national anthem broke the stillness for a moment, and died away again in the extreme distance. We had to listen intently to catch the notes; but it was evident that many voices joined in that midnight chant; and as the sounds grew fainter, we found that they were not stationary. It was, in fact, a body of mounted insurgents on a midnight raid; and as at the moment the nearest Russian force was supposed to be at least four miles off, they were beguiling the way by almost the only song a Pole ever sings—the prayer for the deliverance of his country. I thought, nevertheless, that the proceeding, though most romantic in its effect, was somewhat rash, and was confirmed in this impression by the next sound which broke the nocturnal silence, and which was nothing less than the sharp report of a rifle. To a person not accustomed to them, it must be admitted that these were somewhat disturbing influences under which to court repose; however, the day had been a long and an eventful one, so exhausted nature soon triumphed over every other sentiment, and I fell asleep while vainly endeavouring to keep awake and listen for the report of another shot.

Breakfast is almost as substantial a meal in Poland as it is in England, and the disturbed state of the country did not prevent my hosts from loading the table with most excellent fare. The master of the house was in a condition to do full justice to it, for he had already made a pilgrimage to the camp to prepare the way for my visit. It was indeed necessary that the band should have some information as to my object and intentions, for in spite of the severe measures adopted by the insurgents, there are spies in every form and under every guise, against whom they are constantly on their guard; and it was some time after my arrival before even my hostess could divest herself of some suspicion as to my real character. It chanced to be Sunday, and a number of peasants came on their way to church to pay their respects to their master. They were fine stalwart men, with long coats, big boots, round caps trimmed with fur, and honest cheery faces, not by any means devoid of intelligence. Their mode of salutation is to touch the ground at your feet with their caps. They looked with considerable interest at the English traveller who had come to this out-of-the-way spot to see what was going on. Nor did my host neglect to take advantage of the circumstance, and instance it as a proof of the sympathy which England felt for the cause of Polish independence. I asked the most intelligent-looking among them why he had not joined the insurgents? he answered, with a sly look at his master, "Because my master has not. When my master does, I will." From what I could gather, the peasants of this part of the country are not indisposed towards the insurrection; but they have been too long accustomed to regard the power of Russia with an awe amounting almost to superstition, to venture, at the outset of the movement, to set it at defiance. It is only natural that they should feel no very keen interest in the success of a cause which would produce no immediate

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material change in their condition. It is not until a man becomes more or less educated that he knows the difference between one form of government and another; but whether the seat of government be Petersburg or Warsaw, and whether the head of it be a Russian emperor or a Polish king, makes very little difference to the rustic, who would be at the tail of the same plough, driving along the same furrow, whoever was the supreme authority. The only questions which touch persons of this class are those connected with religion or with property. A peasant will be profoundly indifferent whether he is under a responsible or an irresponsible government; but when it comes to making the sign of the cross with three fingers or with two, he enters keenly into the question at once. Thus in Samogitia and other parts of Lithuania the peasants are the prime movers of the insurrection, because they were compelled to become members of the Russian Greek Church, and to abandon the United Greek persuasion, to which they originally belonged. As they were pagans only three hundred years ago, they are the more tenacious upon the point, and have taken advantage of the movement in Poland to rise all through the provinces. Russia has lately succeeded in exciting some of the Greek dissenting sects to attack the Roman Catholic proprietary, and has inaugurated a system of *jacquerie*, which has been productive of the most frightful results in Lithuania and the provinces. That this policy of annihilation emanates from the highest sources, is proved by the following paragraph contained in the instructions issued by the Czar to General Mouravieff:—"His Excellency should take every opportunity of acquainting the peasants with the paternal intentions of the Czar towards them, and of demonstrating that the landowners are their enemies and oppressors. If his Excellency considers it advisable, he can also furnish arms to those among the peasants who are attached to the Czar and to Russia." In other words, having demonstrated to the peasant who is his natural enemy and oppressor, he is provided by a considerate Government with the means of exterminating them from off the face of the earth, and encouraged to do so by the prospect of plunder which this process would insure to him.

In the kingdom of Poland, where the tenure of land is not the same, and the peasants are already proprietors of the soil, the Government cannot hold out the same temptation to them to murder their masters. In fact, the National Government has outbid the Czar in an attempt to secure the goodwill of the peasantry; for whereas the latter have been obliged to pay into the Imperial treasury a certain proportion of their profits, to be accumulated into a sum for the redemption of the land which formerly belonged to the nobles, and out of which they were to receive compensation, the National Government has proclaimed that this obligation is no longer binding upon the peasant, who would thus become a landowner without ever having paid for his property. The struggle between the Poles and the Russian Government for the goodwill of the rural population, began with the Agricultural Society, and there can be no doubt that the efforts of that body, and the subsequent policy pursued by the National Government, has done much to conciliate this large and important section of the population.

For example, the hostility of the peasants to the national movement in the district I was now visiting had been loudly insisted upon, by the few persons I had met who were themselves indifferent to the cause of Polish independence; but we received practical evidence to the contrary when our arrangements for visiting the camp were completed. As some friends from a neighbouring country-house were expected to come and spend the day, we delayed in the hope of their joining, and finally started in

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four light open country carts, each drawn by four horses, for the recesses of the forest, which rose in a sombre mass upon the distant margin of the cultivated plain.

It was not to be supposed that we could thus ostentatiously depart without every servant in the house being aware of our destination; indeed, there was a flutter and excitement in their movements which plainly showed the interest they felt in the expedition. The coachmen looked eager and self-satisfied, and there was quite a group collected to see us off. With the loud cracking of whips our primitive *cortège* dashed off along the sandy roads. There were no less than seven ladies of the party, looking brave and animated, for the expedition was a novelty even to them. Notwithstanding the constant proximity of insurgent camps for months past, upon no former occasion had any of them ever ventured to visit one. Now their eyes sparkled and their faces flushed, as they felt the risk they were incurring, and calculated the chances of a safe return. We passed through two populous villages, every man and woman in which knew where we were going, and ran to see us pass; and any of whom would have received a large reward had they carried the intelligence to a Russian force of six thousand men, quartered in a town not five miles distant. Had they done so, and had we encountered a party of Cossacks on our way back, the murder of every member of the party was a moral certainty.

Even the men did not feel quite comfortable at the possibility of such a contingency, and could only express their belief in the loyalty and affection of the peasants. When it is remembered that these latter are invested with the functions of police, and were actually liable to be severely punished for not informing against us, it cannot be said that the rural population, in a district where they had the reputation of being most hostile, were so very decidedly opposed to the movement.

At last we arrived at the outskirts of the wood, and came to a farmhouse, where the proprietor, a sort of gentleman farmer, was waiting to be our guide. This man and his wife, a large fearless woman, were practically the commissariat department of the neighbouring camp. He made all the arrangements for the purchase and transmission of supplies; and while he had placed all his resources at the disposal of the insurgents, and nearly ruined himself for the cause, he was daily risking life and liberty by the active and energetic assistance he afforded in giving information, conveying intelligence, and making himself generally useful. In everything he was ably and courageously seconded by his wife, who would not hesitate to drive a cart of provisions into the wood by herself, and was unremitting in motherly care and kindness to the members of the band, many of whom were young enough to need it, and whom she regarded with as much affection as if they were her own family. It was only to be expected that they cordially reciprocated these sentiments.

Half a mile from this farm we plunged into the woods. The country here was thinly populated; the last village we passed was four or five miles distant, and we did not meet a soul as we jogged along in our springless carts over a road that was now a mere track. Suddenly a halt was called from behind, and a panic spread down the line. The women's faces blanched, but they said nothing; the one prominent thought was "Cossacks." We passed the word along to the leading cart to stop, and waited breathlessly. We were now so deeply buried in the wood that the last cart was not visible, for we had added to our procession by our guide and his wife in one vehicle, and by a large cart full of provisions, which we were taking to the band. The cause of our stoppage was quickly explained—we were waiting for a

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further accession to our party, which appeared in the forms of an old gentleman and his two sons, who were going to join the band as insurgents, and who had stumbled on us while endeavouring to find the way. After some little parley between them and our guide, who wished apparently to be quite satisfied as to their real character, he told them to fall in behind with their cart, and we once more went on threading our way between the trees, not a little relieved at finding the interruption to our progress did not arise from any more serious cause. Suddenly, on emerging from a thicket, we came upon a mounted picket, who halted us. They were both mere boys, neither of them twenty years old, each armed with rifle, sword, and pistol, and on excellent horses. The well-known face of our guide was a guarantee of our good faith, but still we were not allowed to proceed till the band was informed of our proximity, and one of them galloped off with the news. We had not waited a quarter of an hour before a dozen mounted men came dashing through the woods towards us. They seemed scarcely able to restrain their high-mettled horses, which were all in first-rate condition, and would have been a credit to Rotten Row. With little flags waving from their lances, and tricolored ribbons fluttering from their square fur caps, with long jackboots and massive spurs, and broad belts garnished with revolvers, and swords jingling from their sides, they came on us as suddenly from the depths of the woods as if they had been waiting in the side-scene of a play to come upon the stage with due eclat. The whole effect was most theatrical; but at the moment we felt its thrilling reality, and some of the women burst into tears.

Under the guidance of these cavaliers we penetrated still further into the gloomy recesses of the forest, until at last the way became too intricate for the waggons, and we walked to what, by a figure of speech, might be called the camp, but which consisted merely of a number of horses tethered to trees, and a number of men grouped round them. There was not a sign of a tent, or even of a "lean-to" of branches and leaves to shelter the men from the weather. One waggon, loaded with bundles and greatcoats, formed the *impedimenta* of the band, which was a very small one, but was composed of veteran guerillas, if men who had not been under a roof since the first day of the insurrection could be dignified by that title. The weather was now so warm and bright that they scorned the idea of sleeping under any kind of cover; and so used were they to the mode of life, that they ceased to feel its hardship. Both men and horses seemed in first-rate condition; the horses were the best which the estates of the neighbouring proprietors could furnish; the men were nearly all under twenty-five; the leader of the band, who was away on a reconnaissance, being exactly that age. A few were the sons of country gentlemen: one had been a railway official; two others employed in Government offices; many were the sons of shopkeepers; some students; and others domestic servants: but they all lived together on terms of perfect friendship and equality, and seemed to enjoy the wild adventurous life. One of them, who spoke French admirably, told me that he was a student only nineteen years of age; he had left Warsaw on the famous 22d of January, and had been in the woods ever since. He considered that three months of incessant skirmishing had formed him into an experienced warrior. His arms consisted of a bran-new Dean and Adams revolver, a very fair carbine, and a sword. "I slept in a house the other night," he said, "and felt almost stifled; and I shall be quite sorry when the war is over, and puts an end to this free life in the woods. I have not been a day ill except when I received a trifling wound. We sing and [illegible] in

the daytime, and gallop about the country at night. I have, moreover, already killed six Russians, and expect to exchange my carbine for a new rifle, as I am getting such a good shot that I am to be allowed one." When I contrasted the melancholy groups in the market-places of Warsaw and Cracow with this jolly band of Robin Hoods, I did not doubt who had the best of it. These men, from having been all their lives accustomed to a life of repression and surveillance, revel in their newly-found freedom. To be sure, they can only enjoy it under difficulties; but the ground they stand on is their own, and with fleet horses to ride, and impenetrable woods to hide in, they run but little risk except from their own rashness or negligence. They change about from day to day; if the weather is very inclement, they appropriate barns, make leaf huts, or sleep under the lee of hay-stacks; but generally they keep moving at night, and in the daytime make roaring fires, and comfort themselves with warmth and tobacco. They live on the fat of the land, and are never at a loss for supplies: this is the great advantage of a small band. The chief had limited his number to forty, and upon no pretext whatever would he add another to it, although he was most urgently pressed to do so.

Generally the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers are only too glad to furnish the little troop with provisions; but if they run short, they pay a nocturnal visit to a proprietor, from whom they take as much forage as they want, and with whom, *bongré malgré*, they regale themselves till the small hours, when each man, filling his havresack with the good things of this life, and loading his nag with fodder, trots back to his nest in the woods, leaving with their late host an order on the National Government to repay Mr "Soandsosky" for food furnished to the band commanded by "Suchanonesky." This order "Soandsosky" most carefully conceals, as, if it is ever found among his papers, his property is inevitably confiscated by the Russian Government. On the occasion of my visit, three of my companions were country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, each of whom pulled out his pocket-book and wrote an order for a supply of forage and provisions to be obeyed by the servants in the event of "Suchanonesky" or any of his band visiting his house during the absence of the master. Almost ever day the band changes its *habitat*, which, as they have nothing to carry, is a very simple proceeding. As the wood in which they live is about eighty miles long by twenty broad, and as they know every nook and corner in it, there is not much chance of their ever being caught by the numerous Russian garrisons which are posted in the vicinity, and which they amuse themselves by annoying at night. My observation of this band proved to demonstration the erroneous principle upon which the war has been conducted by the insurgents in most parts of the country hitherto. Instead of multiplying, to an indefinite extent, these small cavalry bands, they will collect great masses of men together, of whom scythemen are the least adapted to the style of warfare they wish to wage. In a flat country of woods and plains, it is perfectly clear that a weapon which can only be used by a man on foot at close quarters, is about the worst which could possibly be devised for undisciplined men to wield against regular troops. It is true that a great difficulty has existed in procuring rifles; but it would be better to have fewer and smaller bands well armed, than to waste unnecessarily the best blood in the country. With a good horse and a good rifle a man is more or less independent, and may act singly or in company as his fancy dictates; but men on foot must act together, and have no means of escape from Cossacks. In a country so admirably adapted for cavalry, and where horses are so abundant, it is

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surprising that more bands formed on the principle of the one I was now visiting should not have been formed: so far as I could learn, it was the only one of the sort which existed. Many were the feats of prowess which its members had performed singly. Upon one occasion two of them had encountered five Cossacks, who immediately gave chase. As the Cossacks are mounted on ponies, the insurgents would have had no difficulty in escaping; but this was not their object: they reined in, and tempted their pursuers to discharge their five carbines at them; then, before they could reload, they wheeled round, and shot the whole five with their revolvers. I found a good many of the band spoke French, and our visit was quite an episode in the routine of their daily life. They clustered round, showed me their arms, and seemed delighted at the courage which the women had displayed in visiting them, and in the interest manifested by a foreigner in their proceedings. Meanwhile the contents of the commissariat waggon we had brought with us were spread upon the ground, and the more hungry portion of the community began to discuss them; others, however, declared that our company was so much more to their taste than food, that they devoted themselves to us instead of to the cold beef and large jars of pickled cucumbers which their less sentimental comrades were devouring.

When they had concluded their repast, they grouped themselves in an open space among the tall trees, and "the lofty aisles of the dim woods rang," as, inspired with patriotic ardour, they burst out with the magnificent chant which so well conveys the mournful meaning of the words of the national anthem—'Boje cos Polske"—when all joined in the grand prayer to God which forms the swelling chorus, and the men, with swords drawn, uplifted their arms in supplication; then tears streamed down the cheeks of the women as they sang, for they remembered their sisters slain on their knees in the churches at Warsaw for doing the same, and bloody memories crowded on them, as, with voices trembling from emotion, they besought, in solemn strains, the mercy of the Most High.

The scene was so full of dramatic effect that I scarcely believed in its reality till I remembered the existence of six thousand Russian soldiers in the immediate neighbourhood, who were thirsting for the blood of this little band of men and women. There was something practical in this consideration calculated to captivate a mind too prosaic to be stirred by theatrical representations; for I confess I find it generally more easy to delude myself by believing in the sham of a reality than in the reality of a sham. However, upon this occasion he must have been a most uncompromising stoic who was not touched and impressed. Those bronzed and weather-beaten features, and those wet cheeks, told their own tale; and as, with each succeeding verse, the enthusiasm of the singers rose, and their countenances glowed with the fervour of their emotion, and men who, tired with their night-forays, were lying listlessly on the ground, unable to restrain themselves, sprung to their feet and joined, and every voice trembled and every pulse throbbed, I felt that patriotism was a sentiment in which one could believe—not merely as an abstract principle, but as the most absorbing passion which could stir the human breast. I soon after had a proof of the devoted self-sacrifice to which it gives rise. The old gentleman who, with his two sons, had joined our *cortège*, stepped forward when the anthem was finished, and in broken accents consigned the young men to their country's cause. "I devoutly hope," he said, "that it may please God to spare at least [illegible] my sons to my declining [illegible] rather a thousand [illegible] should [illegible]

should venture to appear before me while the battles of his country still remained to be fought." Then with trembling hands he drew them each to his breast, and, straining them in a last embrace, turned abruptly away, and was no more seen till we returned to the waggons. I no longer wondered that deeds of heroism should be performed by men thus solemnly consecrated to their country's cause. Usually before leaving home they receive the benediction of their priest, then the blessings and injunctions of parents; and now, under the green-wood tree, the prayers and the tears of women, and the hearty welcome of their new comrades, conspired to impress them with the determination to do or die. Under such circumstances, even if there were the will, it would be difficult to shirk. With a keenly imaginative people, it may be conceived how stimulating to enterprise is the romantic character which attaches to this mode of life, and the auspices under which they adopt it. Many of them are accompanied by their wives or by their *fiancées* to the camps—some bands are led by priests, who, with the emblem of their faith uplifted, are ever to be found in the post of danger. With the band I was now visiting, a young amazon in male attire had done good service. She was reported pretty, an excellent shot and horsewoman; but as she was absent with the leader on a reconnaissance, I unfortunately lost the opportunity of making her acquaintance. But it is in homes, in hospitals, in prisons, and in hiding places, that the women of Poland have served the cause. They stir up the ardour of the men round their own firesides; they fan the martial ardour of their own husbands, lovers, sons, or brothers; they watch over beds where men unknown to them, except as wounded in their country's cause, groan and die. All the tenderness of the woman, combined with intense sympathy for the cause, and an inextinguishable patriotism, stimulate them to acts of unwearying devotion and self-sacrifice. For hours do they stand in all weathers in the prison-yards, waiting for permission to visit prisoners in their cells, and to minister to them, like angels of mercy. Wherever a patriot is in distress, hunted, or hiding, or sick, women are the first to come to his rescue; their ready wit and instinctive tact are invaluable; and it may safely be said that without their encouragement the movement never would have begun, and without their devotion and co-operation it could not continue. Who are the most courageous and intelligent spies? who are the surest messengers with important news? on whom do the National Government most surely rely for many a delicate negotiation? whose fertile brains devise new combinations for strong arms to carry out?—the women of Poland. Therefore it is that they are considered worthy of being flogged by the Russian authorities. Therefore it is that young girls of eighteen have already been shot by the orders of Russian officers, and that they are imprisoned and exiled. They are a power not to be despised, and certainly not to be intimidated, now that, like tigresses robbed of their whelps, they are pushed to the extremity of frensy and despair.

When I saw the ladies who had accompanied us to the camp, each surrounded by a group of insurgents, eagerly narrating their achievements, or asking for news of home, and heard words of encouragement and approval drop from pretty lips into the ears of men so seldom brought into contact now with such a grateful and softening influence, I thought that these well-born women would not have incurred the risk in vain, and that long after our departure the memory of our visit would remain a bright speck in the hard lives of our entertainers. When at last we thought it time to move, nearly the whole band accompanied us, not

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merely to the waggons, but they insisted upon escorting us to the edge of the wood. Nothing but a plain four miles broad then divided us from a Russian army; so we thought they had pushed politeness to its utmost limits consistent with prudence; and with many warm handshakings and expressions of gratitude on their part, and good wishes for their success on ours, we left them drawn up in line, and looking after us for a moment with longing eyes before they slowly wheeled round and disappeared in the forest.

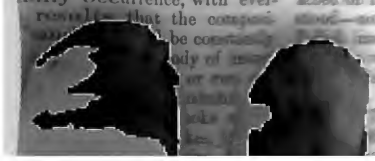
Our journey home was even more exciting than the morning one had been. The chances of meeting Cossacks were considerably increased; and we had so much to say about the band that our attention was a good deal distracted.

On our arrival my host showed me where arms were secreted in the establishment, in localities which had hitherto defied the most minute examination by the Russian soldiery, who had already favoured him with sundry nocturnal visits. This habit might have been attended with results most inconvenient to the whole party, had we been favoured with a domiciliary visit an hour or two later. We were all seated at dinner, discussing the events of the day, when suddenly the clattering of horses' hoofs and the jingling of swords were heard outside the window, as the dining-room was on the ground-floor. There was an instant commotion, not unmingled with alarm. Our guilty consciences pictured ferocious Cossacks surrounding the mansion, as they had already done in so many instances; and we felt that we had given them some excuse. I fumbled in my pocket for my passport, to display in case of necessity; though, as I had already seen a man, in the person of Mr Finkenstein, who received thirty-three wounds after he had shown his British passport, and had not been in an insurgent camp, I did not feel much confidence in its protection. The cold touch of my revolver in the same pocket afforded me more satisfaction, though the fact of a weapon of any kind being found upon the person is considered proof presumptive that its possessor is an insurgent, and warrants his instant execution. Some of us ran to the hall, and there, sure enough, were three men bristling with arms; but to our intense relief they turned out to be the chief of the band we had visited in the morning, accompanied by his two aides-de-camp. On his return to the band, he was so much touched and gratified by our visit, that he determined instantly to repay it; and although this was an honour so excessively compromising that we could willingly have dispensed with it, I was not sorry for the opportunity which it afforded me of making the personal acquaintance of a man of whom I only heard by reputation. After an immense deal of kissing on both cheeks, the chief apologised for having taken, in the dead of night, four of his best horses out of the stables of one of the gentlemen present, who immediately jumped up and embraced him again, saying, "My dear fellow, you're welcome to them all. The more robberies of that kind you make the better;" and then they all laughed at the same thing having happened to a stingy and rather unpatriotic neighbour, whose stables had been altogether cleared out; for the insurgents appropriate property very much according to the sympathies of the owner. A selfish and unpopular skinflint they denude unmercifully; but a hearty good-natured patriot, who is doing all he can for the movement, they let off as easily as they can. A good deal has been said by persons, ignorant of the conditions under which the struggle is conducted, of the apparent apathy of the landed proprietary, who, except in very rare instances, do not take the field themselves. This is not from any indifference to the cause, but from the fact that the movement depends upon the wealth

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of the country for its resources; and as the property of any one taking an active share in hostilities would be immediately confiscated, the National Government would be deprived of its revenue, and the bands lose those facilities for procuring supplies, concealing wounded, accumulating arms, &c., which they now enjoy. Every country-house is a harbour of refuge, and the proprietors who live upon them can be of far more use to the insurgents in a variety of ways than if they merely helped to swell the number of a band. As it is, half the fighting population is unable to go into the woods for want of arms and ammunition. There is no lack of volunteers — quite the contrary. The leader, who took his place next me at dinner, when the excitement ttendant upon his arrival had subided, informed me that he refused as any as eight and ten applications very day of men anxious to join s band, some of whom were expenced men, and had been officers in ier bands; but that he had decided on not adding to his numbers, tly because he felt that a larger y of men would be unwieldy, partly because he had neither requisite arms nor ammunition. ough," he said, slyly, "I did a stroke of business to-day. I down to the railway station, on a paletot, and took thirty ies out of a train under the f a company of Russian solwithout their suspecting what about." I asked him how ammunition he had got, and he kept it. He said that it ried in different parts of the and that he had enough to present band three months. ly natural, where collisions daily occurrence, with ever- result — that the compos- be constantly dy of men

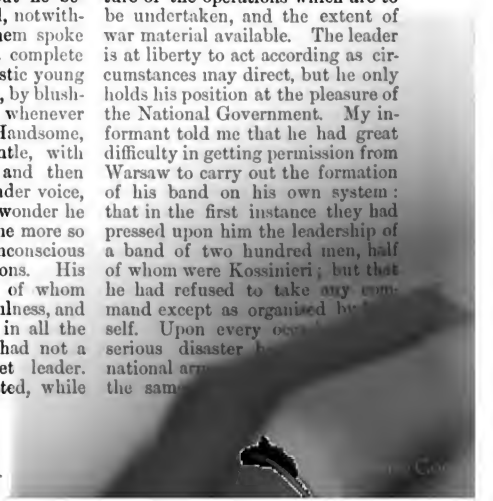
of the men I conversed with in the wood had been in half-a-dozen bands, and had fought in every palatinate in the kingdom. The united ages of the leader and his two aides-de-camp did not amount to seventy years, and they had all the confidence and buoyancy of youth. There was evidently a refreshing novelty about sitting at a civilised table, and they did ample justice to the good things with which it was loaded; while they were apparently quite unconscious of our regarding them with feelings in which terror combined with a desire to make ourselves agreeable. Our poor hostess sat and did the honours white with anxiety. She would have infinitely preferred an open barrel of gunpowder on the table to her three dangerous guests, but no words escaped her lips except those which were kind and hospitable. At any moment we might expect a visit from Russians, and then every soul would have been slaughtered. There were already too many presences to render our fate doubtful; but we laughed over our wine, and sipped our coffee, as if we lived it; and indeed I was hearing so much that was curious and interesting from the chief, that I should have regretted anything that should have curtailed his visit. He had been educated at the Polish Military College, established by the Russian Government at Cuneo, and which has since been abolished. He spoke therefore, very fair Italian and a little French, and was most intelligent in his observations and [illegible] ideas he had formed as to the mode of conducting the war. Some of them were eminently original; they showed that he [illegible] acted on a principle which [illegible]



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especially delighted; and he related with satisfaction the numerous plans he had devised for keeping them awake. Not that he spoke with any excitability or swagger: his tone was calm and measured, his eye deep and thoughtful. He impressed me at once as a man of great force and individuality of character; and I afterwards understood that he possessed the most complete ascendancy over his band, especially since he had shot one or two for breach of discipline.

A glance of his eye was enough to make an aide-de-camp jump, and I was rather amused to see it; for he was descanting at the time on the democratic constitution of his band. "I am only the leader in the field; we are all really upon an equality. Only some one must direct, otherwise we dislike all distinctions of rank." A Garibaldian shirt corresponded to these opinions; a brace of revolvers, jack-boots, spurs, braided trousers, a handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, and a coquettish square Polish cap on a beautifully shaped head, completed a very picturesque attire; and although there was nothing foppish about his dress, it was evident that he had rummaged the one waggon containing the clothing of the band before he presented himself to the ladies. But he became as timid as a girl, notwithstanding, when any of them spoke to him; and he made a complete conquest of one enthusiastic young lady—principally, I think, by blushing and looking down whenever she addressed him. Handsome, dashing, brave, and gentle, with eyes that flashed now and then with subdued fire, a tender voice, and only twenty-five, no wonder he was irresistible, and all the more so from seeming utterly unconscious of his personal attractions. His aides-de-camp, neither of whom were troubled with bashfulness, and one of whom was attired in all the elegancies of the camp, had not a chance with their quiet leader. They laughed and chatted, while he rarely smiled; but when he spoke all listened, and what he said was always worth listening to. His whole soul was absorbed in his occupation; the admiring glances of women, and the complimentary phrases of the men, were alike unheeded. He made me describe how Indians fight, how Caffres fight, how Chinamen fight; we discussed guerilla warfare under every phase as practised in different countries, and I saw he was making mental memoranda for future use. He assured me that he felt that, if any mishap befell either himself or his band, it would be their own fault. With fleet horses, and an extensive forest to hide in, he could defy the whole Russian army; and, in his opinion, the whole insurgent forces should be mounted and equipped upon the principle he had adopted. In each district there might be ten or twelve such bands, under the control of a general-in-chief, but each acting independently, except when some combined operation rendered union necessary. At present all the insurgent bands are of course under the direct control of the National Government, which appoints the local, civil, and military authorities throughout the country. They report officially upon the strength of the bands, the nature of the operations which are to be undertaken, and the extent of war material available. The leader is at liberty to act according as circumstances may direct, but he only holds his position at the pleasure of the National Government. My informant told me that he had great difficulty in getting permission from Warsaw to carry out the formation of his band on his own system: that in the first instance they had pressed upon him the leadership of a band of two hundred men, half of whom were Kossinieri; but that he had refused to take any command except as organised by himself. Upon every occasion of serious disaster [illegible] national army [illegible] the same



gether of too many undisciplined men.

It was late before we brought our interesting discussion to a close, and my hostess heaved a sigh of relief as her guests rose to take their departure. Embracing each other as men only do where there is small chance of their ever meeting again, all the gentlemen present bade adieu to the three insurgents, whose fiery steeds seemed impatient for the midnight gallop which was to take their masters to roost among the trees. I could not help congratulating myself upon the prospect of a comfortable bed. It seemed cruel to turn out of a luxurious country-house and go to sleep in a wood without even the covering of a tent; and yet I doubt whether any of the three would have changed their mode of life for any that could have been suggested to them. We all grouped round the door to wave our farewells as they dashed off into the darkness, the women heaping blessings upon their heads, and offering up prayers for their safety.

Next morning, as I crossed the yard to breakfast, I saw a poor woman sitting crying in the porch. I inquired of my host, who was cross-questioning her, what her distress arose from. She said that about midnight three insurgents had come to the door of her cottage and woke herself and her husband; that he had got out of bed, when he was immediately seized, carried off between them to the edge of the wood, and then and there hung. And she added, weeping bitterly, "I know he must have done something very wrong to deserve it, or they never would have hung him." I was rather shocked at this piece of retributive justice, so promptly executed by my three young friends of the night before. It appeared th[illegible] their way back to camp [illegible] hey received [illegible] that [illegible] d be [illegible] th[illegible] [illegible] m[illegible]

by him; and as the execution of spies is an essential condition to the safety of every one connected with the movement, the disagreeable necessity of hanging them is forced upon the insurgents against their inclination. In fact, the story was not likely to make my host feel very comfortable. True, the man was hung, and could not give evidence against him; but we had done a good many compromising things during the last twenty-four hours known to numbers of people, and it was not reassuring to feel that the Russians had been made aware of them. I began to think it quite time for the carriage to appear which was to carry me away from a locality where I had been treated with such unbounded confidence and hospitality, but which was getting rather too warm to be pleasant. It seemed ungrateful to get all one could out of people, and then to desert them; but they said I had seen everything, and that it would be folly to stay longer in the country—"unless indeed," said one gentleman, "you would like to take your chances with me, and drive into Lithuania in my carriage, visiting camps *en route*." The proposal was tempting; but I hardly think it was really expected that I should accept it, the more especially as he never drove into Lithuania at all, but went peaceably back to his wife in Warsaw. So I contented myself with a twenty-mile drive in his company, parting from my late host with many cordial expressions of good will and mutual kind wishes.

On arriving at the country mansion of my present companion, the first intelligence which greeted us was another case of hanging. It seemed that his [illegible] had been campaigning for a week with the insurgents, and had returned home for a rest, preparatory to starting off afresh. One of the farm-servants [illegible] o bore him a grudge informed [illegible] Russians in the neighbourhood [illegible] he circumstance [illegible] e prisoner in the [illegible] ol, and walked off [illegible]

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cuted. A few members of the band we had visited in the wood, reconnoitring close by at the time, on hearing of this, at once retaliated on the informer, who was at the moment swinging from the branch of a tree in a wood close by.

Incidents of this tragical nature are constantly happening. My host deeply lamented the loss of his domestic servant, but did not the least seem to regret the fate which had overtaken the peasant, "who," he said, "richly merited it." The insurgents had also taken the opportunity of abstracting two of his best horses, at which he only laughed. We now debated the possibility of witnessing a skirmish, reported to be going on in the neighbourhood between a band of 700 insurgents, of whom 200 were peasants, and the Russian troops. When we reached the railway, we found a train full of the latter hastening to the scene of action. But on approaching it ourselves, matters did not look propitious: inquisitive Poles, not wanting in daring, had found the vicinity of the fighting too dangerous for spectators to remain. There was no alternative between taking an active part with the insurgents and keeping out of the way altogether. Every Russian soldier we saw looked at us with suspicion. The platform of the station at which they alighted to march down to the fighting was crowded with scowling, ill-favoured looking men, who only wanted an excuse to be let loose on society; and the whole country within a radius of five miles of the scene of action was deserted. Moreover, the Russians were between us and the insurgents, and anybody travelling towards the latter would be almost certainly arrested; so we contented ourselves with picking up scraps of news. My friend determined to remain in the little country town, to hear the result before returning to Warsaw; but as every stranger in it was suspected, and the whole neighbourhood had become more or less informed of my proceedings, the notoriety might prove inconvenient, as an Englishman was naturally an object of curiosity: so, as I was near the frontier at any rate, I thought the wiser course would be to cross it while it was yet time, and make my final exit from Poland. Every guard and conductor on the line knew where I had been, and was overwhelmingly civil in consequence: a ticket was considered a superfluity, the examination of luggage a solemn sham. My passport might have been a piece of waste paper. Had I not been to a camp? was I not a well-wisher to Poland? was not that passport and railway-ticket enough? and to avoid a shower of benedictions, and the most profuse expressions of gratitude for having ever taken the trouble to come to their country, I left it, a wiser and a sadder man than when I had crossed the frontier from Galicia, scarce a fortnight before.

Three months have elapsed since the incidents I have recorded above took place; the little band still scours the country round the big forest, and more than once have I seen honourable mention of their young leader's name strangely distorted in telegrams. Since then, the chief of the band of 700 which was successful in the encounter I did not see, has been accused by his men of treachery, and is in confinement by orders of the National Government, no one knows where, to be tried by a solemn court-martial no one knows when, with witnesses duly cited, no one knows who: the proceedings will be conducted with every formality, but no one knows how, least of all the Russian Government; the operations of the Vehme Gericht were not more silently mysterious and sure. Since then, how many have been executed, exiled, imprisoned, and ruined! I am afraid to think over the list of those I knew, and watch their fates—to realise the fact of n "guide, philosopher, and fr being *au secret* in a cell nearest relations ma

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and are doubtful whether he still lives—to think that the daring youth —"he, the young and strong, who cherished noble longings for the strife"—has been brought up and shot by a file of Russian soldiery—to recall the kind tones of the Archbishop now on his way to Siberia—to try, as the news arrives of successive executions and arrests, and remember the special individuals, from all of whom I received so much kindness. Every day the list is increasing; before long there will scarcely be a man I know in Poland at large. I wonder what has become of the stout woman who acted as a mother to the band, and of my kind hostess who smoked. It thrills one with horror to think that they may have been victims to the terrible punishment threatened by Mouravieff. There is little mercy shown to the sex, for here is what the Emperor himself says upon the subject: "His Excellency should oppose certain demonstrations of the women, and for their hindrance will even adopt severe measures against them." The demonstrations here alluded to consist in wearing mourning, and in other ingenious contrivances which the women have devised to express their feelings. In spite of the Imperial orders, they will continue to invent symbols of indignation and distress as long as a Russian is in Poland. They are most fertile in expedients for this purpose, and in every prohibition they discover a mode of evasion which, being unanimously adopted, becomes a demonstration. Thus, in Lithuania, when Mouravieff prohibited the wearing of deep mourning, all the women trimmed their black dresses with blood-red—a colour which, under the circumstances, was even more significant. It is perhaps the strong[illegible] of the [illegible] of the patrio[illegible]les all th[illegible]ly to r[illegible] ter[illegible]e U[illegible]

course without any difference of opinion.

Meantime the Russian Government, finding that the suppression of the rebellion by military measures alone is impossible, are deporting the Polish proprietary from the country, and sequestrating their lands. As all the landowners have, like my hosts, more or less compromised themselves by furnishing the insurgent bands with supplies, the pretext for dealing with them in this way is not difficult to find. This system is being adopted more especially in Lithuania and the provinces; and it is expected that the continuance of this wholesale deportation will be the means of altogether Russianising these provinces, and thus rendering any recurrence of the insurrection impossible. One effect of this policy is to drive many to despair who would otherwise have remained neutral; and all those who consider themselves in danger prefer the alternative of death in the woods to imprisonment or exile. In the early stage of the movement, the general impression in Poland was, that the insurrection could not be protracted through the winter. They now find themselves called upon to choose between the certainty of Russian vengeance and the severity of that inclement season; and we cannot doubt what the result of their choice will be. The late expedition to Wolhynia has confirmed the opinion I have expressed throughout these letters of the impossibility of conducting military operations upon a large scale; but if in summer large bands invariably fail to achieve any result, in winter they would find it impossible to exist. In the kingdom and in Lithuania, the idea of [illegible] disciplined men together [illegible] doned, and the whole [illegible] swarms with band[illegible] lar to the one [illegible]

villages or farmhouses, and in the daytime return to the woods and warm themselves with bonfires in the snow. There is every probability, then, of the insurrection lasting through the winter. The insurgents will not attempt offensive operations, but will have enough to do to maintain themselves alive during the hard weather, which will also prevent the Russian troops from undertaking operations against them. With the returning spring, if the question is not settled by Europe before then, the insurrection will break out afresh, nor is there a possibility of fixing a limit to its duration. Few have anything left to lose; and a warfare which will become a second nature will be the only mode of existence open to them. The dilemma in which the European Powers, under these circumstances, find themselves placed, is most embarrassing. Both parties in this struggle have certain claims upon Europe, which must sooner or later involve European interference. The treaties of 1815 imposed a problem upon Russia, and denied to her the exercise of the only possible solution. They gave her a nation which had determined, from the first day of the partition, to make use of every concession as a means of achieving its independence, and they made it obligatory upon Russia to grant concessions, and thus to furnish those means. It is evident that a diplomacy which recurs to those treaties as a basis for negotiation, only repeats the evil; if Russia accept the propositions of the Powers, it insures another revolution possibly within a year or two. It is a case in which compromise is impossible. The constitution granted by Alexander was a compromise and a failure, and any other constitution will be the same. The alternatives are extreme and inconvenient. Either we must stand by and watch the extermination and deportation of a race whose distinctive nationality we guaranteed in 1815, or we must interfere by force to reconstitute its independence in defiance of our pledges of the same date to Russia. There is no escape from the false position in which those treaties placed us, but by adopting another quite as false. We perpetrated an injustice to Russia when we gave her a country to govern upon an impracticable system, and we perpetrated an injustice to Poland when we divided it. Not to interfere at all would be logical, but unjust to Poland; to interfere by force would be equally logical and unjust to Russia; to interfere by diplomacy, as we are doing, is illogical and unjust to both: it encourages the Russians to think that we shall not do more than diplomatise, and the Poles to think that we will; for in each case the wish is father to the thought. If we ultimately do forcibly interfere, we shall have misled Russia; if we don't, we shall have misled Poland. If we leave the question alone, either the whole race will be exterminated, or it will survive to perpetuate the existence of an open sore in Europe, which will give us a good deal of trouble on some future occasion. If we take up the question now we shall have our trouble immediately. Whether we look at it from a moral or a material point of view, the prospect is not reassuring. But this is quite certain, that we should consider morality rather than expediency; and, in a question so complicated, should endeavour as much as possible to eliminate all selfish considerations from the policy upon which we decide, and be governed by an earnest desire to follow that course which seems the least unjust, and will enable us to confer the greatest amount of happiness upon our fellow-creatures.

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CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XVIII.

NO. XXIV.—ON SOME AUTHORS IN WHOSE WRITINGS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IS EMINENTLY DISPLAYED.

CHAPTER I.

WE all understand what is meant by "Knowledge of the World," yet it is not very easy to define the meaning. It is not identical with Knowledge of Mankind; for authors who have shown in their writings considerable knowledge of mankind, have been notable in their lives for blunders incompatible with Knowledge of the World. No one, on reading Steele's Essays in the 'Tatler' or 'Spectator,' could say, "This writer is without knowledge of mankind." No one can read Steele's biography and not wonder that a man of intellect so ready, and when in print so acute, should not acquire enough knowledge of the world to save him from those credulous imprudencies and restless levities of venture which are generally confined to the raw inexperience of a novice in life. Goldsmith cannot be said, by the most disparaging of his critics, to have evinced an ignorance of mankind; and the most enthusiastic of his admirers will admit that, when it came to knowledge of the world, the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Good-natured Man,' and the 'Traveller,' was little better than a baby.

If Knowledge of the World be not identical [illegible] a poet's or a thinker's [illegible] mankind, neither [illegible] cian's [illegible] coun[illegible] lat[illegible] en[illegible] [illegible] own admirers, singularly deficient in knowledge of the world. Certainly no Minister ever better understood his time and country than the younger Pitt. The main cause of his precocious and enduring ascendancy may be found in that remarkable sympathy with public opinion, which is the most incontestable proof of a statesman's comprehension of the spirit of his age and nation. Yet his familiar friends remarked, half in complaint, half in eulogy, that he had no knowledge of the world. Mr Wilberforce even says that he wanted knowledge of mankind. On the other hand, Mr Fox is said to have had very great knowledge of the world. It was his superior repute for that knowledge which assigned to him rather than to Mr Burke the leadership of the Whig party in the House of Commons. Yet, if there be one thing more than another which excluded the genius of Mr Fox from the prizes of power, it was that defective comprehension of his time and his countrymen which made him so frequently at variance with public opinion, even when most ardently desirous of popular applause.

Knowledge of the World, so far as the phrase will bear explanation, seems to imply a knowledge of the manners and habits, the ordinary motive-springs and the conventional movements, of that society which is to the world what the surf[illegible] to the sea: and to be d[illegible] from knowledge of a deeper kind—viz., the

knowledge that interprets the laws of human nature, or comprehends the prevailing sentiment of an age and people—as the seamanship of an accomplished member of the Yacht Club is distinguished from the science of a cosmographer or the skill of an admiral. Still, this knowledge of the world is not to be disparaged. There is much to envy in the brilliant owner of a yacht admirably managed and elegantly equipped ; and it is not every man who has the audacious ambition to measure the waves as a Scoresby, or to rule them as a Nelson.

No common rank in social consideration is enjoyed by him who, without pretending to any other rare gifts or acquirements, possesses in high degree knowledge of the world, and the exquisite tact which is its usual concomitant. And if such knowledge be the polished addition to deeper wisdom and nobler characteristics, it will serve to render genius more consummate and virtue more alluring.

Much, it is true, has been said, in the way of satire, to depreciate, nay, even to vilify and hold up to ascetic scorn, that type of urban idiosyncrasies which is called emphatically "The Man of the World." The man of the world appears sufficiently odious in Macklin's play and Mackenzie's novel ; but knowledge of the world, like any other knowledge, does not of itself necessitate participation in the follies and vices of which it is cognisant. A man of the world is not necessarily a knave because the world contains knaves, any more than he is necessarily a fool because the world contains fools. There are many more fools in the world than there are knaves, otherwise the knaves could not exist ; yet the man of the world even in Mackenzie and Macklin is certainly no fool. A physician may be familiarly acquainted with diseases, yet himself be healthy ; a lawyer may see through all the devices of rogues, yet himself be honest ; and so a man of the world may be thoroughly aware of the world's infirmities, and thoroughly up to the world's tricks, without being himself either a Mareschal de Richelieu or a Jonathan Wild. Indeed, the legitimate result of knowledge of the world should tend to make us, on the whole, somewhat better, because somewhat juster, and being juster, somewhat kinder, than we were in those days of inexperienced presumption, when youth is inclined to be the vehement censor of such vices as it is not tempted to commit, and the flippant satirist of such virtues as it is not allured to imitate. In fact, just as it may be years before we discover the better qualities of any man while his foibles strike us at the first glance, so it is with that aggregate of men which we call the world. Lord Melbourne, who in earlier life was somewhat predisposed towards cynical views of the world's standard of morality, said, after quitting office, "I am glad to have been First Minister, for I found that men are much better, much more honourable and sincere, than I had supposed them to be when I was in opposition." Certainly he knows very little of the world we live in nowadays, who does not become more indulgent and charitable than he was when he first started into life. And he is led into such charity and indulgence after undergoing many melancholy deceptions, and perhaps writhing under some grievous wrongs, by discovering that a man may be wise in spite of his foibles, and good in spite of his errors ; that it is very rarely we find a dull man without his clever points, or a bad man without some redeeming virtue. On the other hand, greatness and goodness of a really high and noble order become more visibly great and good the more they are examined by a man who, having in himself something of great or good, can measure proportions in the univer- habits with the accura- only be attained by Stars are all su-

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the clown: it is the philosopher who astonishes us by the information of their magnitude. It is true that a hero may not be a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. "Of course not," says Goethe, "for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I daresay, would have a great respect for some man who had a superior stamp as valet." "But what," asks some juvenile Timon—"what can palliate the blackness of the perfidies which have blighted into lasting misanthropy my bloom of life?"—meaning the mournful interval between twenty-one and twenty-three. Certainly, O generous Timon, it is probable that at twenty-one you may have already found in your friend a hawk who regards you as a pigeon, and in your sweetheart an angel in nothing except the wings which have borne her away from your arms. But, granting all the infamy of those in whom, with the fondness of youth, you invested your belief in human virtue, still, if you look round, even to that limited circumference in life which your practical survey can command, all human beings have not proved themselves monsters. Perhaps your father was not altogether a rogue; perhaps your mother had some lovable quality; perhaps your little sister now and then kissed you disinterestedly: perhaps all the boys at your school were not thieves and liars. You have chanced—as we all chance, sooner or later, in going through life—on some person, male or female, who behaved very ill to you: an excellent reason for being a little more cautious whom you trust in future—no reason at all for trusting nobody. [illegible] and, unless [illegible]pleton, [illegible]ociety [illegible]ly free- [illegible]h one [illegible]ith a [illegible]t and [illegible]m, [illegible]ou [illegible] —those monsters who have behaved so atrociously to you, may in other relations of life be estimable. All those parasites at whose heads Timon flung the dishes before he rushed off to his cave in the woods, had doubtless some finer trait of humanity than that of being parasites to Timon. Of those "Lords," how do we know that the first Lord was not an excellent father and husband; the second Lord a gallant warrior; the third Lord an useful member of the Areopagus?

In short, I suspect that every really skilled man of the world—as the world exists for its citizens in this nineteenth century—who, at the ripe age of forty, looks from the window of his club on the everyday mortals whom Fourier and Louis Blanc have hitherto failed to reform, has convinced himself that, considering all the mistakes in our education and rearing—all the temptations to which flesh and blood are exposed—all the trials which poverty inflicts on the poor—all the seductions which wealth whispers to the rich—men, on the whole, are rather good than otherwise, and women, on the whole, are rather better than the men.

I say "as the world exists in this nineteenth century," because it seems to me that knowledge of the world means a very different thing in one age to what it means in another. There have been times when, on the surface of society, all was putrid and loathsome; and though a knowledge of that abominable scum might have been purely scientific, and though he who knew it best might have abhorred it most, yet knowledge of the world in those days must have been, to an unvitiated taste, bitter as a draught from Marah; and any knowledge that keeps us in a perpetual state of wrath and scorn can scarcely improve our tempers or [illegible] Juvenal [illegible] fully [illegible] his day, [illegible] me, [illegible]

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nished the themes to his satire; but I very much doubt if he were made a whit better by all the stormy indignation to which the knowledge of so naughty a world transported his vehement genius. *Ridet et odit*—he laughs and hates; but the laugh of hatred is not a habit which a moralist can indulge with safety to his own moral nature. And probably Juvenal would have maintained himself in a more genuinely ethical state of mind—have been pleasanter to his friends, kinder to his slaves—have burned with more pious devotion his incense to Jove—if he had known a little less of the great world of Rome, and, when tired of its din and its smoke, sought refuge, like Horace, in Sabine shades by Bandusian founts.

If a good man find that his knowledge of the world supplies no other food to his genius than the laugh of hate, let him leave to itself the world, which he can never improve by the mere process of railing. Is it so odious? Well, he is not compelled to live in it. If he be a philosopher, he carries with him a world of his own at the sole of his foot. There never yet has been a period in history when a man so clever as Juvenal could not have been good if he pleased, no matter how wicked all other folks were. But then he certainly cannot be very good if he be always in a rage even with the folks who are bad. In fine,

"When grief and anger in the bosom swell,
Let injured Thales bid the town farewell."

But the world of our day is not the world of Juvenal—no, nor the world of Tacitus nor Petronius (assuming, for the moment, that the Petronius Arbiter of Tacitus wrote that novel of manners which scholars generally agree that he did not write, but which was certainly written by some very clever man of the world when the world was still the Roman empire); no, nor is the world of our day the world of St Simon, of Rochefoucauld, of Horace Walpole.

The Duc de St Simon is partly the Tacitus, partly the Juvenal, of the old French regime. Of his style it may be said, as it was of Tertullian's, that "it is like ebony, at once dark and splendid." He stands amidst the decay of a perishing social system. The thorough rot of the old regime is clear to his sanctimonious and solemn eye, through the cracks of the satin-wood which veneers its worm-eaten substance and bungled joinery. I am far from saying that men, on the whole, were rather good than otherwise, and women, on the whole, rather better than the men, in the world which St Simon knew; but his world was very contracted. His personal vanity served to contract it still more. Marmontel said of him, "that all which he saw in the nation was the *noblesse;* all that he saw in the *noblesse* was the peerage; and all that he saw in the peerage was himself"—an exaggerated judgment, as definitions of character condensed into sarcasms usually are, but not without a large foundation of truth. The world of a court is not a fair sample even of that mere superficies of concrete existence to which I proposed limiting our survey of what is called knowledge of the world; much less the court of an absolute monarchy. To use the Duc's own expression, no man had keener penetration than he into "*le manége des courtisans.*" But courtiers are not the people; the life of a court is not the life of a nation: it is to the nation's life what a sucker grafted on a stem is to the tree which has its roots in the soil; the flowers and fruits which it yields are those of the sucker, and not of the tree. But to the success of all grafting these conditions are indispensable: first, that the place of juncture should be guarded from the air; secondly, that the graft should have a perfect similitude with the plant from which its nourishment is derived, in the grain of the wood, the consistency of the bark, the season for the sap. Where these conditions fail, it is a proof of

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the gardener's ignorance, and not of his knowledge, if, showing me a blighted quince, he tells me it is a proof of disease in the native tree —it is only a proof of disease in the alien sucker. Now there was no similitude in bark or in wood between the courtier of Versailles and the genuine autochthon of France —the sap of the one had no natural confluence with the sap of the other: and the clay rudely plastered round the point of junction was, in the time of St Simon, fast crumbling away, to let in, with each beam of obtrusive sunlight, the air that must kill not the tree but the graft. It is the characteristic of St Simon, and of many other French memoir-writers less gifted, to imagine that, in showing the sickliness of the graft, they are proving the condition of the tree. They treat of the *grand monde;* but their *grand monde* is only the face of the *beau monde*, with bloom that comes not from the veins, but from carmine and pearl powder.

This defect of scope detracts from the merit of an observer still more subtle and keen than St Simon. Rochefoucauld reduces to the dimensions of drawing-room epigram the range of a philosophy intended to illustrate the mechanism of Man by a morality drawn from the knowledge of Manners. His maxims are exquisite specimens of that kind of wisdom which might be attained in boudoirs and *petits soupers* by a French duke of brilliant wit, of sharp penetration — adorned by a style that, for neatness and finish, might have been written by Alcibiades, amusing his exile in Sparta by refining Laconic aphorisms into Attic diction.

Yet, apart from the general theory of Utilitarian Epicureanism tracing all the springs of our actions, good or evil, sublime or base, to that self-love of which the 'Maxims' are designed to be the brilliant Euclid—a theory which, be it true or false, has no claim to original conception — the propositions enforcing the doctrine are based on experiences visibly narrow. One perceives at a glance that Rochefoucauld's men, who "in the adversity of their best friends always find something that does not displease them," were hollow-hearted intriguants for fortune, place, and favour; men who, even in the heat of civil war (the war of the Fronde) seem devoid of one patriotic sentiment, or of one ennobling opinion. Even the great Condé takes arms with the foreigner against his own country, from no conceivable motive except that he had not been treated with all the *égards* due to him at court. In such a camp as that of the Fronde, in such a court as that of France, I have no doubt that men found something not displeasing to them in the adversities of their best friends. Those men had been accustomed from childhood to think very little of their best friends where their own interests were concerned. So, when Rochefoucauld says that "there are few virtuous women who are not tired of their *metier*," I have no doubt that the saying was true as applied to the French marchionesses, to whom virtue was a *metier*. Aphorisms like these, applied to humankind in general, are only sarcasms having just that proportion of partial truth to which sarcasm is indebted for its sparkle. Nothing conveys a more inaccurate idea of a whole truth than a part of a truth so prominently brought forth as to throw the other parts into shadow. This is the art of caricature; and by the happy use of that art you might caricature the Apollo Belvidere.

To appreciate the process of thought by which Rochefoucauld arrives at his famous maxim of our secret content in the adversities of our best friends, it is necessary to glance at some of his opinions on friendship in general—as, for instance, "That which men have named friendship, is only a society, a reciprocal management of interests, and an exchange of good offices: it is, in fine, only a commerce wherein self-love always pro-

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poses to itself a something to gain." Again, "It is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem, but it is not less so to love those whom we esteem much more than ourselves." Or, "We have always sufficient strength to bear the ills—of another."

Maxims thus cynical, set forth after deliberate meditation, and so carefully weighed, so laboriously polished, that every word has been a study, must either be congenial to the nature of the writer or to the social experiences from which he has drawn them ; but they were not congenial to the nature of Rochefoucauld, who was esteemed, by the best judges among his contemporaries, for the chivalrous honour of his character ; and therefore it is in such maxims that we see not the writer, not mankind in general, but the social attributes of the time and circle in which he lived. There are few things that more intelligibly depict the condition of any given state of society than the estimate taken of those affections of love and friendship which are the cement of all societies—but may in one age be a cement of cracking rubble or crumbling mud, and, in another age, of Parian stone.

In healthful, that is, in free communities, there are certain public friendships in which the types of private friendship appear heroic ; and, from the disinterested nature of the public friendships, private friendships insensibly acquire generosity and elevation. Certainly, in those public friendships, there is nothing that pleases men in the adversities of their best friends ; for the common sympathy in great objects overpowers the egotism which either soothes a latent envy, or indulges a vain sentiment of superiority in such pleasure as can be found in contemplating the misfortunes of a friend. Shaftesbury has thus noted, among the counterpoising benefits to the evils of war, the magnanimity of the friendships which are engendered by the participation of a common peril and a common glory. It is so, if the combatants feel something sacred in the cause of the war which unites them—not if the war be a mere game of personal ambition, in which the death of your best friend may be a lucky step in your promotion. Thus the combatant, in some war hallowed by the conviction of his conscience and espoused by the passions of his heart, far from finding it difficult, according to Rochefoucauld's maxim, to love those whom he esteems more than himself, loves his chief exactly in proportion as he accords to that chief an esteem in which the sense of his own personality absolutely vanishes. As man must personify in flesh and blood his abstract idea of love and veneration, so the patriot soldier invests the strongest affections of his heart in some heroic chief, who seems to him most livingly to represent whatever is most divine in his enthusiastic thought. In no adversity that could befall that chief would there be a something that would not displease him. No genuine Ironside could have known any secret satisfaction had reverse befallen Cromwell — no genuine Cavalier have felt a consolatory touch of self-love when the pikemen smoked in the face of Charles. To both the Ironside and the Cavalier, the man who concentred on himself for the time the noblest affections of human friendship, was the representative of a cause—was a Cromwell or a Charles. "Yes," you will say, "but this is not friendship—it is something more and something different. It was not friendship that the Ironside felt for Cromwell, or the Cavalier for Charles." Granted ; but in all which elevates and ennobles friendship into a relation beyond mere companionship, which identifies the Friend with some agency in the success of a principle that we hold to be a paramount truth—a principle that takes us literally and completely out of all cognition of our self-love, and of all which

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common-sense can accept as our self-interest—there enters an affection which is, more or less, like that of an enthusiast for the representative of his cause. And this comprehends the secret of that affectionate friendship which, in free States, springs up between members of the same party; so that, where party runs strong, Cicero's saying is almost painfully true, "*Idem sentire de Republica ea sola firma amicitia est*"—an aphorism which, transferred from classic Latin into homely English, means, "Sympathy in political opinions constitutes the only firm friendship." Party-spirit in our day does not run so high as it did in Cicero's—in our day we must qualify the maxim. In our day, to my judgment, a safe English politician should be many-sided, not one-sided: he should live familiarly with all classes of opinion; he should weigh deliberately and muse reflectively over all that is generous and true and wise in each class. I am not sure whether, in metaphysics, the eclectic school, adorned by the candid genius of Victor Cousin, be the deepest; but I am sure that, for the practical administration of England, the eclectic statesman will obtain the largest amount of confidence, and do the greatest amount of good. Moreover, in England, thank Heaven, we are not at this moment so engrossingly politicians but what we have other fellowships besides those of politics—Literature, Art, Science—even congenialities in ordinary social tastes or sympathies, in manners and modes of living. Happy for a land is that time in which political dissensions are not the tyrannical controllers of man's intellectual, moral, spiritual being!

But party is still a noble fellowship, if it be nobly adopted;—a noble intercommunication of affection and thought: and the friendships formed by the large sympathies of party are still strong enough to give a polite contradiction to Rochefoucauld's axiom. True, in party as in literature, art, trade, there are base jealousies. Let a member of either House of Parliament, full of himself—full of the *amour propre* which Rochefoucauld so anatomically dissects—consult only his egotism; desire, if young, to shine by an oratorical display—desire, if old and hardened, to betray a colleague and indulge a spleen: certes, if he fail, in his adversity there will be something which will not displease his right honourable and noble friends. But once let a man merge his personality, however brilliant that be, in an earnest consideration of what is best for the party and the cause to which he belongs—real earnestness is so evident that it seldom admits denial in any large assembly in which the earnest speaker lifts up his truthful brow—and that man will have friends to whom his failure, or misfortunes involving failure, would convey nothing that could not displease. Those whom the misfortune does not displease will not be his friends, but his antagonists. Mr Pitt was popularly considered a man in whom private friendships were somewhat frigid; but when his friend Lord Melville was stricken down by a sentence of impeachment, tears, for the first time, were detected in Pitt's haughty eyes; and the shock, to a heart indomitable to foes, contributed to the causes which accelerated his death. There was not a something in Lord Melville's adversity which did not displease Mr Pitt. Nor was the afflicted friend here the object of a hero-worship to which the worshipper renders superstitious adoration. Melville might worship Pitt—Pitt did not worship Melville. In loyal, affectionate friendship, I know not which is the stronger tie to a loyal, affectionate nature—gratitude for him who serves you, or appreciation of gratitude in him whom you have served. On the whole, in proportion to the heroism of your nature, you will most devotedly sacrifice yourself to the man who has served you, and may never-

theless most fondly mourn for the misfortunes of the man whom you have had the happiness to serve ; but in neither case can you find, in the misfortunes of benefactor or benefited, a something that does not displease you. Where men do feel such satisfaction in the adversities of their best friends as to justify Rochefoucauld's maxim, and lift it into the popularity of a proverb, there must be a rot in the state of society ; and the cynicism of the saying condemns not the man who says it, but the society that originated illustrations so numerous as to make the saying proverbial. As I have before said, Rochefoucauld's character warrants this reflection. The author of the 'Maxims' was apparently the least selfish public man of his land and age. Saith one of his biographers, not untruly, "He gave the example of all the virtues of which he would appear to contest the existence." He ridicules bravery as a madness ; and as Madame de Maintenon, who could have had no predilection for his system, curtly observes, "*il etoit cependant fort brave.*" The proofs of his bravery do not rest on Madame de Maintenon's assertion. A scorn of danger, pre-eminently French, as it became the inheritor of so great a French name to exhibit, was sufficiently shown at the siege of Bordeaux and the battle of St Antoine. Madame de Sevigné speaks of Rochefoucauld with an admiration which she rarely bestows except on her daughter ; and says that, in his last agonising illness, he thought more of his neighbour than himself. Cardinal de Retz, in the portrait he has left of the brilliant duke—a portrait certainly not flattered—tells us that this philosopher, who reduced all human motives to self-interest, did not feel (*il ne sentoit pas*) the little interests which have never been his weak point (*son foible*), and did not understand the great interests (*il ne connoissoit pas les grands*) which have not been his strong point (*son fort*) ; and, finally, this acute critic of contemporaneous celebrities, after assuring us that Rochefoucauld "had never been a good party-man," tells us that, in the relations of common life, Rochefoucauld was the honestest man of his age (*le plus honnête homme à l'égard de la vie commune qui eût paru dans son siècle*). And yet, though Rochefoucauld was not depraved by the world in which he lived, we may reasonably doubt if he would not have been a still better man if his knowledge of it had been somewhat less intimate. He tells us, for instance, that he was insensible to compassion. Would he have been so insensible to compassion if he had not somewhat hardened his own heart by the process of dissecting, with scientific remorselessness, the mean little hearts which furnish the subjects of his lectures on mankind ? After Majendie had spent the morning in disjointing and disembowelling the curs that he submitted to his calm philosophical scalpel, one could scarcely expect him to be seized with compassion for a hungry mastiff or a footsore pointer whom he might encounter in his evening walks.

I must crave pardon for treating at such length of the author of the 'Maxims,' and of the fallacies contained in his theory. The pardon is due to me ; for we are never to forget the extent to which the fashionable philosophy of France has operated on the intellect and action of Europe ; and Voltaire assures us, in his most elaborate work, that "the book which most contributed to form the taste of the French nation was the 'Maxims' of François, Duc de Rochefoucauld." That is true ;—not only the taste but the mode of thought. Helvetius, preceding the Revolution, is but a learned and lengthened expositor of the philosophy contained in the 'Maxims.' Rochefoucauld was one of the founders of the Revolution, for his work was that of a leveller. His descendant, like himself a philosopher, accepted the Revolution, cheerfully renounced his titles of noblesse, and was appointed to the

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Presidency of the Department of Paris. It is easy to resign the titles of a duke—difficult to get rid of the honour of a gentleman. Quoth one of the patriots with whom he linked himself, "This *ci-devant* is of a virtue too troublesome" *(c'est une vertu trop incommode)*. Accordingly, the descendant of the author of the 'Maxims' was doomed, and massacred in the sight, almost in the arms, of his wife and mother;—tragic and practical illustration of the dogma which the great Duke had impressed on the mind of his country;—"*Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt, comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer.*" Certainly it is not in the 'Maxims' of Rochefoucauld that we would search for doctrines which make chivalry poetically heroic and democracy poetically humane. When Alphonse Lamartine, by an immortal speech, in which there is no wit and no sparkle, struck down to his feet the red flag, we recognise intuitively the difference between the maxim-maker's knowledge of the conventional world and the poet-orator's knowledge of the universal human heart. Honour to Alphonse Lamartine for his knowledge of the heart in that moment which saved the dignity of France and the peace of Europe, no matter what were his defects in the knowledge of the world—defects by which rulers destined to replace him learned to profit! Honour to that one triumph of poetry put into action! Honour to Alphonse Lamartine! I bow my head, and pass on.

I have spoken of Knowledge of the World, in the current meaning of the phrase, as superficial—the knowledge of a society which is to the world what the surface is to the sea. But that definition is not always correct; for knowledge of the world in Rochefoucauld, and writers akin to him, even including La Bruyère (who, like all plagiarists of real genius, has rendered original what he plagiarised, and, copying from the skeleton-outlines of Theophrastus, has made the copy worth a million times more than the picture it honours by copying)—knowledge of the world in Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère is knowledge that cannot be called shallow—it wants breadth rather than depth. In proportion to its width it is profound. It does not skim over a sea; but it does fathom to the base of the cistern, and does ascend to the height of the spray, in an artificial fountain. On the other hand, our own Horace Walpole's knowledge of the world is much more expansive than that of St Simon or Rochefoucauld, and is much less deep in proportion to its width. It takes a more varied survey of manners and humours, embracing more of the active and serious employments of that life which is not spent in patrician salons and royal anterooms. It sports, indeed, with the appropriate airiness of a well-born wit, over the fragile characters of its Lady Betties and Lord Jessamies; it has its familiar *entrée* into the circle set apart for princes of the blood: but it is at home in a world on the other side of the Coteries; it has a polite acquaintance with the arts which embellish our universal humanity; it has its familiar chit-chat with the grave interests and the solemn passions by whose alternate action and repulsion Freedom maintains its poise; it comprehends the truth as notable in political as in physical science—viz., that large bodies attract the smaller, and by the smaller are themselves attracted. Horace Walpole illustrates his knowledge of the world by anecdote and witticism, by the authority of his own empirical opinion, by a fancy so wanton and discursive that it cannot fail to be sometimes just; but he never fatigues himself by seeking, like Rochefoucauld, to dissect and analyse. He prides himself on being frivolous, and if he is wise, he takes care to tell you that he is only so for his own amusement. We cannot dispute his knowledge of the world in breadth of surface, as we may do that of the

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French Court-philosophers; but he very rarely dives to the depth which they explore, though it be but the depth of a garden fountain. Not actuated by any earnest desire of abstract truth in his survey of things, he is not likely to be scrupulously accurate in his delineations of persons; and in these his native penetration and his acquired experience are often warped and distorted by spite, spleen, party antipathies, family grudges, and still more often by the love of scandal, which is the normal characteristic of an intellectual gossip. We cannot look on his portraitures of contemporaneous characters even with the qualified respect which we attach to those in the Memoirs of St Simon. They do not belong to a historical gallery; but they have their price as a portfolio of brilliant caricatures by an artist who might have done much better. Finally, we may doubt whether Horace Walpole's knowledge of the world conduced to his own moral wellbeing; whether if, in youth, he had immured himself in a college, like Gray—devoted himself, like Gray, to earnest study, and the patient contemplation of those forms of art which, as a fashionable virtuoso, he only deigned to regard as toys for rococo cabinets —he might not have disciplined his unquestionable genius to much nobler exercise, and cultivated into richer fertility those manly affections of which he proved, by his friendship for Conway, and his reverence for his father's memory, that he was not constitutionally barren. Remote from the world that he paints in such brilliant water-colours, he might have filled his heart and his mind with less old-maidish fondnesses than he conceived, amid swarms of human fellow-creatures, for a long-haired poodle and a Gothic reliquary.

Knowledge of the world, in the conventional sense which is given to the phrase, is rarely exhibited by poets, either in their writings or their lives. It is only intellects of a much higher order than suffices for those combinations of melodious sound, delicate fancies, or tender sentiments, by which poets can achieve lovely and immortal names—that seize and cultivate into fruit or flower such germs of poetry as lie deep-hidden beneath the trodden soils of commonplace and matter-of-fact. Knowledge of the world, as a man of the world comprehends it, does in itself belong rather to the prose than to the poetry of life. There seems, indeed, to most poets, something antagonistic to poetic fancies, reveries, and contemplations, in the study of conventional manners—in the intimate acquaintance with the fashions and frivolities of the Court and the Town—in the analysis of the ordinary motives of prosaic characters—in the business of their idleness, the idleness of their business. It is only a poet of immense grasp and range that, seizing on all these material elements of earth, carries them aloft into his upper air, held there in solution, as the atmosphere above us holds the metals and the gases, and calling them forth at his easy will, to become tangible and visible, through luminous golden vapour; as, at the magic of the chemist, gases burst into light from the viewless space; or, in a ray of the sun, are discovered the copper and the iron which minister to our most familiar uses.

It is certainly not the least marvellous property of Shakespeare's genius that he takes up into his poetry elements that seem essentially to belong to prose, and gives them back in poetic forms, yet preserving all the practical value which plain good sense could give them in prose the most logically severe. In his aphorisms he includes the worldly shrewdness, the fine observation of positive life, of conventional manners, which constitute the merit of the Rochefoucaulds, La Bruyères, Walpoles. Nothing can be less like their prose than his poetry; but his poetry embraces the happiest particles of the genius which places their prose among our classics. In the wide range of his characters he

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comprises the airy, fine gentleman, the subtle politician, the courtier, the fop—the types of those in whom the man of the world recognises the familiars from whom he derives his experience. What knowledge of the world—unsurpassed by those who are its oracles of our own day in the clubs of London and Paris—playfully blazes out in his Falstaff, his Mercutio! With what delicate and finished mastery of character, formed by the influence of the actual world, the hypocrisy of Angelo is shadowed forth and reconciled to the qualities that had made him tenacious of repute for inflexible justice and rigid virtue! Compare Shakespeare's Angelo with Molière's Tartuffe—both admirable portraitures; but the first is the portraiture by a psychologist, the second the portraiture by a satirist. There is no satire in Angelo—very little satire in Shakespeare's habitual employment of his genius; for satire is, in reality, too akin to prose views of life for Shakespeare's transmutation of prose into poetry. But whatever satire aims at in the Tartuffe is included and fused in the conception of Angelo; and so it is with Shakespeare generally. As satire consists in the exaggeration of some alleged vice or folly, to the ignoring of other components in the moral being of the individual satirised, until the individual is reduced almost to an abstraction of the idea which the satirist wishes to hold up to scorn, and a Tartuffe becomes less a hypocritical man than an allegoric personification of hypocrisy; so, on the contrary, with Shakespeare, the one dominant passion, humour, or moral quality of the character is generally softened and shaded off into various other tints; and it is through the entire system and complicated functions of the living man that the dominating idea winds and undulates—a living man, and not an automaton which an ingenious mechanician sets in movement for the purpose of exhibiting a philosophical idea that he desires to make scientifically clear to vulgar comprehension. It is for this reason that Shakespeare, in his tragedy, so remarkably preserves the intellectual freedom of his criminal characters. As Hegel well remarks, it is not the witches who lead Macbeth on to his crimes—it is the sinful desires to which the witches only give an utterance that at first dismays him; and it is also for this reason that Shakespeare is so genial in his comedy, and, being so genial, so exquisitely forgiving. That he should not only let off, but actually reward, an Angelo, is a violation of the vulgar laws of poetical justice. But Shakespeare's sovereign knowledge of the world, instead of making him cynical and austere, makes him charitable and gentle. Perhaps because he lived in a very grand age, in which, amid much that, while human nature lasts, will be eternally bad and low, there were, nevertheless, astir all the noblest elements which modern society has called into play. There was still the valiant spirit of chivalry, divested of its savage rudeness, retaining its romantic love of adventure, its unselfish loyalty, its ineffable dignity, its poetic delicacy of sentiment and high-bred courtesy of bearing. Shakespeare was the contemporary of Spenser. But there was also astir in the world—not yet divorced from the courtly graces, not yet narrowed into puritanical fanaticism—the sublime conception of a freedom for opinion and conscience, destined to create a heroism more intense and more earnest than knighthood's. Shakespeare's 'Tempest' was the precursor of Milton's 'Comus.' Shakespeare had not only the advantage of living in a very great and energetic age, but the still greater advantage, for the serene and angerless contemplation of human infirmities, of living in an age in which the conflicting passions between the old and the new heroisms of thought were not yet let loose,—when men, in their zeal for a cause or a principle, were not inflamed into a hate that destroyed all philosophical judgment of the

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men who differed from them. It was not only a great age, but a conciliatory age; and Shakespeare, in expressing it, is as conciliatory as he is great. This was impossible to the Poet of that after age, also great, but violently aggressive and antagonistic, which

> "Was with its stored thunder labouring up."

Who could have divined in the beautiful dreamy youth of Milton the destined champion of fanatics to whom the Muses and the Graces were daughters of Belial?—who could have supposed that out of such golden platonisms, such lovely fancies, such dulcet concords of all pastoral, chivalrous, courtly, scholastic melodies as meet, and ravish us away from each ungentle thought in 'Comus' and 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'Lycidas,' 'Arcadia,' would rise the inflexible wrathful genius that became the vindicator of Charles's regicide, the eulogist of Cromwell's usurpation? Happy that, surviving the age of strife, that majestic spirit is last seen on earth, nearer in age than even in youth to the gates of heaven, and, no longer fiercest in the war of Christian against Christian, blending all the poetries of Christendom itself in that wondrous hymn, compared to which Tasso's song is but a dainty lay, and even Dante's verse but a Gothic mystery.

To return to Shakespeare. In that world which he knew so well, there were not only the Spensers, the Sidneys, the Raleighs, and the magnificent image of Elizabeth crowning all, and, to the infinite disgrace of Englishmen, of late years deposed from her ideal of Gloriana, and reduced by small historians and shallow critics to the level of a Catherine of Russia;—there was also the Francis Bacon who revolutionised all the systems of practical science; and, far less known (be that also to the shame of Englishmen), the John Davies, beyond whom no metaphysician of the immaterial or spiritual school—including its great reformers, the Scotch, with Reid—its æsthetic embellishers and logicians, with Kant—its accomplished, rhetorical, eloquent embellishers, with Victor Cousin—has advanced, any more than Faraday, Frankhofer, Stokes, Brewster, Kirchhoff have advanced from Newton, in tracing the nature of the solar light. Contemporaneous with Shakespeare, also, were those awful politicians—far, indeed, from being scrupulously philanthropical, far from being morally spotless—Walsingham and either Cecil; but who, in practical statesmanship, who, in the knowledge of which Themistocles boasted—"the knowledge how to make small states great"—towered aloft over even a Raleigh and a Bacon. It is by the light of such an age that we can alone read adequately a Shakespeare, who, in his mere playful supererogatory knowledge of the world, comprehended them all, and fused, in his loving verse, every discord in their various wisdom.

What has most struck me in comparing, I do not say Shakespeare's genius, for that is incomparable, but his practical wisdom, with the poets of his time, has been less his metaphysical depth and subtlety in discovering some latent truth amid the complicated folds of the human mind, than the ease with which he adapts his metaphysical acuteness to his practical views of life; in short, his knowledge of man individually, wondrous as it is, seems to me less exclusively and transcendently his own than his combination of knowledge of men individually, and of the world collectively, and his fusion of both kinds of knowledge into poetic form, which has its appropriate place in the entire composition, and is not merely a detached and occasional felicity of diction; for if we look at his contemporaries, and especially the later ones, there are few attributes they have more in common than a love for metaphysical reflection upon man in the abstract, couched in vivid poetry of expression. Passages of this kind abound

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in Beaumont and Fletcher; still more in the richer genius of Massinger, whose main fault, perhaps, lies in an over-fondness for metaphysical research in the creation of exceptional characters influenced by exceptional motives, and a lavish beauty of expression, which is often inharmonious to the displeasing nature of the action. This family resemblance is perhaps less salient in Jonson than in the other great dramatists of the time; but even in him it is sufficiently strong. The prevalent taste in the age of a great writer who may be regarded as its highest type, is perhaps, however, best seen in the taste of the younger generation formed in his school, and among writers of the lesser order of genius, which reflects the earlier genius that overshadows it. Daniel, Habington, Davenant have wonderful lines here and there, combining, in the Shakespearean spirit, an abstract philosophical thought with exquisite poetry of form. Such as this description of Justice—

"Clear-eyed Astræa
Comes with her balance and her sword, to show
That first her judgment weighs before it strikes."
—Daniel's 'Goddesses.'

Or this fine discrimination between political perils—

"Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters,
But winds must arm themselves ere the large sea
Is seen to tremble."
—Habington's 'Queen of Arragon.'

Or this striking illustration of the fear which accompanies and betokens ardent love—

"Flame trembles most when it doth highest rise."
—Sir W. Davenant's 'The Man's the Master.'

Observe the metaphysical depth in the lines I am about to subjoin from May,* and consider how much the thought they embody has served to furnish forth arguments in defence of miracles urged at this day.

"Nor let us say some things 'gainst Nature be,
Because such things as those we seldom see.
We know not what is natural, but call
Those acts which God does often—natural.

Where, if we weighed with a religious eye
The *power* of doing—not the *frequency*,
All things alike in strangeness to our thought
Would be, which He in the creation wrought;
But in those rare and wondrous things may we
The freedom of that great Creator see.

When He at first the course of things ordained,
And Nature within certain bounds restrained,
That laws of seeds and seasons may be known;—
He did not then at all confine His own
Almighty power!, But, wheresoe'er He will,
Works 'gainst the common course of nature still."
—May's 'Henry II.'

I think that every student of intellectual philosophy will allow that there must have been an immense amount of metaphysical, and even of psychological, knowledge afloat in the atmosphere of an age in which so poor a poet, in point of genius and form, as that I have quoted, could embody such refinement and depth of reasoning in verses that certainly are not inspired.

The two writers, in the full noon of the Shakesperean era, to whom we should be least disposed to look for sentences rich in abstract philosophy (always except Spenser, in whom philosophy, where found, as completely forgets its purpose, in allegorical fancies and melodious roundelays, as a bee may forget its hive amid the honeys of Hymettus), are Philip Sidney, the court darling, and Lilye, the fashionable euphuist.

* May was about twenty-one when Shakespeare died. It was the generation preceding his own in which his youth learned to think, and it is the spirit of that epoch of thought which speaks in the verses cited—a spirit that underwent a notable change in the revolutionary epoch during which May's later manhood acted its inconsistent and passionate part.

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Yet, even in his romance of 'Arcadia,' Sidney has depths and reaches of thought which may suffice to show what tributary rivulets were feeding the sea of Shakespeare.

Lilye was pre-eminently the fashionable literary fop of his splendid age; but still Lilye, if he be compared with a fashionable novelist or play-writer of our time, in Paris or London, becomes instantly entitled to a considerable degree of respect. The 'Euphues' devoured by courtiers and maids of honour is enough to show how high a standard of intellectual eminence was required by the most frivolous portion of the reading public of that majestic day. Its pervading vice is, that it pushes into extravagant caricature Shakespeare's own greatest fault—viz., the excess of wit in verbal conceit; but strip the sense of that verbal conceit, and it abounds in thoughts equally delicate and profound. It may be, and it is, too fantastical and super-refined for good writing; but still it must have been a great age in which the merely fashionable folks made 'Euphues' the rage. It shows how much philosophising was in accordance with fashionable taste, when Lilye embroiders into the light tissues of his story the purple patch of a version from one of Seneca's most elevated and stoical works; and a version which has some beauties transcending the original, nor even attained by Bolingbroke's exquisite paraphrase of the same essay.

In Shakespeare's day, then, the tendency to intellectual philosophy and metaphysical speculation was marked and general, and his own fondness for it is explained by the spirit of his age. But he stands distinct from contemporaneous writers of imagination in this—that his science of man's nature in the abstract is so wondrously enriched and vivified by knowledge of the world—exhibited not only in profound aphorisms, but in vivid impersonations through created characters in every class and grade of life; and of the latter knowledge there is very little trace in his contemporaries—very little trace, I venture to think, even in Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. Probably his personal intimacies assisted to the perfection of his delineations of the manners and mind of the being we call gentleman—of a Bassano, a Gratiano, a Benedick, an Orlando, a Mercutio, &c.; not to speak of the incomparable art with which he retains to Falstaff, in despite of all the fat knight's rogueries, the character of the wit who has equality with princes. Falstaff is never vulgar. And if Shakespeare, when not dealing with the destinies of tragedy, is so indulgent to his faulty characters,—not only to Angelo, the sanctimonious dissembler, but to Bertram, the faithless lover—Oliver, the unnatural elder brother—Proteus, the treacherous friend,—it is because his knowledge of the world, in its survey of mankind on the whole, softens into an artistic charity the penetration with which he detects the vice of man in the abstract. And, doubtless, I say, the age in which he lived contributed to engender and justify this charity of judgment. For in its juncture between the licence of chivalric manners and the severer morality which the Reformation and the new-born study of the sacred writings were destined to introduce, and in the struggle visible among the highest natures of the time and land between the old Northern principle of honour, and the seductive brilliancies of Italian craft—there *was*, in the characters of men of the world, a singular mixture of qualities fair and noble and qualities foul and mean, the mixture being sustained by a third element of intellectual activity or poetic grace. Without entering into the controversy as to the just estimate of Lord Bacon's character—which, I think, however, is much too harshly depreciated by Lord Macaulay—I content myself with referring to his advice to Lord Essex, in the letter of 4th October

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1596, how "to win the Queen," as sufficing to show the extent to which Machiavellian policy was in that day admitted as blameless into English counsel. For certainly Bacon, in that letter, is altogether unconscious that he is recommending a systematic duplicity and simulation unworthy the adoption of a high-minded noble; nor is there any evidence that Essex himself, though he might reject the advice, resented it as dishonourable; yet as certainly there is not a true gentleman nowadays who could receive such a letter from a distinguished friend without a blush for himself and his adviser; for the whole purport of the letter is to recommend this knight and soldier to seem what he is not—to make his very nature a lie. Pretend, pretend, pretend, is the moral of each wily recommendation. He is to pretend to resemble the very men whom both he and his adviser despise: "whereof I have noted you to fly and avoid, in some respect justly, the resemblance or imitation of my Lord Leicester or my Lord Chancellor Hatton; yet I am persuaded, howsoever I wish your lordship as distant as you are from them in points of form, integrity, magnanimity, and merit, that it will do you much good between the Queen and you to *allege them, as often as you find occasion, for authors and patterns;* for I do not know a readier mean to make her Majesty think you are in the right way."

Again: "Your lordship should never be without some particulars afoot which you should *seem* to pursue with earnestness and affection, and *then let them fall upon taking knowledge of her Majesty's opposition and dislike.*" He is to push this insincerity even into bad faith to his own friends and partisans, "of which (particulars) the weightiest sort may be, if your lordship *offer* to labour on the behalf of some that you favour for some of the places now void, choosing such *a subject as you think her Majesty is like to oppose unto.* And if you will say this is *conjunctum cum aliena injuria*, I will not answer, *Hæc non aliter constabunt*—but I say, commendation from so good a mouth does not peril a man, though you prevail not." A poor salve to the conscience of a patron for holding out to trustful clients hopes that he knows are false—and a poor satisfaction to the client to receive commendation from the mouth, with the premeditated design to "be let fall" by the hand.

Again: "A less weighty sort of particulars may be the *pretence* of some journeys which, at her Majesty's request, you *might relinquish.* And the lightest sort of particulars, which are yet not to be neglected, are in your habits, apparel, wearings, *gestures*, and the like."

In short, from the greatest to the least "particular," the man is to be one pretence: "You shall *pretend* to be as bookish and contemplative as ever you were. Whereunto I add one expedient more, stronger than all the rest, and for my own confident opinion, void of any prejudice or danger of diminution of your greatness; and that is, the bringing in of some martial man to be of the Council, dealing directly with her Majesty in it, as for her service and your better assistance; *choosing, nevertheless, some person that may be known not to come in against you by any former division.* I judge the fittest to be my Lord Mountjoy or my Lord Willoughby. And if your lordship see deeplier into it than I do, that you would *not have it done in effect, you may serve your turn by the pretence of it, and stay it, nevertheless.*"

Again: "The third impression is of a popular reputation, which, because it is a thing good of itself, being obtained as your lordship obtaineth it—that is, *bonis artibus*—and, besides well governed, is one of the best flowers of your greatness, both present and to come, it would be handled tenderly. The only way is to quench it *verbis*, and not *rebus;* and, therefore, to take all occasions to *speak against popularity and*

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popular courses vehemently, and to tax it in all others—but, nevertheless, to go on in your honourable commonwealth courses as you do."

Now, judged by the morality of our day, we should say that a man following these counsels would be a contemptible hypocrite and a very dangerous citizen. But in an age where court favour is the first object of political ambition, morality is of a more accommodating temper. To me, this Letter to Essex contains the true key to Lord Bacon's character and conduct in matters relating to the world: it is, in its own way, very wise, and in any way it is very mean. It shows where Bacon's knowledge of the world was profound, and also where it ran into perilous shallows beset with rocks and shoals. It explains the rules by which he shaped his own career and sullied his own honour; how he came to rise so high, and to fall so low. It seems also to justify, on the score of wisdom, the meanness of his supplicatory attitude after his fall. I believe his self-humiliation was more a pretence than a reality; that he did for himself what he had recommended to Essex—sought to seem, rather than to be. An abject bearing was the best means to his end, which was to retrieve as far as possible the effects of his reverse. His lowliness was Ambition's ladder. The more he seemed bowed down with penitent shame, the more he converted the wrath even of his enemies into compassion. And the course he adopted in this seeming self-abasement proved its merely worldly sagacity. Step after step he began to re-arise. His fine was released—the rest of his punishment remitted—he reappeared at court—he was readmitted to the House of Lords—his piteous importunities for his pension were successful—he got from the Government his £1200 a-year. All that his wisdom saw it possible to effect after such a reverse, he effected through the meanness which perhaps was not constitutional with him, but an essential element of that which, in dealings with the world, he conceived to be wisdom. It is not true, as Mr Basil Montagu and others would have us believe, that he did nothing which the contemporaries who condemned him really thought wrong; but it is also not true that what he did was thought wrong in the codes of that wily Italian school of policy in which Bacon's youth had been trained. In the Cecil Correspondence, men of the greatest name and the purest repute exhibit a laxity of sentiment in what we now call honour, and a servile greediness for what were then called honours, which would not in our time be compatible with dignity of mind and elevation of character. But in that day such contrasts were compatible. Far from being worse or lower types of our kind in the age of Elizabeth than ambition exhibits now, the men of that age may rather be said to have joined meannesses which no ordinary mean man nowadays will avow, with lofty qualities of heart and intellect and courage which no man, ordinarily noble, nowadays can rival. And thus it was that, in analysing the springs of conduct, and sufficiently showing his condemnation of vice in the abstract, Shakespeare so mercifully, in his mixed characters, awards judgment on the outward fate of the offender, and so tenderly merges the hard law of poetic justice into the soft humanity of poetic love—dealing with such characters as if they were indeed his children, and he could not find it in his father's heart to devote to the avenging Furies the erring offspring he had born into the temptations of the world.

It seems to me that, among modern poets, Goethe ranks next to Shakespeare, at however wide an interval, in the combination of abstract, metaphysical speculation, and genial, easy, clement knowledge of the actual world. But this latter knowledge is perhaps even less shown in his dramas, poems, and

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novels — works, in short, prepared and designed for publication—than in the numerous records which his friends have preserved of his private correspondence and conversations. In the course of these Essays I have frequently quoted his sayings—perhaps somewhat too frequently; but they have been nearly always taken from such personal records—little known to English readers, and not very generally known even to Germans; and there is scarcely a subject connected with the great interests of the world—whether in art, literature, politics, or in the more trivial realm of worldly manners — on which some shrewd, wise, or playful observation of Goethe's does not spontaneously occur to me as pertinent, and throwing a gleam of new light on topics the most trite or familiar. What Goethe himself thought of the world he knew so well, and in which he won so lofty a vantage-ground of survey, is perhaps sufficiently shown in the following remark, which is made with his characteristic union of *naïveté* and irony:—

"The immorality of the age is a standing topic of complaint with some men; but if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent him."

I may add another of his aphorisms, which hints the explanation of his own lenient views of life:—

"Great talents are essentially conciliatory." And again: "Age makes us tolerant. I never see a fault which I did not myself commit."

Goethe, like Shakespeare, lived in a great and energetic time. His life comprehends that era in the intellectual history of his country which, for sudden, startling, Titan-like development of forces, has no parallel, unless it be in the outbreak of Athenian genius during the century following the Persian war. A language which, though spoken by vast populations in the central heart of Europe, had not hitherto been admitted among the polite tongues of civilised utterance—which the very kings of the Fatherland had banished from their courts—which was ignored by the *literati* of colleges and capitals, as if the Germany which gave to a sovereign the title of the Cæsars was still the savage dwelling-place of the worshippers of Herman; a language thus deemed a barbarous dialect amid the polished tongues of neighbouring populations, suddenly leapt into a rank beside those of Italy, England, France — furnishing poets, dramatists, critics, reviewers, philosophers, scholars, in dazzling and rapid fertility, and becoming henceforth and evermore a crowded storehouse of the massiest ingots of intellectual treasure, and the most finished ornaments of inventive art.

Amid these founders of a national literature, if Goethe be not indeed the earliest, he appears to be so in the eyes of foreigners, because his form is so towering that it obscures the images of his precursors; and his scope was so vast, his acquirements so various, that almost every phase of that intellectual splendour which surrounds him found on one side or other of his genius a luminiferous reflector, giving back the light which it took in. His knowledge of the world was tolerant and mild as Shakespeare's, partly from the greatness of the natural epoch in which the world presented itself to his eye, partly from the prosperous fortunes which the world accorded to his taste for the elegance and the dignity of social life; and partly also from his own calm, artistic temperament, which led him, perhaps somewhat overmuch, to regard the vices or virtues of other men as the painter regards the colours which he mingles in his pallet—with passionless study of his own effects of light and shade. This want of indignation for the bad, this want of scorn for the low, this want of enthusiasm for the good, and this want of worship for the heroic, have been much dwelt upon by his adversaries or depreciators; and the

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charge is not without some foundation when confined to him as artist; but it does not seem just when applied to him as man. When, through his private correspondence and conversation, we approach to his innermost thoughts, we are somewhat startled to discover the extent of his enthusiasm for all that is genuinely lofty, and all, therefore, that is upright, honest, and sincere. It is this respect for a moral beauty and sublimity apart from the artistic, which made him so reverent an admirer of Lessing—this which rendered so cordial his approbation of the heroic element in Schiller. It was this which made him so hostile to parodies and travesties. "My only reason for hating them," says he, "is because they lower the beautiful, noble, and great, in order that they may annihilate it." It is this which, in spite of his frequent and grave defects in orthodoxy, made him so thoroughly comprehend the religious truth which he has so resolutely expressed. "Art is based on a strong sentiment of religion: it is a profound and mighty earnestness; hence it is so prone to co-operate with religion." Again: "Art is a severe business; most serious when employed in grand and sacred objects. The artist stands higher than art, higher than the object. He uses art for his purposes, and deals with the object after his own fashion."

Goethe dealt with this art after his own fashion—a fashion not to be commended to any one less than Goethe. He says somewhere, "Oesser taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and tranquillity." That maxim is true, but only to a certain extent—viz., so far as affects form or style; and it is only through his smaller poems, and perhaps in his dramas of 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' that Goethe carries out the principle of composition it inculcates. In the works which give him his European celebrity, simplicity and tranquillity are the last qualities we detect. It is not these merits that impress the reading world in 'Werter' and 'Faust.' In truth, ideal beauty not only requires a great deal more than simplicity and tranquillity, but can exist without being either simple or tranquil. The milkmaids whom I now see out of my window are simple and tranquil, but they are certainly not beautiful. But if the Tragedy of 'Othello,' as a work of art, is ideally beautiful, which no Englishman can deny, nothing can be less simple than the character of Iago, and Othello himself becomes poetically beautiful in proportion as he ceases to be tranquil. The fact is, that the intellect of poetry requires not simple but very complex thoughts, sentiments, emotions; and the passion of poetry abhors tranquillity. There is, no doubt, a poetry which embodies only the simple and the tranquil, but it is never the highest kind. Poetry is not sculpture; sculpture alone, of all the arts, is highest where the thought it embodies is the most simple, and the passion it addresses, rather than embodies, is the most tranquil. Thus, in sculpture, the Farnese Hercules rests from his labours, and bears in his arms a helpless child; thus the Belvidere Apollo has discharged his deathful arrow, and only watches its effect with a quiet anger, assured of triumph. But neither of these images could suggest a poem of the highest order—viz., a narrative or a drama; in such poems we must have the struggle of the mind and the restless history of the passion. But Goethe's art was not dramatic; he himself tells us so, with his characteristic and sublime candour. He tells us truly, that "tragedy deals with contradictions—and to contradictions his genius is opposed;" he adds as truly, that, from the philosophical turn of his mind, he "motivates" too much for the stage. That which prevents his attaining, as a dramatist, his native rank as a poet, still more operates against Goethe as a novelist. Regarded solely as a novelist, his earliest novel, 'Werter,' is the only one that

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has had a marked effect upon his age, and is the only one that will bear favourable comparison with the *chef-d'œuvres* of France and England. 'Wilhelm Meister' is the work of a much riper mind; but, as a story designed to move popular interest, it as little resembles an artistic novel as 'Comus' or 'Sampson Agonistes' resembles an acted drama. But through all the various phases of Goethe's marvellous intellect there runs an astonishing knowledge of the infirmities of man's nature, and therefore a surpassing knowledge of the world. He cannot, like Shakespeare, lift that knowledge of the world so easily into the realm of poetic beauty as to accord to infirmity its due proportion, and no more. He makes a hero of a Clavijo—Shakespeare would have reduced a Clavijo into a subordinate character; he makes of a Mephistopheles a prince of hell—Shakespeare would have made of Mephistopheles a mocking philosopher of "earth, most earthy." But knowledge of the world in both these mighty intellects was supreme—in both accompanied with profound metaphysical and psychological science—in both represented in exquisite poetical form; and if in this combination Goethe be excelled by Shakespeare, I know not where else, in imaginative literature, we are to look for his superior.

I have said that I think a Juvenal, a Rochefoucauld, a Horace Walpole, were not rendered better and nobler, and therefore wiser men, in the highest sense of the word wisdom, by their intimate knowledge of the world they lived in. This is not to be said of a Shakespeare or a Goethe. They were not satirists nor cynics. They were so indulgent that scarcely a man living dare be as indulgent as they were; and they were indulgent from the same reasons: 1st, The grandeur of the age in which they lived; 2d, The absence of all acrid and arrogant self-love, and of all those pharisaical pretensions to an austerity of excellence high above the average composite of good and evil in ordinary mortals, which grows out of the inordinate admiration for self, or the want of genial sympathy for the infirmities of others, and the charitable consideration of the influence of circumstance upon human conduct.

(To be continued.)

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NOVELS.

It is difficult to account, by any natural law, for the vast development attained by fiction within the last twenty or thirty years. It would be vain to say that this was a mark of national frivolity or incapacity for better things, for the same period has seen the growth and progress of much valuable work in many different branches of literature; but at no age, so far as we are aware, has there yet existed anything resembling the extraordinary flood of novels which is now pouring over this land—certainly with fertilising results, so far as the manufacture itself is concerned. There were days, halcyon days—as one still may ascertain from the gossip of the seniors of society—when an author was a natural curiosity, recognised and stared at as became the rarity of the phenomenon. No such thing is possible nowadays, when most people have been in print one way or other—when stains of ink linger on the prettiest of fingers, and to write novels is the normal condition of a large section of society. The same art which once glorified Fanny Burney into a celebrity all but historical, is now contemptuously treated by witty critics as a branch of female industry not much more important than Berlin wool; and it would almost be safe to say that, for every untiring pair of hands able to produce a Rachel at the Well, with pink lips and black eyes, worked in floss silk, you could find another equal to the achievement of a story in three volumes. This is what fiction has come to. Yet though we laugh at it, sneer at it, patronise it, we continue to read, or somebody continues to read, else even the omniscient Mudie would fail to crop the perpetual efflorescence. Out of the mild female undergrowth, variety demands the frequent production of a sensational monster to stimulate the languid life; and half-a-dozen inoffensive stories go down in the same gulp with which we swallow the more startling effort. For the service of the modern novelist every species of moral obliquity has been called in to complicate the never-ending plot, which is apt to grow threadbare with perpetual using; and there are novels which thrive very well without any plot at all, as well as some which have nothing but an ingenious puzzle and skilfully-handled mystery to recommend them. But even in its novels the English character vindicates itself. What is piquant on the other side of the Channel is out of the question within "the four seas." We turn with a national instinct rather to the brutalities than to the subtleties of crime. Murder is our *cheval de bataille;* and when we have done with the Sixth Commandment, it is not the next in succession which specially attracts us. The horrors of our novels are crimes against life and property. The policeman is the Fate who stalks relentless, or flies with lightning steps after our favourite villain. The villain himself is a banker, and defrauds his customers; he is a lawyer, and cheats his clients—if he is not a ruffian who kills his man. Or even, when a bolder hand than usual essays to lift the veil from the dark world of female crime, we give the sin itself a certain haze of decorum, and make that only bigamy which might bear a plainer title. Ours are not the dainty wickednesses which are nameless before tribunals of common law. Even in his fiction the Englishman loves to deal with something which he can satisfy himself is an indictable offence. This peculiarity reappears in many a phase in the novels of the day. Sometimes the entire story is conceived in the spirit of circumstantial evidence, and the detective officer, more or less skilfully disguised, is the hero

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of the piece ; and in most cases the plot culminates in a trial where somebody is finally brought to justice, and some other innocent person vindicated. Murder, conspiracy, robbery, fraud, are the strong colours upon the national palette. Even when we try to be Arcadian, it is Arcadia "*plus* a street-constable," as Carlyle says ; and over that ideal world Mr Justice Somebody looms supreme upon the bench, and the jurymen are always within call. This preference of crime to vice is, on the whole, perhaps an advantageous circumstance, so far as vulgar morality is concerned, though it has tendencies of its own scarcely less dangerous than those insinuated horrors which make French fiction so alarming ; but at least it is as distinct a feature of this branch of art as are the mild domestic scenery and popular sentiment of half our pictures. Law predominates over even romance and imagination. If we cannot frame a state of affairs unexceptionably right, which is impossible to humanity, we can at least take refuge in the construction of circumstances which are legally and punishably wrong ; and this expedient seems satisfactory to the national conscience.

It is, however, notwithstanding this distinction, a confused moral world into which we are admitted by the novelists of the day. Supposing our French neighbours were likely to judge us, as we are greatly apt to judge them, by the state of national affairs disclosed in our works of fiction, these lively observers must inevitably come to the conclusion that murder is a frequent occurrence in English society, and that the boasted regard for human life, which is one of the especial marks of high civilisation, exists only in theory among us. The charm of killing somebody, of bringing an innocent person under suspicion of the deed, and gradually, by elaborate processes of detectivism, hunting out the real criminal, seems to possess an attraction which scarcely any English novelist can resist. The incident occurs in so many novels that it would exhaust our time to go over the catalogue. It has naturally a high place in the class of books which are sensational, and owe what power they possess to startling and sudden effects ; but even the artist of higher gifts cannot free himself from its power. This does not spring from any natural bloodthirstiness on the part of the English literary mind, but apparently from a lively appreciation of the advantages of a good police, mingled with certain conceptions of the picturesque, as exemplified in the conduct and position of a man who finds himself or his friend unjustly suspected, and who makes it the object of his life to bring the criminal to justice. This is the process as conducted in 'Aurora Floyd,' and also, to a certain extent, in 'Lady Audley's Secret' — these two remarkable instances of popular favour ; but the subject is capable of much diversification. One little book lately fell into our hands, entitled, if we do not mistake, 'A Foggy Night in Offord,' and written by a lady who, in some of her books, aims at an amount of poetic justice and reward of virtue unknown in this imperfect world ; where the unjustly suspected man, who is meant to be of heroic character, calmly accepts his safety at the cost of deliberate perjury on the part of two of the witnesses — an altogether novel view of the subject. Of course the circumstances get cleared up later, and his innocence becomes apparent ; but Mrs Wood passes over, as a thing of no moment, the fact that two consciences have become burdened with the real guilt of swearing falsely in order to deliver her hero from the burden of suspicion, which had no true foundation in it. This curious mistake in morals illustrates strangely enough what we may call the police-court aspect of modern fiction. Matters have manifestly changed much since the days of Jeanie Deans. Murder

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has become, with a quaint realisation of De Quincey's brilliant maunderings, a fine art; and the science of the detective—which is by no means founded on truth-telling—one of the most largely appreciated of modern sciences. This is, however, rather an ugly phase of what we are in the habit of calling our pure literature; and there are, unfortunately, other aspects in which it is little more attractive. Mr Wilkie Collins, after the skilful and startling complications of the 'Woman in White'—his grand effort—has chosen, by way of making his heroine piquant and interesting in his next attempt, to throw her into a career of vulgar and aimless trickery and wickedness, with which it is impossible to have a shadow of sympathy, but from all the pollutions of which he intends us to believe that she emerges, at the cheap cost of a fever, as pure, as high-minded, and as spotless as the most dazzling white of heroines. The Magdalen of 'No Name' does not go astray after the usual fashion of erring maidens in romance. Her pollution is decorous, and justified by law; and after all her endless deceptions and horrible marriage, it seems quite right to the author that she should be restored to society, and have a good husband and a happy home. The unfortunate wife in 'East Lynne'—which is another instance of the strange popular caprice which selects one moderately clever book out of the mass, and makes of it "a great success" without any very particular reason—does not find it equally easy to ignore the consequences of her ill-doing; but when she returns to her former home under the guise of the poor governess, there is not a reader who does not feel disposed to turn her virtuous successor to the door, and reinstate the suffering heroine, to the glorious confusion of all morality. These are not desirable issues of the art of story-telling. It is true that, if it is to move at all with anything deeper than superficial touches, it must be able to strike boldly upon the deeper chords of human life and passion; but it is noway necessary for the production of these strong effects that the worse should be made to appear the better cause, or that it should be represented as possible that certain qualities of mind or amiabilities of temper are sufficient to bring a character safely through all kinds of actual and positive wrongdoing without fatal or even serious damage. This is a great mistake in art, as well as falsehood to nature; and one which even the excuse that such things are now and then matters of fact by no means justifies. Facts are of all things in the world the most false to nature, the most opposed to experience, the most contradictory of all the grand laws of existence. The oft-repeated words, "Fact is stranger than fiction," express the very apparent truth that the things which *do* happen are in many cases exactly things which could not have been expected to happen, and, indeed, ought not to have happened had there been any consistency in life. The great Artist, of whose omnipotence of music our best strains are but poor imitations, can doubtless make the irregular measures chime into the grand rhythms of His creation: but for us truth and fact are two different things; and to say that some incident which is false to nature is taken from the life, is an altogether unsatisfactory and inadmissible excuse.

All this while, though we have been discussing the faults of popular fiction—its tendency to detectivism, to criminalism—its imperfect and confused morality,—we have had no real intention, dear reader, of carrying you back in review over your sensation novels, or waking up again your exhausted interest in those personages, male and female, with whom you would certainly permit yourself or your family to associate only in print. An altogether different task lies before us. The young woman to whom we are

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about to recall your attention is, in point of naughtiness, one of the boldest sketches ever set before an intelligent and virtuous public; and, in point of innocence, one of the most perfect girlish figures which it has ever been our lot to look upon. Her story is told in a modest little volume,* without any author's name on the title-page. It is 'The Story of Elizabeth;' and it may be a true story for anything we can find to say against the fresh and vivid record of a girl's perversities and sufferings, written, as we may be permitted to guess, by a hand not yet much hardened to the rougher labours of life, and still sensitive to all the touches of fate which overwhelm the heroine of the tale. The wittiest reviewer who sneers at female industry in the shape of novels, could scarcely, let us hope, for the credit of the species, find any impertinence to say against a narrative so modestly, yet so boldly, kept within the range of observation and experience, possible to a writer who may happen to be the contemporary of her heroine. No law, no crime, no trial, no complexity of incident—indeed, no incident at all to speak of—is in the little book. It is not even to call a love-story, since the hero is very indifferently, not to say cavalierly, treated throughout, and evidently makes no impression whatever upon the heart of his Maker. The merit of the book lies in a certain wonderful realism and vivid force of line and colour—a power so distinct that we find ourselves stopping unawares to make a protest against that pink silk gown, which we cannot but think must have been decidedly unbecoming to Elizabeth's yellow-haired beauty—and in the character of Elizabeth herself, which is, beyond all exception, the most daring sketch of a troublesome girl which we remember to have seen; a girl seen through no ideal mists, such as might have made even this unmanageable creature somehow too dazzling for description to a male beholder; seen, in short, not from the outside at all, but from within, with just enough sympathy to preserve clear-sightedness from becoming downright prose. Elizabeth is naughty to an extent which no heroine of our acquaintance has yet attempted; she is cross, she is disobedient, she is sullen and perverse; and even, perhaps the most unpardonable sin of all, she is untidy. When she is in a bad humour she does not even brush her hair; and nobody can know better how to make herself disagreeable. This sulky, wretched, discontented, troublesome girl, has the whole interest of the book centred in herself, and the issue is a story unique among the novels of the day—a fresh bouquet, all dewed and thorned, with real prickles upon the rose-stalks, and great blobs of morning tears upon the leaves. It is strange enough to find it among all the artificial flowers about, and it is possible enough that some spectators may be startled at the unusual sight. But if there are thorns there is fragrance and promise not to be mistaken; and so vivid a picture of a girl's heart, made by the fittest of all painters—an artist on the spot and behind the scenes—has an interest still greater than that of a story to all who may be concerned in the caprices or peculiarities of that generally interesting species of humanity.

Here is a sketch of Elizabeth herself, as she appears first in this remarkable little book:—

"Elizabeth had great soft eyes and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet flitting smile which came out like sunlight over her face, and lit up yours and mine and any other it might chance to fall upon. She used to smile at herself in the glass, as many a girl has done before her; she used to dance about the room and think, 'Come life, come life, mine is going to to be a happy one. Here I am awaiting, and I was made handsome to be admired, and to be loved, and to be hated by a

* 'The Story of Elizabeth.' Smith, Elder, & Co., London: 1863.

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few, and worshipped by a few, and envied by all. I am handsomer than Lætitia a thousand times. I am glad I have no money as she has, and that I shall be loved for myself, for my *beaux yeux*. One person turns pale when they look at him. Tra la la, tra la la,' and she danced along the room singing. There was no carpet—only a smooth polished floor. These tall windows looked out into a busy Paris street, paved with stones, over which carriages and cabs and handtrucks were jolting. There were a clock and artificial flowers in china vases on the chimney, a red velvet sofa, a sort of *étagère* with ornaments, and a great double-door wide open, through which you could see a dining-room, also bare and polished, with a round table and an oilcloth cover, and a white china stove, and some waxwork fruit on the sideboard, and a maid in a white cap at work in the window. Presently there came a ring at the bell. Elizabeth stopped short in her dance, and the maid rose, put down her work, and went to open the door; and then a voice, which made Elizabeth smile and look handsomer than ever, asked if Mrs and Miss Gilmour were at home?

"Elizabeth stood listening, with her fair head a little bent, while the maid said, 'No, sare;' and then Miss Gilmour flushed up quite angrily in the inner room and would have run out. She hesitated only for a minute, and then it was too late;—the door was shut, and Clementine sat down again to her work.

"'Clementine, how dare you say I was not at home?' cried Elizabeth, suddenly standing before her.

"'Madame desired me to let no one in, in her absence,' said Clementine, primly. "I only obeyed my orders. There is the gentleman's card.'"

And so the wilful girl plunges over head and ears into trouble. The good girl of domestic life, the angel of ordinary novels, has nothing in common with this creature of glowing flesh and blood, who storms and cries at everything that comes in her way, and keeps up no appearances, and is bent only upon being happy. The gentleman whose card only is permitted to enter, is a very indifferent hero; his portrait is sketched with a rapid and sure hand, and eyes prepossessed by no illusions, apparently, in the matter of heroes. The author herself tolerates the man and his good-natured follies and vacillations with a kind of contempt, only because Elly loves him. And Elly's love is no great thing to begin with—not much more than a sort of wilful triumphant preference for one slave out of many, and sense of power over him. Here is a curious little sketch, very quaint and significant, as drawn by the hand of a young Englishwoman, of the modern English young man of society, regarded as a lover:—

"John Dampier followed her from place to place; and so, indeed, did one or two others. Though she was in love with them all, I believe she would have married this Dampier if he had asked her; but he never did. He saw that she did not really care for him: opportunity did not befriend him. . . . There was a placid, pretty niece of Lady Dampier's, called Lætitia, who had long been destined for Sir John: Lætitia and Elizabeth had been at school together for a good many dreary years, and were very old friends. Elizabeth all her life used to triumph over her friend, and to bewilder her with her careless gleeful ways, and yet win her over to her own side, for she was irresistible, and she knew it. Perhaps it was because she knew it so well that she was so confident and so charming. Lætitia, though she was sincerely fond of her cousin, used to wonder that her aunt should be against such a wife for her son. . . . And so one day John was informed by his mother, who was getting alarmed, that she was going home, and that she could not think of crossing without him. And Dampier, who was careful, as men are mostly, and wanted to think about his decision, and who was anxious to do the very best for himself in every respect—as is the way with just and good and respectable gentlemen—was not at all loth to obey the summons. Here was Lætitia, who was very fond of him—there was no doubt of that—with a house in the country and money at her banker's; there was a wayward, charming, beautiful girl, who didn't care for him much, who had little or no money, but whom he certainly cared for. He talked it all over dispassionately with his aunt—so dispassionately that the old woman got angry.

"'You are a model young man, John. It quite affects me, and makes me forget my years, to see the admirable way in which you young people conduct yourselves. You have such well-regulated hearts, it's quite a marvel. You are quite right; Tishy has got £50,000, which

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will go into your pocket, and respectable connections who will come to your wedding; and Elly Gilmour has not a penny except what her mother will leave her—a mother with a bad temper, and who is sure to marry again; and though the girl is the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes on, and though you care for her as you never cared for any woman before, men don't marry wives for such absurd reasons as that. You are quite right to have nothing to do with her; and I respect you for your noble self-denial.' And the old lady began to knit away at a great long red comforter she had always on hand for her other nephew the clergyman.

"'But, my dear aunt Jean, what is it you want me to do?' cried John.

"'Drop one, knit two together,' said the old lady, cliquetting her needles.

"She really wanted John to marry his cousin, but she was a spinster still, and sentimental; and she could not help being sorry for pretty Elizabeth; and now she was afraid that she had said too much, for her nephew frowned, put his hands in his pockets, and walked out of the room."

The love-tale of two such people, it is apparent, must be pitched in a low key. There is no sort of heroism on either side, and the chances are, that in ordinary circumstances Elly and Sir John would have parted, with a little pique on the lady's side and relief on the man's, without anything further coming of the matter. The author, however, complicates matters, by an expedient certainly not unknown to fiction, but of which novelists have, fortunately for art and good taste, been slow to avail themselves. The mother of Elizabeth is a woman of only thirty-six, still beautiful and passionate. "They did not care much for one another these two. They had not lived together all their lives, nor learnt to love one another as a matter of course; they were too much alike—too much of an age. Elizabeth was eighteen, and her mother thirty-six. If Elizabeth looked twenty, the mother looked thirty, and she was as vain, as foolish, as fond of admiration, as her daughter." And this unlucky woman also is in love with Sir John Dampier. Even the most realistic of writers, when aiming at any dramatic effect, must, it appears, find passion somewhere; and passion is found in this case by means of the mother's jealousy of the daughter, and wild expedients to prevent the otherwise unexciting romance from coming to a natural conclusion. Mrs Gilmour has no hope of winning the prize herself; but she is resolute, at least, that her daughter shall not be made happy. She contrives so that Sir John is not admitted when he pays a last visit, at an hour which Elizabeth herself had appointed, and permits him to go away angry and affronted, under the idea that the girl is laughing at him, and has refused to see him. Perhaps it is vain to point out to a young writer, trained in the tenets of realism, the sin against both art and nature which is involved in this expedient of hers. To say that there is something revolting in the idea of rivalry between a mother and daughter would probably only excite the smiles of so dauntless a disciple of the unheroic school; but these smiles do not alter the truth. There are some things which may be matters of fact and yet are inherently false, unlawful, unnatural, and unfit for the use of the true artist; and this is one of them. We do not attempt to say that there are not secret struggles of the heart in those mature years which are supposed to lie out of the reach of romance, more bitter and poignant than all the agonies of youth; nor that fiction is to be debarred from making use of the stronger colours and fiercer passions of that period in which the tide of life runs as high as ever, though its outward bloom is over; but there are some prejudices in nature which are divine and unalterable. A woman is in reality a creature not a whit more holy and sacred than a man, though lingering chivalry has instituted, in theory at least, a different creed; and a female writer is not to be expected to invest her own half of humankind with that

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visionary radiance which happily is inalienable from them in the eyes of every true man. But the position of a mother is, to both man and woman, sacred. There are many people in the world to whom it is wellnigh the only sanctity of life. Everybody knows there are bad mothers enough — mothers unsacred, unholy, in respect to whom no illusion is possible; and melancholy indeed are the prospects of their children, to whom probably nothing on earth will ever restore the lost ideal. But these are exceptions, contradictions to the general truth; and even when the exigencies of art may make it necessary to deal with such, there are limits of natural law within which the subject may be treated. A weak woman may quarrel with her son-in-law for her daughter's affections, and we can bear the suggestion without any sense of injury; or a strong woman may contend for dominion, and make the lives of her family miserable, without carrying any sensation of disgust to the minds of the bystanders; but no one can contemplate the spectacle of a mother plotting against her daughter's happiness, and struggling with wild transports of love for her daughter's love, without a certain sickening sense of desecration, in which the younger as well as the older woman is inevitably involved. The struggle is debasing and disenchanting in every point of view. The very suggestion conveyed by it upsets all the foundations of life, and makes love itself hideous. In a certain species of novel, now happily not so rife as it was a few years ago, belonging to what may be called the literature of self-sacrifice, one can imagine such a contest under different treatment— how that supreme renunciation of self which it is so easy to do in a book and so sadly difficult in life, might be made out of it; and how the daughter for the mother, or the mother for the daughter, would magnanimously make a holocaust of her heart, and give up the sublime lover. Foolish and weak and impracticable as such a treatment would be, it might be more endurable than the unconcealed conflict between Elizabeth and Mrs Gilmour; but, however treated, the subject is beyond the legitimate resources of fiction.

The author of 'The Story of Elizabeth' has managed her unlucky expedient as well as possible, insomuch that she fails altogether in carrying it out; and, breaking down in the unfinished sketch of the jealous mother, hastily breaks into more satisfactory ground. By way of spite and wretchedness, to show how important she could make herself (though certainly the very oddest way of impressing her importance upon an English baronet, was to become a French *pasteur's* wife), the unhappy mother marries M. Tourneur of the French Protestant Church, and immediately the scene changes from the Parisian lodgings and Elizabeth's pretty toilettes and balls and triumphs, to an altogether new interior—the bare, ungraceful, and self-denying home of the French Reformed minister. The *pasteur* is, with French variations, very much like an Evangelical Low-Church divine. His house is full of nothing but prayer-meetings, Bible-readings, and charitable or missionary labours; yet it is no unctuous shepherd or bland hypocrite common to novels against whose new rule the undisciplined Elizabeth rebels. M. Tourneur is not given as a full portrait. He is little more than a sketch, appearing in the background of the picture, which the unhappy girl who gives so much trouble to his household fills up, with her disordered yellow hair, her tearful blue eyes, her listless wretchedness and rebellion; but the sketch is very forcible—more telling than many elaborate descriptions. Here is a little vignette of M. Tourneur at one of his prayer-meetings, when even the unhappy Elizabeth, who hates prayer-meetings, and makes no secret of her sentiments, "could not resist the charm of his manner:"

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"His face lit up with Christian fervour, his eyes shone and gleamed with kindness, his voice when he began to speak thrilled with earnestness and sincerity. There was at times a wonderful power about the frail little man—the power which is won in many a desperate secret struggle—the power which comes from a whole life of deep feeling and earnest endeavour. No wonder that Stephen Tourneur, who had so often wrestled with the angel and overcome his own passionate spirit, should have influence over others less strong, less impetuous than his own. Elly could not but admire and love him; many of his followers worshipped him with the most affecting devotion. Anthony, his son, loved him too, and would have died for him in a quiet way, but he did not blindly believe in his father.

"But listen! what a host of eloquent words, of tender thoughts, come alive from his lips to-night! What reverent faith, what charity, what fervour! The people's eyes were fixed upon his kind eloquent face, and their hearts all beat in sympathy with his own. One or two of the Englishwomen began to cry. One French lady was swaying herself backwards and forwards in rapt attention; the two clergymen sat wondering in their white neckcloths. What would they give to preach such sermons! And the voice went on uttering, entreating, encouraging, rising and sinking, ringing with passionate cadence. It ceased at last, and the only sounds in the room were a few sighs and the suppressed sobs of one or two women. Elizabeth sighed among others, and sat very still, with her hands clasped in her lap. For the first time in her life she was wondering whether she had not perhaps been in the wrong hitherto, and Tourneur and Madame Jacob and all the rest in the right; and whether happiness was not the last thing to search for, and those things of which he had spoken the first and best, and only necessities."

The *pasteur's* house is drawn with equal vividness; and in no novel or history do we remember ever to have met with any narrative so startlingly distinct and real as the account of his step-daughter's life in a house which has absolutely no attraction for her, whose ways are not her ways, whose occupations and pleasures are all utterly distasteful. In ordinary life we seldom, it is true, see anything like Elizabeth's utter tedium and hopelessness; but there can be little doubt that many a poor young heart would throb responsive to this bold voice if it only dared say what was in it. It comes to us like an utterance out of unutterable depths of tedium and weariness, and dull unappreciated suffering. To be sure, what does the girl want? only balls, parties, gay dresses, people to admire and behold her in her beauty—pleasure, in short; but it is to be feared that youth has a terrible aptitude for that kind of longing. In the quiet, amid the uneventful days, the poor naughty spoiled child comes to this horrible pause in her life; and being totally undisciplined and ignorant of all things in earth and heaven beyond her own will, and what she thinks her happiness, here is the plain unvarnished description of Elizabeth's woes:—

"The house is built with two long low wings; it has a dreary, moated-grange sort of look; and see, standing at one of the upper windows, is not that Elizabeth looking out? An old woman in a blue gown and white coif is pumping water at the pump, some miserable canaries are piping shrilly out of green cages; the old woman clacks away, with her sabots echoing over the stones, the canaries cease their piping, and then nobody else comes. There are two or three tall poplar trees growing along the wall, which shiver plaintively; a few clouds drift by, and a very distant faint sound of military music comes borne on the wind. 'Ah, how dull it is to be here! ah, how I hate it, how I hate them all!' Elizabeth is saying to herself. 'There is some music, all the Champs Elysées are crowded with people, the soldiers are marching along with glistening bayonets and flags flying. Not one of them thinks that in a dismal house not very far away there is anybody so unhappy as I am. This day year—it breaks my heart to think of it—I was nineteen; to-day I am twenty, and I feel a hundred. Oh what a sin and shame it is to condemn me to this hateful life! Oh what wicked people these good people are! Oh how dull! oh how stupid! oh how prosy! Oh how I wish I was dead and they were dead, and it was all over!'

"How many weary yawns, I wonder, had poor Elizabeth yawned since that first night when M. Tourneur came to tea? With what distaste she set herself

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to live her new life, I cannot attempt to tell you. It bored her, and wearied and displeased her; and she made no secret of her displeasure, you may be certain. . . . To-day, for two mortal hours, she stood leaning at that window with the refrain of the distant music echoing in her ears long after it had died away. It was like the remembrance of the past pleasures of her short life. Such a longing for sympathy, for congenial spirits, for the pleasures she loved so dearly, came over her, that the great hot tears welled into her eyes; and the bitterest tears are those which do not fall. The gate bell rang at last, and Clementine walked across the yard to unbolt, to unbar, and to let in Monsieur Tourneur, with books under his arm and a big stick. Then the bell rang again, and Madame Tourneur followed, dressed in prim, scant clothes, accompanied by another person even primmer and scantier than herself. This was a widowed step-sister of M. Tourneur's, who unluckily had no house of her own, so the good man received her and her children into his. Lastly, Elizabeth from her window saw Anthony arrive, with four of the young Protestants, all swinging their legs and arms (the fifth was detained at home with a bad swelled face). All the others were now coming back to dinner after attending a class at the Pasteur Boulot's. They clattered past the door of Elly's room—a bare little chamber, with one white curtain she had nailed up herself, and a straight bed and a chair. A clock struck five. A melancholy bell presently sounded through the house, and a strong smell of cabbage came in at the open window. Elly looked in the glass; her rough hair was all standing on end curling; her hands were streaked with chalk and brick from the window; her washed-out blue cotton gown was creased and tumbled. What did it matter? She shook her head, as she had a way of doing, and went down-stairs as she was."

The power of this picture, and of much that follows, lies in its perfect plainness and unexaggerated candour. The author does not pretend that it was love concealed which preyed on her poor Elly, or any sentimental or romantic grievance. It is pure dullness—disgust with her life—cravings for pleasure, for happiness, in the most superficial meaning of the word. Neither do any exalted sentiments support the sufferer. She makes no pretence of putting up with it, no effort to content herself. On the contrary, she tries by all means in her power to make everybody else as unhappy as she is, and drags along the tedious, idle days in an ill-tempered despair. Then she is tantalised with a hope of seeing the Dampiers again, and sinks into deeper despondency than ever when she finds they have passed through Paris without seeing her. Then Sir John, still hankering after the poor pretty girl, whom he cannot make up his mind about, turns up unexpectedly in a moment of especial aggravation, when Madame Tourneur is out of the way, and brings happiness back to the thoughtless creature. He takes her for clandestine drives, making plausible excuses to himself—and to picture galleries, and finally to the theatre—wrapping poor, childish Elly into a fool's paradise of momentary bliss. When they are found there by her stepfather, just after Elizabeth has discovered that her companion is now betrothed to his cousin Tishy, black despair falls upon the poor girl. She sinks into a fever, while the well-meaning, unlucky lover—who is not her lover after all—wanders about like a ghost, ready to eat himself. Thus the first fytte of the story ends. It is not much of a story, as everybody will perceive. It is only a very strange novel revelation, done in a very dauntless and striking way, of a girl's perverse, eager, foolish heart—in one way a selfish girl, thinking how to be happy and nothing else; never attempting to be good, and seeing happiness only in its vulgar aspect, as a matter of drives, theatres, and attendant admirers. The power which makes us follow Elizabeth through all her sulkiness and misery—through her foolish joy and exhilaration and stolen pleasures—cannot be an inconsiderable power. It will call back ghosts of recollections to the hearts of women who were once girls, and know what it means; and it bears every mark of deep veracity as a real study of life.

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The second portion of the tale shows us Elizabeth in the hands of Miss Dampier—a pleasant type of the maiden aunt, who intervenes for good in so many stories: Elizabeth trying to be good, recovering her health, trying to recover her spirits, and to give up John with a good grace. The picture of the convalescent is prettily done, but it is less striking, as was to be expected, than that of the culprit. The narrative, such as it is, gets too much for the author. It tangles about her hands, and embarrasses her, and rather puts her out in her work; but still she gets through with it in a confused way. Elly has three people who make love to her in the course of the volume—Anthony Tourneur, and Sir John, and a cousin of Sir John's, Will Dampier, who is a cordial apparition—a kind of three-quarter face; but we are not led to infer that any hearts are irretrievably broken during the whole business; and there are a few occasions occurring in the book, like vivid moments in actual life, when Elly and her surroundings quite stand out in palpable reality from the story, which, after all, is only a framework for this girl whose personality pervades it. She has been taken out for a drive, in the passage we quote below—has been very wretched, very rude to her companions, turning with sharp words upon their efforts at consolation—having just of her own will finally given up Sir John, but being, in her outspoken candour, unable to say that she does not "regret her decision." "Do you think that when a girl gives up what she likes best in the world she is not sorry?—I am horribly sorry," says this young lady, who does not understand what keeping up appearances means; and so, very miserable, permits herself to be driven up the hill.

"They were going towards a brown church that was standing on the top of a hill. It must have been built by the Danes a thousand years ago. There it stood, looking out at the sea, brown, grim, solitary, with its graveyard on the hillside. Trees were clustering down in a valley below, but here up above it was all black, bare, and solitary, only tinted and painted by the brown and purple sunshine. They stopped the carriage a little way off, and got out and passed through a gate, and walked up to the hill-top. Elly went first, Will followed, and Miss Dampier came slowly after. As Elly reached the top of the hill she turned round and stood against the landscape, like a picture with a background, and looked back and said, 'Do you hear?' The organ inside the church was playing a chant, and presently some voices began chanting to the playing of the organ. Elly went across the graveyard, and leant against the porch, listening. Five minutes went by; her anger was melting away. It was exquisitely clear, peaceful, and tranquil here, up on this hill, where the dead people were lying among the grass and daisies. All the bitterness went away out of her heart somehow, in the golden glow. She said to herself that she felt now suddenly for the first time as if she could bury her fancy, and leave it behind her in this quiet place. As the chant went on, her whole heart uttered in harmony with it, though her lips were silent. She did not say to herself what a small thing it was that had troubled her; what vast combinations were here to make her happy!—hills, vales, light, with its wondrous refractions, harmony, colour; the great ocean, the great world, rolling on amid the greater worlds around. But she felt it somehow. The voices ceased, and all was very silent."

The last scene we shall quote contains a picture still more striking. Sir John Dampier is crossing in the boat to France, having been in England unknown to Elizabeth, and has begged his cousin Will to bring her to the pier, without explaining why, that he might see her once again:—

"Cannot you imagine the great boat passing close at their feet, going out in the night into the open sea—the streaks of light in the west—Elly, with flushed rosy-red cheeks, like the sunset, standing under the lighthouse, and talking in her gentle voice, and looking out, saying it would be fine to-morrow? Can't you fancy poor Sir John leaning against a pile of baggage, smoking a cigar, and looking up wistfully? As he slid past he actually caught the tone of her voice. Like a drowning man, who can see, in one instant, years of his past life flashing before

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him, Sir John saw Elly—a woman with lines of care in her face—standing there in the light of the lamp, with the red streams of sunset beyond, and the night closing in all round about: and then he saw her, as he had seen her once—a happy, unconscious girl, brightening, smiling at his coming; and as the picture travelled on, a sad girl meeting him in the street by chance—a desperate, almost broken-hearted woman, looking up greyly into his face in the theatre. Puff—puff!—it was all over—she was still smiling before his eyes. One last glimpse of the two, and they had disappeared. He slipped away right out of her existence, and she did not even guess that he had been near. She stood unwitting for an instant, watching the boat as it tossed out to sea, and then said, 'Now we will go home.'"

We need not follow the tale to its conclusion, in which at last, notwithstanding circumstances, the author, smitten with a natural compunction, and evidently still believing in happiness for her own part, makes her Elizabeth happy with her extremely unsatisfactory lover; for the story is naught, as may be perceived. But the faculty which can execute a series of little pictures so vivid and lifelike, and which has the mind to conceive, and the courage to utter, so singular a disclosure of the secrets which lie within that mist of virginal sanctity and supposed angelhood in which the heart of a pretty girl is veiled from close inspection, is one of no small power and promise. The story is defective, the conception bad, so far as respects the jealous mother—but Elizabeth redeems the whole. It is utterly impossible to approve of her in any point of view; but quite as little is it possible to refrain from liking and being interested in her. She is not an elevated character, nor is there room for much poetry or romantic feeling about this uninstructed, undisciplined, quick-tempered, and, indeed, selfish girl; but there is a daring reality about her which few heroines of a high type possess; and her story looks like an actual chapter, told with an unreserve almost unexampled in fiction, out of a life.

It would be hard to find another picture, of equal unity and completeness, of which to make a companion to this remarkable little volume; for, indeed, there are few writers who have sufficient confidence in their own powers and resources to concentrate the interest so entirely in one figure. Novels with a social purpose—novels devoted to any form of special pleading—are scarcely to be judged on mere grounds of art; neither is a rare and chance work of genius, which is only in form a novel—such as the wonderful book, full of all manner of poetic instinct and tender wisdom, called 'David Elginbrod,' which neither our space nor purpose at present permits us to enter on—a fit matter to be discussed in this connection. The next work we take up is one which, though totally differing in character from 'The Story of Elizabeth,' is, like that story, innocent of the sensational artifices and favourite criminalities of the day. It is the work of a writer who, though anonymous, has already won a place among his contemporaries, and whose aim seems to be the treatment of certain vexed questions which lie between the Church and society. He has taken up boldly the unpopular side in the long controversy between the religious and the non-religious world, and has ventured to beseech and conciliate the charity of the public not only for the sinners, whom it is disposed, at least in books, to be charitable to, but for the good people for whom it has no natural favour. He has shown, in 'High Church,' how a Tractarian clergyman may stir up a town into miserable strife, and rend even homes asunder, without really intending any less result in his heart and mind than the glory of God and the good of man; and, in 'No Church,' has disclosed the natural virtues of an anti-church-going family in juxtaposition with the loftier and less variable goodness of the pious persons upon whom the non-religionists look with

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suspicion. It is a fashion of the day, and a fashion set by some of our greatest writers, to find out rather a centre of meanness in all good actions, than a soul of goodness in things evil. The former philosophy may be the more piquant and amusing, but he is a greater benefactor to us who teaches us to think better of our kind, than he whose endeavour it is to direct our eyes to the worst side of human nature. In 'Church and Chapel,' * the author has tried a different and more difficult question. The object of the book, as it lies on the surface, is to show how entirely external are the disagreements between the good Churchman and the good Dissenter; and how the two require only to be brought together and see each other's hearts, to secure their entire brotherhood and co-operation in all good works. From this endeavour the book takes its name, and many of its scenes are devoted to this purpose; but underneath this public object lies the individual story, which, after all, must be the soul of every novel. The story here is of a trustful, honourable, warm-hearted man, not very wise nor very steadfast, whom a sudden and cruel disappointment in the love which had been his hope for years, suddenly casts loose from all his traditional moorings of virtue and purity. This hero, Robert Bayford, is a very powerful and effective conception. He is good, he is brave, he is true, and full of a natural honour and rectitude—clear-sighted enough to see the weakness of both Church and Chapel, and to smile at the precision of his brother the Dissenting minister on the one hand, and the priestly peculiarities of the rector on the other, though without any actual hold for himself upon the higher principles of life. This cheerful and genial man of the world occupies at first quite a superior position between the two contending parties in the little town of Chipnam. He perceives their weaknesses on both sides—he laughs in his good-humoured way at the curious jerky figure of a certain eccentric sectarian, Josiah Glade, whose odd portrait is done with great zest and humour: and even surveys from a cheerful elevation of common sense, the High Church affectations of the handsome rector. For himself it is apparent that he has no special religious impressions one way or other, nor feels any want of them. The situation is very skilfully managed, and the aspect of the man, secure in his own good fortune and happiness, is rendered with great power and effect. Even when the foundations of his structure of happiness are tottering under his feet, the honest heart which suspects nobody fears nothing, and will not be forewarned. He goes about with a genial confidence, seeing other people's defects and mistakes with clear-sighted but indulgent eyes; his is the house built upon the sand, but he is unaware of it until the moment when it falls about his ears.

This is a remarkable picture—an impersonation more striking than the author himself seems to be aware of—for he breaks ruthlessly into the central interest of the story, with his Dissenters and Churchmen who are less interesting. At length the catastrophe, which has been preparing from the commencement of the work, overwhelms the happy man. He discovers that his betrothed, whom he has come home to marry, and to whom he has been engaged for five years, since she was sixteen, has no response to make to his energetic love, but is afraid of him, and longs to be free. The revulsion is overwhelming. All his goodheartedness is not enough to preserve him from the moral consequences of this overthrowal of all his hopes and trust. The book is one from which it is difficult to quote detached scenes, and which contains no picture so vivid and distinct, giving a whole dramatic act in one visible moment, as those

* 'Church and Chapel.' By the Author of 'No Church.' Hurst and Blackett: 1863.

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of 'Elizabeth.' The intimation of his downfall comes to Robert Bayford as follows :—

"'I have brought you bad news,' was the sorrowful reply.

"'Well, we can bear it. There is only one piece of news that would floor a man much.'

"'And that news?'

"'Stop a bit,' said Robert, turning pale; 'is there anything very bad coming, that requires a man to prepare himself?'

"'What is very bad or very good is not distinguishable at a glance, Bob. . . . Think, dear brother, that it is God's will that one fair hope should be taken from you; that no one regrets it, for your own sake, more than I—knowing what a great, good heart yours is, and how it was set upon this.'

"'Upon *this*,' echoed Robert, absently.

"He had pushed his chair back from the table, and was sitting with his hands clasped, and his thoughtful face turned from his brother. He knew it all, then, but he could not realise it yet. How it had all come about, and what would be the end of it?

"'You know, Bob, that I am speaking of Amy Saville?'

"'I guessed as much. Well, what of her?' he asked, more sharply; 'what have you heard? That she is tired of me?'

"'That her love was a fallacy, and unworthy of yours. . . . Don't think of this bitterly, Robert. Do remember Him who sends these trials for our good. Life has gone smoothly with you until now; at the first check do not call it all a mockery.'

"'I am not a parson.'

"'Only the brother of a parson, who would give ten years of his life to know what is best to say to you now.'

"'Say nothing;' and Robert Bayford sprang to his feet; 'it is so much the best.'

"'Ah, but I must say that you and I should take comfort together, and have the power to sustain each other when a shock such as this falls on one of us. You forget the old mother, Robert, who taught us to love and trust in each other—that mother you spoke of when you came back to Chipnam.'

"'God forget me, when I do,' he cried; 'but, Jemmy, I mustn't be preached at yet awhile. Give me time—let me get on to the Downs—let me get out of this house.'

"'Don't look so reckless.'

"'If you don't see me for a day or two—say even a week or two—don't think that I have drowned myself; that's out of my line, you know. But I can't stop here.'

"'Don't hurry away in this mad mood, for God's sake!' cried his brother, alarmed.

"'I shall come back again, sober as a judge,' he said, scornfully.

"'Do you mean it?'

"'Oh, yes. Go on with everything as usual. Tell them to hurry on with the villa; I shall wish it completed by Michaelmas. Good-bye.'"

And so the disappointed man rushes away. When the house to which he had hoped to carry his bride is completed, he comes back in gay, bad company, with a party of roving men and equivocal ladies—one of whom remains with the lost and reckless man. Not that he loves her or anybody—but her protector has deserted her, and the two are equally hopeless and desperate. After various vague attempts at expostulation, the good brother, who has a true talent for preaching, comes to make one last appeal, which is utterly unsuccessful, as was to be expected :—

"Their hands parted, and James Bayford passed on to the door; whereat the woman, affrighted at all this, was still standing or crouching.

"'Do you ever think?' he said to her, suddenly.

"'I—I hope so, sir.'

"'Think of the wreck of a good man yonder, and that it is your work. In the future, remember what you found him first, and pray God to forgive you.'

"He went on to the hall, looked back a moment, opened the door, and passed out. The door closed, and he had left that house for ever. Cissy Daly gave one panther-like leap into the room he had quitted, and fastened both her hands on Robert Bayford's arm. Robert looked down stolidly at the carpet, and his face assumed no brighter expression to find the saint replaced by the sinner, the reprover by the temptress.

"'Well?' he said.

"'Oh that dreadful brother of yours!—that——'

"'Silence, if you please! His name is sacred with me; once for all, bear that in remembrance.'

"'He has turned you against me—he has turned you against me,' she shrieked.

"'No.'

"'You are angry with me?'

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"'No.'

"'Oh Robert, don't think of all that he has said! I couldn't think of such cruel words and live. He's a minister, and must talk like this. My father was a minister, too,' with a short laugh, 'but he didn't take half the care of me that your brother does of you. Oh, don't let him set you against me. I will be ever true and honest and faithful to you all my life. May I drop down dead whenever a false thought to you comes across me!'

"'That will do; I will believe you, Cissy. You and I, in a wild kind of desperation, have taken each other for better for worse. If for the worse, why, what matters?'

"What matters!"

And so the lost man goes away into ruin and degradation of every kind. Then all the good people above whom he has been standing in that careless, smiling, spectator-position of his, whose faults he has seen so clearly, and among whom he has been a kind of umpire in his good-humoured superiority, take to watching and preaching, and doing their endeavour to reclaim the sinner. The lesson and the situation are of deeper interest by far than even the author himself seems to admit or perceive. It involves the greatest problem of life, the one least easy to explain or ignore. "Why should he object to James Bayford, and feel so great an interest in Robert?" asks the rector of the book of himself. "The former was a good and pious man; the latter was weak and a sinner: the former was a man after his own heart, with a character like unto his; the latter had lost his moral stability with the loss of a single hope, and dashed headlong into ruin at once." The author of 'Church and Chapel' gives no satisfactory answer to this question; but all his skill cannot prevent his readers from feeling the virtuous persons fussy and disagreeable, and following the fortunes of the ruined man with an interest much more lively than is awakened by those of either Dissenter or Churchman. But the sudden downfall and reversal of circumstances, the strange revolution which makes Robert Bayford the inferior, the object of pity and anxiety to those very people whom he has just been in a brotherly manner patronising, and the unmistakable certainty that, all the time, he is seeing through and comprehending them with a clearness which they are incapable of attaining as regards him, is very effectively drawn. Here is a scene in which the lost sinner is brought to bay by Josiah Glade, who is himself a piece of character-painting of the most creditable kind:—

"He appeared to have no fear of meeting any of his past associates, but went slouching on in his profitless way, with his meerschaum pipe between his lips. . . . Suddenly there was a face looking into his own that he remembered vaguely; a very earnest face of its kind, almost fierce with the intentness with which it surveyed him — the shabby habiliments, the beard and mustache, the want of energy in the listless attitude he had assumed — each and all parts of a new estate foreign to the old, and yet offering no disguise to the man — suddenly standing before him in the lighted streets, and whispering his name.

"'Robert Bayford.'

"He would brazen it out. 'Who says so?'

"'I say so,' was the impetuous response. 'Robert Bayford, late of Chipnam, a man we have all been very anxious about.'

"'*We?*'

"'Yes, we, sir,' with a slight jump in the air, which identified the speaker to even the dulled faculties of Bayford. 'I, sir, amongst the number, not the least anxious for your welfare, moral and spiritual. You recognise me?'

"'I think I do. You're a fire-eating Dissenter of the name of Grade——'

"'Glade,' corrected the other—'Josiah Glade, your brother-in-law.'

"'Oh! it has come to that at last. Well, I'm sorry for it. Poor Susan!'

"Josiah, ever quick to dart off at a tangent, took fire at this. 'What do you mean by poor Susan? . . . She's as happy as the day is long, sir.'

"'Impossible!'

"'Don't you think I am calculated to make a woman happy?'

"'Upon my soul I don't!' was the frank response.

"There was something in Robert

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Bayford's laugh that followed this more frank and genuine than there had been for a long while, the vexation and chagrin in Josiah Glade's countenance was so highly developed. . . .

"'We feared this fall, Mr Bayford. Your brother, Mr Alland, and I were all afraid that a calamity like this had befallen you.'

"'An odd triumvirate to put their heads together and mourn over my decadence.'

"Bayford thrust his hands to the depths of his pockets, and smoked his pipe in an absent manner. He had taken things easily of late; he did not intend to show this man that there was anything in the world likely to affront him. . . .

"'You must give me more news, sir, for your brother. Where and with whom you are living—how you are living—what are your means of support—how is it that you are reduced to so sad an extremity? Your brother must see you.'

"'Never, by God!' ejaculated Bayford.

"'That will do, sir—that will do,' said the shocked Glade. 'Don't swear to that which it is not in your power to prevent—which chance might bring about despite any opposition of your own.'

"'I will never see him of my own free will. He who is the agent to so cruel a meeting is my enemy, and I will hate him!'

"They were the eyes of a wild beast behind the tobacco-pipe, but they daunted not Josiah Glade. In his heart he liked opposition: he had had too much of his own way lately; here was a nice change for him!

"'You will acknowledge him to be your friend some day.'

"'Don't talk like a fool!'

"Bayford was roused. He was standing waiting his opportunity to cross the road, and leave this tiresome companion. Of him and his irritating remarks he had had enough.

"'You will give me your address that your brother may write to you?'

"'Not I.'

"'I shan't lose sight of you. If it took me a month I shouldn't leave you. I promised your brother to find you out if it were possible.'

"'This way it is impossible.'

"'We'll try it,' said Glade, with an emphatic jerk of his head.

"'Well, we'll try it.'

"Josiah Glade fell back a few paces. Robert Bayford, as he walked slowly up St Martin's Lane, filled his pipe afresh from his tobacco-pouch. This was a novel position for him, and promoted a little healthy excitement. Here was a game at cross-purposes with Josiah Glade, an obstinate Dissenter, whom he never particularly admired. He would give him a walk through the Slough of Despond, and see how he admired it. Slowly up St Martin's Lane, to the lively neighbourhood of Seven Dials, went Robert Bayford, picking out the dirtiest and least respectable streets—stopping before the wine-vaults and beer-shops where the company was boisterous or quarrelsome; passing through the swing glass-doors into the interior, and wasting time at the bar over a glass of neat gin, which he drank with the air of a connoisseur in the fiery element. It was a terrible ordeal for so stern and pure-minded a man as Glade, but then he had been born with the bump of dogged resolve strongly developed, and his mind was made up not to lose sight of Robert Bayford. Scenes, character, and language, of which he had no previous knowledge, he made acquaintance with that night. There pushed against him, and sought to quarrel with him, horrible women with their hair loose over their faces, and having only a shadowy resemblance to womanhood by their ragged habiliments—clutched him by the arm, begged for drink, and called him 'my dear.' . . . The watcher and the watched went on through the streets, returning more than once to the starting-point in the Strand. Robert Bayford felt very weary with his long perambulations; he counted the money in his pocket, and then with a grim smile went round to the gallery of the Adelphi Theatre, paid his sixpence for half-price, and mounted the stairs, followed by the indefatigable Dissenter. Josiah Glade did not know whither he was being led, but he saw sixpence paid, and he imitated the example of him he was anxious should not escape. He groaned when he found himself in a theatre—a place of amusement he had inveighed against many hundreds of times. . . . Robert Bayford, on a seat in front of him, enjoyed his embarrassment, and ran over in his mind where he could take him when the play was over, that would disgust him more with London life. . . . Before a farce which was to wind up the evening's entertainment, one or two of the gallery folks retired for liquid nourishment, and came back, ere the curtain was drawn, full of beer and the night's news. 'There's such a fire in Long Acre,' he heard one say, 'just broken out.' Robert Bayford would take Josiah Glade

to that fire: in the crowd there would be a chance to elude his persecutor."

He does elude his persecutor, but is discovered eventually, and separated from his frail companion, and reformed and made happy—touching the manner of which final experiment we have our doubts; but the whole episode of Cissy Daly is touching in the extreme. There is no gloss of false sentiment upon her wretched story; her original motives are not veiled, nor her character elevated out of possibility. No renovations nor happy marriage could by possibility come in at the end to amend her unhappy ways. Yet there is more true Christian charity and feeling in the sad and sober tale, than if the poor girl had been shaped into an angelic Magdalen. In this book, as in 'Elizabeth,' the story is very defective and badly constructed—the turning-point of the whole being the caprice of a very mild specimen of the genus heroine, who never knows her own mind, and only finds out that she loves one man, when she has become betrothed to another—a peculiarity which does not, however, prevent a happy conclusion at the end of the third volume. Curiously enough, however, in total unlikeness, the two books which we have been considering, seem to agree in proving that the faculty which can weave an exciting narrative, is a totally different one from that power which can reveal the secrets of human character or the problems of human life. The two do not seem capable of flourishing together. As for the Aurora Floyds, there are happily very few people living who would care to number that lady among their acquaintance. But the probability is, that most of us have known, and possibly loved, something very like Elizabeth—not to say have been aware in our own private retirement of unrevealed moods and musings, wonderfully like those thoughts of hers in the Parisian house; and they know little of human life who have not paused in wonder over the strange mystery of a Robert Bayford—a soul apparently spotless in prosperity, happy, pure, affectionate, what one might call innocent, yet somehow swept off, nobody can tell how, into the most miserable ruin of life. Such novels have a higher use than the sensation of the moment. If due pains and care were bestowed upon them, we see no reason why they should not rank next to biography—works of more than amusement—contributions towards the history of the inexhaustible yet unchanging race. In this point of view the author of 'The Story of Elizabeth' has won an unusual triumph. She has rounded out from the vacant air another recognisable figure of a living woman—a new yet familiar presence. The work is not the less satisfactory because the conception is more matter of fact than ideal. Could we have had something as true and more lovely, it might have been better for the general world; but it is a greater triumph of literary skill which interests us in one of the most faulty yet most vivid characters which modern fiction has yet produced.

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TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.

THOUGH the Greek and Latin classics are being fast dislodged from their position as the exclusive instruments of an English gentleman's education, it would seem that they are not yet likely on that account to fall into disrepute before the encroachments of utilitarian theory. They are, indeed, far too subtly intertwined with almost every complexion of thought hitherto represented in our own native literature, to permit of their ever sinking into complete oblivion and neglect; but it can scarcely be denied that a portion of their rightful supremacy was at one time in danger. It is a subject of congratulation that the claims of other studies have now been successfully vindicated without the necessity of altogether subverting the old system, and that the time has passed when a popular orator could declare, with some chance of applause, that a single copy of the 'Times' contained more wisdom than what he was pleased to call "the whole of the works" of Thucydides. Yet it must be admitted that, with fresh fields of mental activity ever widening before us, the number of those who are content to study with real effect writers in a dead language will, in all probability, continue to diminish, as compared with the general sum of intellect in the country. And this consideration implies a special work for the present generation of scholars. It becomes important, if the classical influences which have so long worked for good in cultivated minds are in future to be anything else than a more or less barren memory, and a subject of mere traditional veneration, to the great majority of English readers, that the books which convey those influences should be well translated by men who have thoroughly imbued themselves with the spirit of the originals. Few will maintain that much work of this kind, which can really be pronounced final, has already been achieved, nor do we think it necessary to waste time in demonstrating that our predecessors have left many new laurels to be gathered. Where the value of a work resides for the most part in the matter conveyed, as is the case in most prose writings, the task of translation is in some degree simplified, though in no case, except that of a mere abstract or chronicle, can any rendering, however literal, merit the praise of fidelity, if it fail to represent what is generally called the style of the author. But in poetry, where the manner of the language, and the spirit that underlies it, are infinitely more significant, the necessity of a penetrating sympathy with the mind of the original writer becomes far more apparent. The translator must, for the time being, actually see with the eyes, and hear with the ears, and feel with the heart, of another man. The nearer he attains, for the purposes of composition, to this transfusion of moral and intellectual identity, the more habitual and unconscious will be his observance of all true law, and the less will he need support from any elaborately constructed theory. If the practice of random paraphrase be excluded, as it ought to be, it is only by the development of this principle that a translator of ancient verse can hope to impart other than an antiquarian interest to his labour, and thus to inspire his audience with the true humanizing influences that pervade all

'The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes.' By Theodore Martin. 2d edition. 1861.

'The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse.' By John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. 1863.

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genuine poetry. And it is precisely in this direction that so wide a field for exertion is still open.

If such be the case, a practical question arises as to where the qualities of a true translator are more likely to be found—whether in the few who can themselves lay claim to the possession of original genius, or in the many who occupy the more attainable level of reproductive writers. It is not, perhaps, likely that any great poet will again devote himself to translation; but it is none the less useful for those who do so devote themselves to determine, not indeed dogmatically, but sufficiently for the due regulation of their own powers, the question whether it is possible for unoriginal poetic talent to reach the very highest degree of success in this particular branch of literature. If the only available labourers in the cause can be justified in aspiring to the best, it is essential that no under-estimate of their own capacities should induce them to accept the limitation of aiming at the second best. It is a point to be settled rather by the reason of the case than by the authority of names; the latter process would, at all events, necessitate an induction based upon far wider experience than we at least can pretend to. Inasmuch, then, as it is above all things to be demanded, as the true end, that real poetry in Greek or Latin should be represented by real poetry in English, it would appear that supreme excellence in translation can be manifested by original poets only. But when we consider the means involved—when, moreover, we so far qualify the end in view as to insist upon requiring poetry, not pure and simple, but possessed of certain strictly defined characteristics of manner—we are led to decide otherwise. The faculty of contemplating things through the medium of another imagination, is not, under ordinary conditions, to be looked for in an original poet. It is for him to inform with his own individual spirit whatever he touches, but it is for the translator to distil everything through the alembic of a mind external to himself, but which he has, for the time being, more or less consciously appropriated. It is enough for our purpose if this distinction cannot be palpably upset by the overwhelming evidence of a long and uniform series of facts. But in reality the two examples which suggest themselves most prominently to every English reader, rather confirm our doctrine. Pope transmuted Homer, but he could not be said to translate him; his very genius itself prevented him from occupying the true sympathetic stand-point. In the same way Dryden, full of his own glorious strength, can seldom be mistaken for Virgil. The case of Shelley, on the other hand, whose version of the Hymn to Mercury is simply beyond praise for its truthfulness no less than its beauty, ought to preclude us from pushing the theory beyond its fair limits. It is enough if the consideration of it should tend to remove the first stumbling-block of discouragement in a path of literature which has now a growing and distinct significance. We are content with stating that there is apparently no good reason why unoriginal verse-writers should not, if they pursue the right means, attain the highest success in translation. Where they have failed hitherto, it has been less for want of inherent ability than because they have subjected themselves to a false discipline. They have either tried to reach the heart of the poetry through and by means of its superficial characteristics, or they have aimed at what they erroneously call free translation—the substituting, that is, of their own inferior type of thought and expression for that of the original author. Their great help lies in the fact, that poetic sympathy is the cardinal motive power in translation, and that it is easier for them than it could be for Pope or Dryden to yield up their minds wholly to a foreign influence.

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There are probably very few productions in any language which are so difficult to translate as the Odes of Horace. It may be that no other poet who ever lived has possessed in an equal degree the faculty of moulding verses that so cut their mark into the memory. Long after the stress of worldly occupation has rubbed out every recollection of Homer, Sophocles, and Virgil, we are still haunted by echoes of the sweet Venusian lyrist. There is scarcely any situation or event in life to which we cannot apply some appropriate sentence or maxim of his; and an apt quotation from him, wherever encountered, is always welcomed with pleasure. No one can fail to comprehend how vast a demand this characteristic of his style must make on the powers of a translator. But there is a yet greater difficulty behind—the union, to an extent that has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled, of graceful ease and exquisite elaboration pervading each poem as a whole. In reading Horace critically, it is impossible to doubt that he has dug laboriously for many of his most beautiful expressions, or that, to use his own comparison, he has, like the Matinian bee, gathered his honey with no light toil and fatigue. Nearly every phrase seems to embody some wonderful result of patient skill, and to represent a signal triumph of the self-coercing spirit. There is none of that negligence of style which lets a reader into the secret of a thought before the whole has been said. Horace can never be anticipated. Each sentence detains us by its own forcible spell till the last word has been pronounced: it is only then that the full meaning escapes. But turn from the parts to the whole; read Horace for the pure enjoyment of his poetry, and the sense of stringent limit entirely disappears. No inappropriate ornament, no complex metaphor, no evident straining after effect, comes in to suggest the process of manufacture, and to mar the even tenor of our delight. The exquisite order observed does not force itself upon our attention in any other light than that of a purely natural adaptation of the component parts to one another. All is freedom and simplicity: it is as if the poetry were not made, but came into existence. There are thus, pre-eminently in this case, two points of view from which the translator may contemplate the task before him. Accordingly as he finds criticism or simple instinct lead him most readily to an enlightened appreciation of Horace, he will in the one case endeavour to reach his end by means of a careful analysis of details, trusting for the general effect to a conscious observance of these; or, in the other, he will strive to develop in himself that frame of mind by which he may be enabled to divine, as it were, what would have satisfied Horace himself *in English*, and to work up to this end in the Horatian spirit, by means of general sympathy rather than particular vigilance. Neither of these methods ought entirely to supersede the other. To unite them both, according to their respective value, in that golden mean which Horace himself loved, should be the translator's ideal. But the constructive principle, not the analytical, contains, as we have already intimated, the essence of all faithful translation; and it is better, if an exact adjustment of their relative claims is unattainable, that the balance should on the whole incline even unduly in the direction of the former. It is this, if anything, which will arrest the Horatian grace as it slips away from under the fingers of a translator; this which will enable him to give some idea of that indescribable something which, after all, constitutes the poetry; an element which pervades the subject-matter, the music, and the style of expression, which is, in fact, the atmosphere of all three, but which does not, like them, admit of analysis. It is no valid objection to say that an absolute oneness of view

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with the poet can never be actually seized: the practical question is not whether we shall ever quite grasp it, but how near we can come to it. It need scarcely be said that even a faint operation of it is fatal to any method of what may be called photographic translation — an unreasoning adherence, that is, to the dictionary, and to a foreign grammatical order in the words. A *verbatim* rendering of Horace cannot possibly, except in rare and fitful flashes, merit the praise of fidelity to the original. Under such treatment the most delicately chiselled lines are converted into scars, gashes, chasms; and the fair proportions of the young Apollo become stamped with the characters of a Gorgon. But there are many degrees of unfaithfulness which stop short of this; and even a good translator is liable, through too much analysis, to deviate in the direction of a narrow literalism from his author's spirit. We must not forget, however, that there is an equal danger lest a too exclusive regard for general effect betray him into a tendency to modernize that which is ancient, to amplify or even dilute in order to acquire an air of freedom, and occasionally to degrade the text by fastening upon it the duties of a commentary. This is particularly the case in translating Horace, whose sententious brevity is continually suggesting far more than it expresses.

The existence of two such translations of the Odes as the already celebrated one by Mr Theodore Martin, and that very recently published by Mr Conington, the Oxford Latin Professor, is a real benefit to both the classical scholar and the general English reader. In singling out these versions from the number that have been executed of late years, it is by no means our desire to detract unduly from the merit of those which we are obliged to pass over. The excellence of the two selected, however, is remarkable, as illustrating not only the individual poet, but the art of translation itself. Though a different spirit pervades each, it is evident that both translators possess that primary qualification of *feeling* the poetry in no ordinary degree. From what we have already said, it will be easily inferred that in our opinion their chances of success were by no means diminished by the fact that neither of them has distinguished himself in the field of original poetry. The standard which we apply to both is the same which we should apply to Dryden or Pope. So far as poetic taste and sentiment are concerned, Mr Martin has given abundant proof of these qualities, not only in his versions of Horace and Catullus, but in his translation of the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante. No one can doubt that he possesses an eminent versatility of power in the poetical expression of ideas derived from a foreign source of inspiration. Give him the material which an original genius would supply for itself, and he can mould it without strain or difficulty into forms of considerable beauty. That he can also do more than this is evident; and he is known to have produced much that is excellent in original verse. It is, of course, no subject of reproach that his mind, on the whole, in common with that of many true poets, belongs to the order which finds it a more congenial exercise to remodel than to create an Atys or an Ariadna. The labours of Professor Conington, on the other hand, have for many years lain in a different direction. He has rendered inestimable service to the cause of classical scholarship both immediately in the University of Oxford, and for the country at large, through the less direct influence of editorial and critical literature. But the severe nature of his studies has, it is evident, by no means eradicated that genuine appreciation of poetry which he manifested in extreme youth by his translation of the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus. His Horace, as we shall presently show, is full of poetic merit, and occasionally rises

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to an almost absolute success. Our concern, however, is first with Mr Martin. When we have pointed out what we conceive to be his strength, and what his weakness, the practice of the new translator will carry with it additional meaning; and our verdict, that the highest method of treatment is to be sought somewhere between the two points of view which are in the main exemplified, will perhaps appear reasonable.

We must not forget that to hit upon an exact accuracy of range between excessive liberty on the one side, and cramping limitation on the other, is almost an impossibility for any translator. Even the most perfect will sometimes fail; and it would be unfair to be at all hasty in drawing a general inference from isolated illustrations of either extreme. Mr Martin embarked, we think, with the true guiding-star in view. His object has been to convey to the mind of an English reader the impression, as nearly as may be, which the originals produce upon his own. What this impression is in the main, we are also told in the preface. "Quinctilian's criticism upon the Odes can scarcely be improved: *Lyricorum Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris, et verbis felicissime audax.* In this airy and playful grace, in happy epithets, in variety of imagery, and exquisite felicity of expression, the Odes are still unsurpassed among the writings of any period or language. . . . They possess in perfection the power of painting an image or expressing a thought in the fewest and fittest words, combined with a melody of cadence always delightful." Let the reader bear in mind the last sentence, and compare it with Mr Martin's own practice in the following example. It can scarcely be disputed that the lines, read by the light of poetry alone, do in fact deserve very much of the praise bestowed upon Horace himself.

"Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears?
Why, oh Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years;
Yes, nor the gods nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust,
Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deadened sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!

Think not, that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, where'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below!
Me nor the fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyges, though in ire

He rise against me, from thy side shall sever;
For in such sort it hath
Pleased the dread Fates, and Justice potent ever,
To interweave our path.
Beneath whatever aspect thou wert born,
Libra, or Scorpion fierce, or Capricorn,

The blustering tyrant of the western deep,
This well I know, my friend,
Our stars in wondrous wise one orbit keep,
And in one radiance blend.
From thee were Saturn's baleful rays afar
Averted by great Jove's refulgent star,

And His hand stayed Fate's downward-swooping wing,
When thrice with glad acclaim
The teeming theatre was heard to ring,
And thine the honoured name:
So had the falling timber laid me low,
But Pan in mercy warded off the blow,

Pan who keeps watch o'er easy souls like mine.
Remember, then, to rear
In gratitude to Jove a votive shrine,
And slaughter many a steer,
Whilst I, as fits, an humbler tribute pay,
And a meek lamb upon his altar lay."

It would be ungracious to take these beautiful lines to pieces, and compare each expression with the exact words of Horace. The version merits the high praise of being faithful to the general effect; and if the translator has introduced touches which are not directly conveyed by the original, they are such

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as add a charm by no means alien from the spirit of the whole. But we must call attention to one blemish (at the end of the third stanza), as representing a tendency to which Mr Martin is exceedingly prone. Horace says of Gyges, *if he were to rise again*, that is, from the world below. The words, "though *in ire* he rise *against me*," are a mere amplification, and detract from, rather than enhance, the force of the meaning. This is a very mild instance, and might easily be allowed to pass unnoticed, were it not that Mr Martin, in the exuberance of his fancy, continually steps beyond the true Roman reserve of Horace. He loves to open "the box where sweets compacted lie," and to scatter the concentrated fragrance. The effect is often very delightful, but it is not Horatian. This propensity to forget, what Horace so well remembers, how much greater the half may sometimes be than the whole, leads him at times to express not only that which ought to be but darkly intimated, but even that which ought to be studiously kept out of sight. Take, for instance, the following stanza:—

"Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urnâ serius ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ."

This is how Mr Martin renders it:—

"Yes, all are hurrying fast
To the one common bourne;
Sooner or later will the lot at last
Drop from the fatal urn,
Which sends thee hence in the grim
Stygian bark,
To dwell for evermore in cheerless
realms and dark."

Horace's simple mention of "the bark" and "eternal exile" is surely far more suggestive and emphatic, and we may add far more beautiful, than Mr Martin's interpretation of it. It is not only that the one form of expression is in the characteristic Horatian manner and the other not, but the very tone of thought is altogether changed by the translator. There is no longer the same quiet depth of solemnity in the allusion. The poet was at that moment in too serious and contemplative a mood to play with fables, which in the Augustan age could no longer give an answer to the doubts of an educated mind. He drops, as it were, with dissatisfaction the idea of Styx and the grim ferryman, and sees himself and his friend in imagination steered by an unknown pilot across an unknown water to an unknown land from which there is no return. We discover a sense of yearning perplexity in the lines, which is wholly lost when the scene is localized and defined by epithets. This want of critical self-restraint is as evident in Mr Martin's verbal renderings as in his mode of handling the imagery. "*Magnas inter opes inops*" becomes "Lord belike of wealth unbounded, yet as veriest beggar poor;"* and it would not be difficult to prove that examples of a similar kind sometimes continuously pervade an entire ode. Mr Martin himself can scarcely fail to be aware of many of them; nor would he, we think, deny that he has throughout erred on the side of luxuriance and diffuseness. There can be no better evidence of the extent to which he can allow his own easy command of verse to become a snare to him than the fact that he gives us two translations of the famous ode to Pyrrha. The reader will be prepared to hear that they are both good. But it is plain that a faithful translator, in complete sympathy with his author, ought not to be able to acquiesce in two versions of the same piece by his own hand. If they differ in merit, the inferior specimen ought to be unrelentingly discarded. If they are both alike in merit, it is evident that he has not yet done his very best. His ideal must be one.

In his management of metres in the abstract, Mr Martin is often

* "'Mid vast possessions poor."—Conington.

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very felicitous; in his relative adaptation of them to the originals, he depends rather upon the passing humour of his own mind than upon the claims of any theoretical system. Here we believe him to be partly right and partly wrong: right in his general determination to present each ode in whatever metre seems to promise him most success in reproducing the spirit of the particular poem; wrong in not elaborating some theory of metrical correspondence to which, when the spirit of the piece and the impulse of his own sympathy with it do not direct him otherwise, it is desirable in the main to conform. It is in itself almost impossible that a particular English metre should be found co-extensive with a particular Latin metre in its applicability to various subjects; but it is evident that *primâ facie* the translator of Horace may fairly be called upon to observe a certain uniformity of treatment, and that in each case it is the departure from, and not the retention of, this uniformity, which stands really in need of excuse or justification. It would almost seem that Mr Martin thinks the contrary: he has, at all events, made no effort to confine his taste for musical variations within the due limit. This defect is especially to be remarked in his anapæstic verses, which, with all their lively grace and flow, are yet, from their colloquial freedom and want of incisive emphasis, often quite un-Horatian in effect, even while representing fairly, though in general too exclusively, the playful side of the poet's character. Horace, when most vivacious, is still the master of a gliding, not a leaping melody; whereas the lyrics of Moore, whose tone Mr Martin has often very happily caught, charm us rather by the light up-and-down pulsation of their measures. Possibly, with regard to the Alcaic, a metre with exceedingly large compass of power, Mr Martin has acted wisely in refusing to be bound at all. We do not forget that, in the grander examples of this measure, his good taste leads him to select some form or other of the iambic movement; but the variety of his combinations is so great that no merely English reader would discern for himself the metrical similarity of these odes in the original, and it is plain that Mr Martin has simply passed over a problem which will long continue to lure and defy translators. Still he may have acted wisely; and few readers, in their enjoyment of a passage like the following, will be inclined to demur at a want of theory which is compensated by such a living stir and force:—

"Now, now our ears you pierce
With clarions shrill, and trumpet's threatenings fierce,
Now flashing arms affright
Horses and riders, scattering both in flight;
Now do I seem to hear
The shouting of the mighty leaders near,
And see them strike and thrust,
Begrimed with not unhonourable dust;
And all earth own control,
All, all save only Cato's unrelenting soul."

Here is one more, out of many striking examples, that we feel tempted to quote:—

"'Tis of the brave and good alone
That good and brave men are the seed;
The virtues, which their sires have shown,
Are found in steer and steed;
Nor do the eagles fierce the gentle ring-dove breed.

Yet training quickens power inborn,
And culture nerves the soul for fame;
But he must live a life of scorn
Who bears a noble name,
Yet blurs it with the soil of infamy and shame."

A comparison of these three last lines with the corresponding words of Horace (Lib. iv. 4) will fairly indicate both the power and peril of Mr Martin as a translator of Horace. Again, the same arbitrary method of dealing with the question of metre forces itself on our attention in the Sapphic odes, though in these the problem is not nearly so insoluble as in the Alcaic. But in this case, also, it is a striking testimony to Mr Martin's power that in reading him we willingly forget all incon-

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gruities of rhythm and of style in the delight which we feel that Horace, in his new dress, does appear to all, learned and unlearned alike, in the garb of a true poet. Occasionally, it is true, we are really reminded of the original metre, as in the graceful rendering of the ode to Mercury (Lib. i. 10); but, for our own part, we dwell with greater pleasure upon such an example as the following, where we are compelled to approve, in spite of our objection to the form in which the lines are presented to us:—

"Julus, he who'd rival Pindar's fame,
On waxen wings doth sweep
The Empyrean steep,
To fall like Icarus, and with his name
Endue the glassy deep.

Like to a mountain stream, that roars
From bank to bank along,
When autumn rains are strong,
So deep-mouthed Pindar lifts his voice, and pours
His fierce tumultuous song.

Worthy Apollo's laurel wreath,
Whether he strike the lyre
To love and young desire,
While bold and lawless numbers grow beneath
His mastering touch of fire;

Or sings of gods, and monarchs sprung
Of gods, that overthrew
The Centaurs, hideous crew,
And, fearless of the monster's fiery tongue,
The dread Chimæra slew;

Or those the Eléan palm doth lift
To heaven, for winged steed,
Or sturdy arm decreed,
Giving, than hundred statues nobler gift,
The poet's deathless mead;

Or mourns the youth snatched from his bride,
Extols his manhood clear,
And to the starry sphere
Exalts his golden virtues, scattering wide
The gloom of Orcus drear.

When the Dircéan swan doth climb
Into the azure sky,
There poised in ether high,
He counts each gale, and floats on wing sublime,
Soaring with steadfast eye.

I, like the tiny bee, that sips
The fragrant thyme, and strays
Humming through leafy ways,
By Tibur's sedgy banks, with trembling lips
Fashion my toilsome lays."

In discussing the version of Professor Conington, our attention is invited, in the first instance, to the metrical question which, in the case of Mr Theodore Martin, we are content to look upon as subordinate. "The first thing," he tells us, "at which, as it seems to me, a Horatian translator ought to aim, is some kind of metrical conformity to his original." Mr Conington, however, has declined, we think wisely, all endeavour to reproduce the classic metres themselves. Such an enterprise, he tells us, is at least premature while the question of the English hexameter still remains in abeyance. Accordingly, with but one or two trivial deviations, he has appropriated to each metre of Horace some recognized or recognizable English metre, more or less analogous, choosing, for the most part, the iambic movement, as being generally characteristic of English poetry, and in every case adopting rhyme, which he believes, with perhaps an excessive distrust of his own power, "to be an inferior artist's only chance of giving pleasure." Now, it is evident that the great danger to be guarded against in the attempt to establish a system of lyric metres corresponding in their variety with the versification of Horace, is to be found in the tendency to represent the shape rather than the sound of the particular couplet or stanza. Without wishing to lay down any rigid rule in the matter, we can yet scarcely be wrong in asserting that, as a general principle, the translator ought to appeal rather to the ear of the unlearned reader than to the eye of the scholar. Having once realized to himself the metrical effect, he should aim at conveying to those who know not the original some effect as like to this as a due regard for the paramount claims of the poetry itself will allow. That scope for this may, to a certain extent, be found within the limit of forms already sanctioned by popular English literature, is not in itself at all impro-

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bable; but it is plain that no absolute test of analogy can be supplied under these conditions, and that much must therefore depend on the individual taste. We have ourselves no general theory to offer; but we will venture to point out one or two inconsistencies of detail in Mr Conington's treatment of the problem, which seem to arise more or less from the cause indicated above. Let us take the third Ode of the First Book. Here we have a couplet consisting of a short and a long line, each moulded, however, on precisely the same model, and differing only in the fact that the latter has two choriambi, while the former has but one, between what is called the iambic syzygy. Turning to Mr Conington's version, we find the relative length of the lines very accurately represented, but the uniformity of movement altogether disregarded. In other words, the scholastic eye is satisfied, but the popular ear is beguiled with a false impression. Let us quote a few lines:—

"Heaven's high providence in vain
Has severed countries with the estranging main,
If our vessels ne'ertheless,
Leaping o'erbold, that sacred bar transgress.
Daring all, their goal to win,
Men tread forbidden ground, and rush on sin:
Daring all, Prometheus played
His wily game, and fire to man conveyed;
Soon as fire was stolen away,
Pale Fever's stranger host and wan Decay
Swept o'er earth's polluted face,
And slow Fate quickened Death's once halting pace."

Now, nothing can be more certain than that in Horace the cadence of the first line in each couplet is identical in kind with the cadence of the second, and that the two meet, as it were, with a kiss. In the translation, however, the lines seem rather to clash and start asunder. We are no sooner settling into the trochaic rhythm than we are compelled almost to catch our breath at the occurrence of the iambic. At the risk of marring, in some degree, the verbal rendering, we subjoin two or three couplets as they might be, if constructed rather more in accordance with the analogy of the original:—

"Heaven's high providence in vain
Severed countries with the estranging main,
If our vessels ne'ertheless,
Leaping law, the sacred bar transgress:
Men dare all, their goal to win,
Tread forbidden ground, and rush on sin," &c.

This preserves the trochaic movement throughout, and, in our opinion, represents not unfairly the general effect and flow of the original. It is fair to confess, however, that in other odes, where the rhymes are alternated, the discrepancy is far less perceptible.

Again, Horace has composed three odes (of which the introductory address to Mæcenas is one), in the first Asclepiad—a metre analogous in one respect to our blank verse, every line being uniform. There is a theory, by no means easy to prove, that these odes, like the rest, may really be reduced to quatrains. Whether this be so or not, we will venture to say that no reader, perusing them as poetry, so combines the verses in his own mind; but Mr Conington, accepting for practical guidance what is at best in this case but a critical opinion, represents the metre in a stanza consisting of decasyllabic lines, in which the first rhymes with the fourth, and the second with the third. Add to this a frequent and unavoidable inter-penetration of the stanzas, and there is no doubt that what is simple in Horace becomes complex in the translator. It may be worth considering in a future edition whether the *terza rima*, with its natural facility of melting one stanza into another, would not be a far better preservative of the individuality of the lines, while conveying, in accordance with the translator's principle, all the charms of rhyme.

We have already intimated our opinion that no one English metre can be expected to match the full

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capacity of the Alcaic. We should not, therefore, dream of finding fault with Mr Conington merely for having failed in his difficult endeavour; but it is scarcely possible to overlook the particular incongruity into which he has fallen. For one of the most impulsive measures that were ever invented, he has substituted what is, perhaps, on the whole, the most quiescent form of verse in all English literature—the octosyllabic quatrain. That he has often handled this with a masterly power is no doubt true; but nothing can overcome the rooted alienation between the eager, though stately, energy of the one metre, and the subsiding tendency of the other. The onward sweep which is so characteristic of the Alcaic, especially in the grander odes, causes a certain suddenness even in the termination of the poem. It is as if a ship stopped in full sail; but in this octosyllabic quatrain there is a sense of alternating pause and motion, which makes the career seem placid enough from the first, and which would obviate surprise even if the conclusion were enforced before the due time. Let the English reader compare the metrical effect of Shelley's 'Ode to the Skylark' with that of Hinda's Lament in 'Lalla Rookh,' and he will, we think, understand our meaning.

But it is time we left this subject and gave our readers some taste of the poetry itself. And, first, notwithstanding what we have just said concerning discrepancies of metre, we will quote a few lines from an Alcaic ode, written by Horace in commemoration of his escape from being crushed by the fall of a tree. We can scarcely believe that the conditions chosen by the translator admit of a higher success than is here exemplified :—

"How near dark Pluto's court I stood,
And Æacus' judicial throne,
The blest seclusion of the good,
And Sappho, with sweet lyric moan
Bewailing her ungentle sex,
And thee, Alcæus, louder far,
Chanting thy tale of woful wrecks,
Of woful exile, woful war!
In sacred awe the silent dead
Attend on each: but when the song
Of combat tells and tyrants fled,
Keen ears, pressed shoulders, closer throng.
What marvel, when at those sweet airs
The hundred-headed beast spell-bound,
Each black ear droops, and Furies' hairs
Uncoil their serpents at the sound?
Prometheus too and Pelops' sire,
In listening lose the sense of woe;
Orion hearkens to the lyre,
And lets the lynx and lion go."

The following little ode, in an altogether different strain, is exquisite. In spirit, in metre, and in literal accuracy, it is alike admirable :—

"You fly me, Chloë, as o'er trackless hills
A young fawn runs her timorous dam to find,
Whom empty terror thrills
Of woods and whispering wind.
Whether 'tis Spring's first shiver, faintly heard
Through the light leaves, or lizards in the brake
The rustling thorns have stirred,
Her heart, her knees, they quake.
Yet I, who chase you, no grim lion am,
No tiger fell, to crush you in my gripe:
Come, learn to leave your dam,
For lover's kisses ripe." *

We rather wish Mr Conington had been able to preserve the epithet "green" which Horace gives to the lizards. We think there is just a degree of contrast between *mobilibus* in the second stanza, and *aspera* in the third, and between *virides*, suggestive of the cool woods, and *Gætulus*, of sunburnt deserts, which gives a poetic value to each word, though it would be merely fanciful to press the idea as critically true. Were the translation less excellent than it is, we should never have thought of mentioning a point so trivial. The expression "Spring's first shiver" is instinct with beauty and fidelity.

The next piece which we have marked for quotation is one which will bear reading many times. For our own part, we have been so much struck by it, that we now transcribe it without difficulty from

* This ode is also very beautifully translated by Mr Martin.

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memory. We feel, in reading the original, a sense of solemn awe which brings into our mind the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." To have reproduced this feeling with any degree of success would have been a great triumph, but the present version is almost beyond praise :—

"Had chastisement for perjured truth,
Barine, marked you with a curse—
Had one wry nail, or one black tooth
But made you worse—

I'd trust you; but, when plighted lies
Have pledged you deepest, lovelier far
You sparkle forth, of all young eyes
The ruling star.

'Tis gain to mock your mother's bones,
And night's still signs, and all the sky,
And gods, that on their glorious thrones
Chill Death defy.

Aye, Venus smiles; the pure nymphs smile:
And Cupid, tyrant-lord of hearts,
Sharpening on bloody stone the while
His fiery darts.

New captives fill the nets you weave;
New slaves are bred; and those before,
Though oft they threaten, never leave
Your godless door.

The mother dreads you for her son,
The thrifty sire, the new-wed bride,
Lest, lured by you, her precious one
Should leave her side."

It should be remembered that Professor Conington translates all the Sapphic odes into the above metre. It is wonderful how well, as a general rule, he compresses each stanza of the original into the space allotted to it; but the difficulty of doing this without sacrificing something essential is so great, that occasional stiffness was perhaps almost unavoidable.

After what we have said upon the subject of metre, it would be unfair not to call attention to the success with which the rhythmical effect of the ode, 'Non ebur neque aureum' (Lib. ii. 18), is conveyed. The measure used is the same which we found fault with when applied to the choriambic couplet. Here, however, where the movement is slow and the distinctness of each line more marked, the variation in cadence, tempered as it is by alternate instead of consecutive rhymes, is far from unpleasant in itself, and is, moreover, critically correct when compared with the structure of the original. Equal praise, even apart from its high merits as an accurate translation, may be awarded to the rendering of 'Diffugere Nives' (Lib. iv. 7). But there is one short ode which we must find space to quote. Whether we read for criticism or enjoyment—whether we take note of the lively ring and freshness, or of the exactitude of detail—it is thoroughly satisfying :—

"How unhappy are the maidens who with
Cupid may not play,
Who may never touch the wine-cup, but
must tremble all the day
At an uncle, and the scourging of his
tongue!
Neobule, there's a robber takes your
needle and your thread,
Lets the lessons of Minerva run no longer
in your head;
It is Hebrus, the athletic and the
young!
O, to see him when, anointed, he is plunging in the flood!
What a seat he has on horseback! was
Bellerophon's as good?
As a boxer, as a runner, past compare!
When the deer are flying blindly all the
open country o'er,
He can aim and he can hit them; he can
steal upon the boar,
As it couches in the thicket unaware."

Whoever will take the trouble to test the extracts we have given, may judge for himself of Mr Conington's merits as a translator. Comparing him with Mr Martin, we should say that the one represents in general the force and compactness, while the other reproduces the flow and familiar gracefulness, of the style of Horace. But this distinction is not to be understood in the sense that Mr Conington is devoid of ease and grace, and Mr Martin of force and compactness. We have endeavoured to select specimens which, while conveying the predominant characteristics of each, are yet sufficiently various in their excellence to prove that each has understood, if not always thoroughly appreciated, the phase in which the style of Horace has for the most part

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presented itself to the other. Still Mr Conington's defect has been, we think, on the whole, that he has not been able to forget that he is a scholar, liable to be criticized by scholars. For instance, in such a line as

> "The lashed spray trickles from the steep,"

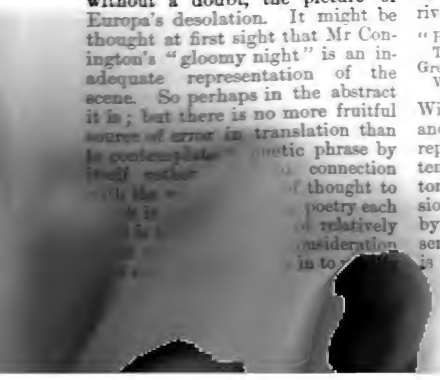
we feel that he is more anxious to give an unexceptionable verbal rendering of the expression,

> "Defluit saxis agitatus humor,"

than to represent the exquisite smoothness which makes the words what they are. So when Horace calls the lyre "unwarlike," we feel that "peaceful," which is critically an equivalent, is false from the poetical point of view. But in contrast with this tendency, it is quite possible to bring forward individual passages where exact scholarship is sacrificed in favour of something higher. In illustration of this we may quote the following stanza :—

> "That morn of meadow-flowers she thought,
> Weaving a crown the nymphs to please;
> That gloomy night she looked on nought
> But stars and seas."

Here the rendering of *nocte sublustri* is an example of that real fidelity which, if we may without irreverence use a scriptural phrase that exactly expresses our meaning, looks not to the outward appearance, but to the heart. The word *sublustri*, indicative of the wan glimmer of starlight, heightens, without a doubt, the picture of Europa's desolation. It might be thought at first sight that Mr Conington's "gloomy night" is an inadequate representation of the scene. So perhaps in the abstract it is; but there is no more fruitful source of error in translation than to contemplate [illegible] phrase by itself rather [illegible] connection [illegible] thought to [illegible] poetry each [illegible] relatively [illegible] sideration [illegible] in to



the claims of lexicographical accuracy, and to save the translator from becoming a mere copyist. It is evident that, in the particular place in that particular stanza, the very expression which makes the original more dramatic and effective, would but add weakness to the translation. The words are intended to make us feel the situation of Europa; and in the present instance Mr Conington is quite true to the general effect through, and by means of, the very fact that he is only half true to the detail. Again, it is by no means scholarship alone which suggests such a happy transposition of the subject of the sentence in the well-known

> "Splendidè mendax et in omne virgo
> Nobilis ævum."

How many have racked their brains to find some equivalent for this! Mr Conington solves the secret with a touch.

> "That splendid falsehood lights her name
> Through times unborn."

Or take the following grand stanza ending the speech of Regulus in the famous fifth ode of Book iii. :—

> "Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
> Pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
> O magna Carthago, probrosis
> Altior Italiæ ruinis!"

When we say that the spirit of the English reproduction is so poetical that we do not care to direct attention to its extreme ingenuity, we can award no higher praise. It is, in either case, the indignant outcry of patriotic passion which alone rivets our interest.

> "He knows not, he, how life is won;
> Thinks war, like peace, a thing of trade!
> Great art thou, Carthage! mate the Sun,
> While Italy in dust is laid!"

Without forgetting these passages, and others like them, we must still repeat that it is difficult, on an extended perusal of Professor Conington's version, not to feel the impression that it is in some degree injured by that want of freedom which the sense of being watched by scholars is sure to generate. Why, in cer-

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tain cases, an accurate rendering of the words of Horace into good fluent English and unexceptionable rhyme,* should result, after all, in but a faint reflection of the feeling and fire of the original, we do not pretend to explain. We can only say that the true magic touch is often absent, though it may be impossible to express with critical precision the reason why this and that are not poetry. Probably no one who has ever tried his hand at translation will expect to find an equal and sustained degree of excellence in any version of a classical poet, least of all when an author, possessed of so many remarkable peculiarities as Horace, is to be presented in an English dress. But our point is that the infirmities we refer to are incidental rather to the operation of a false theory than to the occasionally inevitable depression of poetic power. Mr Conington has imposed restrictions upon himself which he might have done without. It is surely almost a self-evident axiom that in translating Horace a man should allow himself to think consciously of nothing in the world except Horace. Whether the outcome of this absorption in his work be poetry in the eighteenth-century style or in the nineteenth-century style, or in the style of any period of our literature whatever, is nothing in itself. Every unnecessary scruple is, in the art of translation, as in all other things, a source of weakness. "On the whole," says Mr Conington, "I have tried, so far as my powers would allow me, to give my translation something of the colour of our eighteenth-century poetry, believing the poetry of that time to be the nearest analogue of the poetry of Augustus' court that England has produced; and feeling quite sure that a writer will bear traces enough of the language and manners of his own time to redeem him from the charge of having forgotten what is, after all, his native tongue. As one instance out of many, I may mention the use of compound epithets as a temptation to which the translator of Horace is sure to be exposed, and which, in my judgment, he ought in general to resist. This power of condensation naturally recommends them to a writer who has to deal with inconvenient clauses, threatening to swallow up the greater part of a line; but there is no doubt that in the Augustan poets, as compared with the poets of the republic, they are chiefly conspicuous for their absence; and it is equally certain, I think, that a translator of an Augustan poet ought not to suffer them to be a prominent feature of his style." All which is, we think, a preferring of the sign to the thing signified. The end in view is to represent the poetry of Horace in that form of reasonable outward resemblance which is most compatible with its inward spirit, to readers who are not familiar with the original. To do this at all adequately, a translator must never cease to keep his eye upon the general effect, in order to reproduce this at any cost of detail. Of course, the less detail sacrificed, the more skilful the translator; but the great principle remains, and should be always operative, that truth in translation is truth *in the main*, not in each separate particular. Now, suppose in reproducing this general effect one should find that the main truth, so far as we have caught it, is, in any particular poem, more clearly brought out by the employment of certain compound words or Tennysonian forms of expression, are these to be rejected because Horace, living in a different age and under different conditions, found it most natural and convenient to present the kernel of his meaning in a slightly different husk? We

* We hope that, in a future edition, Mr Conington will remove [illegible] as the rhyme of "sure" with "minister" in the first stanza [illegible] the more discernible from its contrast with his general [illegible]

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Horace, constituted as we know him to have been, reject a phrase, if he were living and writing now, merely because it contained a compound epithet, or a form of expression more adapted to the nineteenth century than the eighteenth? If not, then we, by our rejection of it, except in cases indifferent, or for higher and weightier causes than a mere external conformity, inflict a wrong upon the spirit of his poetry. However studied Horace may be in his style and manner, he is not the less exquisitely natural: we shall serve him best by being natural likewise. And, as a necessary inference, we hold it to be no part of a translator's duty to waste his labour upon conscious attempts at self-emancipation from the literary influences of his own age. To be absorbed in the spirit of an ancient poet, will, of itself, sufficiently emancipate him; and that which will remain, and ought to remain, of the genius of his own period, can be as nothing to the gigantic anachronism involved in the very fact that he translates at all. Mr Conington's words are, it is true, very temperate; nor should we be at all justified in saying that he adheres so rigidly to his own point of view as to exalt the temporary and accidental over the eternal element in the poetry of Horace. The extracts we have given must completely refute any such notion. It is not that he subordinates poetry to criticism, but that he mixes the two together in a degree which interferes with, though it does not stifle, the just development of the former. We do not feel quite sure, for instance, that Mr Conington would not object to his fellow-translator's fine rendering of *ministrum fulminis alitem*, "the thunder-bearing bird," merely on account of the compound [illegible]; or, for a [illegible] reason, [illegible]

We have not left ourselves space to contrast, as we had hoped, Mr Theodore Martin's point of view with that of his recent competitor. Perhaps all that is necessary is said, when we state that it is the essence of the poetry, and that alone, which he strives to reproduce. This, at any rate, is a fair description of his practice, whatever his theory may be. That he has not sufficiently regarded the twofold nature of this essence—the intimate connection, that is, between the thought itself and the one particular manner of its expression—is a fault which many will think partakes, in his case, of the nature of a virtue. To give Horace more of the tone of English life in the nineteenth century than he really possesses, and this without disturbing the just proportions of poetry, is an achievement which it required no mean ability to execute, and one which appeals at once to the interest of modern readers. If the scholar, on comparing the cast with the statue, is compelled to qualify his admiration, he can yet recognize the fact that failure itself may often imply success of another kind. In the present instance, an apparent detraction from Mr Martin's merits as a translator becomes, from a different and a widely appreciated point of view, an exaltation of his powers as a poet. For our own part we wish that to the revision, at least, of his work, he could have brought a more critical frame of mind. It might have corrected that tendency to expansion which we have already noticed, and have removed small blemishes which cannot fail to annoy scholars—such as the spelling "Lybia," "Anthony," &c., and the false quantity "Leuconóë" (which, notwithstanding the translator's apology, is as unpleasant to our ear as "Penelópe" would be in the Odyssey). But with the general tone of thought exemplified in his preface we most cordially [illegible]e. He has touched exactly those [illegible]hich ought to be made sa-

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lient to the view of an English reader who wishes to understand Horace. And in accordance, perhaps, with what might be expected from the different style of the two introductions, his version is, in the general tenor, more poetical than that of the Oxford translator, though the best efforts of the latter leave scarcely anything to be desired. It would probably leave a somewhat unfair impression if we did not, before concluding, quote a specimen to show how scholarlike and accurate Mr Martin can be when he chooses. The following passage is from Book iii. 24 — an ode directed against the covetous temper that will dare all for the sake of wealth; and as we quote it the more willingly, exhibiting a power of terseness and condensation, the want of which we have regretted in other cases :—

"What boots it to lament,
If crime be not cut down by punishment?
What can vain laws avail,
If life in every moral virtue fail?
If nor the clime, that glows,
Environed round by fervid heats, nor snows
And biting northern wind,
Which all the earth in icy cerements bind,
The merchant back can keep,
And skilful shipmen flout the horrors of the deep?"

On the whole Mr Martin deserves to be, and will probably continue to be, popular. Those who read with a vivid recollection of the words of Horace himself, will prefer Mr Conington. Both versions possess, unless we are much mistaken, a peculiar value for those who, while studying the Latin language, are yet capable of penetrating to the heart, and learning to appreciate the influence of the author with whom they are engaged; and from this point of view the use of both works ought, we think, to be encouraged, as contributing to the higher development of our public school and university education. Both should also be read by the general English reader, who is really anxious to understand the full compass of the original. By a comparative perusal he will comprehend, inadequately, of course, but yet far better than any criticism could teach him, the true characteristics of a poet who, in his own peculiar province, remains even to this day absolutely without a rival.

INDIAN PROSPERITY.

THERE is a natural tendency in the human mind to glorify the past —to find in the national annals some epoch which the songs of poets, and the loving imagination of the people, unite to celebrate as a golden age. In some cases it matters little whether there be any substantial basis for these venerated traditions. Long after the Aryan race of the Hindoos had settled and established civilised kingdoms in India, their poets and holy men still cherished the remembrance of their parent-land beyond the Himalayas, which, sterile as it must have been, compared to the prolific plains of the Ganges, and rude as their mode of life must there have been, they, by a natural illusion, came to regard as a Saturnian realm, where their ancestors led a happier life than was possible under the Kali Yug, or "Black Age," which had come upon the world since then. That imagination has long ago passed away. For nearly two thousand years the horizon of the Indian mind has been limited to India. The Indian peninsula has really been the only scene of Hindoo greatness; and, with better foundation, they now place the half-mythical golden age of their race under the Solar or Lunar dynasties, which arose in the valley-land of the Ganges. The epoch of King Vicramaditya, rendered famous by the galaxy of poets, of whom Kalidasa was the [illegible]

lived at his Court, has become the golden age of the Hindoos; and the subsequent reign of King Asoka, though less famed in song, was even more worthy of the place which it holds in the national traditions. The reigns of Akbar, wisest of all Eastern monarchs, and of one or two others of the Mogul Emperors, constituted still grander epochs in the annals of India, though their glory is dashed by the remembrance that the splendour of those times was accomplished by the alien race of the Mohammedans. But these memories also are growing faint and passing away. Never at any time in its long history, we make bold to say, was India so prosperous as now; and the proofs of its prosperity are so abundant and substantial, that even those classes who still cling to the traditions of past greatness are beginning to acknowledge, that those traditions will not bear comparison with the era that has now opened upon their country. Never was the real majesty and power of empire so great as now; never was there more peace in the land; and never was there so much prosperity among the people. Heaven forbid that we should think that British rule has yet done all that it can for the population of India, or that there are not large sections of the people whose condition of life subjects them to many hardships which ought to be alleviated, and to terrible visitations of famine which, to some degree, may be obviated or mitigated. Nevertheless, the condition of the people of India now is better than it ever was in any age before. The freest and most enlightened nation in the world is introducing its ideas and institutions; the wealthiest country in the world is pouring into it its surplus wealth,—at once giving additional employment to the natives, and showing them how to turn to account the resources of their country by means undreamt of before. Canals, compared with which those of the Mogul Emperors [illegible] spread a stable fertility over regions either arid before, or at least desolated by ever-recurring famines. Grand roads, such as were unknown even to Europe thirty years ago, now traverse India from end to end,—whereon the people may travel alike in the wet season and in the dry; and, at a trifling cost, and with ten times the rapidity, may enjoy as much comfort as the Mogul Emperors themselves when making their luxurious progresses through their dominions. In one important respect indeed—the administration of justice—the condition of the people of India is still very far from being satisfactory; but even in this matter we can find no ground for believing that India was ever so well off as now; and, as we shall show, an important change is in progress which will go far to remedy the existing defects.

The only drawback on the present condition of India, compared with its former epochs of greatness, is the fact that it is a conquered country, ruled by a foreign race. In most cases this is a fatal objection to any Government—an ineradicable source of enmity between the rulers and the ruled. No amount of material benefits conferred by the Government will ever reconcile to the rule of the foreigner a people imbued with the spirit of nationality, and who can look back upon times of national greatness under monarchs of their own race. But from the earliest times the circumstances of India have in this respect been peculiar. Far more than in the case of Italy, the population has been formed by a *colluvies omnium gentium*. Race after race of the East has poured into the Indian peninsula, from whence they have never flowed back. Even the Aryan race of the Hindoos, whose name we now apply generically to the whole population, were originally a foreign people; and although they have widely spread their influence and language, they never formed any great settlements south

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of the Vindhya range, where the mass of the population belongs to a different stock, and still in great part speak a different language. Asoka and Vicramaditya are not names to conjure with in the southern portion of the peninsula. The latter monarch, so famed in song, was but one king among several others who reigned in Hindostan proper—*i. e.*, in the region north of the Vindhya mountains; and although Asoka, as is proved by the pillars containing his edicts spread over the country, had a much wider dominion, his rule, after all, was limited to but a fraction of India. The Mogul monarchs claimed to be emperors of all India, and nominally their sway was more extensive even than the British. Under the British Raj, three-sevenths of the Indian territory is ruled by nominally independent native princes: nevertheless our sway over the entire country is far more real and undisputed than ever was that of the Moguls. Even the greatest of the Mogul Emperors were often engaged in hostilities with native potentates who resisted their demands or refused to acknowledge their sovereignty; whereas, at the present hour, there is not a single native prince in India, nor all of them together, who could offer the least resistance to the British Government. South of the territories of Hyderabad, the native population care as little for the old glories of the Moguls as they do for the remoter fame of the Hindoo monarchs who reigned on the Ganges. More truly now, then, than ever before, India has become a united empire, and a wider career is opened to every unit of its hundred and sixty millions of people. It is the peculiar advantage of extensive empires, that they insure for the subject population a greater amount of peace, a wider individual action, and wider scope for commerce, than are possible in smaller States; and these advantages India possesses now. It is true that, under the Moguls, the Hindoos could rise to higher posts in the Government than are as yet open to them under the British rule. But the sovereignty of the Moguls lasted for eight centuries, during which time they became Hindoos in almost everything but religion; whereas only a hundred years have elapsed since the English began their career of conquest and dominion in India. Our task of amalgamation is not to approximate, like the Moguls, to the native population, but to draw up the natives to our own level. In proportion as that is accomplished—in proportion as education and commingling with the British raise up individuals of the native race to our level, or at least to an understanding and appreciation of our rule—will natives be admitted in greater numbers to offices under the Government. We already see a beginning of this operation; but if our rule in India should last for centuries, like that of the Moguls, it may be regarded as a certain result that the native element in our administration will come to occupy a position so prominent, as to seem impossible to men of the present time who have not learnt to calculate the issues of the future.

That our Indian empire is really prosperous, not merely in a moral or sentimental aspect, but as a matter-of-fact question of finance, is an idea which will be slow of making its way in this country. Yet such is incontrovertibly the case. Our Indian empire, in mercantile phrase, is a paying concern. Its debt is a trifle, and not only does the revenue steadily balance the expenditure, but a portion of that expenditure will ere long come back to the Government in the form of additional revenue. It appears strange at first sight that the condition of our Indian Government should always hitherto have been looked upon in this country as eminently unsatisfactory, if not actually desperate. We, who burdened ourselves with a debt of £500,000,000 in less than twenty-five years, and

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yet have gone on more prosperous than ever, have never ceased to exclaim at every little addition to the debt of India, as if it were a sign of coming bankruptcy and ruin. But if the facts of the case are looked into, it will be found that never were so many wars conducted by any Government with so little contraction of debt as has been the case in India. For a hundred years our Indian Government has been involved in an almost ceaseless succession of wars, culminating in a widespread conflict as desperate as any Government ever waged in defence of its own existence; yet in that hundred years of war the whole debt contracted does not much exceed the amount of two years' revenue. The truth is, that we have measured the fortunes of India by an entirely different rule from that which we apply to the condition of our own country. The wars in which our own country has been involved we have felt to be inevitable; and, heavy as their cost has been, we have borne it cheerfully as the price of maintaining the national honour and independence. But no such feelings came into play when we looked at the growth of the Indian Debt. Our Indian empire we have judged mainly as we would a commercial speculation. In truth, it *was* a commercial speculation, conducted by a trading Company; and the East India Directors, however great their statesmanlike ability, never failed to guide their policy with a view to secure as large a dividend as possible for the shareholders. This tendency to judge of the condition of our Indian empire simply by its financial balance-sheets, without taking into account the whole elements of the case, has not been lessened by the transfer of that empire from the Company to the Crown; for the transfer, by making the Home Government really responsible for the Indian Debt, has laid on the people of this country a further interest in seeing that our Indian Government is able to pay its own expenses. Now, as much as ever, therefore—or more than ever—the British public refuse to take any cognisance of Indian prosperity, unless that prosperity be represented by a satisfactory balance-sheet and a substantial surplus.

It must be confessed that, judging solely by this financial test, the position of our Indian Government has in past times been the reverse of satisfactory. The Burmese war in 1824-5—strange as it seems when we recollect how easily the Burmese were subdued in our second contest with them eight years ago—added by far the largest amount to the debt (£15,000,000) of any war ever waged by the Indian Government, save that with our rebellious Sepoy army in 1857-8. From 1824 to 1850 there were only three years in which there was a surplus; and the aggregate amount of these surpluses was no more than 3½ millions sterling. In the same period the debt was largely increased, and amounted in 1850 to £47,000,000. On the surface this looked very bad. But the fact ought not to have been overlooked, that, after all, the amount of the debt, compared with the amount of the revenue, was not any greater in 1850 than it was in 1826; for the wars which occasioned the addition to the debt had, by adding new and valuable territories to our dominion, increased also the revenue out of which the debt was to be paid. In 1850, moreover, we began to reach the turning-point of Indian finance. In the two years, 1851-2 and 1852-3, a surplus reappeared; and although in the three following years there was ostensibly a deficit of 6 millions sterling, the deficit was only nominal, being produced by an expenditure on public works of a reproductive character. The financial year 1856-7,* which immediately preceded the mutinies, exhibited the same position; there being a nominal deficit of fully a

* The Indian financial year begins on the 1st of May.

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million and a-half, and a like sum being expended on public works. It is manifest, therefore, that, for half-a-dozen years before the occurrence of the mutinies, the Indian finances had really attained to an equilibrium. The great rebellion of our Sepoy army overcast the fair prospect thus opening upon our Indian empire. In the three years between 1857 and 1860, there was a deficit of £38,000,000. At present the amount of the debt, including liabilities of every kind, is £110,000,000.

In such circumstances every one began to despair of the prospects of India. The financial crisis appeared too great to be overcome, save by the imposition of new taxes of so onerous a kind as, by irritating the natives, to sow the seeds of other calamities hardly inferior to those which we had undergone. The result, however, has in a most remarkable manner disappointed our fears. Of the three war-taxes designed to meet the emergency, one, the license-tax, was never put into operation; another, the increase in the customs-duties, was annulled a year ago; and the third, the income-tax, has been greatly reduced, and will be wholly abolished before two years have elapsed. The licence-tax would have fallen upon five thousand native traders and artisans, with the families dependent on them, and was greatly disliked; and as Mr Wilson found that we could do without its financial aid, the Act was never put in force. In the following year, 1862-3, Mr Laing restricted the operation of the income-tax to incomes of £50 and upwards. In its original form the income-tax had been an impost of 4 per cent upon all incomes of £50 and upwards, and of 2 per cent upon incomes between £50 and £20; but as it was found that this lowest class embraced nearly two-thirds of all the persons liable to the tax, while the amount paid by them (£350,000) was not above one-fifth of the whole proceeds, while the cost of collecting it was £100,000, and as, moreover, almost all the complaints and appeals connected with the tax came from this lowest class, it was wisely resolved to abandon it after it had been in operation for only one year. Mr Laing also reduced the customs-duties on manufactured goods to their old level. Sir Charles Trevelyan has proceeded with this work of reduction, by lowering the income-tax from 4 per cent to 3. Now, therefore, with the exception of some additions to the old taxes of so unexceptionable a kind that it is not thought desirable to repeal them, the 3 per cent income-tax is the only impost which remains to tell of the great financial crisis through which our Indian empire has passed; and it, as we have said, will also be finally abandoned in 1865.

The reductions of taxation made in 1862-3 amounted to £825,000; and in the present year, 1863-4, the reductions amount to £335,000. In the former of these years, which terminated on the 30th of April last, there has been a realised surplus of £936,925; and on the current year Sir C. Trevelyan's calculations, based on "an outside estimate of expenditure and an inside estimate of revenue," show that there will be a surplus of £480,775. In our opinion, despite the reductions of taxation, the surplus this year is more likely to be upwards of a million sterling. The military expenditure has almost fallen to the level at which it stood previous to the Rebellion. In 1856-7 it amounted to £11,500,000; at its highest point, in 1858-9, it stood at upwards of £21,000,000; it has now fallen to £12,650,000; and next year it will stand at £12,000,000, which is to be its ordinary level for the future.*

* In these sums we do not take into account the charges on account of the Indian army incurred in this country: these remain nearly stationary at the amount of about 2½ millions sterling.

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The native troops in our service previous to the Rebellion amounted to 350,000 men—they are now only 125,000; the British troops maintained in India previous to the Rebellion numbered 45,000—they now amount to 70,000. The average revenue of the three years before the Rebellion was thirty-two millions sterling; it now amounts to upwards of forty-five millions—Sir C. Trevelyan's very moderate estimate for the current year being £45,306,200. This proves that the financial resources of India are as elastic as previously they were believed to be the reverse. The revenue has been increased one-fourth within seven years, and yet the country is more prosperous than ever. If it be borne in mind that the total additional taxation imposed since 1857 did not exceed five millions sterling, and that a million and a quarter of that additional taxation has already been repealed, this increase of the Indian revenue would appear too extraordinary to be credited, if it were not demonstrated by incontrovertible statistics which are open to the inspection of every one. The same amount of taxation produces every year a greater revenue. After making every deduction for increase of revenue due to opium, to acquisitions of territory, and new taxation, it is a demonstrated fact that the progressive increase of *ordinary* Indian revenue has averaged upwards of £700,000 a-year for the last ten years; and the rate of increase at present, we think, may be safely reckoned at more than one million sterling a-year. The increased productiveness of revenue in the United Kingdom amounts to about £800,000 annually on a total revenue of nearly seventy millions; whereas the corresponding increase in India amounts to at least £1,000,000 on a total revenue of forty-five millions: in other words, the buoyancy of the Indian revenue is nearly twice as great as ours. Indeed, no other country can show a parallel to it. Before the 31st July 1865, therefore—the term at which the income-tax is to expire—the natural increase of the Indian revenue will enable us to dispense with it entirely, without making any reduction in our present expenditure.

Moreover, the Indian Government has at its disposal very large reserves, to which we have nothing similar in this country, and which can be employed either to meet extraordinary expenditure or for the extinction of the Debt. The first of these is the proceeds of the sale of waste lands, and of the redemption of the land-tax in those cases where such redemption is deemed expedient. The Government is bound to apply these proceeds in paying off the Debt, so that they constitute a real and permanent sinking-fund. The second reserve at the disposal of the Government is the money which it receives from the Banks in exchange for the Government notes, which constitute the only legal paper-currency. This money also must be employed in the reduction of the Debt, for the Government is bound to invest it in Government stock; but the amount of this reserve is not great—being, as at present fixed, only four millions sterling, of which one million has already been made use of. The third reserve is the Cash Balances in the various treasuries throughout the country, —or rather, the surplus of these balances beyond the amount required to carry on the expenditure. These balances (which are equivalent to our Exchequer balances) have ranged of late years from £11,000,000 to £18,000,000. Five millions sterling of balances in the Exchequer have been found sufficient for carrying on the Government in this country, even when our annual expenditure amounted to seventy millions; but in India, although the Government expenditure is much less, a larger balance is requisite, owing to the vast area over which the balances in the various treasuries are spread. Mr Laing says that, "under the old

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system in India, a cash balance of ten millions sterling has sufficed; and with railways, an improved currency, and arrangements with banks, we could carry on the business of the Government with perfect ease with a balance of seven or eight millions sterling." The surplus above this sum is of course available either to meet extraordinary expenditure or to reduce the Indian Debt. Of late the balances have been unusually large, and Sir C. Trevelyan devotes a large sum from this source to the reduction of the Debt, while still retaining seven or eight millions of surplus balances in reserve. He says that, "after taking seven millions sterling out of the cash balances for the payment of debt—that is, one million paid off in India, three remitted this year to the Secretary of State for the payment of debt at home, and three more to be remitted for the same purpose next year—it is expected that the cash balance on the 30th April 1864 will still amount to fifteen and a half millions sterling"—or eight millions more than is requisite to carry on the Government expenditure.

If this is not a satisfactory financial position, there is at least no other country in the world that can show so good a one. Yet this is not all. In reality, another financial reserve is hid from view by being included under the ordinary expenditure of India. We mean the expenditure on public works. Nearly the whole of this expenditure is of a reproductive character, and will be returned to the Government either by direct payments, or indirectly by increasing the proceeds of the land-tax and other imposts. For example, the payment of the guaranteed interest on the railways is at present pure outlay, for these railways are still uncompleted; but as soon as the receipts from them shall amount to more than five per cent, the surplus must be devoted to repaying to the Government the sums it is now expending in the form of guaranteed interest. Not improbably the Government may in this way recover every farthing of the money which it has disbursed upon the railways; but in any case it will certainly recover its expenditure through the increase in the value of the land and other property. But even if this expenditure on public works were quite unremunerative, it is at least a purely optional expenditure, which may be suspended at the convenience of the Government. It has frequently been suggested that this expenditure ought not to be included in the estimates, as if it were part of the ordinary and necessary expenditure of the Indian Government. We think, on the whole, that the present system of accounts is the best: nevertheless, it is most desirable that the substantial fact should not be overlooked, that this expenditure on public works, in whatever form it may appear in the accounts, is really a surplus, and ought to be so regarded in judging of the financial position of India. In the Budget for the present year, after making a reduction of taxation to the amount of £355,000, the surplus is represented as only £480,775; but the excess of revenue over expenditure is really as follows:—

Avowed surplus, . .	£480,775
Railways, ...	2,094,925
Roads and other works of public improvement, .	2,618,000
Civil buildings, military works, Persian telegraph, &c., ...	2,300,000
Real surplus, . .	£7,493,700

A country which thus has a yearly surplus of seven and a half millions sterling over its ordinary expenditure—not as an accident, but as part of its normal condition—besides three real sinking-funds or reserves, is surely in a most satisfactory position. The surplus of the cash-balances alone would cover the expenditure of two or three little wars. And the sale of the waste lands constitutes a reserve which as yet has hardly been touched, but

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which may last for generations, as a yearly means of reducing the debt. Before the Rebellion, the military expenses swallowed up one-half of the entire revenue, whereas now they do not quite absorb one-third. The military expenses of India are now just about equal in amount to those of the United Kingdom. Judged of in proportion to the revenue of the two countries, the Indian military expenses, it is true, are much greater than those of the United Kingdom; but then it must be remembered that India has not the same means of cheap defence which fortunately are available at home. Our army of volunteers, 160,000 strong, costs the Government almost nothing; and the immense police and constabulary force, which maintains internal peace and order for us, is paid by our counties and municipalities, and does not form any charge upon the Imperial revenue. Moreover, England maintains a powerful navy, and India no navy at all.* The case is very different in India; and any candid judge of the matter will acknowledge that the sums spent upon the means of defence, and of maintaining internal quiet, in India, are by no means excessive, and are fully justified alike by the condition of the country and by the state of its finances. Possibly when the trunk-lines of railway are completed, which they will be in other two years at most, a further reduction of the Indian army may be found practicable; but in any case the completion of these lines of rapid communication will further strengthen our military position in India, which already is more impregnable than it has ever been in the past history of our rule.

Before quitting the subject of Indian finance, we may call attention to the curious change which comes over our home politicians whenever they are transferred to a sphere of administrative action in our Eastern empire. "*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," said the Latin poet; but the proverb does not hold good of our Liberal politicians when transferred to India. The novelty of their position, and their removal from the strong party-influences which surround them at home, seem to give them new light in matters of political economy. To their credit be it said, they have shown that they are not unwilling to revise their opinions, and even to run counter to the doctrines of political economy which at home they had been accustomed to profess with great ostentation, as the only true and enlightened principles of government. The late Mr Wilson, the great free-trader, was the first who gave a notable example of apostasy when appointed Financial Minister in India. His imposition of new and additional customs-duties astonished and shocked his weaker brethren at home, who had often heard him dilate upon the superlative advantages of free-trade and unrestricted competition; and his apostasy was all the more remarkable, inasmuch as his new imposts fell heaviest upon his manufacturing friends, whose yarns and calicoes he did not hesitate to tax smartly for the good of the empire whose financial interests were confided to his care. There was less scope for apostasy on the part of his successor, Mr Laing. But in these times, when Liberal Ministers have so repeatedly and contemptuously disregarded the successive pledges given for the abolition of the Income-tax, for no other reason than that they might strike off other taxes against which there was no peculiar complaint, it may be well to show in what a different light the same question

* The total charges for the Indian army amount to £15,000,000. The British army costs exactly the same sum, Mr Gladstone estimating it for the present year at £15,060,000. The British navy figures in our Budget this year for £10,730,000. The Government police of India costs about £2,000,000.

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was regarded by Mr Laing in India.

"The question is," said he, on bringing forward his Indian Budget for 1862-3, "Are we to look on the implicit pledge given by passing the Income-tax Act for five years only, as a serious promise which we must strain every nerve to fulfil—or are we to follow the example of England, and treat it as one of those common forms which, like 'lovers' vows,' are only made to be broken? It is my firm conviction that the latter course would be alike wrong and impolitic. . . . If there is one thing more than another upon which our Indian empire is based, it is on our character for speaking truth. The idea that 'the word of the British Government is as good as its bond,' is the keystone of the fabric of our power in the East. Hence I venture to say this, that, in my judgment, the main object to which the financial policy of the Government should now be directed, is to keep faith with India, by getting rid of the Income-tax. That will be the great object of my endeavours, as long as I continue responsible for Indian finance; and when I leave, it is the legacy I should wish to leave to my successor."

A most wise and statesmanlike resolve, which has been cordially adopted by his successor, and the realisation of which, fortunately, the condition of the Indian finances makes comparatively easy.

Sir Charles Trevelyan's financial policy furnishes another significant contrast to that which has found favour of late years with Mr Gladstone and his Liberal colleagues. When discussing Mr Gladstone's financial policy, we pointed out the injurious tendency of his system of abolishing all the minor items of the customs-duties, and making the revenue dependent upon taxation levied only on a few articles. Mr M'Culloch, in the new edition of his work on taxation, clearly points out the disadvantage of such a system in a political point of view: "When the public attention is fixed exclusively on a few leading and indeed necessary articles, it is all but certain that the duties on them, even should they be moderate, will come to be looked upon as being in no ordinary degree objectionable and oppressive. But were a great variety of articles, suitable for the consumption of all classes, subject to duties, there would be but little probability of the public attention being concentrated on a few only." Sir Charles Trevelyan is equally explicit in condemning the system in a fiscal point of view. He says:—

"I have carefully considered whether the plan which has been adopted of late years in England, of confining customs-duties to a limited number of principal articles of import, might with advantage be extended to India. Whether duty be levied on many articles or on few, all must undergo the usual examination, partly for statistical purposes, but chiefly because, unless all were verified, it would be impossible to know which were liable. Nothing, therefore, is gained by limiting duties to a few articles, either in saving expense of collection, or in exempting the trade from interference. . . . Under such circumstances, our policy should be to levy a widespread but moderate duty, so as to give free scope to trade in time of peace, and to cherish the increase of a fund which would be our first financial reserve in time of war."

The great Cotton question, which has excited so much interest and discussion in this country, cannot in present times be overlooked in its bearing upon the condition of India. The manufacturing interest, represented by what is called the Manchester school of politicians, have vehemently denounced the Administration of India for not having done more to promote the growth of cotton. It is curious to observe, in the first place, that these manufacturers, for whose special benefit the cotton is to be grown, steadily refuse to take any steps in the matter themselves. They will not even do, what they have been in the habit of doing in the cotton states of America—namely, send agents into India to deal directly with the producers. They say it is no part of their business to grow cotton, but they vehemently maintain that it is the bounden duty of our Indian Government to do so. This would be a strange proposition

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coming from any quarter, but especially strange as proceeding from free-traders of the most advanced type. They have advocated not merely a system of Protection, but measures which go far beyond that, and which not even the stanchest Protectionist in this country would have tolerated. The great battle of Protection in this country was fought upon the two questions of the Corn Laws and the Navigation Laws—not in the interest of any class, but as affecting the position of the nation at large. The object of the defenders of those laws was to render the country as independent as possible as regarded the food of the people, and to foster our marine as a bulwark of defence. The bringing into cultivation our inferior soils would of course tend to raise the price of corn; but that fractional increase of price, it was held, was fully compensated by the greater amount of food secured from our own soil, which would make us less dependent upon other countries in times of war. It was a small premium paid in times of peace to secure us against the adverse contingencies of war; just as our expenses for army, navy, and fortifications are incurred for a like purpose. But this Cotton question, as argued by the Manchester party, gives rise to no such considerations. They want the Indian Government to grow cotton to supply their looms—that is all. And the means by which they desire that this should be done are sufficiently extraordinary. They considerately give our Indian Government a choice of courses—namely, either to guarantee a certain price for all the cotton which may be brought to it; or else, to exempt from land-tax (*i.e.*, rent), for several years, all land in India which may be devoted to the culture of cotton. Fancy our Home Government guaranteeing 70s. or 80s. a quarter for all the wheat that might be produced in this country, or else paying the rent of every farmer who should devote his land to the production of that cereal! Yet that is exactly what the Manchester party coolly require our Indian Government to do, in order that their mills may not stand idle! Anything more preposterous was never heard of. In the first place, they desire that the Indian Government shall devote a portion of its revenue to raising supplies of cotton for Manchester — which portion of its revenue, of course, must be supplied by levying extra taxation upon our Indian fellow-subjects. The people of India have already suffered many hardships from the steam-looms of Manchester, which have driven thousands of the Indian cotton-weavers out of employment; and they are suffering greatly at this moment from the superior wealth of Manchester, which can afford to pay higher prices for Indian cotton than the natives can, and which in effect is leaving the remaining cotton-weavers of India with no raw material for their labour. These effects, of course, cannot be helped, although they press heavily upon the native population; but actually to propose that a portion of the Indian revenue should be spent in supplying the wants of Manchester, is a piece of the grossest effrontery; and to comply with the demand would be an act more glaringly unjust and provocative of rebellion than any with which our Indian Government has been chargeable.

But, in truth, the gross selfishness and effrontery of the demands which the Manchester party have been making upon our Indian Government are not yet half exposed. Let us suppose that that Government were to expend a portion of its revenue in forcing a supply of cotton for Manchester, what would follow? In a year or two, as soon as our manufacturers could procure cotton again from their old sources of supply in America, the Indian Government —and, what is worse, the Indian peasantry—would be left in the lurch. Our Manchester men would

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once more discover that everything should be regulated on the principle of supply and demand, and that all that they had to do was to "buy in the cheapest market." The Indian cotton crop would be left on the hands of the ryots, and the Government would be justly chargeable with having induced the peasantry to engage in an unprofitable culture, simply to relieve the temporary wants of Manchester. In these circumstances, we consider that the Indian Government has done, and is doing, all that can justly be expected of it. Two years ago it caused its officers to make known to the native cultivators the dearth of cotton in Europe—it offered its countenance to any agents whom the English millowners might send out to treat with the peasantry, and promised to show special favour to any company which they might form for promoting the cultivation of cotton. Moreover, the large expenditure which it has been making on the construction of railways is an indirect assistance of the most important kind to the export of cotton, and roads leading into the cotton districts are being constructed at an even lavish expenditure. In his recent Budget speech Sir Charles Trevelyan says :—

"This Government desires that it may clearly be understood that any funds that can be expended with advantage on cotton roads, or works of irrigation or navigation, or on any other useful works, will be granted during the ensuing year. *There will be no difficulty as far as money is concerned.* The only limit will be the impossibility, in particular cases, of getting value for the outlay."

Again he says :—

"All that is possible is being done to increase the supply of raw cotton. If Government became a producer or a trader in the article, private producers and traders would have to retire from the competition. The power of the Government, therefore, is limited to protecting everybody engaged in the trade, to enforcing the strict performance of every lawful contract, and to facilitating the conveyance of cotton to the coast. All this is being done without stint."

Although the greater distance of India from this country must ever place its produce at a disadvantage compared with that of America, we are glad to see that the capabilities of India for cotton-growing are now acknowledged in quarters where hitherto they have been stoutly denied. Sir Charles Wood, who used to be a sceptic on this point only a few years ago, now defends his refusal to exempt any farms in India from land-tax, in order that experiments might be made of cotton-growing, by affirming that no such experiments are needed, and that the capability of India to produce good cotton has been amply demonstrated. In the interesting debate which recently took place in the House of Commons (July 3), Mr Caird expressed the same opinion with more detail. He said :—

"The best cotton-growing soil in India is exactly the same as the rich cane-brake soil of America; and in India there are 12 degrees more heat and 20 inches less rain than in America. Now, cotton is a sun plant, and it is possible by art to supply the deficiency of water in India. Berar will soon be opened up by railways, and all the best cotton districts are becoming more easily accessible every day. Mr Sandars states that in the Doab country, between the Ganges and the Jumna, there are 12,000,000 acres of good land, excluding the land of an inferior description. That is three times the extent of the cultivated land of all Egypt. The population of the Doab is 9,000,000, giving an average of 350 persons to the mile, a higher average than existed in China; and it possesses a deep porous soil, is intersected by canals for navigation and irrigation, has excellent roads, and is now also about to be completely opened up by railways. Mr Sandars says that the supply of cotton there is only limited by the demand, and that the quality is greatly improved by the introduction of American and Egyptian seed. The cotton region of Dharwar is also about to be tapped by railways. From the increasing wealth of the country the ryots are becoming independent of the native bankers, and everything is contributing to favour the direct operation of European capital upon the development of the resources of India."

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In the course of the same debate, several members, speaking from personal observation and experience, bore welcome testimony to the fact that the condition and intelligence of the Indian peasantry are very superior to what is vulgarly believed of them in this country. Alluding to the ignorant declamations of the Manchester politicians, Mr Smollett said:—

"We have been told that the people who grow the cotton are the victims of usurers, and that all the cotton is raised on contract, the contractors only giving the producer such a price as kept body and soul together. But I do not believe this statement about the usurers, because I have lived among the people, and have found that the supposed victims are a docile, industrious, and prudent race. In India, cotton is grown as a matter of business. The people there know their own interests, and they attend markets and fairs much more regularly than the people of England. The ryots only want to be let alone, and to have no Government interference with their prices."

And Mr Crawford, speaking to the same point, said:—

"However 'cute the agents of Manchester may be, I undertake to say they would be beaten out of the market by the natives of India in five minutes. They seem to think that the natives of India had no mercantile capacity; but that is an entire mistake. Having lived some years among them, I can say I have never seen a body of men who had more intelligence or a more accurate knowledge of the principles that govern men in mercantile business than the people of India; and no men, on the whole, are more honest or faithful in carrying on their business. At the same time, I think that European intervention might be of use in the process of packing and preparing cotton for this market."

The land-settlement of India has been a fruitful theme of vague declamation on the part of a certain class of politicians in this country; and Mr Cobden, in the late debate, went the length of saying that Sir Charles Wood deserved to be impeached for his conduct in this matter. Unquestionably Sir Charles Wood has blundered, by imposing on the sale of waste lands burdensome preliminaries which are quite out of place when applied to India. But the truth is, that the question of the waste lands in India has been as much obstructed by hasty indiscretion as by over-caution and the multiplication of formalities. Lord Canning erred even more on the one side than Sir Charles Wood has erred on the other. The true bases for a right solution of the question were laid down by Lord Stanley six years ago; and if these had been adhered to and carried out, the question would have been definitively and satisfactorily settled before now. Lord Stanley was the first to deal with the matter, and the memorable despatch in which he brought it under the notice of the Indian Government was marked not more by boldness than by sound judgment. He did not lay down any precise conditions of sale, but he set forth very clearly the leading points that must be attended to either in regard to the sale of waste lands, or to the redemption of the land-tax in cases where the land was already under cultivation. In order to prevent the evil effects of land-jobbing speculation, he insisted that an indispensable condition of sale should be that "a certain proportion of the land be cleared and brought under cultivation within specified periods." And in regard to the redemption of the land-tax, he said it might be allowed, without detriment to the revenue, "in the permanently settled provinces of the empire," but was not to be extended to other districts until the subject had received the fullest consideration. His eminently judicious remarks on this part of the subject are as follows:—

"In the large portion of India, where the settlement of the land-revenue is made for limited periods, the difficulties attending such a measure as the redemption of the land-tax appear to me much less easily encountered. The settlements which have been concluded in the North-West Provinces and in portions of Bombay, and which are now commenced in the Presidency of Madras, provide for a

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remission of the money-amount payable to the State, in commutation of the Government share of the net proceeds of the land, after the expiration of a period of thirty years; so that if, from whatever cause, the relation between the value of silver and that of agricultural produce should be found to have changed, the opportunity is afforded, from time to time, of readjusting the pecuniary demand on the cultivators of the soil, without adding to their burdens, or sacrificing the just dues of the State. This consideration appears to me most important, especially in a country like India, where so large a proportion of the public income has, from time immemorial, been derived from the share reserved to Government of the produce of the land. Under such circumstances, the permission to redeem the land-tax can operate only in so far as the people may avail themselves of such permission, as a permanent settlement of the land-tax at its present amount. The basis of calculation for the redemption can only be the rate of assessment now actually paid; and the redemption being once effected, the State is for ever precluded, whatever change of circumstances may hereafter take place, from participating in the advantages which, there is every reason to hope and anticipate, will follow the measures now in active progress for improving the administration, and for developing the material resources of the country.

"Weighing these difficulties on the one hand, but remembering on the other the importance of affording all possible encouragement to the employment of British capital, skill, and enterprise in the development of the material resources of India, I commend to your earnest and early consideration the important questions treated in this despatch. But I particularly request that in any suggestions or recommendations which you may submit to me, you will be especially careful not to confine them to such as may be calculated for the exclusive advantage of European settlers, and which cannot be equally participated in by the agricultural community generally."

Lord Canning unfortunately did not adhere to these instructions. It is a singular characteristic of Lord Canning's rule, that in his latter years of office he reversed every principle of policy which he had at first adopted. For some years he gave no heed to the important questions brought under his notice by this despatch of Lord Stanley's; but just before leaving India, as if ashamed that he had neglected the matter so long, he proceeded to take action of the most summary and hasty character. Although Lord Stanley's despatch expressly directed him to "report the course" which he proposed to follow, he acted without the slightest concert or previous communication with the Home Government, and summarily decreed that the waste lands of India should be sold indiscriminately and unconditionally at the rate of 5s. an acre; and also that the land-tax might be redeemed in all parts of the country alike, whether permanently settled or not. A more pernicious mistake could not have been committed. Conducted in such a fashion, the sale of the waste lands would have been made in such a way as to allow of their falling into the hands of land-jobbers, who would have bought enormous tracts of land, and kept them uncultivated for years to come, holding them simply on speculation. Moreover, although the land-tax is the chief financial resource in India, the Government would have parted with its whole prospects of permanent revenue from these lands for a single payment of 5s. an acre. Lord Canning's enactment in regard to the sale of the land-tax was open to similar objections, and had also to be annulled. But, judging from Sir Charles Trevelyan's Budget speech, the question appears now at length about to be settled on a right basis. Before the holder of an estate is to be allowed to redeem the land-tax, he must have brought the cultivation of that estate, not indeed to a maximum, but to a tolerably good condition compared with its capabilities. By this means, as Sir C. Trevelyan rightly observes, the Government will be guarded against any undue loss, and the holder of the estate will be stimulated to cultivate the estate up to the required degree of productiveness. [illegible] is really the [illegible] affecting [illegible] India [illegible]

home politicians, we shall extract a passage of Sir C. Trevelyan's speech, which puts the matter in its proper light, and shows what the Indian Government are now prepared to do :—

"The high prices of agricultural produce strongly stimulate the extension of cultivation, which is attended, in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies and some other quarters, with a direct proportionate increase of the land revenue. But, everywhere except where the land revenue has been already permanently settled, the hope of obtaining that great boon furnishes a powerful additional motive. *In order to prevent any undue sacrifice, it has been determined that the claim of the Government against an estate is not to be fixed until it has been cultivated up to a fair average, leaving only the usual proportion of waste land for pasture.*

"I have long been of opinion that a well-considered arrangement for fixing the land-tax would, besides indirectly augmenting other sources of the revenue, increase the productiveness of the land-tax itself.

"The Government can under no circumstances demand more than a moderate assessment. When, therefore, the cultivation has nearly reached its maximum, our obvious policy is to fix the assessment, and to trust for the further improvement of the revenue to the outlay of capital and the accretion of wealth, which are the natural results of permanency of tenure, besides diminished expenses of collection and certainty of receipts. Thus the country becomes divided between estates, the assessment of which has been fixed, and estates, which the owners are endeavouring to cultivate up to the point which will qualify for its being fixed; and it is difficult to say which condition is most conducive to the increase of the revenue.

"The interests of the revenue are also deeply concerned in the sales of waste land being made in the manner most convenient to intending settlers. Every difficulty will be obviated if the practical course which experience has dictated at Ceylon be adopted—*i. e.*, that instead of leaving intending settlers to go through a series of embarrassing and expensive formalities, pains are taken to survey and mark out beforehand the most suitable allotments, with a view to their being put up to auction at fixed periods after [illegible] notice has been given to [illegible] A suggestion has been [illegible] matured [illegible]

Another question of a more difficult and embarrassing nature—one of social rather than of economic importance—is that which relates to the condition of the peasantry of Bengal. In India generally, the peasantry are on the whole very favourably circumstanced. Nearly all of them have each a small farm, the possession of which belongs to himself and his descendants in perpetuity as long as he pays the moderate rent or land-tax which is due from it to the great landowners or the Government. And in addition to this small farm, every ryot has a right to graze his cattle on the waste grounds, or "common," which surrounds his village. Theoretically, the same state of things ought to prevail in Lower Bengal—legally it ought to do so; but in fact it does not. All the estates in Lower Bengal were placed on a "perpetual settlement" by Lord Cornwallis sixty years ago: that is to say, the land-tax was then fixed for ever at a certain amount for each estate, so that thenceforth all that the Government had to do was to see that this fixed sum was paid. Under this system, however, it has been found that the peasantry or cultivators on these large estates have been much oppressed by the zemindars or great landowners, acting through their agents or "middlemen." One form which this oppression has taken is the unusually high rent exacted from the peasantry for their small holdings. The general law of India is, that the rents paid by the ryots to their zemindars or talookdars shall be regulated by the "Pergunnah rates," or ordinary rates of the district; but in Lower Bengal this rule is either totally disregarded, or at least it is nullified by all the rates of the district being raised above their fair level. This evil result is generally regarded as a consequence of the "Perpetual Settlement,"—and that it may be so to some extent we shall not wholly deny: and yet we do not see any connection between the two things. Why the peasantry should be more under the power of

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the great landowners when these landowners pay a fixed rent to the Government, than when the amount of the rent is or may be altered every twenty or thirty years, we cannot see. The Government interferes between the zemindar and his ryots just as little in the one case as in the other. It seems to us that the real cause of the unfavourable condition of the peasantry of Lower Bengal is entirely different from any that has been either suspected or suggested. These Bengalee ryots—as the mere look of them shows—belong to quite a different stock from the population of Oudh, of the provinces of the North-West, and of the Rajpoot States. Any one who ever passed through Oudh —especially prior to the annexation, when the peasantry wore arms —and looked at the stalwart peasant striding along, with shield on his back and tulwar at his side,—fine, bold-looking fellows, even taller than the average of Englishmen,—would have doubted whether he and his class were the sort of men upon whom zemindar or talookdar could try oppression with success. But when you come down into the indigo plantations and rice-fields of Lower Bengal, and see the ryots as they come out of their villages—which are generally hid from view within ever-verdnrous hedges of bamboo—you find they are a remarkably small-sized, light-built, and very dark-skinned people, totally different from the Brahmin and Rajpoot population of the upper country, who also constitute the zemindars of Lower Bengal. In fact, in Lower Bengal the great landowners belong originally to a different race from the ryots, who form the mass of the population. The fact has never been noted, but it is an important one. And we believe that the low condition of the Bengalee ryots is due, not to the "perpetual settlement," but to their moral and physical inferiority to the rest of the population of Hindostan (*i.e.*, India north of the Vindhya mountains), which renders them less able to assert their rights and contend with difficulties. They are more inferior to the Brahmins and Rajpoots than the Irish peasantry are to the intruding English. Indeed, the territorial condition of Lower Bengal is very similar to that of Ireland; with this difference, that the Brahmins have been settled in Bengal for about thirty centuries, whereas the English have hardly been in Ireland for five. In the one case, the original diversity of race is remembered, in the other it is forgotten: but in both cases it constitutes a strongly-marked line of demarcation between the great landowners and the peasantry.

We believe that a permanent settlement of the land-tax is the right course to adopt in all districts where cultivation has been well advanced. Nevertheless we must not expect that all districts where it shall be adopted will show material results equal to those in Lower Bengal. The delta of the Ganges is the garden of India. The soil is alluvial and of surpassing fertility, and the country is almost wholly exempt from the effects of drought, which occasionally produces dire famines in Upper India. All the lower parts of Bengal contiguous to the Ganges and Brahmapootra "are overflowed during the periodical rains, and form an inundation of more than a hundred miles in width —nothing appearing but villages and trees, except very rarely the top of some elevated spot, the artificial mound of some deserted village, appearing like an island." The climate also is characterised by great humidity, and the amount of rain which falls during the south-west monsoon ranges at Calcutta from fifty to eighty inches. No other part of India is equally favoured. The zemindars also are exceedingly wealthy, and well able to deal liberally with the ryots or sub-holders of the land. Nevertheless it is an equally indisputable fact that the peasantry of this most favourably circumstanced province are very far from sharing in its great prosperity. It seems that they are losing their rightful hold on

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land altogether, and are sinking into the condition of a class of day-labourers. The zemindars are rack-renting the little farms, and as, when the peasant fails to pay the rent, he loses his tenure, these little properties are rapidly falling into the absolute possession of the zemindars. Just as the Highlands of Scotland were originally the property of the clans, the chiefs having only a right to receive a stipulated payment as head of the community, yet in course of time lapsed into the absolute ownership of the chiefs; so the lands of Lower Bengal under the perpetual settlement are year by year passing out of the hands of the peasantry into those of the zemindars, and the peasantry are becoming a floating population dependent for existence on employment as day-labourers. By some parties this is looked upon as a desirable change; but we cannot share in this opinion. The peasant population of Bengal amounts to upwards of twenty millions, and we cannot look but with grave misgivings upon even the most gradual conversion of these men into a mere labouring class—especially as the means by which the change is being effected seem to us unjustifiable, and are certain to produce a lasting embitterment on the part of the people thus dispossessed of their holdings. We are very far from taking the part of the ryots in regard to the late indigo disputes—that is a separate question, which we will not here discuss. We regard the question at large; and we cannot but think that the relations between the zemindars and the ryots are in a most unsatisfactory condition, which calls for deliberate inquiry on the part of the Government. And if the intervention of the Government be found advisable, we are very sure that there is nothing in the character of the perpetual settlement to render such intervention less justifiable in Bengal than in the other provinces of India. Colonel Baird Smith, in [illegible] famine in the

North-West Provinces, stated that it was the labouring class which perished, and that it was the possession of small landed properties, and the consequent accumulation of a little means, that enabled the population to tide over the three seasons of drought. The 'Times of India,' speaking of the Bombay Presidency, says:—"It is a rational conviction, based upon the known condition of our own ryots, that were a famine to occur in this Presidency, there is no room to apprehend any very severe suffering among them. A vast proportion of them possess means that would enable them to tide over three famines such as that in the North-West. But mere labourers in any part of India would perish to a man, unless the State could save them."

And the Indian Government could *not* save them. With all its unequalled resources and advantages, our own Government was powerless to prevent the desolation of Ireland in 1847; and the Indian Government, with far inferior means, has to deal with an immensely larger population. All that it can do is to operate indirectly by the construction of roads and railways, opening up and linking together all parts of the empire. Of what consequence is it that wheat is selling at fifty seers for the rupee in one place and at only ten seers per rupee in another, if the cost of carriage swallow up the difference of price between the two places? In India, as indeed in most countries, the worst feature of a famine is not, primarily, a want of food. India every year produces food enough for all its inhabitants; and when a drought or blight occurs in any province, the difficulties to be overcome are, first, to get food transported thither from other districts; and, secondly, to enable the peasantry to buy the food when it has reached them. The Irish famine of 1847, like many other periods of Irish distress, was as much occasioned by a want of employment as by a want of food.

There was food enough in this country—or at least food enough could have been easily imported—to have supplied all Ireland, but the people could not buy. They had lost the produce of their potato-beds, and employment was not to be had. If their small holdings had been as productive as usual, they might have tided over the stagnation of employment; but no possible increase of employment could have sufficed to compensate the loss of their little crops. In India, want of employment always accompanies a famine; because Indian famines are produced solely by the want of rain, and the earth becomes so hard baked that agricultural work of any kind is impracticable. Therefore, what the Indian Government must chiefly attend to, is the construction of roads and the careful maintenance of all the just rights of the peasantry to the use of the soil, which, by law and usage, has been the mainstay of their existence from immemorial time.

Even upon the Bengalee zemindars themselves the present state of things is producing evil consequences. They are becoming indolent, effeminate, dissolute to a deplorable extent. We do not see that this is a necessary consequence of the perpetual settlement, any more than the oppression of the ryots is. It is true that the perpetual settlement in Bengal was fixed too early, and that, in consequence, the Government has thereby lost too much of its land-revenue, and a proportionately large gain has been made by the zemindars. Many of them have acquired large fortunes, and they have no public duties or position which impose on them the responsibility of spending their incomes in a worthy manner. They are also in a transition-state from the old ideas to the new—they halt in a neutral ground of scepticism between Hindooism and Christianity: and all experience shows that such epochs of transition have, of all others, the worst effects upon the conduct of life. In a lecture recently delivered before the Bethune Society in Calcutta, the Baboo Mokish Chunder Banerjea gave a melancholy description of the condition of "Young Bengal." Drawing a contrast between the educated class of natives in the old times and the same class after being indoctrinated with the science of Europe, he affirmed that "while all the worst enormities of caste and early marriages, and female and widow degradation, and offerings to stocks and stones, horrid Gogs and Magogs, goblins and hobgoblins, are still rampant within the social circle of our perfumed peacocks, other moral evils are superadded which were unknown to, or at least unpractised by, the respectable classes of former days." Here is one of his contrasts:—

"Look at that village patriarch. Sunday and Monday, true to his time, he was up at early morn, prepared cheerfully to go through the prescribed routine of domestic duties—a perfect stranger to headache and nausea, to lassitude and the horrors! He did not know the history of the French Revolution, but he did not know dyspepsia. He did not know anything of maxima and minima, but he did not know tympanitis either. He lived according to the simple old regime, and looked the very picture of health and strength, laughing at liver and dropsy, at consumption and apoplexy, and spurning the aid of rhubarb and colocynth, of quassia and calomel. Then look at the other picture. Look at that symbol of eccentricity, that impersonation of procrastination, that miserable sport of diabetes and dysentery, of vertigo and heart-palpitations — that eyeless, toothless, godless, grey-headed octogenarian of five-and-twenty, stumbling through a short existence, propped and supported by tonics and alteratives; and then decide what English education, merely as such, has hitherto achieved for morals in Bengal."

We think the Baboo has overcoloured the picture, and that the 'Rast Goftar,' in its strictures upon his lecture, has come nearer the truth in the contrast which it draws between the new and old school of educated natives. It takes a Kulin Brahmin as the type of the old school, and says: "The Kulin Brah-

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min has received no English education—a young Baboo has. The latter may love a glass of brandy; he may have no antipathy to roast-beef; he may be a little self-conceited. But then he is no advocate of suttee; he is not in love with infanticide; he does not marry twenty wives at a time; he is no enemy of widows remarrying. All those institutions have a peculiar sacredness in the eyes of the Kulin Brahmin. Baboo Banerjea is at liberty to choose the Brahmin with all his perfections; we would rather prefer the gay Baboo with all his failings." But these failings are sadly numerous; and in no part of India does the class of great landowners appear to have sunk to so low a level of character as in Bengal. "No part of India," says the 'Friend of India,' "is so far from all capacity of exercising political rights and conducting self-government as Bengal. The intellect is there, but almost all that we mean by race, public spirit, and a capacity of national progress, is wanting." The inferiority of the zemindars of Bengal, in point of character, to the native chiefs of Oudh, is probably owing in part to the fact that the former are surrounded by a native population in every respect inferior to the manlier race of Oudh and Upper India. In part also it is ascribable to the transition of ideas, habits, and beliefs, through which the Bengalee magnates are passing, and which it may be hoped will ultimately lead them to a better state of things. But unquestionably, also, it is due in no small degree to the indolent lives which the young Baboos are enabled to lead by the present nature of the territorial system. The rental of their estates has enormously increased since the perpetual settlement was made, and as there is no law of primogeniture, all the members of a family share in the proceeds to an extent which enables them to lead a life of indolence and indulgence. As a feature peculiar to India, we [illegible] that no estate is divided among the members of a family, but its rents are—which comes nearly to the same thing. As a remedy for this condition of affairs, the Baboo Banerjea insists upon the necessity of introducing the law of primogeniture into Bengal; and the proposal is supported by the 'Times of India,' with the earnestness and ability which characterise that journal. We believe that this proposal, new as it still is, will ultimately commend itself to the Supreme Government; and the fact that the law of primogeniture has recently been promulgated for Oudh, not only without encountering any opposition, but with the hearty approval of the native chiefs and landowners of that province, ought to encourage the Government to extend the operation of the same principle of succession to the great estates in Bengal. We do not desire that such an act should be passed in summary or despotic fashion; but let the Government keep this object in view, and we do not think that it will find much difficulty in legitimately carrying it into effect.

The most serious defect which characterises our government of India is to be found in the judicial department. To some extent the defect is to be found in all branches of the department. Hitherto our English judges in India have not given sufficient study to Hindoo law, which in some provinces forms the "common law" of nine-tenths of the population, and which, so far from being a barbarous code, is —as may be seen from Sir Thomas Strange's valuable work—one of the most logical and complete systems of law ever devised, and which has much in common with the famous Civil Law of the Romans, as embodied in the Code of Justinian. This defect may be easily remedied; but the deficiencies in the native branch of the judicial service cannot be so promptly overcome. We have made native lawyers eligible to judgeships in the high courts, but it is extremely difficult at present to find natives who are com-

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petent for these high offices. The difficulty arises from the fact that the salaries of the inferior native judgeships are inadequate to tempt able men to enter the service. All the petty judges in India, and their number is legion, must be natives, for the Government cannot afford to give salaries which would induce even an English workman to accept the post. And small as is the income which suffices for a Hindoo, £10 a-month is obviously an inadequate recompense for a native learned in the law, and possessed of moral character and discretion such as fit him for the administration of justice. The 'Times of India' only describes an acknowledged fact when it says that "at present the subordinate courts are not even decent, and the judges' emoluments are lower than those of any respectable shopkeeper in the towns where they sit." We see no reason to believe that India is at present worse off in this respect than it has always been; but it is a comfort to know that things are beginning to mend. The examination of the native Vakeels and Moonsiffs is becoming more strict in proportion as the Government schools are bringing forward more candidates; and Sir Charles Trevelyan has turned his searching attention to devise a remedy for the other defects of the department. The evil, indeed, pervades the subordinate branches of almost every department of our Indian Administration. "The practice in most departments," says Sir C. Trevelyan, "still is to have a multitude of unprofitable, ill-paid, subordinate native servants, who prey upon the public without yielding any adequate service in return. As their wages were fixed when the expenses of living were not half what they now are, they have the same excuse for abuse of power as the English civilians had before Lord Clive's reforms. Increase of pay must therefore go hand-in-hand with diminution of numbers; and proper securities must be taken for the admission only of well-qualified persons into the public service. The inadequacy of the pay of the subordinate judicial establishments has long been a public scandal, and it is highly to the honour of the respectable class who fill these appointments that there have not been more instances of malversation." It is to be regretted that hitherto the Government schools have been attended almost exclusively by the pauperised class of Brahmins, who in this way have obtained a virtual monopoly of all the subordinate offices of the Government, especially in the judicial department. The almost exclusive employment of one class, the individuals of which are closely connected with one another, cannot fail to be prejudicial to the public service. We may quote the following case in illustration of the disadvantage of this system. A correspondent of the 'Times of India,' writing from Honore on the 4th May, says: "An inquiry is being carried on regarding the relationship that exists among the Brahmin officials of the district, and it has resulted in proving that they are not only all bound together by the ties of caste, but almost all of them by the ties of relationship also. For fear of giving offence, I will not detail the instances which have come to my knowledge of failures in justice which have arisen from this cause." It is true that there is a want of educated men of other castes who might fill these offices, but it is alleged that the Brahmins convert their present monopoly of office into a means of deterring men of other castes, native Christians and Mussulmans, from seeking those appointments, by combining to persecute them if they enter the service. In any case, the subject is worthy of the attention of the Government, which is doing its best to keep pure the fountains of justice, and to give fair-play to all classes of the population.

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GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

When Pepys recorded in cipher the daily events of his life, he was unconscious that his private diary would one day be esteemed by far the most valuable part of his bequest to Magdalen College; that we should owe to it the truest and most vivid picture we possess of the times of the two last monarchs of the Stuart dynasty. In like manner, James Gilray, George Cruikshank, and John Doyle, as they recorded passing events on the copper-plate, the wood-block, or the lithographic stone, were little aware that they were accumulating treasures for posterity, the value of which can hardly be estimated until some future Macaulay shall spread his canvass before the eyes of our grandchildren, and own how much, not only of the brilliancy, but of the truth, of his glowing word-picture is due to the labours of these three men.

What would be our delight if, in some unexplored corner of the State-Paper Office or the British Museum, or amongst the hoards of some private antiquary, we were to come upon a packet containing contemporaneous sketches of the House of Commons when Hollis and Valentine held the Speaker down in his chair whilst Elliot read his remonstrance; when Pym rose to impeach Strafford; or when the cry of "Privilege! Privilege!" rang its fatal warning in the ear of Charles! What would we give for such a record of the living aspect of Vane and Hampden, of Strafford and Cromwell, as Gilray has given us of Sheridan and Burke, of Pitt and Fox!

James Gilray was the father of English political caricature. Before his time, it is true that political prints existed, but they were for the most part obscure allegories, like Hogarth's 'Times,' requiring verbal keys in their own day, and utterly unintelligible in ours. With Gilray a new era commenced, during which he has presented us, in an uninterrupted series, with a chronicle of political events, a moving panorama of social manners, and a gallery of portraits of the principal actors, so far as England is concerned, in the great events of the world. The political series of his caricatures commences in the year 1782, shortly before the coalition between Fox and Lord North, and continues until 1810. It comprises not less than four hundred plates,* giving an average of about fourteen for each year.

When it is remembered that this period commences with the recognition of the independence of the United States; that it extends over the whole of the French Revolution and a considerable portion of the Empire; that it comprises the careers of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, Erskine, and Lord Thurlow, and comes down to the times of Castlereagh, Canning, Lord Grey, and Sir Francis Burdett, and that the aspect of every actor who played any conspicuous part during that period is faithfully preserved "in his habit, as he lived," his gesture and demeanour, his gait, his mode of sitting and walking, his action in speaking—all, except the tone of his voice, presented to us as if we gazed through a glass at the men of former times,—we shall feel that we owe no small debt to the memory of James Gilray.

Nor is this all. He has given us with equal fidelity the portraits of those actors who fill up the scene, who sustain the underplot of the comedy of life, but have only

* The republication, a few years ago, contains three hundred and sixty-six; but [illegible]mitted from this collection, owing, no doubt, to the plates having been [illegible]r the engraving rubbed down in order that the copper might be used [illegible]r subject.

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a secondary share, if any, in the main action of the drama. Nor was he simply a caricaturist. That he possessed the higher qualities of genius—imagination, fancy, and considerable tragic power—is abundantly shown by many of his larger and more important etchings, whilst a small figure of the unhappy Duchess of York, published in 1792, under the feigned signature of Charlotte Zethin, gives proof that he was not wanting in tenderness or grace.

Of those who appear in the etchings of Gilray, the last has passed away from amongst us within a year of the present time. The figure of an old man, somewhat below the middle height, the most remarkable feature in whose face consisted of his dark overhanging eyebrows, habited in a loose blue coat with metal buttons, grey trousers, white stockings, and a thick pair of shoes, walking leisurely along Pall-Mall or St James's Street, was familiar to many of our readers. The Marquess of Lansdowne (then Lord Henry Petty) appears for the first time in Gilray's prints in the year 1805; and it is not difficult to trace a resemblance between the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer of more than half a century ago, and the Nestor of the Whigs, who survived more than three generations of politicians. The personal history of Gilray was a melancholy one. In 1809 his pencil showed no want of vigour, but his intellect shortly afterwards gave way under the effect of intemperate habits. The last of his works was 'A Barber's Shop in Assize Time,' etched from a drawing by Harry Bunting in 1811. In four years more—years of misery and madness—he slept in the churchyard of St James's, Piccadilly. A flat stone marks the resting-place, and records the genius of "Mr James Gilray, the caricaturist, who departed this life 1st June 1815, aged 58 years."

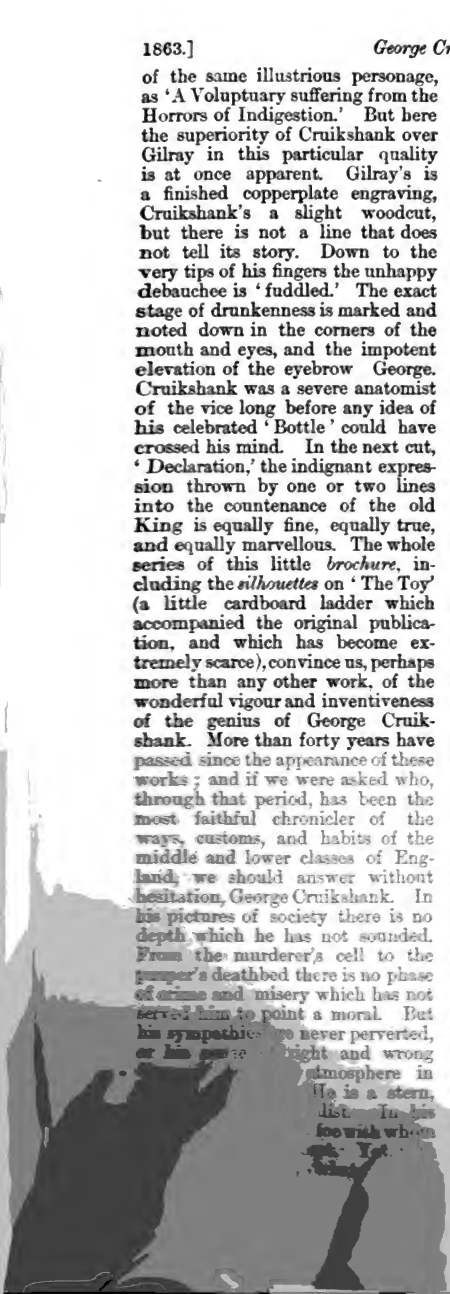
At the time of the death of Gilray, George Cruikshank was a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age. Sir Francis Burdett was a prominent figure in many of Gilray's latest caricatures in the year 1809. One of the earliest of George Cruikshank's represents the arrest of the Baronet under the warrant of the Speaker in 1810. The series is thus taken up without the omission of even a single link.

The earlier caricatures of George Cruikshank bear strong marks of the influence exercised by the genius of Gilray. In some it is even difficult to distinguish the work of the two masters, and here and there a head or figure may be found in the works of the later, of which almost the exact prototype will be discovered in those of the earlier artist. But in that which stamps most value on the works of Gilray, Cruikshank followed with a less vigorous step. A glance at the etchings entitled 'Preparing John Bull for the General Congress, 1813;' 'National Frenzy, or John Bull and his Doctors;' 'State of Politics at the close of the year 1815;' and 'The Royal Shambles, 1816;' and a comparison with the well-known series of Gilray comprising the events connected with the French Revolution, will show at once what we mean.

The great power of George Cruikshank lies in a different direction. In his own department he is as far superior to Gilray as he falls short of him in the walk of art in which no man before or since has ever approached the great Master of Political Caricature. In another, requiring more refined, more subtle, more intellectual qualities of mind, George Cruikshank stands pre-eminent, not only above Gilray, but above all other artists. He is the most perfect master of individual expression that ever handled a pencil or an etching-needle. This talent is equally shown in his earliest as in his latest works. Of the former, one of the finest examples is the first cut of the 'Queen's Matrimonial Ladder,' entitled 'Qualification.' The attitude was probably suggested by Gilray's plate

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of the same illustrious personage, as 'A Voluptuary suffering from the Horrors of Indigestion.' But here the superiority of Cruikshank over Gilray in this particular quality is at once apparent. Gilray's is a finished copperplate engraving, Cruikshank's a slight woodcut, but there is not a line that does not tell its story. Down to the very tips of his fingers the unhappy debauchee is 'fuddled.' The exact stage of drunkenness is marked and noted down in the corners of the mouth and eyes, and the impotent elevation of the eyebrow George. Cruikshank was a severe anatomist of the vice long before any idea of his celebrated 'Bottle' could have crossed his mind. In the next cut, 'Declaration,' the indignant expression thrown by one or two lines into the countenance of the old King is equally fine, equally true, and equally marvellous. The whole series of this little *brochure*, including the *silhouettes* on 'The Toy' (a little cardboard ladder which accompanied the original publication, and which has become extremely scarce), convince us, perhaps more than any other work, of the wonderful vigour and inventiveness of the genius of George Cruikshank. More than forty years have passed since the appearance of these works; and if we were asked who, through that period, has been the most faithful chronicler of the ways, customs, and habits of the middle and lower classes of England, we should answer without hesitation, George Cruikshank. In his pictures of society there is no depth which he has not sounded. From the murderer's cell to the pauper's deathbed there is no phase of crime and misery which has not served him to point a moral. But his sympathies [illegible] never perverted, or his [illegible] right and wrong [illegible] atmosphere in [illegible] He is a stern, [illegible] list. In his foe with whom [illegible] Yet



mate skill, does he discriminate the shades of character, the ranks and degrees of crime, the extent and limits of moral corruption! In none of his works is this so apparent as in what we are inclined to rank as the most refined and complete of all—namely, the illustrations to 'Oliver Twist.' Charles Dickens and George Cruikshank worked cordially hand in hand in the production of this admirable work, and neither will grudge to the other his share in the fame which has justly attended their joint labours. The characters are not more skilfully developed, as the story unfolds itself by the pen of Dickens, than by the pencil of his colleague. Every time we turn over this wonderful series, we are more and more impressed with the genius that created, and the close observation of human nature which developed, the characteristics of Oliver through every varying phase of his career, from the memorable day when he "asked for more;"—of Sikes, the housebreaker (compare his face in the frontispiece of the first volume, where he has just brought Oliver back to the Jew, with that at p. 216 of the third volume, where he is attempting to destroy his dog); of Fagin—from the "merry old gentleman" frying sausages, to the ghastly picture of abject terror which he presents in the condemned cell; of Noah Claypole—mark him as he lies cowering under the dresser in Mr Sowerberry's kitchen, with little Oliver standing triumphant over him with flashing eye and dilated nostril, and again behold him lolling in the arm-chair whilst Charlotte feeds his gluttonous appetite with oysters; of Charlotte herself, of Mrs Corney, of the workhouse master, the paupers, the boy-thieves, Messrs Blathers and Duff the police-officers, and the immortal Mr Bumble—a character which has furnished new terms to our vocabulary, and the glory of producing which may be fairly divided between the author and the artist. Nor is the portraiture of

Mrs Bedwin the housekeeper, who only appears once, but by that single appearance makes us familiar with her whole history and character, less admirably conceived and executed. The same may be said of Mr Brownlow and Mr Losborne. Nor is this perfection the result of a lucky hit or happy accident, by which a far inferior artist may sometimes succeed in producing what is acknowledged by the eye as the impersonation of the impression produced on the mind by the art of the novelist or the poet. It is the result of deep study and profound sympathy with all the varied action of the human heart. It is genius, the twin-brother of that which inspired Garrick and Kean, and which, in its rarest and most refined developments, brings before our eyes even now new beauties latent in the characters of Hamlet and of Rosalind. We say this in no spirit of exaggeration, but with a profound conviction that no hand could have produced such works as those of George Cruikshank, which was not the index and the organ of a heart deeply imbued with the finest sympathies of humanity, and an intellect highly endowed with power of the keenest perception and the subtlest analysis.

In the contemporary society which he portrays, Cruikshank seldom wanders higher than the middle rank; and, like Dickens, he is most successful within the limit to which he seems voluntarily to have restricted himself. Mr Brownlow is one of nature's nobles, but he lives at Pentonville, and would be out of his element in Grosvenor Square, or even in Pimlico or Tyburnia. Every ramification of society beneath this rank has been accurately observed and traced out by the pencil of George Cruikshank; from the garret to the cellar, there is not an inhabitant with whom he has not made us familiar. The boarding-house, the school, the tea-garden, the chop-house, the police-office, the coach-stand, the market, the workhouse, and the prison—every scene, in short, where human life is telling its strange and varied tale—calls forth his sympathies, and affords matter for his genial pencil. The mere enumeration of the works which he has drawn from these sources would fill a volume. The one which, in recent times, has excited most notice, is the series of designs called 'The Bottle.' Many artists have attempted to convey a moral truth by means of a story told in pictures. With the one illustrious exception of Hogarth, all have failed in their object. The reason is obvious. It is the same which has been fatal to the success of religious novels and moral tales. The conclusion fails to impress the reader, because he has always present to his mind that the characters and the incidents are moulded to suit the object of the writer. Mrs Hannah More sought to convince the world that no safety was to be found out of the verge of the Clapham sect, and her novels and her dramas are forgotten; Mr Trollope's eagerness to make the virtues of High Church divines prominent, and the foibles of the Evangelical clergy conspicuous, is the main defect of his very clever novels. Mr Cruikshank has embraced the doctrines of teetotalism with the zeal natural to his genius, and is devoting all his energies to the propagation of his favourite tenets. The result is the production of two very remarkable works—'The Bottle,' and its sequel, 'The Drunkard's Children,' each consisting of a series of eight etchings. The first plate shows a comfortable household. A young man, whom we may suppose to be a respectable mechanic of the higher class, is seated at table with every comfort around him—clean, tidy, healthy children, an active, good-looking, good-tempered wife. The room and its furniture betoken provident industrious habits. He is one of the men who form the bone and sinew of the country. His past life can be looked back upon with satisfaction; his pre[illegible]

and his future cheerful. This man is the hero of the story; and Mr Cruikshank would fain persuade us that such a man goes post-haste to the devil, because on an unlucky day he drank a glass of whisky. If we could believe this, we should be compelled to give up the axioms of morality in which we have confided all our lives. The status of the man is the result of a formed character, of long habits of self-denial. If such a character is to be destroyed, and such habits to be upset so easily, what becomes of our trust in our fellow-men? In his eagerness to impress the moral he has so much at heart, Mr Cruikshank has overlooked the fact that he is striking at the root of other virtues as important as those he would inculcate. If we are to accept his view of human nature, we must abandon all trust in the axiom that a character once formed for good or for evil is not upset save under the most exceptional circumstances — circumstances so exceptional that they cannot fairly enter into the calculation of the moralist. If this be so, training and education are of no avail; we are the mere victims of chance; and our moral constitutions are so feeble that they wither away in hopeless consumption on the slightest exposure to the free air of the world. Such a doctrine is fatal to all self-reliance, and all confidence in others—qualities essential to manliness and virtue. Having entered this protest against the conception and tendency of the work, we may, with a safe conscience, give ourselves up to the feelings of admiration which its wonderful execution excites. As in 'Gulliver's Travels' and Defoe's novels, when the mind has once accepted a [illegible] facts wholly monstrous [illegible] nant to all experience [illegible] are worked [illegible] mate skill [illegible] refuse our [illegible] this way [illegible] put is an [illegible] Flawl[illegible]

and her numerous husbands are admitted amongst our personal acquaintances, and become as real as people we meet every day. No words can do justice to the manner in which the effect of drink is traced upon the features of the man through the various steps of his career. We see him as the besotted drunkard, with his children starving around him; as the murderer of his wife; and, finally, as the hopeless criminal lunatic. The story of his children is more true to human nature, for they are initiated into vice whilst young. The boy dies a convict in the hulks; the girl terminates her life on the streets, by throwing herself over the parapet of London Bridge. This concluding plate is the culminating point of the tragedy, and few works have ever exceeded it in intensity of expression and terrible reality. It is the same story that Hood has told in his 'Bridge of Sighs:'

> "The bleak wind of March
> Made her tremble and shiver,
> But not the dark arch
> Or the black flowing river;
> Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery,
> Swift to be hurled—
> Anywhere, anywhere
> Out of the world."

All the subordinate characters—the drunkard's wife, the wretched children, the depraved associates—are delineated with equal skill; perhaps the finest of all is the head of the keeper of the "threepenny lodging-house," who lights the policeman into the room in which they find the boy-felon. The stolid, stupid, half-drunk, half-asleep, no-expression of his face, betokens a genius surpassed only by Hogarth himself.

Hitherto we have been considering Cruikshank as a delineator of contemporaneous character and manners. But it would be a mistake to regard his genius as confined within these limits. He steps with an easy stride from the busy thoroughfare or the crowded court into the realms of fairyland. It seems as if the bonds with which he had

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compressed his genius down to the routine of daily events and commonplace characters had burst, and his spirit bounds forth with irrepressible glee, and indulges in the wildest fancies, the most grotesque vagaries, and the most riotous mirth. Cinderella and her train glitter before our eyes in fairy gold (the best of which is that in this case it is true gold, and does not turn to slates); the bean-stalk springs up under our feet, and Jack climbs exulting to the top; Jack o' Lantern peeps through the sedges, and laughs at the deluded traveller; Hop-o'-my-Thumb strides along in his seven-leagued boots, in a way which we are convinced not only that he might have done, but that he actually *did;* the mysterious gentleman doubles up Peter Schlemihl's shadow, and packs it away as easily as we fold up our trousers and deposit them in a portmanteau. When once he gives the reins to his imagination, there are no bounds to its sportiveness. A pair of bellows would not appear to be a hopeful subject for the display of fancy, but, in the hands of George Cruikshank, it inflates itself with the breath of life. Its valve becomes a heart, and its nozzle a nostril; it is endowed with human passions and human affections. It sings, it dances, it falls in love. It does everything that it was least likely that such a solemn and flatulent piece of household furniture should do. It would require a volume merely to enumerate the titles of the works which at various times George Cruikshank has produced. The catalogue, in the most compressed form, of what is merely a selection from his works, which has been exhibited at Exeter Hall during the present summer, extends over twenty-two closely printed octavo pages. This collection contains above a thousand works; and, as many are altogether omitted from it, and selections only given from others, we feel little doubt that a complete collection would amount to at least double that number. It is in vain to attempt to direct the attention of the reader to a tithe even of those which are actually on the walls of the gallery. The 'Omnibus,' the 'Sketch-book,' the 'Comic Almanac,' the series of plates connected with the Great Exhibition of 1851, 'Punch and Judy,' the 'Life of Sir John Falstaff,' 'Greenwich Hospital;' and hundreds more rise up in our memory, claiming grateful notice, which the want of space compels us to refuse.

There is a middle ground between Fleet Street and Fairyland, in which George Cruikshank has displayed extraordinary skill. The historical romances and Newgate Calendar novels of Harrison Ainsworth have given an occasion for the display of his genius in a direction as distinct from the everyday scenes of commonplace life, as it is widely separated from the graceful fancies of our own nursery stories, or the grotesque vagaries of the imps and genii of German demonology. The illustrations of 'Rookwood' and 'Jack Sheppard' are full of talent; a few of the plates in the latter—'Jack visiting his Mother in Bedlam,' 'The Robbery at Dollis Hill,' and 'The Funeral at Willesden Churchyard,' for example — possess a merit approaching, though still far below, the unrivalled series of 'Oliver Twist;' whilst the small etchings showing the various steps of Jack's escape from Newgate, and his procession to Tyburn, are marvels of skill for minute delicacy of execution, and for the vigour which the artist has contrived to compress within so narrow a space. Of the illustrations of 'Guy Fawkes,' 'The Tower of London,' 'The Miser's Daughter,' and other works of a similar class, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation. In these it is true that the individual character and expression which delighted us in other works that we have referred to are less vigorously displayed; but, on the other hand, we have the most vivid realisation and pic-

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turesque rendering of the scene. All the aids that are to be derived from the historical accessories of place and costume are taken advantage of, and the power and mystery of the most daring chiaroscuro are invoked to give effect to the representation. Let any one who doubts the power of George Cruikshank as a painter of the historical-picturesque, study carefully 'Queen Jane and Lord Guildford Dudley brought back prisoners to the Tower through Traitors' Gate,' and he will renounce his heresy.

George Cruikshank is still among us. The same hand which, before the commencement of this century, had twined its infant fingers round the ebony shaft of the etching-needle, claiming as its own, with the sure instinct of genius, the sceptre of its future sway, the rod which was to bend spirits to its command, is now busily plying its skill to reproduce on copper the great protest wherein its owner has recorded his undying declaration of war against the demon "Drink." If the title of a man to the gratitude of his race, to rank as a philanthropist and a benefactor, depends on the amount of happiness and innocent pleasure which he has bestowed upon others, the name of George Cruikshank is entitled to a high place amongst the worthies of the nineteenth century. Of the millions who, since his labours began, have been born into the world, fretted their hour, and passed away; or who, like the writer of these pages, still remain when their sun has far passed its meridian—of those who, day by day, are rising into manhood, and of the numbers greater yet who will arise when that active brain is at rest and that busy hand is still,—how many have reason to bless the name of George Cruikshank! How many peals of infant laughter must ring their sweet music in his ears—how many beds of pain and sickness has he cheered—how many hearths has he brightened! Well do we remember, in the days of our own boyhood, how one gentle spirit, which has, long, long years ago, taken its flight to heaven, would linger with delight which made it forgetful of pain over the creations of his fancy, and trace, with hands almost transparent in their whiteness and their slenderness, the frolics of the elves and imps of German fairy story. Long may George Cruikshank enjoy the well-earned pride of looking back over half a century gladdened by his genius, and the satisfaction which he may honestly feel from the conviction, that no thought which the sternest moralist could condemn has ever been awakened by his pencil!

John Doyle (or, to adopt his more familiar *nomme de guerre*, H. B.) is essentially distinct in his mode, as well of conception as of execution, from both Gilray and Cruikshank. He can hardly with propriety be called a "caricaturist." The Italian origin of that word, which has been so recently introduced into our language that it does not appear either in Bailey or Johnson, implies—overloading, exaggeration. H. B.'s sketches are *not* exaggerated. They are simply faithful renderings of the men with whom our recollections of the last thirty years have made us familiar. These portraits are grouped round some familiar event of the day. A conversation in the House of Commons, a current anecdote, a popular *bon mot*, is reproduced by his faithful and rapid pencil. For the story of his sketches, H. B. was almost invariably indebted to some source of this kind. He possessed no great powers of invention; his satire was always playful; he had but little sarcastic, and no tragic power; but in the art of producing a likeness he has never been excelled, and we much doubt if he has ever been equalled. We have no means of judging of the fidelity of Gilray, save by comparison with the works of Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, and other contemporary portrait-painters; and these bear high testimony to his

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truthfulness. But our own memory enables us to bear witness to the marvellous accuracy of almost every portrait that H. B. has impressed on the lithographic stone. His sketches commence in the year 1829. One of the earliest represents the Ghost of Canning startling a Cabinet Council of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, in the midst of their consultation on the Catholic Relief Bill. The latest was published in March 1851, and contains a portrait of Lord John Russell in the character of 'Hudibras setting out on his Crusade against Mummeries,' with the celebrated Durham letter stuck in his girdle. This sketch is numbered 917, which gives an average of more than one sketch per week over a period of twenty-two years. When we consider that during the later part of this period the sketches made their appearance at long intervals, the fecundity during the earlier years becomes still more astonishing. This was partly owing, no doubt, to the medium of which H. B. availed himself. The fatal facility of the lithographic stone gave a temptation to hurried and careless execution, which the sterner discipline of the copperplate would have repressed. H. B. would have been a greater artist had he worked on the same material and with the same tools as Gilray and Cruikshank, but we should probably not have possessed so complete a gallery of portraits, comprising all the men of note who took part in political affairs from before the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill until after the repeal of the Corn Law (a period more eventful than any of a similar length since the Revolution of 1688), and of many whose reputation was but ephemeral. To criticise the works of H. B. would be to write a history of a quarter of a century. To omit any notice of his works in this paper would have been an act of ingratitude to an accomplished artist to whom every student of the history of his native country owes a debt which he will gladly acknowledge. Nor can we conclude these remarks without a passing word to one, the very variety and fertility of whose genius precludes us from more at the present time. Some future day we promise ourselves the pleasure of spending an hour with the hearty old gentlemen, the gallant boys, the prodigious "swells," and, above all, the charming sisters, cousins, and sweethearts and wives to whom we have been introduced by John Leech.

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THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CONCLUSION.

If the question asked at the close of our former article were put to the clergy, and the clergy only—there seems good reason to believe that a large majority of them would give to it, at the present moment, an answer in the negative. We arrive at this conclusion from recollecting the issues of a trial of strength which took place about four years ago. A quiet agitation was got up then in favour of that revision of the Church's Services which Lord Ebury has since advocated openly. The clergy were canvassed by printed circulars, of which a late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is understood to have been the author, and out of the whole body, about 3800—say, in round numbers, 4000—expressed themselves approvingly of the movement. Meanwhile Dean Trench, Dr Jelf, and Canon Wordsworth, put forth a counter-document, to which, in the course of a few weeks, upwards of 8000 signatures were appended. We are thus enabled to poll 12,000 out of the 20,000 persons who, as incumbents and curates, ministered at the Church's altars four years ago; and we find that the numbers adverse to change stood towards those who desired change as two to one. Of the remaining 8000 who returned no answers, it is fair to presume that they could have had no very strong predilections one way or the other. Probably most of them considered the crisis so remote that they did not think it worth while to express any opinion on what seemed to them a purely hypothetical case. Probably not a few were too much engaged in other matters to give to this the consideration which it deserves, if it is ever to be treated as other than hypothetical. Be this, however, as it may, the results of Mr Hildyard's canvass were, as far as they went, decidedly against him; and there seems no reason to doubt that, if the canvass were renewed to-morrow, the issues would be still more adverse to his views.

Admitting all this to be true, however, and giving to it the full weight which it deserves, we can scarcely be said to be driven to the conclusion, that the Church's formularies and articles of belief, as these are set forth in the Prayer-Book, are, or ever were, intended to be stereotyped for the Church's use *in secula seculorum*. The most devoted of Churchmen has never pretended to place the Prayer-Book on a level with the Bible. The Bible, even when subjected to the rules of criticism which English divines of a certain school are beginning to apply to it, is no subject for revision. We may or may not get a better translation than that which has been in use since the reign of James I.; we may or may not correct our chronology, but the original cannot be tampered with, eliminated, or disturbed. It must be accepted on the whole as the depository of Divine Truth, or on the whole rejected. The case is different with the Articles, the Liturgy, and the Canons of the English Church. Human wisdom, and human learning—not unaided by a Higher Power, as we believe human wisdom and human learning always to be when applied to beneficent purposes—gave us these things; and human wisdom and human learning have already revised their own handiwork on three separate occasions. So, also, on three separate occasions the Legislature has stepped in to render obligatory upon all who hold ministerial offices in the national Church, subscription to the recognised Confession of Faith, and a cordial assent to her forms of worship. But neither has the Church abrogated, by the latest of these acts, her authority to revise

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her own handiwork from time to time if she think fit; nor is Parliament precluded from repealing laws, passed long ago, and substituting others in their room. The point raised in both Houses during the late session, ought not therefore to be treated as one of principle. It is a mere question of expediency, in dealing with which, the best and wisest sons of the Church may differ, and the right answer to which is to be obtained only upon consideration of the whole case, after it shall have been fully stated.

For the reasons already given, we arrive at the conviction that change of any kind would at this moment be distasteful to a majority of the clerical body. But change, and the thought of change, are almost always distasteful to the majority of men who have grown old, or who have even attained to middle age, under any system or order of things whatever. It was not the contemporaries of Earl Grey and Lord Brougham who originated and carried the Reform Bill. Earl Grey and Lord Brougham were in a decided minority among statesmen of their own standing; yet they succeeded in revolutionising the political influences of the country, because the youth of England declared in their favour. But the youth of England did not arrive in a day at the state of mind which gave us the Constitution of 1832. Years of gradual training were needed to bring them up to that point, during which Earl Grey and Lord Brougham were among their instructors; for these statesmen began in boyhood to advocate principles of which they witnessed the success only in extreme old age. So it is, or seems to be, in the Church. If the clergy had been polled forty years ago, we will venture to say that not 400 would have put their names to the document which was subscribed four years ago by 4000. Who will undertake to assure us that, four years hence, the 4000 subscribers will not have increased to 8000? Now, without entering at all upon what may be hereafter, it seems to us a great mistake to refuse its just weight to what has taken place within the memory of living man. This change of mind, partial though it be, among persons so circumstanced as the clergy of England, this advance from hundreds to thousands of clergymen dissatisfied with the existing state of things, is not to be lightly regarded even if it stood alone. It betokens a restlessness which we can neither ignore nor despise, and concerning which every thoughtful and honest son of the Church will immediately ask, How is it to be dealt with? But does it stand alone? By no means. If we look no further than to the state of opinion as it was enunciated in the House of Commons on the 9th of last June, we shall find abundant evidence to prove that more minds than those of the clergy are unsettled on these subjects. The speeches of Mr Buxton, Mr G. Duff, Mr Moncton Milnes, and Mr Johnstone, evince pregnant signs of the times. Mr Buxton and Mr Johnstone in particular, represent a coming generation of statesmen; the thoughtful among those of whom most are still in a state of pupilage, but whom each successive year will send out in larger numbers to play a leading part in the great business of life. We are far from contending that these young men are right in their opinions. We know—the whole world knows—that their views are discountenanced by the maturer judgment of Mr Gladstone, Mr Walpole, Mr Henley, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr Disraeli. Yet there is the fact staring us in the face, that many of the ablest and best disposed of the young lay Churchmen among us, are dissatisfied with the laws which bind the consciences of the clergy, and desire that they shall be altered. Who will pretend to deny, in the teeth of such evidence, that the feeling of uneasiness which

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nearly 4000 clergymen have evinced, extends over a much wider space in society than that which they cover?

Again, we are assured upon authority which admits of no questioning, that candidates for holy orders in the Church of England are becoming daily less numerous; and that the falling off is most remarkable at those two seats of learning to which the Church was accustomed in other days to look mainly for the supply of her ministers. "The number of candidates who presented themselves in 1862," says Mr Johnstone, "was only 489, whereas twenty years ago it was 606. During the intervening period the population of the country has enormously increased, and now, in all our teeming hives of industry, there is a great want of clergymen, pastors, and teachers. That want the Church is rapidly becoming unable to supply. It is not that among our industrious artisans there is any aversion to the Church; on the contrary, the cry in our large towns is, 'Come and teach us.' But the Church is not in a position to respond to the call." Mr Johnstone's judgment in the case is fully confirmed by the lamentations of bishops in their charges, and of university preachers in their sermons. Year by year, day by day, the candidates for holy orders diminish, so far as numbers are concerned, in this country; while a constantly increasing population stands more and more in need of instructed and devoted men to teach them their duty.

Another distressing feature in the case, accepted on both sides, is this: that the young men who do present themselves as candidates for holy orders, are no longer the foremost men of their day. From the universities we have ceased to witness swarms of class-men pressing forward to devote their talents and learning to the service of the Church, and are glad, in consequence, to welcome the dregs of each term if they will but come. Unfortunately, however, even these do not come, except sparsely, and so we are driven to lay hands upon literates,—in other words, to ordain whomsoever we can get, whether they have received their education at Birkenhead or at St Bees, or come to us without any collegiate training at all.

These are facts—not only not disputed, but avowed on all sides. The causes to be assigned for the evil are, however, subjects of dispute. By the movement party in and out of Parliament, this hesitation among university men in general, this aversion of class-men in particular, to enter the ministry, is assumed to arise from the repugnance of educated minds to tie themselves up by subscriptions or declarations, or engagements entered into beforehand, from following after truth wherever she may lead. They who so affirm do not generally insinuate that either the Thirty-nine Articles or the Book of Common Prayer are contradictory to truth, much less that among the rising young men of England there is any disposition to disbelieve the great doctrines of Christianity as the formularies of the Church of England set them forth. But, somehow or another, the human mind has become so much more fastidious than it used to be, that pledges which were taken with indifference half a century ago, must now be weighed and considered in all their bearings before anybody will undertake to be bound by them. Thus the whole point at issue becomes one of conscience; and till means can be devised of allaying the scruples of that monitor, the dearth of intelligent men to minister in the Established Church of England will never be supplied.

So speak the advocates of change. The supporters of things as they are take a different line of argument. They admit the premises advanced on the other side, but deny the conclusion. According to them, the Church has ceased to attract the talent of England into

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her service, simply because the social position of the clergy is different from what it once was. Look, for example, to the change which has taken place in regard to fellowships. It is no longer necessary that the candidate for one of these shall be willing to enter into holy orders. This alone will account for the diminished pressure, within the universities, of young men of mark entering into the Church's service. And with respect to the altered state of things elsewhere, recent legislation in Church matters, with the throwing open of commissions in the army, of the Civil Service in India, and of the public offices, to general competition, sufficiently accounts for that. It is idle to expect, in the present condition of society, that you can secure talent of the highest order for a profession which has so little to offer in the shape of worldly rewards, and to which so many necessary but irksome restraints are attached. Intellect of the highest order, especially in early life, cannot exist apart from ambition, and ambition has not much to feed upon in the work usually cut out for curates, whether in town or country. Thus, while both parties are agreed as to the reality of a great misfortune, their agreement goes no further. One assures us that conscientious scruples are at the bottom of the whole matter; the other seeks the solution of a painful problem in considerations of a less elevated kind. The former says, in the words of Dr Stanley, "that intelligent, thoughtful, highly-educated young men are deterred from taking orders, by reluctance to entangle themselves in obligations with which they cannot heartily sympathise, and which may hereafter be brought against them to the ruin of their peace and of their professional usefulness." The latter, speaking by the mouth of Mr Walpole, declares: "The truth is, that when you come to look into this question, you will find that it is not subscription that keeps away intelligent and thoughtful men. What has diminished the numbers of candidates for orders is, that there is such a race of competition for the things of this life, for the professions of the world, that men will go into them at an early period, and that they choose those professions in which they are likely to receive a more remunerative reward than in adopting what is called the profession of the Church."

We believe that both parties are at once right and wrong, and that the balance of right or wrong will lean to the one side or the other according to the point of view from which the general results are considered. There can be no doubt, in our opinion, so far as the question of numbers is concerned, that more men are deterred from taking orders by contemplating the inadequate rewards which the Church offers to her servants than by any other causes. It is as little to be doubted, that the best of those who hold back are restrained by considerations of a far higher order. "I have been told," says Dr Stanley, "on good authority, that of nineteen young men within the acquaintance of a single individual, who were within the last few years known to have gone to Cambridge with the intention of becoming clergymen, every one has since relinquished his intention, chiefly on the ground of the present state of subscriptions." In the same spirit Mr Johnstone, a high authority, for the reason which he himself assigns, declares: "As, perhaps, the member of the House who has last come from the university, I am bound, from my own recent experience, to express my concurrence in what has already been said—that in Oxford there are many young men intending to enter holy orders, whose consciences have been sorely tried by the rigidity of prescribed subscriptions and formularies."

Arriving at this conclusion, believing that both the causes assigned are operative, and that each ope-

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rates to the extent, and in the manner just described, we are led to go farther, and to ask, Whether there be any means available for coping with the evil? and if any, what means? Can we undo the legislation on which one party throws the blame, or get rid of that competitive system which seems to attract all the rising talent of the country elsewhere than to the "profession of the Church?" Surely not. For good or for evil, the "profession of the Church" has ceased to be what it once was, and we have no more power to bring it back again than to bring back the sessions of Parliament which changed or reformed it. The smaller prizes, which are supposed to have formerly lured our scholars into the ministry—the fellowships, the prebendal stalls, the possible pluralities—are pared down to a very meagre breadth. They may become more meagre still—they will never be brought back to their original obesity. Our greater prizes, the bishoprics, have lost much of their value since they became equalised and pauperised. They are much more likely to continue in the line of diminution than to be raised up again to the eminence from which the Legislature let them down. And as to competition, he must be a very sanguine Conservative indeed who dreams of the possibility of getting rid of that except by a revolution. Granting, then, that Mr Walpole and Mr Henley are correct, their reasoning appears to land us in this predicament: that, while we perfectly understand the causes in which our misfortunes originate, we are forced to acknowledge our inability to take any steps towards removing them.

Mr Buxton, Mr Johnstone, and, above all, Dr Stanley, lead up to an issue which is at least more practical. "We do not deny," they observe, "that there is considerable truth in all that you allege." "For this great calamity—the greatest that threatens the permanency and the usefulness of the Church of England—there are, no doubt, many causes at work,—some transitory, some beyond the power of any legislative enactment to reach. But there can be no doubt that one cause is the reluctance, the increasing reluctance, of young men of the kind just described to entangle themselves," and so forth. Therefore, since you have no power to get rid of all the causes, do what you can to grapple with some of them. Subscription, bad in itself, has been rendered a thousand times worse by the recent judgments of Ecclesiastical Courts. "Young men see that the liberal constructions which enabled their predecessors in the former generation to overstep these obstacles, are now far less common than heretofore. They see that recent judgments in the Ecclesiastical Courts,—that which enforced the 29th Article against the Archdeacon of Taunton—that which enforced a phrase in the 2d Article against a clergyman in the diocese of Winchester—and those portions of the judgment which enforced particular words of the 8th, 18th, 20th, and 31st Articles against two well-known writers in the dioceses of Ely and Salisbury,—have proceeded on the principle that the contradiction to any single phrase in the Articles or Liturgy is considered incompatible with their clerical position. They observe that these judgments, though not directly affecting the interpretation of the act itself of subscription, yet take away the larger and more liberal sense which, at the beginning of this century, and down to the decision of the Gorham controversy in 1850, was supposed to mark the mind of the imposers. They are unwilling, accordingly, to make the same subscriptions which, in the last generation, were made without difficulty; and although other causes may have predisposed their minds in another direction, this obstacle, on their first entrance on their new and increasingly difficult course, is the final barrier that turns them aside. This burden slight though

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it be, is the last straw that breaks the back of the camel, already overladen with other scruples and anxieties."

We agree with Dr Stanley, that recent decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts have done the Church no good. Indeed, we go further than he, by expressing the opinion that they who appealed to the Ecclesiastical Courts on the occasions referred to were not well advised. But is the inference which Dr Stanley draws from these admissions the right inference? Should we gain more than we are likely to lose, by abrogating customs which have their inconveniences, certainly, but which were admitted, till very recently, to have served, in the main, an excellent purpose? Surely, reply the advocates of change, the good would far outweigh the evil. Abolish subscriptions, leaving the laws of the Church as they are, and all will go well. It was thus that the clergy worked in earlier and better days; it is thus that they still work in almost every Church and religious communion except our own. "For the three early centuries," says Dr Stanley, "the Church was entirely without subscriptions. The Roman Catholic clergy, and the clergy of the Eastern Church, neither formerly nor now, are bound by any definite subscriptions." Protestant Churches on the Continent are gradually laying the yoke aside, and some which were once the most exacting in their pledges have abolished them altogether. At home, Baptists and Independents are entirely free. Indeed, it is in the Established Churches of England and Scotland alone, and among some branches of the Wesleyan connection, that the minds of the clergy are still fettered by obligations entered into at random. Why should these things be?

There is an old objection to reasoning from analogy—that it proves nothing. Dr Stanley may be right or wrong as regards other religious bodies, but he adds little to the weight of his general argument by telling us what they do. The real question at issue is,—Whether or no religious bodies which dispense with subscriptions from their clergy, hold fast, more tenaciously than the Church of England, the faith once delivered to the saints? In other words—whether their clergy teach, in a more comprehensive spirit than our own, the doctrines of Christianity as these are laid down in the New Testament. Dr Stanley will scarcely say that this is done either in the Church of Rome or in the Eastern Church. He will scarcely affirm it of any one of the Continental Protestant Churches. But granting that the reverse were the case—assuming that the Churches of Rome, Greece, Geneva, Holland, the Lutheran Churches of Germany, and the Scandinavian Churches, were as free from the taint of heresy as our own Church, and far more philosophical—is the circumstance to be attributed to the larger measure of independence in the region of thought which they severally allow to their clergy? Are the clergy of the Romish Church, for example, more free than the English clergy to discriminate, in their interpretation of Scripture, between what is, and what is not, the dictate of inspiration? Is not all this settled for them by an authority which they dare not question? Let any impartial person read the oath which every bishop-elect in the Church of Rome takes previous to consecration, and he will be able to judge for himself. It is the most stringent form of words that ever was compiled. It takes away all liberty, not of speech alone, but of thought. The same may be said of the obligations assumed by each of the inferior orders of the clergy. They undertake to believe all that the Church shall pronounce to be true, and to disbelieve whatever the Church shall pronounce to be [illegible] as Mr D[illegible] "there [illegible] as [illegible] th[illegible]

Church of England." Did the absence of subscriptions on the part of the clergy interpose any obstacle to the rise and progress of that Reformation of which we, the people of England, are now reaping the benefit? Or will anybody deny that it is by a system of management unequalled elsewhere for vigour and adroitness, that freedom of opinion is alternately restrained and utilised in a Church which calls itself infallible. It follows, from all this, that the Church of Rome cannot be cited in evidence against the Church of England, on the ground, either of the simplicity of her doctrines, or the amount of freedom which she concedes to clerical consciences. These consciences have, no doubt, from time to time broken bounds; and the Church of Rome has in consequence suffered, over and over again, evils similar to those which beset the Church of England. But her intimate relations with the civil governments of Western Europe — the superiority, indeed, which in a ruder age she managed to establish over them—gave her advantages to which the Church of England could never lay claim, except in violation of the principle by which she exists. "Dissent," says Mr Disraeli, in his admirable speech of the 9th of June, "has, in the Church of Rome, occasionally been forcibly suppressed, schism has in some instances been adroitly managed, and heresy has found a safety-valve in the institution, sometimes, even of monastic orders."

With respect, again, to the Eastern Church, her condition altogether is so different from that of the Church of England, that every attempt to compare the one with the other must necessarily fail. In the first place, what is meant by the expression, "the Eastern Church"? We have churches many in the East—the Church as it is in Russia, the [illegible] as it is in Armenia, the [illegible] it is in Palestine, the [illegible] it is in Turkey and [illegible] differently

the Church of the East, differ one from another in doctrine, in discipline, and in ceremonial. Their constitutions are unlike, their modes of worship dissimilar—and they hate one another with an intensity of feeling which appears to be inseparable from religious disruptions. If, from the first, the Church of the East had bound her clergy to accept and subscribe a common exposition of Christian faith and practice, such a state of things never could have occurred. Is Dr Stanley desirous that each diocese, or even each province in the Church of England, shall have its own creed, its own customs, its own form of government, its own antagonisms?

Again, is not Dr Stanley begging the whole question when he appeals to the condition of the Church in the first three centuries?—as if it were possible for the Church of England, in this advanced stage of the world's history, to become again what the Church of the first three centuries was. A moment's reflection might have shown him that, in the apostolic age at least, subscriptions were not only not required, but were impossible. While as yet the Scriptures of the New Testament were unwritten, there could be no standard of orthodoxy except the oral teaching of the apostles. But it by no means follows that, in the apostolic age, laymen about to be admitted into the order of the priesthood were not constrained by some form of obligation as stringent as any now in use. What otherwise could St Paul mean in his addresses to Timothy and to Titus?—to the former, whom he charges, "that good thing which was committed unto thee, keep, by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us:" to the latter, when, in reference to the responsibility of a bishop, he says that a bishop shall "hold fast the faithful word as he had been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers." But this is not all. We labour under a grievous delusion if we suppose

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that there ever was an interval in the Church's history more fertile in extravagances, more abounding in error, than the three first centuries. Before the apostles went to their rest, Hymeneus, Alexander, Phyletus, Hermogenes, Demas, and Diotryphes, had begun to trouble the Church. The Gnostics were busy while the second century was still young; and the Nazarenes and Ebionites ere it grew old. Of the mischief done by the Platonists of Alexandria to that simple faith on which they engrafted their own speculative notions, we need not stop to speak. Origen himself, as Dr Stanley well knows, left a legacy to the Church of which she has never got rid, and which cannot be sufficiently deplored; while Clemens, though learned and eloquent, advanced many opinions which we find it extremely difficult to reconcile to the simplicity of the gospel narrative. And things grow worse, as we descend the stream of time. The Manichean heresy arose in the third century. Then also Noetus and Sabellius set up their schools; and Paul of Samosata, the expounder of tenets which, in a modified degree, the more candid Beryllus had taught, founded a sect which called themselves by his name, and adhered to his principles after he had himself been degraded from the Episcopate. With these and many more facts of the same kind familiar to him, it is astonishing that a scholar and a logician like Dr Stanley should point to the Church of the three first centuries, as exemplifying the wisdom of exacting no pledges beforehand from those who are about to be charged with the duty of instructing the laity in the principles of the Christian religion.

Of the Protestant Churches of the Continent, it may suffice to observe that there is little either in their polity or general condition which can command the admiration, far less excite the envy, of any member of the Church of England, whether lay or clerical. Wherever Protestantism is established, even in a modified degree, or brought, as in Prussia and the Scandinavian nations, into alliance with the State, the ancient Confessions of Faith are still accepted and subscribed. Wherever it is tolerated merely, as in France, there is no Church, properly so called, but only a loose federacy of congregations, without any common bond of discipline or ritual, or even of faith, to keep them together. As to the Church of Geneva, the less that is said about it the better. In emancipating themselves from the obligation to subscribe, the Swiss pastors broke loose, or appeared to do so, from restraints of every kind, till Geneva, which was once the headquarters of rigid Calvinism, became in our own day the very focus of rationalism. Whatever we do, let us guard the Church of England from exposure to a similar calamity; against which we are confident that no living men would oppose themselves more stoutly than Dr Stanley, Mr Buxton, and Mr Johnstone.

It appears, then, that in the history of the past we can discover little evidence of the healing influence of that entire freedom from subscription which the extreme section of the movement-party recommend. On the contrary, it has been shown that heresies and divisions were never so abundant as in the ages preceding the Council of Nicæa. Subsequently to that era, the attempt "to preserve the unity of the Church, not by preliminary promises or oaths, but by the general laws of discipline and order," signally failed. The Western and Eastern Churches parted under circumstances with which every reader of ecclesiastical history is acquainted. Since that severance both have further broken up; the Church of the East, as was shown a few pages back; the Church of the West, by the secession from her communion of England, Scotland, the Scandinavian nations, a large portion of Germany and of Switzerland. If Italy, France, Austria, Portugal, and

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Spain still preserve their allegiance to the Pope, the circumstance is certainly not attributable to the fact that the clergy of these countries have neither articles of religion to subscribe, nor a Book of Common Prayer to assent and consent to. The Church of which they are the ministers is not, like that of England, a strictly national Church. It abjures the restraints of nationality in every form, and affects to be catholic or universal. It is undeniably the Church of many nations, differing among themselves in language, laws, and customs; and it is served by a clergy whom a forced celibacy cuts off from the common ties of citizenship, and who are pledged in the most solemn manner, and under the heaviest penalties, to think and act as the Church shall require, and not otherwise. What need could there be in a society so constituted for written confessions of faith, which, though subscribed to-day, may be abrogated to-morrow by the same anti-national authority which yesterday imposed them? Now the Church of England, in breaking away from this bondage, amalgamated herself entirely with the State of England, and to justify the act was bound to give reasons for the course which she had taken. This it was which imposed upon her the necessity of drawing up a confession of faith, which the people, acting through their representatives in Parliament, required her ministers to accept and to subscribe. This also it was which rendered necessary the compilation of a Service-Book, to which, because it embodies the Church's principles, the people, acting through their representatives, required the clergy to assent, as well as to use it. How these arrangements were brought about we have sufficiently shown in a former paper. There may have been errors, perhaps faults, in the means adopted for the attainment of the end—and the end, so far as absolute Church unity is concerned, may have partially failed; but we really do not see how, by any other process, a perfect understanding of the Church's views was to be obtained two centuries ago, or is to be obtained now. It is idle to say that, by the terms on which they are admitted into holy orders, the clergy are sufficiently barred against teaching otherwise than as the Church directs. If we put aside the oath of supremacy, there is absolutely nothing in our forms of ordination service to which a conscientious member of the Church of Rome could reasonably object. The questions put by the bishop and answered by the candidate, according to the rubric of the Prayer-Book, differ rather in sound than in sense from those which our readers will find in the 'Pontificale Romanum.' The brief conference between the bishop and the archdeacon when the candidates are brought forward, and the bishop's subsequent addresses to the congregation and to the candidates themselves, are essentially the same in both; and though it be true that the Prayer-Book seems to lay greater stress than the Pontificale on the acceptance of Holy Scripture as the standard of Divine truth, the Pontificale cannot be said to be neglectful of that point, inasmuch as it constrains the candidates standing before the altar to repeat and to accept the Apostle's Creed. Both Churches also require a promise of canonical obedience to the ordinary, which the Church of Rome makes, perhaps, somewhat more peremptory than the Church of England; but, in the main, the services bear so close a resemblance one to another, that he who has gone through the ceremonial of ordination as the Church of England requires, need not, on that account, be restrained from teaching as the Church of Rome teaches. In itself, therefore, the ordination service with us sets up no barrier between the Church of England and the Church of Rome; while the two Churches, as all the world knows, are at one with respect to the canon of Scripture, and treat the Apocrypha so far with respect that it is used by both in the

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course of their celebration of public worship.

But if the Protestantism of the Church of England be not sufficiently guarded by the general tone of her ordination services, the Oath of Supremacy which is required alike of bishops, priests, and deacons, is surely explicit enough to satisfy the most fastidious on that head. Undoubtedly it is; but what then? Is it true "that no foreign prince, person, or prelate, state or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm?" The question of right, every Protestant will at once answer in the negative; the question of fact lies in quite a different category. There are six or seven millions of Her Majesty's subjects who do concede to a foreign prince and prelate, jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, and authority, ecclesiastical and spiritual, within the realm; and what is more, Her Majesty's Government is cognisant of the fact —is a consenting party to it, and treats with the clergy of these six or seven millions, on the basis that, in matters ecclesiastical and spiritual, they are the servants of the Pope of Rome. Yet every candidate for holy orders in the Church of England is called upon to declare that this cannot be, and to confirm his declaration by an appeal to the Deity. Now, it may be very ingenious to explain that the Oath of Supremacy, explicit and distinct as it seems to be, means nothing more than a public and solemn avowal of the sentiments of the individual by whom it is pronounced. So far as he is concerned, no foreign prince, person, or prelate has or ought to have any power, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm. But the question immediately arises, Was this the sense in which the framers of the Oath intended it to be taken? And if this be not its original sense, have we any right to retain the words, applying to them a meaning which is forced and unnatural? It is clear, then, that in throwing us upon the ceremonial at ordination, they who advocate the repeal of the laws which enjoin subscription and assent beforehand, place us between the horns of a dilemma. If we accept the ordination questions, getting rid of the Oath of Supremacy, we liberate the clergy from the single pledge that was left of allegiance to the National Church of England. If we retain the Oath of Supremacy as it stands, we compel the clergy to do something like violence to their own consciences, by swearing generally to that which, if true at all, is true only in part.

Again, the advocates of extreme measures seem to forget that it is of far more importance to the laity of England than to the clergy, that the orthodoxy of the National Church should be carefully fenced in and maintained. That this can be done in a communion which, being in alliance with the State, acknowledges no infallible head upon earth, otherwise than by the compilation of summaries of the Church's belief, which the clergy shall be required to accept as their standard of doctrine, no reasonable person will contend. And if the necessity of preparing and accepting such confessions of faith be conceded, the mode by which the clergy are to be kept faithful to the nation's creed becomes a point of secondary importance. According to Dr Stanley and Mr Buxton, it is best, having established this national confession, to admit laymen into holy orders unfettered by any pledges to adhere to it, and to restrain them ever afterwards from deviating from what is there laid down, by a constant application of the power of the law. According to Mr Walpole, and those who think with Mr Walpole, it is best that laymen, before they are admitted into the order of the national clergy, should accept the national creed; and this cannot be done more effectually, or with greater solemnity,

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than by the process through which candidates for holy orders in the Church of England are at the present moment required to pass. Which party is right, which party wrong, can be determined only by appealing to experience. And we greatly deceive ourselves if the weight of this authority be not now, as it always was, against the former of these theories.

Let us put in the background, as already disposed of, the Church of the three first centuries—the Romish Church, the Eastern Church, and the Protestant Churches of the Continent—confining ourselves to a consideration of what was, and continues to be, the condition of those religious bodies among ourselves who exact no public pledges or subscriptions of any kind from the individuals appointed to minister among them. These are, indeed, few in number. Dr Stanley limits them to Baptists and Independents, though he might have gone further had it suited his purpose so to do; for the body known as English Presbyterians had once the same Confession of Faith which is still retained in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and to which, equally with the Scottish Churches, they required their ministers to append their signatures. But the English Presbyterian Church, like the Church of Geneva, gradually loosened herself from this restraint, and the consequence was, an almost universal lapse among her congregations into Unitarianism. Dr Stanley is too well read in the legal and parliamentary history of his own country to be unacquainted with the proceedings which this divergence from the Westminster Confession rendered necessary.

It appears, then, that it is only by comparison with the Baptist and Independent bodies amongst us that the Church of England suffers. These religionists, we are told, have never imposed the burden of subscription on their ministers; yet their standard of orthodoxy has not varied; so that in all points of importance they still speak the same thing. Is this latter assertion quite correct? So far as the Baptists are concerned it is notoriously incorrect. Instead of one, we have now five distinct Baptist bodies, each differing from all the rest on some vital point of doctrine. And what is more, a section not the least numerous, or the least respectable of the whole, has gone over, like the English Presbyterians, to Unitarianism. But granting that Dr Stanley were right to the letter, what then? Neither the Independents nor the Baptists constitute a Church. The 3444 congregations which in 1851 worshipped throughout England and Wales in Independent chapels, were 3444 distinct churches. Each selected its own officers, of whom the minister was one; and though a public declaration of "faith and order" was put forth not long ago upon authority, as common to all, no single minister is bound by it for an hour should the bulk of his congregation desire a change. In this respect the Baptists' customs entirely agree with those of the Independents. Their 2789 congregations are as much independent one of another as all are independent of the Church of England. They severally select and set apart their own minister and church-officers, who must teach as the great body of their hearers desire to be taught, or else make way for somebody else.

We cannot imagine that Dr Stanley or Mr Johnstone desire to see the Church of England brought to this, were such a state of things compatible, as it clearly is not, with the abstract idea of a Church, established or unestablished. The point at which they are aiming is different. They wish to borrow from Baptists and Independents whatever seems to be good in their constitution, and to leave the evil behind. And the good may be compressed into a single clause of a sentence, — exemption from subscriptions and declarations as a condition to ordination. Be it so;

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but then there will follow such a change of responsibility as has very little to recommend it. A solemn trust, which is now held by the Church at large, must be transferred to individual officers and members of the Church; for neither Baptists nor Independents permit teachers to stand up in their chapels till it has been proved before competent judges that their teaching will be orthodox. Hence the individual chosen by each congregation to minister among them is called upon to satisfy a conclave of ministers already appointed, before they will consent to give to him the right hand of fellowship, or recognise him as one of their own body. There may be no written document for the candidate to subscribe on that occasion, no Liturgy to assent or consent to; but there are searching questions to be answered, and keen and inquisitive intellects to be conciliated. Would Dr Stanley and Mr Johnstone prefer an arrangement of this sort to the practice which has prevailed in their own Church for two centuries? Are they willing to leave the acceptance or rejection of candidates to the unfettered discretion of the bishops before whom they severally present themselves? Between Durham and Natal, between Exeter and St David's, what a curious variety of church principles we should soon see established!

It is possible—we do not think it probable—that Dr Stanley and his friends may complain of our reasoning as wide of the purpose at which they are aiming. They will deny, perhaps, that they have any wish to get rid of the Church's standard of orthodoxy. They may assure us that the last desire of their hearts is to innovate upon that Liturgy, to the beauty and comprehensiveness of which they are fully alive. But are not we, in our turn, justified in asking what good purpose can be served by a standard of national orthodoxy unless a national clergy is to accept and be bound by it? and whether the mere beauty and comprehensiveness of a national Liturgy can justify the clergy in making use of it, if any doctrine therein expressed be such as they would scruple to affirm, or any statement hazarded to which they are unwilling publicly to assent? For we must not lose sight of the fact that we are dealing not with persons who have voluntarily associated themselves together for purposes of common worship and general instruction, much less with an indefinite number of such associations, forming each a distinct and separate society within itself. These, as they neither enjoy nor expect any special favour from the State, so they are perfectly free, if such be their pleasure, to dispense with everything like a test of orthodoxy wherewith to try their teachers. But it neither is nor can be so with the Church of England. The nation put aside two rival Churches, and received her into close and intimate union with itself two hundred years ago; guaranteed to her the permanent possession of her endowments; assured to her bishops, as representing the State spiritual, that place which they still hold in the national Parliament, but only on conditions—viz., that certain deeds should be ratified by the clergy in a certain way, and certain principles avowed and assented to on certain occasions in the hearing of the people. It will not do for the clergy to expect a deliverance from these conditions, retaining at the same time the status and privileges which conditionally belong to them. The conditions may be modified should Church and State see fit to assent to their modification; but to dispense with them altogether would cancel a solemn national agreement, and reduce the Church at once to the condition of a mere sect.

Again, it is absurd to speak of the enforcement of these conditions as putting any violence on the consciences of the national clergy. No man is bound to become a

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clergyman of the National Church against his will, neither is it necessary that he should hurry into holy orders at the early age of twenty-three or twenty-four. If he scruple at twenty-four years of age respecting the fitness of the conditions proposed, it is quite in his own power to hold back till his scruples pass away or confirm themselves. A year's delay, or, at the most, two, will probably settle that point; and then he will either resume his original purpose, sign and affirm with an easy mind, and enter upon the ministerial life; or else, retaining his scruples, he will abide like an honest man among the laity. Surely this is a much more satisfactory arrangement than the alternative which Dr Stanley and Mr Johnstone propose. For it is a mere fallacy to argue from the customs of civil society to what are or ought to be the customs of a church. Civil society exists, in the first instance, for the protection of life and property. Its laws are just laws, so far as they seek that end; they become unjust the moment they endeavour to modify opinions, unless these be so expressed as to endanger the public peace. Again, civil society is the union of individuals into a community or state, for the sake of interests which affect men's outer life alone. Its laws are wise laws in proportion as they regulate the dealings of man with man, so as to insure the greatest attainable amount of benefit to the whole. It is not necessary that each individual member of this state or society, should be instructed in the principles of the law under which he lives. Indeed the great mass of a nation can never have more to say to the laws than to obey them, except when they are felt to be oppressive or inconvenient, when the people are justified in seeking, through their representatives, to change the laws. But if they whose business it is to administer the law, shall make themselves acquainted as well with its principles as with its requirements, all that is necessary on that point has been gained. A spiritual society, on the contrary, or church, rests upon a foundation entirely different. It is the association of many individuals for the attainment of ends which concern the inner life of each to a greater extent than the outer life of all. The influence which it exercises in keeping its members free from crime, though very powerful, is still only indirect. Its direct object is the connection of time with eternity—of the creature with the Creator. If it be a Christian church, as among ourselves, it is, or professes to be, bound by a law of faith and practice which is not simple, didactic, and explicit, as civil laws are, but which must be inferred or collected from the careful study of a volume made up of many treatises, differing one from another in date of composition, in style, in subject-matter, and in design—the most recent of which is wellnigh two thousand years old—the oldest, of an antiquity so remote that we are puzzled to determine it exactly. Now, though it be easy enough to think of an individual man as religious in his own way, apart from any church or spiritual society whatever, it is clearly impossible to conceive the idea of two or three individuals attaching themselves to such a society without understanding, more or less clearly, the nature of the obligation under which they are thereby brought. Hence the necessity of a distinct order of men, set apart for the purpose of explaining to others how the church or spiritual society interprets the volume in question, and draws inferences from it. Thus the law of faith and practice is in the book; the right to codify or systematically arrange the law in the society or church, whose servants the clergy are. And it is surely better that the servants should engage beforehand to be faithful to their trust, than that the society should run the risk of having its members misdirected by every servant who is rash enough to prefer his humours

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to his interests—or clever enough to teach error, yet keep himself free from the penalties thereto attached.

Again, we must never forget that the Church, like the State, is made up of poor as well as rich, young as well as old, ignorant as well as learned. If its teaching is to exercise any influence for good, it must be intelligible to all, and not to some of these classes. A society composed exclusively of grown-up men and women, all of them in the full vigour of their intellectual life, all conversant with the Hebrew and Greek languages, all easy in their circumstances, and all accustomed to the investigation of truth, would fall of its own accord into the condition of a Church without ministers or teachers, of whom it would never experience the need. But such a society neither is nor can be coextensive with a State or nation; and thence arises the question, How are the well-informed in a State—say in England—to provide that the ignorant among them shall be rightly taught out of the Divine law, except by requiring that such as undertake to become instructors shall give public assurance that they will teach in the spirit of the code which the nation declaring itself to be a Church has evolved and accepted? Leave the code or digest of the law as it is embodied in the Articles, Canons, Liturgies, and Church Services, exacting, at the same time, no public assent from the clergy to the terms of this code, and the worst consequences must follow. In the room of one or two such trials as Dr Stanley feelingly deplores, we shall have fifty. For if, in spite of the restraints which subscriptions and declarations impose, men of speculative minds override from time to time the Church's received doctrines now, what may we not expect when those restraints are removed? And what will over-anxious bishops and other guardians of the Church's orthodoxy not do, as often as the cry is raised, justly or unjustly, that speculative clergymen within the limits of their respective jurisdictions are inventing doctrines instead of expounding those of the Church?

It appears, then, to us, that the remedy suggested by Dr Stanley and Mr Buxton is a thousand times worse than the disease. Better keep the law as it is, or make it even more stringent, than adopt the alternative which they propose. The present state of things has its evils, doubtless. It lays a burden on some tender consciences, and deters others, perhaps a greater number, from coming under the yoke; but it assures to the Church of England a body of clergy who, however much they may differ on points of minor importance, are, in all that is essential to the attainment of the great objects for which the Church exists, at one in their teaching. We therefore say with the poet—

"... Rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

But is it absolutely necessary to choose between abiding as we are, and running to the extremes to which Dr Stanley and Mr Buxton invite us? We think not. Church and State are both free, whenever the expediency of the measure shall be admitted, to reconsider the conditions on which their alliance was originally contracted; and, for reasons which it is not necessary here to repeat, we are inclined to think that the reconsideration of that important matter cannot be much longer deferred. So far then, there is a nearer approach to unanimity of sentiment between Lord Ebury and ourselves, than between us and Dr Stanley. At the same time, we object entirely to the mode of procedure which his lordship recommends. The repeal of the Act of Uniformity, were it effected to-morrow, would not meet the exigencies of the case. It would, on the contrary, confound more miserably than ever a state of things which is already confused enough. Indeed, to appeal at once to Parliament, is to assume what few men, not hurried away by prejudice, will admit to be true. Parliament, especially as now constituted, is no competent

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authority on such a question as this. Mr Disraeli's judgment on the matter is indeed the only true judgment. Before either Church or State be called upon to act,—the former, through its Convocation, so remodelled as to be capable of expressing the Church's views—the latter through the two Houses of Parliament,—the Crown must be advised to appoint a Commission, which shall inquire, receive evidence, and make a report upon the whole case. How this is to be done, or when, it is not for us to point out. On one head, however, our mind is made up. A Commission of Inquiry, such as the occasion demands, should not consist chiefly, far less exclusively, of ecclesiastics. We doubt, indeed, whether any ecclesiastic ought, in the first instance, to be appointed to it at all; because the Bishops in the House of Lords have almost all taken their side; and of the clergy a large proportion are pledged for or against change by their petitions. For the same reason we should object to see Lord Ebury's name, or the names of Mr Buxton or Mr Henley, in the Commission. But there is no lack in England of laymen, members of the Church, whose habits of thought eminently qualify them for a work of which the importance cannot be over-estimated. Take, for example, Lord Kingsdowne, a man perfectly impartial, possessed of rare ability, and of a mind singularly calm and judicial. Appointing him President of the Commission, let him select as many coadjutors as shall approve themselves to his sober judgment, and a tribunal will be got together, from the recommendations of which, few Englishmen, be their doctrinal inclinations what they may, will, we think, dissent. We venture to throw out the hint for the consideration of Her Majesty's Ministers, who cannot always be allowed, when grave subjects are put forward, to rid themselves of the responsibilities incident to their position by moving the previous question.

A Commission constituted on such a model as we have ventured to suggest, would experience no desire to meddle with the Church's doctrines properly so called. It would doubtless be restrained, by the letter of instructions under which it acted, from touching so delicate a matter. But in everything short of this, it must, if it is to accomplish any good purpose at all, enjoy the widest possible licence. In revising the Articles, for example, notice would of course be taken of every statement in which, to use Dr Stanley's words, mistakes in matters of fact occur. Such occurrences are, however, very rare: indeed, Dr Stanley himself points out only one, which is really so harmless that, except with a view to take away every conceivable ground of offence, it might well be left where it stands in its insignificance. In like manner the Commission might suggest, should circumstances authorise the suggestion, that the 35th Article, though perfectly true in fact, could safely be laid aside as out of date; and the 36th modified. So, also, if the restoration of an old reading, or the substitution of a new, could bring the phraseology of any Article nearer than it is to the phraseology of the Bible, such change of expression might be recommended. But farther than this no prudent person would go. The dark things of our religion such as God's nature, original sin, predestination, justification, &c.—are all so touched upon in the National Confession of Faith as it stands, that no Christian man, be his abstract opinions what they may, need scruple to accept what is there written; while the definition of the sacraments therein laid down, and of the authority of the Church and of the civil magistrate, could hardly be interfered with, except at the risk of offending somebody. On the whole, then, it seems to us, that a Royal Commission would have very little to do, so far as a revision of the Thirty-nine Articles is concerned; and, as to the question of subscription,—on that head, it would probably re-

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commend no essential change whatever. If the national clergy are to be the expounders, not the inventors of the national faith, they must clearly accept the faith publicly and solemnly at the outset of their career. Whether it be necessary to call upon them as often as they proceed to a new benefice to repeat this public declaration, by signing over again the same document, is quite another matter. But that any one should be allowed to teach the English people, without first of all satisfying the people as well as the heads of the Church of the soundness of his own principles, is altogether incompatible with the conditions on which a national Church exists.

Having disposed of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Commission will naturally turn its attention to the Canons, in dealing with which, as they have no force in law, and are binding upon the clergy themselves in *foro conscientiæ* alone, very little delicacy need be observed. Of these Canons many are obsolete, many illogical, many unnecessary. To not a few it would be impossible to pay obedience without coming into collision with the law of the land. If the Commission should advise the repeal of the whole, and the substitution of a few plain rules of life and conversation, such as would be suitable to all time, and conducive to the advancement of sound religion and morals among us, probably not a single objection would be raised to the proposal in any quarter. It will be different as soon as the Commissioners begin to address themselves to the Liturgy, and to the occasional services of the Church. There the utmost caution will be required. Admitting that the ordinary services are too long, how best can they be shortened? Admitting that the lessons are not always well chosen, how shall we improve the choice without impairing the general effect? Admitting that in the occasional services there are expressions which startle and offend, how shall we remove the ground of offence without innovating upon the Church's principles? These are the difficulties which the Commission will be called upon to encounter. They are serious, without doubt; but surely they are not insurmountable. There needs but a distinct understanding on all sides that the Commission sits for no purpose of inquiring into the ground of the Church's faith, but in order, if possible, to bring the Church's practice into perfect accord with the spirit of the age, and all that follows will follow smoothly. Let us see what may be done.

Beginning with the Church's ordinary services, we are told that these, and especially the Order for Morning Prayer, are too long. It may admit of a doubt whether this question, if it were submitted to universal suffrage, would be carried in the affirmative. We ourselves happen to know parishes, both in town and country, where an attempt on the part of the minister to shorten the Sunday services has given great offence. We know more than one in which the incumbent, by persevering in what was distasteful to his parishioners, drove them into dissent. But assuming the Commissioners to be satisfied of the justice of the complaint, they have the remedy in their own hands. A return to old usages, by keeping the Order of Morning Prayer distinct from the Litany, and the Communion Service distinct from both, would not only bring each within reasonable compass, but would increase the amount of church accommodation everywhere, by everywhere multiplying the services. In this case, however, it might occur to the Commissioners that, if the Litany were read apart, it would be well to attach to it, in the shape of lessons, carefully-selected portions of Scripture; without the introduction of which, it is not according to the spirit of the Church of England to consider any order of public service as complete. This, however, is exactly one of those points at which it would be the duty of the Commission to look carefully, before hazarding a recommendation.

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Like the repetition more than once of the Lord's Prayer, and of the Gloria Patri, in each service, it could not, however dealt with, affect the essentials of the Church's teaching in any way. Public taste, rather than public principle, would turn the scale.

There occur in the course of these ordinary services two Creeds—the Apostles' and the Nicene—except thirteen times in every year, when, at morning prayer, the formulary, called the Athanasian Creed, is ordered to be read instead of the Apostles' Creed. We never heard that to the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed any objections lay. The Commissioners, therefore, would in all probability arrive at the conclusion that, as these Creeds form part of different services, and are equally simple and comprehensive, both ought to be retained. It is not clear that the same advice would be offered respecting the Athanasian Creed, and for this reason :—In the public services of a National Church like our own, it is little desirable that terms should be employed, which, however capable they may be of explanation, fall upon the unlettered ear with a distressing cadence. To the doctrines enunciated in the Athanasian Creed no honest member of the Church of England, be he clergyman or layman, can object; but the firmest believer in the doctrine may be offended by the manner in which, through this particular formulary, it is sought to be expressed : and still more by the declaration solemnly uttered—"He, therefore, that will be saved, must *thus* think of the Trinity." How the Commissioners would decide in this particular case—whether they would advise the omission of the Creed from the Liturgy altogether, or the restriction of the public use of it to Trinity Sunday; or, retaining it where it is, would suggest that it should stand rather as a memorial of what the Church believes, than as a creed to be repeated both by minister and people—these are points which may fairly be left to the Commissioners themselves to determine. One thing, however, is certain, that the recommendation of the Commissioners, whatever it might be, could not fail to carry great weight with it; and that minister and people would be better pleased to have the question authoritatively settled once for all, than to go on, as for years past many of them have done, reading what they felt they would be glad to leave unread; yet could not leave unread without doing violence to the Church's rubrics.

In the matter of the lessons, we take it for granted that a Commission, composed exclusively of laymen, would be content to receive evidence without delivering an opinion; thus leaving it to the heads of the Church to determine what alterations in that respect, if any, might be advantageously effected. This done, they would probably pass on to the Church's occasional services, where they would find themselves called upon to receive and to sift a great deal of testimony for and against a policy of quiescence. We are inclined to believe, however, that here, as elsewhere, men of sober judgment would take a conservative view of the whole case. Look, for example, at the Baptismal Service, and you will learn that you could not effect any important alterations therein without re-writing the Liturgy, with which in every sentence it agrees. It might be possible, no doubt, to substitute something else for the promises made in the child's name by godfathers and godmothers. (The canon which used to forbid the office of sponsors from being undertaken by parents is already repealed.) But a prudent person would think twice before he advised a change in that respect—which, if it were unimportant, would satisfy nobody; if it substituted an engagement to instruct for a promise to believe and to act, would alter the whole bent and tendency of the sacrament. In the same spirit of wise forbearance, the Order of Confirmation would probably be treated. It is, as it stands, in per-

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fect accord with the Liturgy. Any alteration, however slight, would render the agreement less complete. Possibly, however, the Commissioners might not feel the repressive power quite so strong upon them as they went onwards. The Order for the Celebration of Matrimony, for example, beautiful as in many passages we admit it to be, seems capable of some improvement. The introductory address, one at least of the prayers, and perhaps the closing exhortation, might, without impropriety, be modified or omitted. So likewise in the Visitation of the Sick, and the Order for the Burial of the Dead—of which, by the by, a great deal too much was made by Lord Ebury and his supporters—sentences occur, which, because of their liability to be misunderstood by unlettered persons, naturally attract attention. If it be expedient to recast those expressions, the Commission will so advise. If it be considered better to let them stand as they are, a note explanatory of the Church's meaning in each case would go far to remove whatever objections persons unfriendly to the Church are apt to raise upon them. In either case tender consciences would be relieved. But, on the whole, we think it probable that the Commission, so far as the Visitation of the Sick is concerned, would prefer changing the form of absolution in the text to the adoption of a rather clumsy expedient, in order to show that the Church of England does not claim for her clergy the same power of forgiving sins which is claimed for her priests by the Church of Rome.

The service for the churching of women, and the commination service, will not, it is believed, present any serious difficulties to the Commissioners. To the former, no objection, as far as we know, has been taken in any quarter; the latter can easily be reconciled to the taste of the most fastidious, by recasting the addresses of the minister to the people, and leaving all that follows, from the Miserere Domine to the Benediction, as it now stands. Perhaps, indeed, there may be those upon the Commission who shall look upon this special service as unnecessary; and if unnecessary, as out of place among a people who are gradually learning to forget that such a season as Lent has any significance. If so, the question will be fairly argued; and we see no reason to doubt that the results of the discussion will prove satisfactory to the most faithful of the Church's sons and daughters out of doors.

There remain now to be considered only the form and manner of making Deacons, of ordering of priests, and of ordaining or consecrating bishops. Of these we desire to speak with the respect which is due to the solemn occasions on which they are used. Yet it would be hard to deny that in every one of them there occur phrases which jar against the sober judgment even of a well-disposed and church-going Protestant people. Perhaps the Commission might suggest some alteration in the Oath of Supremacy, for example, such as, while it maintained the principle, should get rid of averments of which the truth lies open to dispute. Perhaps, also, the questions put to candidates might be considered to be a little obscure, and the words which accompany the laying on of the bishop's hands liable to misconstruction. Should these and similar inferences be drawn, they who detect the error will not, we may be sure, hesitate to suggest a remedy. But there the functions of the Commission must cease. Having made a report, and printed the evidence on which it is grounded, the Commissioners will have done their part in a great emprise, which must thenceforth be taken up and dealt with in a grave and sober spirit — first, by the Church, in convocation assembled, and last of all by the Legislature and the Crown.

It was thus in the days of Edward and Elizabeth that the Church of England reformed herself, and

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we see no good reason, after what passed less than two months ago in both Houses of Parliament, why there should be any hesitation, as far as she is concerned, to repeat the process now. No doubt the constitution of the bodies through which alone she can pretend to act, must, in the first instance, be reformed. The voice of the Convocation which sits in London, is not the voice of the English Church; it is that of the province of Canterbury alone, and not of the Church in that province, but only of the clergy. If the Church is to speak with authority, she must speak in a general council, wherein shall be represented her lay members equally with her clergy; not gathered in from England only, but from Ireland also. "I would wish," says Mr Disraeli, speaking of this matter, "that its basis were more comprehensive; for I cannot see how any appeal could be made to Convocation on such a question as that which has formed the subject of controversy to-night, unless that basis were more comprehensive. You must associate with it the other province, and the Church of Ireland, and I think you ought to introduce that lay element to which the Church of England has been so much indebted."

It will be seen from the general tone of these two articles, that while we are ready to submit the Church's Confession of Faith and Liturgy to the revision of competent judges, we are entirely adverse to the measures proposed in the House of Lords by Lord Ebury, and in the House of Commons by Mr Buxton. With respect to the former, it may suffice to observe that, assuming Parliament to be—which it certainly is not—the proper tribunal before which the Church's manner of teaching should be tried, such a bit-by-bit manner of legislation as that into which his Lordship has fallen, recommends itself neither to our feelings nor to our understanding. His first move was far more intelligible than his last. A proposal to repeal out of hand the Act of Uniformity is at least bold, if it be not prudent: an attack upon a particular service is a poor affair, if nothing more is to come of it, or it is an endeavour to effect, by slow approaches, that which can be brought to a happy issue only after a careful survey of the whole case. On the other hand, we object to Mr Buxton's proposal, because, if accepted, it would cut the ground from beneath the feet of the Church of England, both as a Church and as a religious establishment. But all that can be conceded with a view to satisfy tender consciences we are ready to concede, so long as the Church retains her right to be served only by those who subscribe her Confession of Faith, and approve and assent to her Liturgy. If the Articles require revision, revise them; if the Canons be objectionable, repeal or alter them; if the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer can be improved, and the occasional services placed more than they are in accord with the sentiments of thinking sober churchmen, by all means subject both one and the other to the necessary process. But we protest against such legislation as shall deprive the Church of England of all fixed principles of faith, and leave her clergy free to read a service to which they do not assent, and to preach whatever doctrine may best approve itself to their imagination or their reason. We have the greatest sympathy for the young men of Oxford and Cambridge who are described as doubting where their fathers gave their confidence, and, as far as shall be consistent with higher considerations still, we will do our best to ease their minds. But we cannot destroy the Church even for their sakes; and we greatly lament that men like Dr Stanley and Mr Buxton should have deliberately advised a course of action which leads up to that issue, and to nothing else.

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IN THE GARDEN.

GREEN grass beneath, green leaves above,
That rustle like a running stream,
And sunshine that with tender gleam
Touches the little heads I love—

The little heads, the dewy eyes,
That shine and smile through sun and shower,
That are my portion and my dower,
My sum of wealth beneath the skies.

The white doves flutter on the wall,
Amid the rose-tree's crimson pride;
The small house opes its windows wide,
Fearless, whatever may befall.

Whate'er befalls—oh, instinct strong
Of this strange life, so sad and dear,
That still foresees some coming tear,
And of its joy still asks—how long?

I sit and rest from all my woe,
Peace in the air, light in the sky;
Here let me rest until I die,
Nor further pain nor pleasure know.

Half on the tender greensward round,
And half on me as here I rest,
My nestlings rustle in their nest,
With fitful arms about me wound;

The while I read—and smile to see
My boy's eye light with gleams of war—
How the plumed helmet of Navarre
Set bleeding France at Ivry free;

Or in my little maiden's face,
At hearing of Lord Burleigh's bride,
And how he loved, and how she died,
A glow of softer radiance trace:

While the small brother pauses oft
In babble half as sweet to hear,
The meaning lies beyond his ear,
But sweet the music chimes and soft.

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If there be any cloud that glides
 Unseen above this quiet spot,
 Dear Lord, I thank Thee I know not
What still in Thy good hand abides.

But while the peaceful moments last,
 I snatch this hour, unstained by tears,
 Out of my stormy tale of years,
To charm the future and the past.

For grief dwells long, a lingering guest,
 And writes her records full and plain;
 But gladness comes and goes again,
With noiseless steps that will not rest.

And here memorial glad I raise,
 How on one joyous day of June,
 Through all the sunny afternoon,
Sang birds and babes unconscious praise.

M. O. W. O.

CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART III.—CHAPTER VIII.

It was the next morning after this when Mrs Hadwin's strange lodger first appeared in the astonished house. He was the strangest lodger to be taken into a house of such perfect respectability, a house in Grange Lane; and it came to be currently reported in Carlingford after a time, when people knew more about it, that even the servants could not tell when or how he arrived, but had woke up one morning to find a pair of boots standing outside the closed door of the green room, which the good old lady kept for company, with sensations which it would be impossible to describe. Such a pair of boots they were too—muddy beyond expression, with old mud which had not been brushed off for days—worn shapeless, and patched at the sides; the strangest contrast to a handsome pair of Mr Wentworth's, which he, contrary to his usual neat habits, had kicked off in his sitting-room, and which Sarah, the housemaid, had brought and set down on the landing, close by these mysterious and unaccountable articles. When the bell of the green room rang an hour or two later, Sarah and the cook, who happened to be standing together, jumped three yards apart and stared at each other; the sound gave them both "a turn." But they soon got perfectly well used to that bell from the green room. It rang very often in the day, for "the gentleman" chose to sit there more than half his time; and if other people were private about him, it was a great deal more than he was about himself. He even sent the boots to be mended, to Sarah's shame and confusion. For the credit of the house, the girl invented a story about them to calm the cobbler's suspicions. "They was the easiest boots the gentleman had, being troubled with tender feet; and he wasn't agoing to give them up because they was shabby," said Sarah. He sent down his shabby clothes to be brushed, and wore Mr Wentworth's linen, to the indignation of the household. But he was not a man to be concealed in a

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corner. From where he sat in the green room, he whistled so beautifully that Mrs Hadwin's own pet canary paused astonished to listen, and the butcher's boy stole into the kitchen surreptitiously to try if he could learn the art: and while he whistled, he filled the tidy room with parings and cuttings of wood, and carved out all kinds of pretty articles with his knife. But though he rang his bell so often, and was so tiresome with this litter, and gave so much trouble, Sarah's heart, after a while, melted to "the gentleman." He made her a present of a needlecase, and was very civil-spoken—more so a great deal than the Curate of St Roque's; and such a subject of talk and curiosity had certainly not been in Carlingford for a hundred years.

As for Mrs Hadwin, she never gave any explanation at all on the subject, but accepted the fact of a new inmate cheerfully, as if she knew all about it. Of course she could not ask any of her nieces to visit her while the green room was occupied; and as they were all rather large, interfering, managing women, perhaps the old lady was not very sorry. Mr Wentworth himself was still less explanatory. When Mr Wodehouse said to him, "What is this I hear about a brother of yours?—they tell me you've got a brother staying with you. Well, that's what I hear. Why don't you bring him up to dinner? Come to-morrow;" the Perpetual Curate calmly answered, "Thank you; but there is no brother of mine in Carlingford," and took no further notice. Naturally, however, this strange apparition was much discussed in Grange Lane; the servants first, and then the ladies, became curious about him. Sometimes, in the evenings, he might be seen coming out of Mrs Hadwin's garden door—a shabby figure, walking softly in his patched boots. There never was light enough for any one to see him; but he had a great beard, and smoked a short little pipe, and had evidently no regard for appearances. It was a kind of thing which few people approved of. Mrs Hadwin ought not to permit it, some ladies said; and a still greater number were of opinion that, rather than endure so strange a fellow-lodger, the Curate ought to withdraw, and find fresh lodgings. This was before the time when the public began to associate the stranger in a disagreeable way with Mr Wentworth. Before they came to that, the people in Grange Lane bethought themselves of all Mrs Hadwin's connections, to find out if there might not be some of them under hiding; and, of course, that excellent woman had a nephew or two whose conduct was not perfect; and then it came to be reported that it was Mr Wentworth's brother—that it was an unfortunate college chum of his—that it was somebody who had speculated, and whom the Curate had gone shares with; but, in the mean time, no real information could be obtained about this mysterious stranger. The butcher's boy, whose senses were quickened by mingled admiration and envy, heard him whistling all day long, sometimes hidden among the trees in the garden, sometimes from the open window of the green room, where, indeed, Lady Western's page was ready to take his oath he had once seen the audacious unknown leaning out in the twilight, smoking a pipe. But no trap of conversation, however ingenious—and many traps were laid for Mr Wentworth—ever elicited from the Perpetual Curate any acknowledgment of the other lodger's existence. The young Anglican opened his fine eyes a little wider than usual when he was asked sympathetically whether so many people in the house did not interfere with his quiet. "Mrs Hadwin's talk is very gentle," said the Curate; "she never disturbs me." And the mistress of the house was equally obtuse, and would not comprehend any allu-

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sion. The little household came to be very much talked of in Carlingford in consequence; and to meet that shabby figure in the evening, when one chanced to be out for a walk, made one's company sought after in the best circles of society; though the fact is, that people began to be remiss in calling upon Mrs Hadwin, and a great many only left their cards as soon as it became evident that she did not mean to give any explanation. To have the Curate to stay with her was possible, without infringing upon her position; but matters became very different when she showed herself willing to take "any one," even when in equivocal apparel and patched boots.

Probably the Curate had his own troubles during this period of his history. He was noticed to be a little quick and short in his temper for some time after Easter. For one thing, his aunts did not go away; they stayed in the Blue Boar, and sent for him to dinner, till the Curate's impatience grew almost beyond bearing. It was a discipline upon which he had not calculated, and which exceeded the bounds of endurance, especially as Miss Leonora questioned him incessantly about his "work," and still dangled before him, like an unattainable sweetmeat before a child, the comforts and advantages of Skelmersdale, where poor old Mr Shirley had rallied for the fiftieth time. The situation altogether was very tempting to Miss Leonora; she could not make up her mind to go away and leave such a very pretty quarrel in progress; and there can be no doubt that it would have been highly gratifying to her vanity as an Evangelical woman to have had her nephew brought to task for missionary work carried on in another man's parish, even though that work was not conducted entirely on her own principles. She lingered, accordingly, with a great hankering after Wharfside, to which Mr Wentworth steadily declined to afford her any access. She went to the afternoon service sometimes, it is true, but only to be afflicted in her soul by the sight of Miss Wodehouse and Lucy in their grey cloaks, not to speak of the rubric to which the Curate was so faithful. It was a trying experience to his Evangelical aunt; but at the same time it was "a great work;" and she could not give up the hope of being able one time or other to appropriate the credit of it, and win him over to her own "views." If that consummation could but be attained, everything would become simple; and Miss Leonora was a true Wentworth, and wanted to see her nephew in Skelmersdale: so it may easily be understood that, under present circumstances, there were great attractions for her in Carlingford.

It was, accordingly, with a beating heart that Miss Dora, feeling a little as she might have been supposed to feel thirty years before, had she ever stolen forth from the well-protected enclosure of Skelmersdale Park to see a lover, put on her bonnet in the early twilight, and, escaping with difficulty the lively observations of her maid, went tremulously down Grange Lane to her nephew's house. She had never yet visited Frank, and this visit was unquestionably clandestine. But then the news with which her heart was beating were important enough to justify the step she was taking—at least so she whispered to herself; though whether dear Frank would be pleased, or whether he would still think it "my fault," poor Miss Dora could not make up her mind. Nothing happened in the quiet road, where there were scarcely any passengers, and the poor lady arrived with a trembling sense of escape from unknown perils at Mrs Hadwin's garden door. For Miss Dora was of opinion, like some few other ladies, that to walk alone down the quietest of streets was to lay herself open to unheard-of dangers. She put out her trembling

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hand to ring the bell, thinking her perils over—for of course Frank would walk home with her—when the door suddenly opened, and a terrible apparition, quite unconscious of anybody standing there, marched straight out upon Miss Dora, who gave a little scream, and staggered backwards, thinking the worst horrors she had dreamed of were about to be realised. They were so close together that the terrified lady took in every detail of his appearance. She saw the patched boots and that shabby coat which Sarah the housemaid felt that she rather demeaned herself by brushing. It looked too small for him, as coats will do when they get shabby; and, to complete the alarming appearance of the man, he had no hat, but only a little travelling-cap surmounting the redundancy of hair, mustache, and beard, which were enough of themselves to strike any nervous woman with terror. "Oh, I beg your pardon," cried poor Miss Dora, hysterically; "I wanted to see Mr Wentworth:" and she stood, trembling and panting for breath, holding by the wall, not quite sure that this apparition could be appeased by any amount of apologies. It was a great comfort to her when the monster took off its cap, and when she perceived, by the undulations of the beard, something like a smile upon its hidden lips. "I believe Mr Wentworth is at church," said the new lodger: "may I have the pleasure of seeing you safely across to St Roque's?" At which speech Miss Dora trembled more and more, and said faintly, "No, thank you"—for who could tell what the man's intentions might be? The result was, however, that he only took off his cap again, and went off like any other human creature in the other direction, and that slowly. With tremulous steps Miss Dora pursued her way to her nephew's pretty church. She could not have described, as she herself said, what a relief it was to her, after all this, to take Frank's arm, as she met him at the door of St Roque's. He was coming out, and the young lady with the grey cloak had been one of the congregation; and, to tell the truth, Miss Dora was an unwelcome addition just then to the party. Lucy's coming had been accidental, and it was very sweet to Mr Wentworth to be able to conclude that he was obliged to walk home with her. They were both coming out from their evening devotions into the tranquil spring twilight, very glad of the charmed quiet, and happy somehow to find themselves alone together. That had happened but seldom of late; and a certain expectation of something that might happen hovered over the heads of Lucy and the Curate. It did not matter that he dared not say to her what was in his heart. Mr Wentworth was only a young man after all, and the thrill of a possible revelation was upon him in that half-hour upon which he was entering with so profound a sense of happiness. And then it was an accidental meeting, and if anything did happen, they could not blame themselves as if they had sought this opportunity of being together. The circumstances were such that they might call it providential, if anything came of it. But just as the two had made their first step out of the church, where the organ was still murmuring low in the darkness, and where the music of the last Amen, in which he had recognised Lucy's voice, had not quite died from the Curate's ears, to meet Miss Dora, pale and fluttered, full of news and distress, with no other thought in her mind but to appropriate her dear Frank, and take his arm and gain his ear! It was very hard upon the Perpetual Curate. As for Lucy, she, of course, did not say anything, but merely arranged her veil and greeted Miss Wentworth sweetly. Lucy walked on the other side of the Curate, saying little as Miss Dora's eager shower of questions and remarks ran on. Perhaps she had a

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little insight into Mr Wentworth's feelings, and no doubt it was rather tantalising. When they came to Mrs Hadwin's door, the young Anglican made a spasmodic effort, which in his heart he felt to be unprincipled, and which, had it been successful, would have totally taken away the accidental and unpremeditated character of this walk with Lucy, which he could not find it in his heart to relinquish. He proposed that his aunt should go in and rest while he saw Miss Wodehouse safely home—he was sure she was tired, he said eagerly. "No, my dear, not at all," said Miss Dora; "it is such a pleasant evening, and I know Miss Wodehouse's is not very far off. I should like the walk, and, besides, it is too late, you know, to see Mrs Hadwin, and I should not like to go in without calling on her; and besides——"

Mr Wentworth in his aggravation gave a momentary sudden glance at Lucy when she had no expectation of it. That glance of disappointment — of disgust — of love and longing, was no more intentional than their meeting; could he help it, if it revealed that heart which was in such a state of commotion and impatience? Anyhow, the look gave Lucy sufficient occupation to keep her very quiet on the other side while Miss Dora maundered on.

"I met the strangest man coming out when I was going to ring your bell. You will think it very foolish, Frank, but he frightened me," she said. "A man with a terrible beard, and a — a shabby man, my dear. Who could it be? Not a person to be seen coming out of a house where a clergyman lives. He could not be any friend of yours?"

"The other lodger, I suppose," said the Curate, briefly. "When are you going away?"

"Oh, my dear boy, we are not going away; I came to tell you. But, Frank, you don't mean to say that such a man as that lodges in Mrs Hadwin's house? I don't think it is safe for you—I don't think it is respectable. People might think he was a friend of yours. I wonder if Miss Wodehouse has ever seen him — a great man with a beard? To be sure, a man might have a beard and yet be respectable; but I am sure, if Miss Wodehouse saw him, she would agree with me in thinking—— Frank, my dear boy, what is the matter? Have I said anything wrong?"

"Nothing that I know of," said the Curate, who had given her hand a little angry pressure to stop the stream of utterance—"only that I am not interested in the other lodger. Tell me about your going away."

"But I must appeal to Miss Wodehouse: it is for your own sake, my dear Frank," said aunt Dora—"a clergyman should be so careful. I don't know what your aunt Leonora would say. Don't you think to see a man like that coming out of Mr Wentworth's house is not as it should be? I assure you he frightened me."

"I don't think I have seen him," said Lucy. "But shouldn't a clergyman's house be like the church, open to good and bad?—for it is to the wicked and the miserable you are sent," said the Sister of Mercy, lowering her voice and glancing up at the Perpetual Curate. They could have clasped each other's hands at the moment, almost without being aware that it was any personal feeling which made their agreement of sentiment so sweet. As for Miss Dora, she went on leaning on her nephew's arm, totally unconscious of the suppressed rapture and elevation in which the two were moving at the other side.

"That is very true. I am sure your aunt Leonora would approve of that, dear," said Miss Dora, with a little answering pressure on her nephew's arm—"but still I have a feeling that a clergyman should always take care to be respectable.

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Not that he should neglect the wicked," continued the poor aunt, apologetically, "for a poor sinner turning from the evil of his ways is the—the most interesting—sight in the world, even to the angels, you know; but to *live* with them in the same house, my dear—I am sure that is what I never could advise, nor Leonora either; and Mrs Hadwin ought to know better, and have him away. Don't you know who he is, Frank? I could not be content without finding out, if it was me."

"I have nothing to do with him," said the Curate, hurriedly: "it is a subject I don't want to discuss. Never mind him. What do you mean by saying you are not going away?"

"My dear, Leonora has been thinking it all over," said Miss Dora, "and we are so anxious about you. Leonora is very fond of you, though she does not show it; and you know the Meritons have just come home from India, and have not a house to go to. So you see we thought, as you are not quite so comfortable as we could wish to see you, Frank—and perhaps we might be of some use—and Mr Shirley is better again, and no immediate settlement has to be made about Skelmersdale;—and on the whole, if Leonora and you were to see more of each other—oh, my dear boy, don't be so hasty; it was all her own doing—it was not my fault."

"Fault! I am sorry to be the occasion of so many arrangements," said Mr Wentworth, with his stiff manner; "but, of course, if you like to stay in Carlingford I shall be very happy—though there is not much preaching here that will suit my aunt Leonora: as for Mr Shirley, I hope he'll live for ever. I was at No. 10 to-day," continued the Curate, turning his head to the other side, and changing his tone in a manner marvellous to Miss Dora. "I don't think she can live much longer. You have done a great deal to smooth her way in this last stage. Poor soul! she thinks she has been a great sinner," said the young man, with a kind of wondering pity. He had a great deal to vex him in his own person, and he knew of some skeletons very near at hand, but somehow at that moment it was hard to think of the extremities of mortal trouble, of death and anguish—those dark deeps of life by which Lucy and he sometimes stood together in their youth and happiness. A marvelling remorseful pity came to his heart. He could not believe in misery, with Lucy walking softly in the spring twilight by his side.

"But, Frank, you are not taking any notice of what I say," said Miss Dora, with something like a suppressed sob. "I don't doubt your sick people are very important, but I thought you would take *some* interest. I came down to tell you, all the way by myself."

"My sister would like to call on you, Miss Wentworth," said Lucy, interposing. "Gentlemen never understand what one says. Perhaps we could be of some use to you if you are going to settle in Carlingford. I think she has been a great deal better since she confessed," continued the charitable Sister, looking up to the Curate, and, like him, dropping her voice. "The absolution was such a comfort. Now she seems to feel as if she could die. And she has so little to live for!" said Lucy, with a sigh of sympathetic feeling, remorseful too. Somehow it seemed cruel to feel so young, so hopeful, so capable of happiness, with such desolation close at hand.

"Not even duty," said the Curate; "and to think that the Church should hesitate to remove the last barriers out of the way! I would not be a priest if I were debarred from the power of delivering such a poor soul."

"Oh, Frank," said Miss Dora, with a long breath of fright and horror, "*what* are you saying? Oh,

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my dear, don't say it over again, I don't want to hear it! I hope when we are dying we shall all feel what great great sinners we are," said the poor lady, who, between vexation and mortification, was ready to cry, "and not think that one is better than another. Oh, my dear, there is that man again! Do you think it is safe to meet him in such a lonely road? If he comes across and speaks to me any more I shall faint," cried poor Miss Dora, whose opinions were not quite in accordance with her feelings. Mr Wentworth did not say anything to soothe her, but with his unoccupied hand he made an involuntary movement towards Lucy's cloak, and plucked at it to bring her nearer, as the bearded stranger loomed dimly past, looking at the group. Lucy felt the touch, and wondered and looked up at him in the darkness. She could not comprehend the Curate's face.

"Are *you* afraid of him?" she said, with a slight smile; "if it is only his beard I am not alarmed; and here is papa coming to meet me. I thought you would have come for me sooner, papa. Has anything happened?" said Lucy, taking Mr Wodehouse's arm, who had suddenly appeared from underneath the lamp, still unlighted, at Dr Marjoribanks's door. She clung to her father with unusual eagerness, willing enough to escape from the darkness and the Curate's side, and all the tremulous sensations of the hour.

"What could happen?" said Mr Wodehouse, who still looked "limp" from his recent illness, "though I hear there's doubtful people about; so they tell me—but you ought to know best, Wentworth. Who is that fellow in the beard that went by on the other side? Not little Lake the drawing-master. Fancied I had seen the build of the man before—eh?—a stranger? Well, it's a mistake, perhaps. Can't be sure of anything nowadays;—memory failing. Well, that's what the doctor says. Come in and rest, and see Molly; as for me, I'm not good for much, but you won't get better company than the girls, or else that's what folks tell me. Who did you say that fellow was?" said the churchwarden, leaning across his daughter to see Mr Wentworth's face.

"I don't know anything about him," said the Curate of St Roque's.

And curiously enough silence fell upon the little party, nobody could tell how;—for two minutes, which looked like twenty, no one spoke. Then Lucy roused herself apparently with a little effort. "We seem to talk of nothing but the man with the beard to-night," she said. "Mary knows everything that goes on in Carlingford—she will tell us about him; and if Miss Wentworth thinks it too late to come in, we will say good-night," she continued, with a little decision of tone, which was not incomprehensible to the Perpetual Curate. Perhaps she was a little provoked and troubled in her own person. To say so much in looks and so little in words, was a mode of procedure which puzzled Lucy. It fretted her, because it looked unworthy of her hero. She withdrew within the green door, holding her father's arm fast, and talking to him, while Mr Wentworth strained his ears after the voice, which he thought he could have singled out from a thousand voices. Perhaps Lucy talked to drown her thoughts; and the Curate went away dumb and abstracted, with his aunt leaning on his arm on the other side of the wall. He could not be interested, as Miss Dora expected him to be, in the Miss Wentworths' plans. He conducted her to the Blue Boar languidly, with an evident indifference to the fact that his aunt Leonora was about to become a permanent resident in Carlingford. He said "Good-night" kindly to little Rosa Elsworthy, looking out with bright eyes into the darkness at the door of her uncle's shop; but he said little to Miss

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Dora, who could not tell what to make of him, and swallowed her tears as quietly as possible under her veil. When he had deposited his aunt safely at the inn, the Perpetual Curate hastened down Grange Lane at a great pace. The first sound he heard on entering Mrs Hadwin's garden was the clear notes of the stranger's whistle among the trees; and with an impatient exclamation Mr Wentworth sought his fellow-lodger, who was smoking as usual, pacing up and down a shaded walk, where, even in daylight, he was pretty well concealed from observation. The Curate looked as if he had a little discontent and repugnance to get over before he could address the anonymous individual who whistled so cheerily under the trees. When he did speak it was an embarrassed and not very intelligible call.

"I say—are you there? I want to speak to you," said Mr Wentworth.

"Yes," said the stranger, turning sharply round. "I am here, a dog without a name. What have you got to say?"

"Only that you must be more careful," said Mr Wentworth again, with a little stiffness. "You will be recognised if you don't mind. I have just been asked who you were by—somebody who thought he had seen you before."

"By whom?"

"Well, by Mr Wodehouse," said the Curate. "I may as well tell you; if you mean to keep up this concealment you must take care."

"By Jove!" said the stranger, and then he whistled a few bars of the air which Mr Wentworth's arrival had interrupted. "What is a fellow to do?" he said, after that interjection. "I sometimes think I had better risk it all—eh! don't you think so? I can't shut myself up for ever here."

"That must be as you think best," said the Perpetual Curate, in whom there appeared no movement of sympathy; and he said no more, though the doubtful individual by his side lifted an undecided look to his face, and once more murmured in perplexed tones a troubled exclamation: "A man must have a little amusement somehow," the stranger said, with an aggrieved voice; and then abruptly left his unsociable companion, and went off to his room, where he summoned Sarah to bring lights, and tried to talk to her a little in utter dearth of society. Mr Wentworth stayed behind, pacing up and down the darkening walk. The Curate's thoughts were far from satisfactory. There was not much comfort anywhere, let him look where he pleased. When a man has no spot in all his horizon on which his eye can rest with comfort, there is something more discouraging in the prospect than a positive calamity. He could not take refuge even in the imaginations of his love, for it was clear enough that already a sentiment of surprise had risen in Lucy's mind, and her tranquillity was shaken. And perhaps he had done rashly to plunge into other people's troubles—he upon whom a curious committee of aunts were now to sit *en permanence*. He went in to write his sermon far from being so assured of things in general as that discourse was when it was written, though it was a little relief to his mind to fall back upon an authority somewhere, and to refer, in terms which were perhaps too absolute to be altogether free of doubt, to the Church, which had arranged everything for her children in one department of their concerns at least. If it were only as easy to know what ought to be done in one's personal affairs as to decide what was the due state of mind expected by the Church on the second Sunday after Easter! But being under that guidance, at least he could not go wrong in his sermon, which was one point of ease amid the many tribulations of the Curate of St Roque's.

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CHAPTER IX.

"If they are going to stay in Carlingford, perhaps we could be of use to them? Yes, Lucy; and I am sure anything we could do for Mr Wentworth ——" said Miss Wodehouse. "I wonder what house they will get. I am going to Elsworthy's about some paper, and we can ask him if he knows where they are going. That poor little Rosa should have some one to take care of her. I often wonder whether it would be kind to speak to Mrs Elsworthy about it, Lucy; she is a sensible woman. The little thing stands at the door in the evening, and talks to people who are passing, and I am afraid there are some people who are unprincipled, and tell her she is pretty, and say things to her," said Miss Wodehouse, shaking her head; "it is a great pity. Even Mr Wentworth is a great deal more civil to that little thing than he would be if she had not such a pretty face."

"I said you knew everything that went on in Carlingford," said Lucy, as they went out together from the green door, not in their grey cloaks this time; "but I forgot to ask you about one thing that puzzled us last night—who is the man in the beard who lives at Mrs Hadwin's? Mr Wentworth will not tell anybody about him, and I think he knows."

"Who is the man in the beard?" said Miss Wodehouse, with a gasp. She grew very pale, and turned away her head and shivered visibly. "How very cold it is!" she said, with her teeth chattering; "did you know it was so cold? I—I don't know any men with beards; and it is so strange of you to say I know everything that goes on in Carlingford. Don't stop to speak to the little girl just now. Did you say she came from Prickett's Lane? No. 10? It is very right to go to see the sick, but, indeed, I don't approve of your attendance upon that poor woman, Lucy. When I was a girl I dared not have gone away by myself as you do, and she might not be a proper person. There is a carriage that I don't know standing before Elsworthy's shop."

"But you have not told me yet about the man with the beard," said Lucy, whose curiosity was excited. She looked at her sister keenly with an investigating look, and poor Miss Wodehouse was fain to draw her shawl close round her, and complain again of the cold.

"I told you I did not know," she said, with a complaining tone in her voice. "It is strange you should think I knew; it looks as if you thought me a gossip, Lucy. I wonder who these people can be coming out of the carriage? My dear," said the elder sister, bethinking herself that an attack upon the enemy's country was the best means of meeting any sally—"I don't think you should go down to Prickett's Lane just now. I saw Mr Wentworth pass a little while ago, and people might say you went to meet each other. I can't keep people from talking, Lucy, and you are both so young; and you know I spoke to you before about your meeting so often. It will be a great deal better for you to come with me to call on his aunts."

"Only that my poor patient wants me," said Lucy. "Must I not do my duty to a poor woman who is dying, because Mr Wentworth is in Prickett's Lane? There is no reason why I should be afraid of meeting Mr Wentworth," said the young district-visitor, severely; and the elder sister saw that Lucy spoke in a different tone from that in which she had answered her before. She did not extinguish Miss Wodehouse by a reference to the great work. She treated the mat-

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ter more as a personal one to-day; and a shadow—a very ghost of irritation—was in Lucy's voice. The two crossed the street silently after that to Elsworthy's, where a group of ladies were visible, who had come out of the strange carriage. One of them was seated in a chair by the counter, another was reading a list which Mr Elsworthy had just presented to her, and the third, who was not so tall as her sister, was pressing up to it on tiptoe, trying to read it too. "That is Miss Dora Wentworth," said Lucy, "and the other, I suppose, is Miss Leonora, who is so very Low-Church. I think I can see the Miss Hemmings coming down George Street. If I were to go in I should be in a dreadful minority; but you are Low-Church in your heart too."

"No, dear; only reasonable," said Miss Wodehouse, apologetically. "I don't go so far as you and Mr Wentworth do, but I like the service to be nicely done, and the—the authority of the Church respected too. As I have never met Miss Wentworth, you had better come in and introduce me. There is Rosa looking out of the front window, Lucy. I really must speak to Mrs Elsworthy about that child. What a lovely old lady that is sitting by the counter! Say I am your sister, and then, if you are resolved upon Prickett's Lane, you can go away."

"They are the two who wear the grey cloaks," said Miss Leonora Wentworth to herself, as the introduction was effected. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Wodehouse. We are going to stay in Carlingford for a time, and to know a few pious families will be a great advantage. We don't go much into society, in the usual sense of the word—but, I am sure, to make the acquaintance of ladies who help my nephew so much in his work, is sure to be an advantage. I should like so much to hear from you how he gets on, for he does not say a great deal about it himself."

"He is so good and so nice," said kind Miss Wodehouse, "he never makes a fuss about anything he does. I am sure, to see such young creatures so pious and so devoted, always goes to my heart. When we were young it used to be so different—we took our own pleasure, and never thought of our fellow-creatures. And the young people are so good nowadays," said the gentle woman, falling instinctively into her favourite sentiment. Miss Leonora looked at her with critical eyes.

"We are none of us good," said that iron-grey woman, whose neutral tints were so different from the soft dove-colour of her new acquaintance; "it does not become such sinful creatures to talk of anybody being good. Good works may only be beautiful sins, if they are not done in a true spirit," said Miss Leonora, turning to her list of furnished houses with a little contempt. But the Miss Hemmings had come in while she was speaking, and it was seldom that such edifying talk was heard in Carlingford.

"That is such a beautiful sentiment—oh, if we only bore it always in mind!" murmured the eldest Miss Hemmings. "Mr Elsworthy, I hope you have got the tracts I ordered. They are so much wanted here. Poor dear Mr Bury would not believe his eyes if he could see Carlingford now, given up to Puseyism and Ritualism—but good men are taken away from the evil to come. I will pay for them now, please."

"If you wish it, ma'am," said Mr Elsworthy. "The town *is* changed; I don't say nothing different; but being in the ritual line as you say, you won't find no church as it's better done than in St Roque's. Mr Wentworth never spares no pains, ma'am, on anything as he takes up. I've heard a deal of clergymen in my day, but *his* reading is beautiful; I can't say as I ever heard reading as could equal it;—and them choristers,

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though they're hawful to manage, is trained as I never see boys trained in *my* life afore. There's one of them houses, ma'am," continued the optimist, turning to Miss Wentworth, "as is a beauty. Miss Wodehouse can tell you what it is; no lady in the land could desire a handsomer drawin'-room; and as for the kitchings,—I don't pretend to be a judge up-stairs, but being brought up a blacksmith, I know what's what in a kitching-range. If you had all Grange Lane to dinner, there's a range as is equal to it," said Mr Elsworthy with enthusiasm—"and my wife will show you the 'ouse."

"I knew Mr Bury," said Miss Leonora; "he was a precious man. Perhaps you have heard him mention the Miss Wentworths? I am very sorry to hear that there is no real work going on in the town. It is very sad that there should be nobody able to enter into the labours of such a saint."

"Indeed," said Miss Wodehouse, who was excited, in spite of herself, by this conversation, "I think the Carlingford people go quite as much to church as in Mr Bury's days. I don't think there is less religion than there used to be: there are not so many prayer meetings, perhaps; but——"

"There is nothing the carnal mind dislikes so much as prayer meetings," said Miss Hemmings. "There is a house in Grove Street, if Miss Wentworth is looking for a house. I don't know much about the kitchen-range, but I know it belongs to a very pious family, and they wish so much to let it. My sister and I would be so glad to take you there. It is not in the gay world, like Grange Lane."

"But you might want to ask people to dinner; and then we should be so near Frank," said Miss Dora, whispering at her sister's elbow. As for the second Miss Hemmings, she was dull of comprehension, and did not quite make out who the strangers were.

"It is so sad to a feeling mind to see the mummeries that go on at St Roque's," said this obtuse sister; "and I am afraid poor Mr Wentworth must be in a bad way. They say there is the strangest man in his house—some relation of his—and he daren't be seen in the daylight; and people begin to think there must be something wrong, and that Mr Wentworth himself is involved; but what can you expect when there is no true Christian principle?" asked Miss Hemmings, triumphantly. It was a dreadful moment for the bystanders; for Miss Leonora turned round upon this new intelligence with keen eyes and attention; and Miss Dora interposed, weeping; and Miss Wodehouse grew so pale, that Mr Elsworthy rushed for cold water, and thought she was going to faint. "Tell me all about this," said Miss Leonora, with peremptory and commanding tones. "Oh, Leonora, I am sure my dear Frank has nothing to do with it, if there is anything wrong," cried Miss Dora. Even Miss Wentworth herself was moved out of her habitual smile. She said, "He is my nephew"—an observation which she had never been heard to make before, and which covered the second Miss Hemmings with confusion. As for Miss Wodehouse, she retreated very fast to a seat behind Miss Cecilia, and said nothing. The two who had arrived last slunk back upon each other with fiery glances of mutual reproach. The former three stood together in this emergency, full of curiosity, and perhaps a little anxiety. In this position of affairs, Mr Elsworthy, being the only impartial person present, took the management of matters into his own hands.

"Miss Hemmings and ladies, if you'll allow *me*," said Mr Elsworthy, "it ain't no more than a mistake. The new gentleman as is staying at Mrs Hadwin's may be an unfortunate gentleman for anything as I can tell; but he ain't no relation of our clergyman. There

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ain't nobody belonging to Mr Wentworth," said the clerk of St Roque's, "but is a credit both to him and to Carlingford. There's his brother, the Rev. Mr Wentworth, as is the finest-spoken man, to be a clergyman, as I ever set eyes on; and there's respected ladies, as needn't be named more particular. But the gentleman as is the subject of conversation, is no more like Mr Wentworth, than—asking pardon for the liberty—I am. I may say as I have opportunities for knowing more than most," said Mr Elsworthy, modestly, "me and Rosa; for if there's a thing Mr Wentworth is particular about, it's having his papers the first moment; and ladies as knows me, knows as I am one that never says more nor the truth. Not saying a word against the gentleman, as is a most respectable gentleman for anything I can tell against him, he ain't no connection of Mr Wentworth. He's Mrs Hadwin's lodger; and I wouldn't say as he isn't a relation there; but our clergyman has got no more to do with him than the babe unborn."

Mr Elsworthy wiped his forehead after he had made this speech, and looked round for the approbation which he was aware he had deserved; and Miss Leonora Wentworth threw a glance of disdainful observation upon the unhappy lady who had caused this disturbance. "If your wife will come with us, we will go and look at the house," she said, graciously. "I daresay if it is in Grange Lane it will suit us very well. My nephew is a very young man, Miss Wodehouse," said Miss Leonora, who had not passed over the agitation of that gentle woman without some secret comments; "he does not take advice in his work, though it might be of great assistance to him; but I hope he'll grow older and wiser, as indeed he cannot help doing if he lives. I hope you and your pretty sister will come to see us when we're settled;—I don't see any sense, you know, in your grey cloaks—I'm old, and you won't mind me saying so; but I know what Frank Wentworth is," said the indignant aunt, making a severe curtsy, accompanied by lightning glances at the shrinking background of female figures, as she went out of the shop.

"Oh, Leonora! I always said you were fond of him though you never would show it," cried poor Miss Dora. "She is a great deal more affectionate than she will let anybody believe; and my dear Frank means nothing but good," cried the too zealous champion. Miss Leonora turned back upon the threshold of the shop.

"You will please to let me know what Dissenting chapels there are in the town, and what are the hours of the services," she said. "There must surely be a Bethesda, or Zion, or something—Salem? yes, to be sure;—perhaps there's somebody there that preaches the gospel. Send me word," said the peremptory woman; and poor Miss Dora relapsed into her usual melancholy condition, and stole into the carriage in a broken-hearted manner, weeping under her veil.

After which Miss Wodehouse went home, not having much heart for further visits. That is to say, she went all the way down Grange Lane, somewhat tremulous and uncertain in her steps, and went as far as Mrs Hadwin's, and hesitated at the door as if she meant to call there; but, thinking better of it, went on a little farther with very lingering steps, as if she did not know what she wanted. When she came back again, the door of Mrs Hadwin's garden was open, and the butcher's boy stood blocking up the way, listening with all his ears to the notes of the whistle, soft and high and clear like the notes of a bird, which came audibly from among the trees. Miss Wodehouse gave a little start when she heard it; again she hesitated and looked in with such a wistful face, that Sarah, the house-

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maid, who had been about to slam the door hastily upon the too tender butcher, involuntarily held it wide open for the expected visitor. "No, not to-day, thank you," said Miss Wodehouse. "I hope your mistress is quite well; give her my love, and say I meant to come in, but I have a bad headache. No, thank you, not to-day." She went away after that with a wonderful expression of face, and reached home long before Lucy had come back from Prickett's Lane. Miss Wodehouse was not good for much in the house. She went to the little boudoir upstairs, and lay down on the sofa, and had some tea brought her by an anxious maid. She was very nervous, trembling she could not say why, and took up a novel which was lying on the sofa, and read the most affecting scene, and cried over it; and then her sweet old face cleared, and she felt better. When Lucy came in she kissed her sister, and drew down the blinds, and brought her the third volume, and then went away herself to arrange the dessert, and see that everything was in order for one of Mr Wodehouse's little parties. These were their respective parts in the house; and surely a more peaceful, and orderly, and affectionate house, was not to be found that spring evening, either in England or Grange Lane.

CHAPTER X.

It may be easily supposed after this that Mr Wentworth and his proceedings were sufficiently overlooked and commented upon in Carlingford. The Miss Wentworths took old Major Brown's house for six months, which, as everybody knows, is next door to Dr Marjoribanks. It was just after Letty Brown's marriage, and the poor old Major was very glad to go away and pay a round of visits, and try to forget that his last daughter had gone the way of all the rest. There was a summer-house built in the corner of the garden, with a window in the outer wall looking on to Grange Lane, from which everything that happened could be inspected; and there was always somebody at that window when the Perpetual Curate passed by. Then he began to have a strange painful feeling that Lucy watched too, and was observing all his looks and ways, and what he did and said in these changed times. It was a strange difference from the sweet half-conscious bond between them which existed of old, when they walked home together from Wharfside, talking of the district and the people, in the tender union of unspoken love and fellowship. Not that they were altogether parted now; but Lucy contrived to leave the schoolroom most days before the young priest could manage to disrobe himself, and was seldom to be seen on the road lingering on her errands of kindness as she used to do. But still she knew all he was about, and watched, standing in doubt and wonder of him, which was at least a great deal better than indifference. On the whole, however, it was a cloudy world through which the Perpetual Curate passed as he went from his lodgings, where the whistle of the new lodger had become a great nuisance to him, past the long range of garden walls, the sentinel window where Miss Dora looked out watching for him, and Mr Wodehouse's green door which he no longer entered every day. Over the young man's mind, as he went out to his labours, there used to come that sensation of having nobody to fall back upon, which is of all feelings the most desolate. Amid all those people who were watching him, there was no one upon whom he could rest, secure of understanding and sympathy. They were all

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critical—examining, with more or less comprehension, what he did; and he could not think of anybody in the world just then who would be content with knowing that *he* did it, and take that as a warranty for the act, unless, perhaps, his poor aunt Dora, whose opinion was not important to the young man. It was not a pleasant state of mind into which these feelings threw him; and the natural result was, that he grew more and more careful about the rubric, and confined his sermons, with increasing precision, to the beautiful arrangements of the Church. They were very clever little sermons, even within these limitations, and an indifferent spectator would probably have been surprised to find how much he could make out of them; but still it is undeniable that a man has less scope, not only for oratory, but for all that is worthy of regard in human speech, when, instead of the everlasting reciprocations between heaven and earth, he occupies himself only with a set of ecclesiastical arrrangments, however perfect. The people who went to St Roque's found this out, and so did Mr Wentworth; but it did not alter the system pursued by the troubled Curate. Perhaps he gave himself some half-conscious credit for it, as being against his own interests; for there was no mistaking the countenance of Miss Leonora, when now and then, on rare occasions, she came to hear her nephew preach.

All this, however, was confined to St Roque's, where there was a somewhat select audience, people who agreed in Mr Wentworth's views; but things were entirely different at Wharfside, where the Perpetual Curate was not thinking about himself, but simply about his work, and how to do it best. The bargemen and their wives did not know much about the Christian Year; but they understood the greater matters which lay beneath: and the women said to each other, sometimes with tears in their eyes, that there was nothing that the clergyman didn't make plain; and that if the men didn't do what was right, it was none o' Mr Wentworth's fault. The young priest indemnified himself in "the district" for much that vexed him elsewhere. There was no question of Skelmersdale, or of any moot point there, but only a quantity of primitive people under the original conditions of humanity, whose lives might be amended, and consoled, and elevated. That was a matter about which Mr Wentworth had no doubt. He put on his surplice with the conviction that in that white ephod the truest embodiment of Christian purity was brought within sight of the darkened world. He was not himself, but a Christian priest, with power to deliver and to bless, when he went to Wharfside.

Easter had been early that year, and Ascension Day was in the beginning of May, one of those sweet days of early summer which still occur now and then to prove that the poets were right in all they say of the tenderest month of the year. Mr Wentworth had done duty at St Roque's, and afterwards at Wharfside. The sweet day and the sweet season had moved his heart. He was young, and it was hard to live shut up within himself without any sympathy either from man or woman. He had watched the grey cloak gliding out as his rude congregation dispersed, and went away quicker than was his wont, with a stronger longing than usual to overtake Lucy, and recover his place beside her. But she was not to be seen when he got into Prickett's Lane. He looked up the weary length of the street, and saw nothing but the children playing on the pavement, and some slovenly mothers at the doors. It was a very disenchanting prospect. He went on again in a kind of gloomy discontent, displeased with everything. What was the good of it all? he said to himself—weariness, and toil, and trouble, and nothing

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ever to come of it. As for the little good he was doing in Wharfside, God did not need his poor exertions; and, to tell the truth, going on at St Roque's, however perfect the rubric and pretty the church, was, without any personal stimulant of happiness, no great prospect for the Perpetual Curate. Such was the tenor of his thoughts, when he saw a black figure suddenly emerge out of one of the houses, and stand at the door, throwing a long shadow over the pavement. It was the Rector who was standing there in Mr Wentworth's favourite district, talking to a shopkeeper who had always been on the opposition side. The young Anglican raised his drooping head instantly, and recovered his interest in the general world.

"Glad to see you, Mr Wentworth," said the Rector. "I have been speaking to this worthy man about the necessities of the district. The statistics are far from being satisfactory. Five thousand souls, and no provision for their spiritual wants; it is a very sad state of affairs. I mean to take steps immediately to remedy all that."

"A bit of a Methody chapel, that's all," said the opposition shopkeeper; "and the schoolroom, as Mr Wentworth——"

"Yes, I have heard of that," said the Rector, blandly; — somebody had advised Mr Morgan to change his tactics, and this was the first evidence of the new policy—"I hear you have been doing what little you could to mend matters. It is very laudable zeal in so young a man. But, of course, as you were without authority, and had so little in your power, it could only be a very temporary expedient. I am very much obliged to you for your good intentions."

"I beg your pardon," said the Perpetual Curate, rousing up as at the sound of the trumpet, "I don't care in the least about my good intentions; but you have been much deceived if you have not understood that there is a great work going on in Wharfside. I hope, Saunders, you have had no hand in deceiving Mr Morgan. I shall be glad to show you my statistics, which are more satisfactory than the town lists," said Mr Wentworth. "The schoolroom is consecrated; and but that I thought we had better work slowly and steadily, there is many a district in worse condition which has its church and its incumbent. I shall be very happy to give you all possible information; it is best to go to the fountainhead."

"The fountainhead!" said the Rector, who began not unnaturally to lose his temper. "Are you aware, sir, that Wharfside is in my parish?"

"And so is St Roque's, I suppose," said the Curate, affably. "I have no district, but I have my cure of souls all the same. As for Wharfside, the Rector of Carlingford never has had anything to do with it. Mr Bury and Mr Proctor made it over to me. I act upon their authority; but I should like to prove to you it is something more than a temporary expedient," said the young Anglican, with a smile. Mr Morgan was gradually getting very hot and flushed. His temper got the better of him; he could not tolerate to be thus bearded on his own ground.

"It appears to me the most extraordinary assumption," said the Rector. "I can't fancy that you are ignorant of the law. I repeat, Wharfside is in my parish; and on what ground you can possibly justify such an incredible intrusion——"

"Perhaps we might find a fitter place to discuss the matter," said the Curate, with great suavity. "If you care to go to the schoolroom, we could be quiet there."

"No, sir. I don't care to go to the schoolroom. I decline to have anything to do with such an unwarrantable attempt to interfere with my rights," said Mr Morgan. "I don't want to know what plausible arguments you may have to justify yourself. The fact remains, sir,

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that Wharfside is in my parish. If you have anything to say against that, I will listen to you," said the irascible Rector. His Welsh blood were up; he even raised his voice a little, with a kind of half-feminine excitement, common to the Celtic race; and the consequence was that Mr Wentworth, who stood perfectly calm to receive the storm, had all the advantage in the world over Mr Morgan. The Perpetual Curate bowed with immovable composure, and felt himself master of the field.

"In that case, it will perhaps be better not to say anything," he said; "but I think you will find difficulties in the way. Wharfside has some curious privileges, and pays no rates; but I have never taken up that ground. The two previous rectors made it over to me, and the work is too important to be ignored. I have had thoughts of applying to have it made into an ecclesiastical district," said the Curate, with candour, "not thinking that the Rector of Carlingford, with so much to occupy him, would care to interfere with my labours; but, at all events, to begin another mission here would be folly—it would be copying the tactics of the Dissenters, if you will forgive me for saying so," said Mr Wentworth, looking calmly in the Rector's face.

It was all Mr Morgan could do to restrain himself. "I am not in the habit of being schooled by my —juniors," said the Rector, with suppressed fury. He meant to say inferiors, but the aspect of the Perpetual Curate checked him. Then the two stood gazing at each other for a minute in silence. "Anything further you may have to say, you will perhaps communicate to my solicitor," said the elder priest. "It is well known that some gentlemen of your views, Mr Wentworth, think it safe to do evil that good may come;—that is not my opinion; and I don't mean to permit any invasion of my rights. I have the pleasure of wishing you good-morning."

Mr Morgan took off his hat, and gave it a little angry flourish in the air before he put it on again. He had challenged his young brother to the only duel permitted by their cloth, and he turned to the opposition tradesman with vehemence, and went in again to the dusty little shop, where a humble assortment of groceries was displayed for the consumption of Prickett's Lane. Mr Wentworth remained standing outside in much amazement, not to say amusement, and a general sense of awakening and recovery. Next to happiness, perhaps enmity is the most healthful stimulant of the human mind. The Perpetual Curate woke up and realised his position with a sense of exhilaration, if the truth must be told. He muttered something to himself, uncomplimentary to Mr Morgan's good sense, as he turned away; but it was astonishing to find how much more lively and interesting Prickett's Lane had become since that encounter. He went along cheerily, saying a word now and then to the people at the doors, every one of whom knew and recognised him, and acknowledged, in a lesser or greater degree, the sway of his bishopric. The groups he addressed made remarks after he had passed, which showed their sense of the improvement in his looks. "He's more like himsel' than he's been sin' Easter," said one woman, "and none o' that crossed look, as if things had gone contrairy; —Lord bless you, not cross—he's a deal too good a man for that—but crossed-looking; it might be crossed in love for what I can tell." "Them as is handsome like that seldom gets crossed in love," said another experienced observer; "but if it was fortin, or whatever it was, there's ne'er a one in Wharfside but wishes luck to the parson. It ain't much matter for us women. Them as won't strive to keep their children decent out o' their own heads, they won't do much for a clergyman; but, bless you, he can do a deal with the men, and it's them as wants

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looking after." "I'd like to go to his wedding," said another. "I'd give a deal to hear it was all settled;" and amid these affectionate comments, Mr Wentworth issued out of Prickett's Lane. He went direct to Mr Wodehouse's green door, without making any excuses to himself. For the first time for some weeks he went in upon the sisters and told them all that had happened as of old. Lucy was still in her grey cloak as she had returned from the district, and it was with a feeling more distinct than sympathy that she heard of this threatened attack. "It is terrible to think that he could interfere with such a work out of jealousy of *us*," said the Sister of Charity, with a wonderful light in her blue eyes; and she drew her low chair nearer, and listened with eloquent looks, which were balm to the soul of the Perpetual Curate. "But we are not to give up?" she said, giving him her hand, when he rose to go away. "Never!" said Mr Wentworth; and if he held it more closely and longer than there was any particular occasion for, Lucy did not make any objection at that special moment. Then it turned out that he had business at the other end of the town, at the north end, where some trustee lived who had to do with the Orphan Schools, and whom the Curate was obliged to see; and Miss Wodehouse gave him a timid invitation to come back to dinner. "But you are not to go home to dress; we shall be quite alone—and you must be so tired," said the elder sister, who for some reason or other was shy of Mr Wentworth, and kept away from him whenever he called. So he went in on his way back, and dined in happiness and his morning coat, with a sweet conscious return to the familar intercourse which these few disturbed weeks had interrupted. He was a different man when he went back again down Grange Lane. Once more the darkness was fragrant and musical about him. When he was tired thinking of his affairs, he fell back upon the memories of the evening, and Lucy's looks and the "us" and "we," which were so sweet to his ears. To have somebody behind whom one can fall back upon to fill up the interstices of thought,—*that* makes all the difference, as Mr Wentworth found out, between a bright and a heavy life.

When he opened the garden-door with his key, and went softly in in the darkness, the Perpetual Curate was much surprised to hear voices among the trees. He waited a little, wondering, to see who it was; and profound was his amazement when a minute after little Rosa Elsworthy, hastily tying her hat over her curls, came rapidly along the walk from under the big walnut tree, and essayed, with rather a tremulous hand, to open the door. Mr Wentworth stepped forward suddenly and laid his hand on her arm. He was very angry and indignant, and no longer the benign superior being to whom Rosa was accustomed. "Whom have you been talking to?" said the Curate; "why are you here alone so late? What does this mean?" He held the door close, and looked down upon her severely while he spoke. She made a frightened attempt to defend herself.

"Oh, please, I only came with the papers. I was talking to—Sarah," said the little girl, with a sob of shame and terror. "I will never do it again. Oh, please, *please*, let me go! Please, Mr Wentworth, let me go!"

"How long have you been talking to—Sarah?" said the Curate. "Did you ever do it before? No, Rosa; I am going to take you home. This must not happen any more."

"I will run all the way. Oh, don't tell my aunt, Mr Wentworth. I didn't mean any harm," said the frightened creature. "You are not really coming? Oh, Mr Wentworth, if you tell my aunt I shall die!" cried poor little Rosa. But she was hushed into awe and silence when

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the Curate stalked forth, a grand, half-distinguishable figure by her side, keeping pace with her hasty, tremulous steps. She even stopped crying, in the whirlwind of her feelings. What did he mean? Was he going to say anything to her? Was it possible that he could like her, and be jealous of her talk with —Sarah? Poor little foolish Rosa did not know what to think. She had read a great many novels, and knew that it was quite usual for gentlemen to fall in love with pretty little girls who were not of their own station;—why not with her? So she went on, half running, keeping up with Mr Wentworth, and sometimes stealing sly glances at him to see what intention was in his looks. But his looks were beyond Rosa's reading. He walked by her side, without speaking, and gave a glance up at the window of the summer-house as they passed. And strange enough, that evening of all others, Miss Dora, who had been the victim of some of Miss Leonora's caustic criticisms, had strayed forth, in melancholy mood, to repose herself at her favourite window, and look out at the faint stars, and comfort herself with a feeble repetition of her favourite plea, that it was not "my fault." The poor lady was startled out of her own troubles by the sight of her nephew's tall unmistakable figure; and, as bad luck would have it, Rosa's hat, tied insecurely by her agitated fingers, blew off at the moment, so that Mr Wentworth's aunt became aware, to her inexpressible horror and astonishment, who his companion was. The unhappy Curate divined all the thoughts that would arise in her perturbed bosom, when he saw the indistinct figure at the window, and said something to himself about *espionage*, which was barely civil to Miss Dora, as he hurried along on his charitable errand. He was out of one trouble into another, this unlucky young man. He knocked sharply at Elsworthy's closed door, and gave up his charge without speaking to Rosa. "I brought her home because I thought it wrong to let her go up Grange Lane by herself," said the Curate. "Don't thank me; but if you have any regard for the child, don't send her out at night again." He did not even bid Rosa goodnight, or look back at her, as she stood blushing and sparkling in confused childish beauty, in the doorway; but turned his back like any savage, and hastened home again. Before he entered his own apartments, he knocked at the door of the green room, and said something to the inmate there which produced from that personage a growl of restrained defiance. And after all these fatigues, it was with a sense of relief that the Curate threw himself upon his sofa, to think over the events of the afternoon, and to take a little rest. He was very tired, and the consolation he had experienced during the evening made him more disposed to yield to his fatigue. He threw himself upon the sofa, and stretched out his hand lazily for his letters, which evidently did not excite any special expectations in his mind. There was one from his sister, and one from an old university friend, full of the news of the season. Last of all, there was a neat little note, directed in a neat little hand, which anybody who received it would naturally have left to the last, as Mr Wentworth did. He opened it quite deliberately, without any appearance of interest. But as he read the first lines, the Curate gradually gathered himself up off the sofa, and stretched out his hand for his boots, which he had just taken off; and before he had finished it, had walked across the room and laid hold of the railway book in use at Carlingford, all the time reading and re-reading the important little epistle. It was not so neat inside as out, but blurred and blotted, and slightly illegible; and this is what the letter said:—

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"Oh, Frank dear, I am so anxious and unhappy about Gerald. I can't tell what is the matter with him. Come directly, for heaven's sake, and tell me what you think, and try what you can do. Don't lose a train after you get this, but come directly—oh, come if you ever loved any of us. I don't know what he means, but he says the most awful things; and if he is not *mad*, as I sometimes hope, he has forgotten his duty to his family and to me, which is far worse. I can't explain more; but if there is any chance of anybody doing him good, it is you. I beg you, on my knees, come directly, dear Frank. I never was in such a state in my life. I shall be left so that nobody will be able to tell what I am; and my heart is bursting. Never mind business or anything; but come, come directly, whether it is night or day, to your broken-hearted sister,

"Louisa.

"*P.S.*—In great haste, and *so* anxious to see you."

Half an hour after, Mr Wentworth, with a travelling-bag in his hand, was once more hastening up Grange Lane towards the railway station. His face was somewhat grey, as the lamps shone on it. He did not exactly know what he was anxious about, nor what might have happened at Wentworth Rectory before he could get there; but the express train felt slow to his anxious thoughts as it flashed out of the station. Mr Morgan and his wife were in their garden, talking about the encounter in Prickett's Lane when the train plunged past, waking all the echoes; and Mrs Morgan, by way of making a diversion, appealed to the Rector about those creepers, with which she hoped in a year or two to shut out the sight of the railway. "The Virginian creeper would be the best," said the Rector's wife; and they went in to calculate the expenses of bringing Mr Wentworth before Dr Lushington. Miss Dora, at very nearly the same moment, was confiding to her sister Cecilia, under vows of secrecy, the terrible sight she had seen from the summer-house window. They went to bed with very sad hearts in consequence, both these good women. In the mean time, leaving all these gathering clouds behind him, leaving his reputation and his work to be discussed and quarrelled over as they might, the Perpetual Curate rushed through the night, his heart aching with trouble and anxiety, to help, if he could—and if not, at least to stand by—Gerald in this unknown crisis of his brother's life.

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CAPTAIN SPEKE'S WELCOME.

NEARLY four years have elapsed since a series of papers appeared in this Magazine containing sketches of travel in Eastern Africa. To those interested in the progress of geographical discovery, the name of their author was already familiar; but while all read with interest the graphic details which they contained, the number of those who accepted the geographical hypothesis insisted upon throughout them was comparatively limited, — although Captain Speke had already achieved such success as an African explorer, as to entitle him to the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society—the highest reward which it is in the power of that body to bestow. Many eminent geographers hesitated to adopt the theory which he so confidently propounded, that he had already solved the great problem of all ages, and had actually discovered the Source of the Nile. To have achieved the darling object of his ambition, without the means of verifying the truth of his discovery, was to rob success of all its charms; and Captain Speke was not the man to leave his work half done, or allow the shadow of a doubt to remain to dim the glory of a triumph peculiarly his own. Fortunately he possessed, in no common degree, the esteem and confidence of those best qualified to appreciate his labours; and when he determined to justify that confidence, and found for himself a new claim to the admiration and regard of those whose attachment his personal qualities had already secured, by once more risking his life to carry out the work in which we were all interested, he left behind him a large community of friends who, half-reproachful at having again encouraged him to dare so much, found it difficult for three long years to conceal that suspense and anxiety which the absence of all intelligence as to his fate had latterly excited to a painful degree. As we were the first to identify ourselves with Captain Speke's geographical views, and as we laid before our readers almost the last letter which he wrote before leaving England in May 1860, announcing his determination to do or die in the task he had imposed upon himself, we trust that they will share with us in those feelings of exultation and thankfulness which we experience in welcoming him back to his own country—his most sanguine hopes crowned with success — his geographical predictions, disputed at the time, triumphantly verified— his daring courage, his invincible determination, and his exploratory skill so splendidly demonstrated. For nine years has Captain Speke been engaged in the investigation of those much-vexed African problems which had puzzled geographers. On the first occasion he was driven back from Somauli land after an interesting journey along its shores, pierced with eleven spear-wounds, and only escaped by a miracle. While his wounds were still green, he hastened out to the East to take part in the Crimean war. No sooner was that brought to a close than he returned with redoubled ardour to his first love—that love which had so cruelly ill-used him, but which seems to possess so strange and irresistible a fascination for those who once come under its influence. Like the Japanese fable where the beautiful night-moth sends those moths which become enamoured of her to bring her fire till they fall victims to the flame, does Africa lure to destruction the bold spirits who are struck with charms all the more attractive because they repel the multitude. We may fail to feel the force of the magnet; but it drew Captain Speke straight back again to Zanzibar, and, plunging once more into unknown regions in com-

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pany with Captain Burton, he brought to light Lake Tanganyka, and then, parting company with that officer, discovered—what was still more important—Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Penetrated with the conviction that this was the real Source of the Nile, his first object on his return to England was to get the support of the Geographical Society to enable him to return to Africa to verify his hypothesis. We quote his own words in the letter already alluded to upon this subject, dated April 1860: "It is strange that, on being obliged to abandon the prosecution of my discovery of the lake, I had made up my mind to return again as soon as I could obtain permission to do so, being convinced in my own mind that it would prove to be the Source of the Nile, then little suspecting that so much importance would be attached to it by the great geographers of Great Britain. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when I found, on my opening my maps to Sir Roderick the very first day, and explaining to him what I had done, he said, without a second thought about it, 'Speke, we must send you there again.'" Sir Roderick Murchison knew his man, and at once threw all the weight of his influence and authority into the promotion of the enterprise; and here we feel bound to render that distinguished scientific geographer that tribute which is so justly his due, for the able and energetic manner in which, upon this and similar occasions, he forwards the interests of those societies for which his labours have done so much. As President of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick was unremitting in his exertions to obtain from the Home and Indian Governments the funds which would be necessary to enable Captain Speke to undertake his third expedition. After considerable pressure, the Foreign and East India departments at last consented to grant Captain Speke £2000 between them, as an assistance to his project; and although this sum has not been nearly adequate to cover the expenses of the expedition, it is doubtful whether without it the enterprise could have been proceeded with. We feel sure that the public would be well satisfied if the money of the nation was always as well spent. Indeed, the liberal manner in which the Emperor of the French is always ready to assist enterprises of this nature, might be imitated with advantage by our own Government. To England belongs the distinction of furnishing the most enterprising explorers of the world, and generally, it must be owned, the Government affords them but little encouragement. Yet, in a political point of view, the objects gained are well worth paying for. Not merely do we open new regions to commerce and civilisation, but we establish and confirm that reputation for individual pluck and enterprise to which, as a nation, we owe so much of our influence in Europe. In our Arctic, Australian, and African explorers, we have all those qualities which we consider typical of the race brought out in the strongest relief. They are, in fact, our representative men. The same energy, perseverance, and courage, directed into other channels, enable us, though confined to a very limited area, to hold our own in the world; and we should be all the more proud of those who choose a path to distinction which involves the display of the national characteristics to their utmost extent. There is not an Englishman, however indifferent he may be to the Nile or its Source, who does not glory in a triumph obtained by sheer force of will—an invincible determination to overcome obstacles, and a thorough contempt for personal danger. We shall probably never know to the full extent the difficulties which Captains Speke and Grant have had to conquer in the course of their journeyings. They are not men to magnify either the perils they encountered or the hardships and trials they underwent. It is in the

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highest degree creditable to them both that, in spite of unavoidable separations, and a perpetual recurrence of annoyances, they have emerged from their long sojourn in the wilderness, each full of admiration and regard for the other, and both ready again to incur together the hazards and adventures of African exploration. We fear that we shall urge them in vain to repose upon their laurels. The triumph of startling all the geographical societies in Europe is nothing to the intoxicating excitement of unexpectedly arriving on the shores of an unknown lake. The amusement of astonishing the London world is tame in comparison to the interest of suddenly appearing like a new species of creation before the King of Uganda. So long as a vast unexplored field remains in Africa, so long will the old magnet retain its power of attraction. We can only hope that, if it again proves irresistible, it may always be as merciful as heretofore, and that, if Captain Speke is determined to tempt fate, his efforts may be rewarded as abundantly as they have now been. He may rest assured that his countrymen will always know how to appreciate at their proper value those qualities without which he never could have achieved success; that they will ever watch with the same interest the progress of his explorations, and welcome him with the same enthusiasm when he reappears amongst us. Meantime we are happy to be able to announce to our readers that Captain Speke is engaged in a pursuit which, though scarcely less laborious than that from which he has just returned, will, we trust, be a source of instruction and amusement to those who are still speculating upon the nature of his three years' experiences in Central Africa. If, after having published his work, he can, as we sincerely hope he may, be induced to remain in the haunts of civilised men, he will still have earned a page for himself in history, as having solved the most interesting geographical problem of all ages.

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CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

PART XIX.

NO. XXIV.—ON SOME AUTHORS IN WHOSE WRITINGS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IS EMINENTLY DISPLAYED.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is a class of writers in poetry and *belles lettres* in which what we call knowledge of the world is more immediately recognised, because it is more sharply defined, than it is with the two great poets last mentioned in the preceding chapter. It is less fused in poetic fancy, it is less characterised by metaphysical subtlety, it is less comprehensive in its range, but it has more singleness of effect and transparency of purpose. Of this class, English literature furnishes brilliant types throughout the whole of the eighteenth century. Pope and Addison are conspicuously men of the world in their favourite modes of thought and forms of expression. Like most men of the world, it is in the school of a metropolis that they ground their studies of mankind; the urban life rather than the rural attracts their survey and stimulates their genius. Pope, indeed, is comparatively insipid and commonplace when he is the mere observer of rural nature, or the interpreter of those sentiments and emotions which rural nature excites in its familiar lovers. He is essentially the poet of capitals, and his knowledge of the world, like that of the class of poets among which he is perhaps the prince, is rather to be called knowledge of the town.* It is thus that, while the most brilliant of all the imitators of Horace, it is only to one side of

* In the controversy between Bowles and his adversaries as to Pope's standard among poets, each party mistook or misapprehended the doctrine of the other. Campbell, though the briefest, is the best refuter of Bowles—not because he was the best critic or the best poet who answered him, but because he was the best poet among the critics and the best critic among the poets. Mr Bowles says that

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Horace's genius that Pope courts comparison. Where Horace is the poet of manners, as in the Epistles and Satires, Pope may be said to surpass, in his paraphrases, the originals from which he draws inspiration. In his own Epistles and Satires he has a polish and point, a delicate finish, and an elaborate harmony of verse, which the Latin poet did not consider appropriate to that class of composition, but which the English poet has shown to be embellishing adornments. But Pope can never approach Horace in the other and diviner side of the Roman's genius. He cannot pretend to the lyrical playfulness and fire, the mingled irony and earnestness, the tender pathos, the exquisite humanity, the wondrous felicity of expression, which render the Odes of Horace matchless in the power of *charm*. He cannot, in his Twickenham villa, seize and interpret the poetry of rural life and sylvan scenery like the recluse of the Sabine farm. Pope's genius, in short, is didactic, not lyrical. He sees no Bacchus teaching song to Nymphs amid rocks remote; no cool groves, with their spiritual choirs, separate him from the populace; he has no Lucretilis for which Faunus exchanges the Arcadian hill. But as the painter of urban life, what in modern or perhaps in ancient literature can compare in elegance with the verse of Pope, unless it be the prose of Addison? No doubt, both these illustrious Englishmen were much influenced by French schools in the culture of their taste and in the formation of their style; but in their acceptation of classical models, it seems to me that they excel the French writers who served to form their taste. In the euphony and amenities of style the prose of Addison certainly surpasses that of Malebranche, whom he is said to have copied; and though Boileau may equal Pope in neatness of finish and sharpness of wit, he attains neither to Pope's habitual dignity of manner, nor to Pope's occasional sweetness of sentiment.

"the true poet should have an eye attentive to and familiar with every change of season, every variation of light and shade of nature, every walk, every tree, and every leaf in her secret places. He who has not an eye to observe them, and who cannot with a glance distinguish every hue on their variety, must be so far deficient in one of the essential qualities of a poet."

Now every genuine poet and every sensible critic knows that in writing these sentences Mr Bowles wrote something very like nonsense. And whether as poet or critic, Campbell has an easy victory in replying "that this botanising perspicuity might be essential to a Dutch flower-garden, but Sophocles displays no such skill, and yet he is a genuine, a great, and an affecting poet." Sophocles is no solitary instance. On the other hand, Campbell is mistaken in supposing that he meets arguments as to the real defect found in Pope by better thinkers than Mr Bowles, in vindicating a choice of images drawn from artificial rather than natural objects. In truth, the poet illustrates from beauty wherever he finds it, in art as in nature. The defect in Pope and writers of his school is not so much in not borrowing allusion and description from solitary rural scenes, as in the town-bred affectation of patronising rural nature now and then, and want of sympathy with the romance of nature, and with the contemplative philosophy she inspires. Horace speaks of his Sabine valley with a fondness too passionate to allow of an appraiser's inventory of details; just as a lover, when he thinks of his mistress, finds words to describe the general effect of her beauty on his own heart, but no words to describe all her beauties in particular. He would not be a lover if he could specify the charms of a mistress as a horse-dealer specifies the points of a horse. The poet's eye is not "attentive to every variation of light and shade of nature, every walk, every tree, every leaf"—except in those moments when he ceases to be poet, and is not under the poetic influences of nature. The poetic influences of nature tend to abstract the mind of the poet from external objects,—to lull the observant faculties, while stimulating the reflective or imaginative. So that it has been said by a great critic, "The poet can no more explain how he knows so well the outward aspects of the nature which sets him a-dreaming, than he can explain the interior process by which his genius achieves its masterpieces."

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The English poets preceding the Restoration, when borrowing from or imitating those of other countries (I do not here speak of the models common to all generations of modern writers to be found in the ancient classics), were under Italian influences. From Spenser to Milton the study of Italian is visible in English poets—French models seem to have been ignored. Waller is, I think, the first of our poets popularly known in whom (except in very loose adaptations of Petrarch) the Italian element vanishes; and though he cannot be said to have copied the French, yet he is allowed by their own critics to have anticipated their poets in that neatness and polish by which the French style became noted before the close of his long career. In Dryden the ascendancy of the French influence becomes notable, though rather in form than in spirit—in technical rules than in genuine principles of art; and even on him the influence is struggling and undecided. He accepts rhyme as an improvement in tragic verse; but though he studied Corneille, and often goes beyond him in extravagance of expression, he never attained to, nor perhaps comprehended, that secret of Tragic Art which Corneille found less even in the richness of his poetic genius than in the sublimity of his moral nature. Corneille's grandeur as poet was in his grandeur as man; and whether he had written in the finest rhyme or the most simple prose, he would have equally stormed his way upon an audience so susceptible to heroic sentiment as the French ever have been. But whatever Dryden owed to the French, he remains strikingly English, and largely indebted to English predecessors, from Chaucer to Davenant. In Pope the French element is more pervasive, and more artfully amalgamated with the English. He owed much both to Waller and to Dryden, but it was to those characteristics of either which were most in accordance with French principles of taste. He took nothing from the Italians; little from our own writers, save the two I have named; nothing from Shakespeare, though he comprehended his merit better than Dryden did; nothing from Milton, though in his own day Milton's rank among poets first became popularly acknowledged. Where he was deemed by his contemporaries to have improved upon Dryden, it was in the more complete Frenchification of Dryden's style; and where, in the finer criticism of our day, he is considered less to have improved upon than effeminised Dryden's style, is in the over-nicety of a taste and practice which refined into what his French contemporaries would have called correctness, the old native freedom of rhythm and cadence, that gives to the verse of Dryden its muscular vigour and blithesome swing. But apart from the mere form of verse, a change in the very essence of poetry had been made by the influence which French literature acquired in Europe in the age of Louis XIV. France had become Parisian; and thus the urban or artificial element in the representation of human life superseded the rural or natural. This it had never done in the great masters of Italian poetry. Neither in Dante, nor Petrarch, nor Tasso, nor Ariosto —though the last named exhibits the peculiar knowledge of the world which can only be acquired in the converse of capitals—is seen that terse, epigrammatic form of expression by which the poet of cities desires to reconcile "men about town" to the fatigue of reading poetry at all. As to our English poets before the time of Dryden, if they have one characteristic in common from the highest to the lowest, it is their hearty love for rural nature and a country life.

The urban influence, so strong upon Pope, operated yet more potently on the generation that succeeded him. Pope would have shrunk from confessing the frank love of urban life, with its intellectual excitements; and the scorn of

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rural life, with the disbelief in its calm contemplative delights, which Johnson loses no occasion to express. Yet, nevertheless, Johnson's knowledge of the world is much wider than that knowledge of the town which sparkles forth with such brilliancy in Pope. Johnson's knowledge of town life wants the intimacy with those higher ranks of society which were familiar to Pope from his youth, and only partially opened to Johnson in his maturer years. Nor did his temperament allow him to treat those trifles, which make the sum of human things in the gayer circles of a metropolis, with the easy elegance of Pope; yet, perhaps, from the very defects in his comprehension of the spirit of fashionable life (I mean the spirit which, in all highly civilised capitals, ever forms the fashion of an age), Johnson excels in his conceptions of the middle class, whether of mind or station. And his knowledge of the world has a more robust character than Pope's, embracing larger views of practical human life: With all his love for the roar of Fleet Street—will all his disdain of sequestered shades, Johnson's knowledge of the world is not so much shown in delineations of urban manners, as in the seizure of catholic truths applicable to civilised men wherever they exercise their reason; and perhaps still more clearly perceptible to those in whom country life fosters habits of contemplation, than to the eager spirits that seek in urban life the arena of active contest. His true genius lay in the masculine strength of his common sense; and in spite of his prejudices, of his dogmatism, of his frequent intolerance and occasional paradox—in spite, still more, of a style in prose strangely contrasting the cold severity of his style in verse—unfamiliar, inflated, artificially grandiose—still that common sense has such pith and substance that it makes its way to every plain solid understanding. And while all that Johnson owed to his more imaginative qualities has faded away from his reputation; while his poems are regarded but as scholastic exercises; while his tragedy is left unread; while the fables and tales scattered throughout his essays allure no popular imitation, and even 'Rasselas' is less admired for its loftiness of purpose and conception than censured for its inappropriate dialogue or stilted diction, and neglected for the dryness of its narrative and the frigidity of its characters; while his ablest criticisms, composed in his happiest style, rarely throw light upon what may be called the metaphysics of imaginative art,—his knowledge of the world has a largeness and at times a depth which preserve authority to his opinions upon the general bearings of life and the prevalent characteristics of mankind—a knowledge so expanded, by its apprehension of generical truths, from mere acquaintanceship with conventional manners, and the sphere of the town life which enthralled his tastes, that at this day it is not in capitals that his works are most esteemed as authoritative, but rather in the sequestered homes of rural book-readers. To men of wit about town, a grave sentence from Johnson upon the philosophy of the great world would seem old-fashioned pedantry, where, to men of thought in the country, it would convey some truth in social wisdom too plain to be uttered by pedants, and too solid to be laughed out of fashion by wits.

Within the period of which I speak, rose in England the Novel of Manners—a class of composition which necessitates a considerable amount of knowledge of the world. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, not only laid the vast foundations, but raised thereon the noble structures, of an art new to the literature of our country. All four of the writers named exhibit knowledge of the world in very high degree. In Fielding and Smollett

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that knowledge is the most apparent, from the astonishing vigour with which their characters are depicted and their conceptions expressed. It would be waste of words to show, what no critic has disputed—viz., Fielding's superiority to Smollett (who, nevertheless, is a giant among novelists) in philosophical treatment and dignified conception of narrative art. But Fielding is little more free than Smollett from one defect in imaginative creations, as may be seen more clearly when I shall have occasion to bring him somewhat in comparison with Sir Walter Scott—viz., the too frequent preference of conventional particulars in the selection of types of character. A proof of this may be found in the fact that Fielding, as well as Smollett, is rather national than cosmopolitan, and has had no perceptible influence on the higher forms of fiction in foreign countries. This cannot be said of Richardson and Sterne. Richardson has had, and still retains, an extraordinary influence over the imaginative literature of France; Sterne an influence not less effective on that of Germany. Goethe has attested the obligations he owed to Sterne as well as to Goldsmith. "There is no saying," he declares, with grateful enthusiasm, "how powerfully I was influenced by Goldsmith and Sterne at the most important period of my mental development." And indeed the influence of Sterne may be visibly traced in German literature to this day, wherever its genius cultivates the "Humoristic." The fact is, that while, in the conduct of story, not only Sterne, who very seldom aims at that merit, but even Richardson, who never loses sight of it, is many degrees inferior to Smollett and Fielding, yet in conception of character and in delicacy of treatment we recognise in the former two a finer order of art.

The conceptions of character in Lovelace, Clarissa, Clementina, are founded in the preference of generals to particulars; that is, they are enduring types of great subdivisions in the human family, wholly irrespective of mutations in scene and manners. The knowledge of the world manifested in the creation and completion of such characters is subtler and deeper than Smollett or even Fielding exhibits in his lusty heroes and buxom heroines. Despite the weary tediousness of Richardson's style, the beauties which relieve it are of a kind that bear translation or paraphrase into foreign languages with a facility, which is perhaps the surest test of the inherent substance and cosmopolitan spirit of imaginative writings. The wit and hardihood of Lovelace, the simplicity and *naïveté* of Clarissa, the lofty passion of Clementina, find an utterance in every language, and similitudes in every civilised race.

And what lavish and riotous beauty beyond that of mere prose, and dispensing with the interest of mere fiction, sporting with the Muse like a spoiled darling of the Graces, charms poets and thinkers in the wayward genius of Sterne! Though his most exquisite characters are but sketches and outlines, Mr Shandy, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the mysterious shadowy Yorick,—though his finest passages in composition are marred and blurred by wanton conceit, abrupt impertinence, audacious levity, ribald indecorum,—still how the lively enchanter enforces and fascinates our reluctant admiration! Observe how little he is conventional, how indifferent he is to the minute study of particulars, how typical of large generals his sketches of human character are. There is no reason why Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Yorick, might not be Frenchmen or Germans, born at any epoch or in any land. Who cares for the mere date and name of the battles which Uncle Toby fights over again? Any battles

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would do as well—the siege of Troy as well as the siege of Namur.

And both in Richardson's elaborate development of Lovelace's character, and throughout all the lawless phantasies of Tristram Shandy, what surprising knowledge of the world is displayed!—only in Lovelace it is more the world of the town, and therefore Lovelace more pleases the wits of the world of Paris, which is the arch-metropolitan town of Europe; while in Tristram Shandy it is more the boundless world of men, in town or country alike—that world which has no special capital; and therefore Tristram Shandy pleases more the thinkers of the German family, because Germany is a world without a special capital, and every German principality or province has its own Uncle Toby and Yorick.

The close of the last century gave birth to the finest prose comedy in the English, or perhaps any other, language. In abstract wit, Congreve equals, and, in the opinion of some critics, even surpasses, Sheridan; but Congreve's wit is disagreeably cynical. Sheridan's wit has the divine gift of the Graces—charm. The smile it brings to our lips is easy and cordial; the smile which Congreve wrings forth is forced and sardonic. In what is called *ris comica*, Farquhar, it is true, excels Sheridan by the rush of his animal spirits, by his own hearty relish of the mirth he creates. Sheridan's smile, though more polished than Farquhar's, has not less ease; but his laugh, though as genuine, has not the same lusty ring. It is scarcely necessary, however, to point out Sheridan's superiority to Farquhar in the quality of the mirth excited. If in him the *ris comica* has not the same muscular strength, it has infinitely more elegance of movement, and far more disciplined skill in the finer weapons at its command; and whatever comparison may be drawn between the general powers of Sheridan for comic composition and those of Farquhar and Congreve, neither of the two last named has produced a single comedy which can be compared to the 'School for Scandal.' Even Molière, in prose comedy, has no work of so exquisite an art; where Molière excels Sheridan, it is where he writes in verse, and comes to the field in his panoply of poet. Like the 'Tartuffe' of Molière, the 'School for Scandal' does not borrow its plot from previous writers. Both are among the very few great dramas in which the author has invented his own fable, and perhaps, for this very reason, there are in both much the same faults of situation and *dénouement*. For in both, while the exposition is admirable, the *dénouement* is feeble; and in both there is a resort to a melodramatic contrivance in producing a critical effect in comic situation—viz., the concealment of a personage important in the conduct of the more serious interest of the plot, whether under a table or behind a screen, and preparing the audience for the laugh which is sure to follow the discovery. This is a kind of effect which can be so cheaply produced that there is scarcely a playwright at the Porte St Martin or the Surrey Theatre who does not press it into his service. But as it does not belong to the legitimate modes of revealing character through purely intellectual processes of self-revelation, and is rather among the resources of stage-trick, I doubt whether it be worthy of place in the masterpieces of comic art. The dramatist who declines to invent his own story, usually pauses long and meditates deeply over the dramatic elements of any fable which he means to adapt to the stage, and is much more alive to faults and merits of situation and *dénouement* in the story he does not invent, than those of a story which he cannot see clearly before him till, in fact, he has told it.

Though Joseph Surface is a systematic hypocrite, he has very little likeness to Tartuffe. Tartuffe is

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not a comic character*—he is almost tragic, for he creates terror; the interest he gives to the play is, in our vague consciousness of a power intense, secret, and unscrupulous. Joseph Surface is almost as mysterious as Tartuffe; for, unlike Shakespeare's villains, and like Tartuffe, he does not betray himself to the audience by soliloquy. But in Joseph's mysteriousness there is no element of terror: he always remains essentially comic, though of the highest and most refined order of comedy. No doubt the outlines of his character were suggested by Fielding's portrait of Blifil, as those of Charles Surface have their ruder original in Tom Jones. But Joseph is what Blifil is not, an exceedingly polished member of polite society—the type of those civil, well-mannered, sentimental impostors whom we meet every day in the most brilliant circles, political and social. Lady Teazle is a more vivid and lifelike female character than the ladies in 'Tartuffe;' but Orgon's wife has a touching chastity of sentiment to which Sir Peter's makes no pretence. I once heard a distinguished critic contend that the interest in Lady Teazle, and, through her, in the whole progress of the play, might have been advantageously heightened if her alleged inexperience had been more genuinely artless—if she had not joined with such gusto in the slanders which delight her fashionable friends, and seemed the sharpest-tongued pupil in the whole School of Scandal; and that the plot would have also gained in elevation of interest if Sir Peter's position, which is in itself one that touches the human heart, had been somewhat more raised in the scale of intellectual dignity. But I think we shall find, on reflection, that for the purpose of pure prose comedy any such changes tending to poetise character and situation would have been for the worse. Had our sentiment for Lady Teazle been a whit more tender, and our sympathy for Sir Peter been a whit more respectful, the peril Lady Teazle incurs from the sleek temptations of Joseph would have become almost tragically painful. We could never have quite forgiven her for subjecting herself to it—it is her frivolity of character, in fact, that alone justifies our indulgence. And had Sir Peter established higher and graver place in our affectionate esteem, I doubt whether we should have had the same good-humoured pleasure in his final reconciliation with the helpmate by whom the honour of his name had been so carelessly risked, to be so narrowly saved.

The surpassing merits of the 'School for Scandal' become the more brilliant the more minutely they are scanned, and the more fairly the faults of the play are put in juxtaposition with its beauties. Its merits are not so much to be sought in the saliency of any predominating excellence as in the harmonious combination of great varieties of excellence, in a unity of purpose sufficiently philosophical for the intellect of comedy, but not so philosophical as to mar the airy playfulness of comic mirth. The satire it conveys is directed, not to rare and exceptional oddities in vice or folly, but to attributes of human society which universally furnish the materials and justify the ridicule of satire. It is one of the beauties of this great drama, that its moral purpose is not rigidly narrowed into the mere illustration of a maxim—that the outward plot is indeed carried on by personages who only very indirectly serve to work out the interior moral. Sir Peter, Charles Surface, the uncle, are not pupils in the 'School for Scandal,'—nor do they share in its tasks; and by this very largeness

* Marmontel, whose criticisms abound with *finesse* of observation, observes that "not one of the principal personages in the 'Tartuffe' is comic in himself. They all become comic by their opposition."—Marmontel upon 'Comedy.'

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of plan the minor characters acquire a vitality they would otherwise want. Without Charles and Sir Peter, a Backbite and a Candour would be mere abstractions symbolised by the names they bear. But once admit the more spontaneous flesh-and-blood characters of Sir Peter and Charles, and the personifications of abstract satire take vital substance and warmth by the contact; and wherever we look throughout the range of our worldly acquaintances we recognise a Sir Benjamin Backbite and a Mrs Candour. I think it the originality and charm of the plot itself, that the members of the School of Scandal rather constitute the chorus of the drama than its active agents. And with what ease the marvellous wit of this marvellous comedy grows like a mother tongue out of the ideas which the author wants to express! What large knowledge of the world that wit epitomises in its epigrams! How naturally its *bonmots* idealise the talk of our *salons* and drawing-rooms! There, refined by genius, is the dialogue of fashionable wits so long as fashion has rank in polite cities.

Campbell observes "that Dryden praises the gentlemen in Beaumont and Fletcher as the men of fashion of the times;" and Campbell adds, "it was necessary that Dryden should call them the men of fashion of the times, for they are not, in the highest sense of the word, gentlemen."

This is true of Beaumont and Fletcher. Of Congreve we may say that in no times could his heroes have been "gentlemen." Farquhar is happier. Sir Harry Wildair is a gentleman of fashion, but regarded as a young *ci-devant* actor who had obtained a commission in the army, which he did not long keep, would naturally regard a gentleman of fashion—at a distance—to bow to him, not to live with him. Sheridan's gentlemen are drawn by the pen of one who could not more have flattered a Sir Harry Wildair than by calling him "My dear fellow."

In Sheridan's comedy, knowledge of manners — knowledge of the world—is consummate, and, especially in the 'School for Scandal,' illustrated through enduring types. Like the other great writers of his day, his knowledge is concentred in town-knowledge. But town-knowledge, though not the first requisite in the world-knowledge of a poet or philosopher, is precisely the knowledge which we seek in the writer of comedy who, selecting prose for his medium of expression, gives us in substance the prose of life, and not its poetry. Comedy—at least prose comedy—must be gregarious and urban.

In fine, there are very few works in the literature of England, of which, as compared with the analogous literature of other countries, we have a right to be more proud than the 'School for Scandal.' If, in the poetry of the drama, we can challenge Europe to produce a rival to Shakespeare, so, in the essential prose of the drama,—in the comedy that dispenses with poetry altogether — that embodies, through forms the most exquisitely appropriate to its purpose, the idealised objects of comedy,—we may challenge Europe to show us a performance equal to the 'School for Scandal.'

We must now turn back to glance at the greatest of the French authors in whom this knowledge of the world has been displayed, not as court satirists, but as men who combine the calm lore of the philosopher with the impartial human heart of the poet. And here I cannot refuse his due rank to the Father of Modern Essay. Montaigne owes his immortality—owes his enduring influence upon thought—to that knowledge of the world which is wholly independent of change in manners.

Montaigne is in one respect the antipodes of Shakespeare; in another respect he is the French writer I would crave leave most to place in comparison with Shakespeare.

Montaigne was the antipodes to

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Shakespeare, inasmuch as he is intensely subjective, obtrusively personal. So, as a narrator of his own personal experiences and opinions, he ought to have been; just as Shakespeare, where a dramatist, could not have been obtrusively personal, even where writing his own most haunting thoughts. But where Montaigne is to be likened to Shakespeare is in the similar result at which, through so antagonistic a process, he arrives. Though apparently only studying himself, that study expands into the most astonishing knowledge of mankind. Their humours, their foibles, their doubts, their hopes, their grandeur, their littleness—all he represents, and with the same seeming artlessness which deceived even Milton himself as to the art of Shakespeare. No essay yet written is so artful as one of Montaigne's great essays, just as no drama yet written is so artful as one of Shakespeare's great dramas. The proof of art in both is the delight that they give to artists who have done their best to consider how to write a drama or how to write an essay.

Montaigne's way of viewing life, men, and manners was, as I have elsewhere said, emphatically that of the lyrical poet—viz., through a medium of personal feeling rather than scientific reasoning. He has a poet's instinctive repugnance to system; whereas a scientific reasoner has to system an almost unconquerable attraction. He gives us his impressions of men and things, troubling himself very little with the defence of his impressions; and his survey of the world is the more comprehensive because it is taken from a height and at a distance: he has seen the world, and mixed in its pleasures and pursuits; he means still to do so as an inquirer; every year he hopes to mount his horse; to ride into foreign lands, and wander through foreign cities. But when he *writes* of the world, it is in his old Gascon Tower—it is in a chamber which his nearest of kin are forbidden to enter, and in which his only comrades are books. He complacently tells us he has got together a thousand volumes—a great library for that day; but as most of those volumes must have been the books of a very different day, they only serve to enforce his own opinions and illustrate his own experience. It is his own human heart, as he has tested it through his own human life, that he first analyses and then synthetises. And out of that analysis and that synthesis, he dissects into separate members, and then puts together again, the world.

From Montaigne we pass to Molière, whose study of the humours of men necessarily embraced those views of the world of men which afford theme and subject to the Comic Poet. Knowledge of the world in him is not, therefore, spontaneously poured forth as in Montaigne; it is trained to the purposes of comic art, and considered with an eye accustomed to stage effect; so that where most philosophical it is somewhat too sharply limited to satire; and where most sportive, somewhat too wantonly carried away into farce. Still, Molière was a wonderfully luminous observer of the society around him, and felicitous, to a pre-eminent degree, in his adaptation of Latin models to the manners of his own day. Knowledge of concrete life and knowledge of the human heart are blended with equal skill in the 'Misanthrope;' and with more delicacy of light and shadow, more faithfulness to character, than the purposes of satire permit to the 'Tartuffe;' although, regarded merely as a dramatic composition, the last is the more perfect masterpiece. "The exposition of 'Tartuffe,'" says Goethe, "is without its equal—it is the grandest and best of its kind."

Of all the many kinds of knowledge possessed by Voltaire, knowledge of the world was, perhaps, that for which he was most remarkable. It was that knowledge which secured to him so vast an audience

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and so lofty a position; and the aptitude for such kind of knowledge was inborn with him—made three parts of his *ingenium* or native genius. While little more than a boy, this son of a notary lifted himself to that social rank which he ever afterwards maintained as a vantage-ground to his sway over the millions. The brilliant *protégé* of Ninon de l'Enclos, the favourite wit of Philippe the Regent, before the beard was dark on his chin; other neophytes of inferior birth, admitted into the circles of social greatness, usually wither away in that chilling atmosphere: their genius accommodates itself to the trifles which make up the life of idlers—their spirit bows itself to dependence; they contribute to the amusement of princes, yet are the last persons to whom princes accord the solid rewards of fortune.

But, from the first, Voltaire put to profit the personages out of whom a mere man of genius could have extracted nothing beyond praise and famine. Before he was twenty he learned, in the society of a Vendôme and a Conti, how to flatter the great without meanness—how to maintain equality with them, yet not seem to presume—and how to put them to use with the air of doing them a favour. Ninon de l'Enclos took a fancy to this brilliant boy; Ninon de l'Enclos took a fancy to a great many brilliant boys, much more adapted to strike the eye and the senses of an antiquated beauty than the spindleshanked son of the notary Arouet; but Ninon distinguished young Arouet from other brilliant boys in this—she left him two thousand francs. The youth destined to convulse nations, knew by intuition that a man who would raise himself into a Power should begin by securing a pecuniary independence. It has been said of some writers that, from the first, they always tenderly nursed their fame. Voltaire did not do that; he sported with his fame, but he always tenderly nursed his fortune.

He early foresaw that his future life would be, as he defined it later, a combat; and accordingly took care betimes to provide himself with the sinews of war. By skilful speculations in the commerce of Cadiz, and in the purchase of corn in Barbary—still more happily by obtaining, through what we should now call a job, an interest *dans les vivres de l'armée d'Italie*, which brought him in 800,000 francs—he established a capital, which, as he invested it in life-annuities, yielded an income far above that enjoyed by the average number of the half-ruined nobles of France.

In the course of his long life Voltaire was, of course, more than once in love; but only once, and then, when the heyday of youth was over, did he form that kind of attachment which influences a man's existence. We may doubt the strength of his passion, but the prudence with which he selected its object is incontestable. He chose a marquise of good fortune, with a luxurious chateau and scientific predilections. Thus, far from finding in love the impoverisher of fortune and the disturber of philosophy, this wise man of the world made love fill his Exchequer and provide his Academe.

With Madame du Chastelet he shared the luxuries of an excellent table, the relaxations of an elegant society; with Madame du Chastelet he shared also the study of the problems in Newton's 'Principia:' and when death bereaved the philosopher of his well-selected helpmate, the tender mathematician bequeathed him a better consolation than any to be found in Boethius—she left him a handsome addition to his already handsome fortune.

According to astrology, Venus and Saturn are friendly stars to each other; the one presides over love, the other over heritages. Voltaire, as thorough man of the world, united both in his First House. And thus, even in that passion which usually makes fools of the wisest, Voltaire pursued the occu-

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pations of wisdom, and realised the rewards of wealth.

Throughout his whole career the great writer exhibited in his own person that supreme knowledge of the world which constitutes the characteristic excellence of his works. And when he retired at last to his palace at Ferney, it was with the income of a prince, and the social consideration paid to a king.

Perhaps, however, while knowledge of the world constitutes the characteristic excellence of Voltaire's writings, it also contributes to their characteristic defect. Genius may be world-wide, but it should not be world-limited. Voltaire never escapes "this visible diurnal sphere." With all his imagination he cannot comprehend the enthusiasm which lifts itself above the earth. His Mahomet is only an ambitious impostor, whom he drags on the stage as a philosophical expositor of the wiles and crimes of priestcraft. With all his mastery of language he cannot achieve the highest realms of poetic expression or passionate eloquence; he is curbed by what he had learned in the polite world to call "good sense" and "good taste." His finest characters exhibit no delicate shades, no exquisite subtleties, like those of Shakespeare and Goethe. His finest verses are but sonorous declamations, or philosophical sentences admirably rhymed. Like Goethe, he is fond of "motivating," and the personages of his fictions always act upon philosophical principles; but, unlike Goethe, he is *jejune* as a metaphysician, and *nul* as a psychologist. His plays—even some of those now unread and unacted—are masterpieces of mechanical construction; the speeches they contain are often as full of pith and of sound as if they had been aphorisms of Seneca versified by Lucan. But his personages want not only the life-like movement of flesh and blood, but that *spirituality of character* (if I may use the term) which is not put into play by springs merely intellectual, and which, as it is most evident in all higher types of man, is essential to the representations of such types in the drama. If we compare those parts in his tragedies which are considered the most striking with the heroic parts conceived and embodied by Corneille, they often satisfy better our logical judgment: what they do is more within the range of prose probabilities—what they say is more conformable to the standard of prose commonsense. But they do not, like Corneille's, seize hold of the heart through its noblest emotions—carry the soul aloft from the conventional judgments of the mind in its ordinary dealings with ratiocinated prose life, and utter, in the language of men, sentiments which men never could utter if they were not immortals as well as men. The grandest of all our instincts is also that which is the most popularly stirred—viz., the struggle of thought from the finite towards the infinite. And this is the reason why the heroic in character and sentiment is always popularly comprehended on the stage—and why, through whatever varying phase it be exhibited, it is, when genuine, among those evidences of the spiritual nature of abstract man, which, by a common sympathy, all races of men appreciate and seek to preserve.

It was said of Voltaire, with some truth, that he had only the *esprit* common to all men, but much more of that *esprit* than any other man. In short, his genius marks the limit that divides it from that of a Shakespeare or a Goethe, in a knowledge of this world, so sharply closed that it rejects all that divining conjecture of the worlds beyond it, to which their knowledge of this world leads them so restlessly upward. His views of the poetry of life are thus always taken from some side of its material prose. In his genius, whether as poet or philosopher, every genuine poet, or every earnest thinker, recognises a want which he finds it difficult to express. Certainly Voltaire has the art of a poet, certainly he is not

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without the science of a thinker; but poetry is not all art—thought is not all science. What Voltaire seems most to want is the warmth of soul which supplies to poetry the nameless something that art alone cannot give, and to thought the free outlets into belief and conjecture which science would cease to be science if it did not refuse to admit. Be this as it may, Voltaire's knowledge of this world, as exhibited whether in his life or his writings, was exceedingly keen and sharp; and for any knowledge of a world beyond this, Voltaire is the last guide a man of bold genius would follow, or a man of calm judgment consult.

It is strange that the two contemporary writers in whom knowledge of the world is most conspicuously displayed, should have depreciated, if not actually despised, each other. Le Sage had the temerity to ridicule Voltaire at a period, indeed, of that author's life when his *chefs-d'œuvres* had not yet raised him above ridicule. Voltaire, in turn, speaks of Le Sage with the lofty disdain of slighting commendation—as a writer not altogether without merit, allowing 'Gil Blas' the praise of being natural, but dismissing it as a literal plagiarism from the Spanish. Yet perhaps all Voltaire's books put together do not contain so much knowledge of the world, artificial no less than natural, as that same 'Gil Blas;' and Voltaire, with his practical mastery of his own language, ought to have been the first to perceive that, whatever 'Gil Blas' might owe to the Spanish, a book more thoroughly French in point of form and style, more original in all that constitutes artistic originality, is not to be found in the literature of France.* The form, the style, is indeed singularly at variance with the marked peculiarities of Spanish humour. Compare the style of 'Gil Blas' with that of Cervantes or Quevedo, and the radical distinctions between the spirit of the French language and that of the Spanish become conclusively apparent. The language of Spain is essentially a language of proverbs; every other sentence is a proverb. In proverbs lovers woo; in proverbs politicians argue; in proverbs you make your bargain with your landlady or hold a conference with your muleteer. The language of Spain is built upon those diminutive relics of a wisdom that may have existed before the Deluge, as the town of Berlin is built upon strata amassed, in the process of ages, by the animalcules that dwell in their pores. No servile translation, nay, no liberal paraphrase from a Spanish wit (such as Le Sage's masterpiece has been deemed by his detractors), would not immediately betray its Spanish origin. But there is not a vestige of the ineffaceable characteristic of the Spanish language in the idiomatic ease of Le Sage's exquisite French. The humour of Spain, as may be expected from a language of proverbs, is replete with hyperbole and metaphor; it abounds with similes or images that provoke your laughter by their magnificent extravagance. Take, for instance, the following description of the miserly schoolmaster in Quevedo's 'Paul the Sharper.' I quote from an old translation (1741), admirable for raciness and gusto:—

"The first Sunday after Lent we were brought into the house of Famine, for 'tis impossible to describe the penury of the place. The master was a skeleton—a mere shotten herring, or like a long slender cane with a little head upon it, and red-haired; so that there needs no more to be said to such as know the proverb—'that neither cat nor dog of that colour are good.' His eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he had looked through a per-

* At a later period of his life, Le Sage published a translation of the very novel of which 'Gil Blas' was said to be the servile copy. This was probably his best mode of refuting the charge against him.

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spective glass, or the deep windows in a linendraper's shop. His beard had lost its colour for fear of his mouth, which, being so near, seemed to threaten to eat it for mere hunger. His neck as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out so far as if it had been compelled by necessity to start out for sustenance. . . . He walked leisurely, and whenever he happened to move anything faster, his bones rattled like a pair of snappers. As for his chamber, there was not a cobweb in it—the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he kept. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay on one side for fear of wearing out the sheets."

The humour of this passage is extraordinary for riot and redundance. Can anything less resemble the unforced gaiety, the easy, well-bred wit of 'Gil Blas'? Nor is it only in form and style that 'Gil Blas' is pre-eminently French; many of its salient anecdotes and illustrations of manners are suggested by Parisian life, and the whole social colouring of the novel is caught from a Parisian atmosphere. In truth, the more we examine the alleged evidences of Le Sage's plagiarism, the more visible the originality of his 'Gil Blas' becomes. It is the same with all writers of first-rate genius. They may seize what they did not inherit with an audacity that shocks the moral nerves of a critic, yet so incorporate in their own dominion every rood of ground they annex, that the result is an empire the world did not know before. Little wits that plagiarise are but pickpockets; great wits that plagiarise are conquerors. One does not cry "Stop thief!" to Alexander the Great when he adds to the heritage of Macedon the realms of Asia; one does not cry "Plagiarist!" to Shakespeare when we discover the novel from which he borrowed a plot. A writer's true originality is in his form—is in that which distinguishes the mould of his genius from the mintage of any other brain. When we have patiently examined into all Lawrence Sterne's alleged thefts, collated passages in Burton's 'Anatomy' with passages in 'Tristram Shandy,' the chief amaze of a discerning critic is caused by the transcendent originality with which Sterne's sovereign genius has, in spite of all the foreign substances it laid under contribution, preserved unique, unimitating and inimitable, its own essential idiosyncrasy of form and thought. True, there are passages in 'Tristram Shandy' taken almost literally from Burton's 'Anatomy.' But can any book be less like another than Burton's 'Anatomy' to 'Tristram Shandy'? When you have shown us all the straws in a block of amber, and proved to our entire satisfaction that the amber had imbedded the straws, still the amber remains the amber, all the more curious and all the more valuable for the liberty it took with the straws.

But though 'Gil Blas' be in form and colouring decidedly French, the knowledge of life it illustrates is so vast that, in substance, it remains to this day the epitome of the modern world. Amid all mutations of external manners, all varying fashions of costume, stand forth in immortal freshness its large types of civilised human nature. Its author is equally remarkable for variety of character, formed by the great world, and for accurate insight into the most general springs of action by which they who live in the great world are moved. Thus he is as truthful to this age as he was to his own. His Don Raphael and his Ambrose Lamela are still specimens of the two grand divisions in the genus Rogue, the bold and the hypocritical—as familiarly known to the police of London and Paris as they were to the brotherhood of St Hermandad; his Camilla is still found in Belgravia or Brompton; his Don Gonzales is still the elderly dupe of some art-

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ful Euphrasia. Who has not met with his Archbishop of Grenada?

Though the satire in 'Gil Blas' can be very keen, as when the author whets its blade to strike at actors and doctors, yet, for the most part, it is less satire than pleasantry. No writer, with power equal to Le Sage over the springs of ridicule, more rarely abuses it to the service of libel and caricature.

Le Sage's knowledge of the world is incomparably more wide than that of Rochefoucauld—nay, even of Voltaire; partly because the survey extends to regions towards which the first scarcely glanced, and partly because it is never, as with the second, dwarfed to a system, nor fined away into the sharp point of a scoff. The humanity of 'Gil Blas' himself, however frail and erring, is immense, indulgent, genial. He stands by Olivarez in the reverse of fortune, and to his ear the fallen minister confides the secret of the spectre which haunts the solitude of foiled ambition; but he attends at the side of Fabricio, in the hospital at Madrid, and hears the poor poet assure him that he has so thoroughly abjured the ungrateful Muse, that at that very moment he is composing the verses in which he bids her farewell. He is not always in cities, though his sphere of action be in them; he can enjoy the country; his sketches of rural landscape are delicious. When he comes to settle in his pleasant retreat of Llirias, who does not share his delight in the discovery of a fourth pavilion stored with books? and who does not admire the fidelity to human nature with which the author seizes on his hero's pause from the life of towns, to make him find for the first time the happy leisure to fall in love?

Since 'Gil Blas' I know not if France has produced any one novel remarkable for knowledge of the world, though, taking all together, the mass of recent French novels certainly exhibits a great deal of that knowledge. Perhaps it may be found, more than in any other French novelist of his brilliant day, in that large miscellany of fictions which M. de Balzac has grouped together under the title of 'La Comedie Humaine;' but it is not within my intention to illustrate the criticism contained in this essay by contemporaneous examples. The criticism of contemporaries is the most unsatisfactory of all compositions. The two most popular writers of the last generation—Scott and Byron—naturally engaged the analytical examination of some of the finest intellects of their time; and yet, if we turn back to the pages of our quarterly reviews, and read again what was there said of Byron's new poem or Scott's new tale, we are startled to see how shallow and insipid, how generally indiscriminate in praise or in censure, reviewers so distinguished contrived to be. Large objects must not only be placed at a certain distance from the eye that would measure them, but the ground immediately around them must be somewhat cleared. We may talk, write, argue, dispute, about the authors of our own day; but to criticise is to judge, and no man can be a judge while his mind is under all the influences of a witness. If I feel impressed with this conviction in treating of contemporary foreign authors, I must feel impressed yet more strongly in treating of the contemporary writers of my own country.

We stand even too near to the time of Walter Scott to escape the double influence—firstly, of the action which, during his life, he exercised on the literature of Europe, and secondly, of the reaction which always follows the worship paid to a writer of dazzling celebrity when his career is closed and his name is no longer on every tongue. Among the rising generation neither Scott nor Byron, according to the invariable laws to which the fluctuations of fame are submitted, can receive other than the languid approbation with which persons speak of a some-

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thing that has just gone out of fashion without having yet acquired the veneration due to antiquity. In proportion as a taste in authorship, architecture, in the arts of embellishment—down even to those employed on furniture and dress—has been carried to enthusiasm in its own day, is the indifference with which it is put aside for some new fashion in the day that immediately succeeds. Let time pass on—and what was undervalued as rococo, becomes again, if it have real merit, the rage as classic. I am not, therefore, at all surprised when a young lady, fresh from the nursery, tells me that all Lord Byron ever wrote is not worth a stanza by a Mr Somebody, of whom, out of England, Europe has never heard; nor does it amaze me, when a young gentleman, versed in light literature, tells me he finds Scott, as a romance-writer, heavy, and prefers the novels of a Mr or Miss Somebody, whose very name he will have forgotten before he is forty. When suns set, little stars come in fashion. But suns re-arise with the morrow. A century or two hence, Byron and Scott will not be old-fashioned, but ancient; and then they may be estimated according to their degree of excellence in that art, which is for all time, and not, as now, according to their place in or out of the fashion, which is but of a day. Milton and Shakespeare were for a time out of fashion. So indeed was Homer himself. If, then, the remarks upon Walter Scott, which I very diffidently hazard, convey no criticism worthy the subject, his admirers will have the satisfaction of believing that he will find ample work for much better critics than I am five hundred years hence. And, first, it appears to me that one cause of Sir Walter Scott's unprecedented popularity as a novelist, among all classes and in all civilised lands, is to be found in the ease and the breadth of his knowledge of the world. He does not pretend to much metaphysical science or much vehement eloquence of passion. He troubles himself very little with the analysis of mind, with the struggle of conflicting emotions. For that reason, he could never have obtained, in the highest walks of the drama, a success correspondent to the loftiness of his fame as a tale-teller. The drama must bear to an audience the machinery of an intellect or the world of a heart. No mere interest of narrative, no mere skill of situation, can, for a play that is to retain a permanent hold on the stage, supply the want of that wondrous insight into motive and conduct which attests the philosophy of Shakespeare, or that fervent oratory of passion which exalts into eloquence almost superhuman the declamatory verse of Corneille. Scott could neither have described nor even conceived the progress of jealousy in Othello. He could not have described nor even conceived that contrast between Curiace and either Horace, father or son, in which is so sublimely revealed the secret of the Roman ascendancy. But, as an artist of Narrative and not of the Drama, Scott was perhaps the greater for his omissions. Let any reader bring to his recollection that passage in the grandest tragic romance our language possesses—the 'Bride of Lammermoor'—in which, the night before the Master of Ravenswood vanishes from the tale, he shuts himself up in his fated tower, and all that is known of the emotions through which his soul travailed, is the sound of his sleepless heavy tread upon the floor of his solitary room. What can be grander in narrative art, than the suppression of all dramatic attempt to analyse emotion and reduce its expression to soliloquy? But that matchless effect in narrative art would have been impossible in dramatic. On the stage, suffering man must have spoken *out*—words must have been found for the utterance of the agonised heart. If Scott here avoided that resort to language as the interpretation of passion which

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Shakespeare in a similar position of one of his great characters would have seized, Scott is the more to be admired as a master in the art he undertook, which was not subjected to dramatic necessities, and permitted him to trust, for the effect he sought to convey, to the imagination of the reader; as in the old Greek picture, Agamemnon's grief in the sacrifice of his daughter was expressed, not by depicting his face, but by concealing it behind his mantle.

Still, throughout all his greatest romances, a discerning critic will notice how sparingly Scott dissects the mechanism of the human mind; how little the inclinations of his genius dispose him either towards the metaphysical treatment or the poetical utterance of conflicting passions. And it is for that reason that his stories, when dramatised, are melodramas, and cannot, with justice to himself, be converted into tragedies. The nearest approach he has made to metaphysical analysis or passionate eloquence, and therefore to the creation of a great dramatic part, is in one of his later and least popular romances, 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' The conception of a young Highland chief—not without noble qualities, bound by every motive of race, of pride, of love, to exhibit the vulgar personal courage which a common smith possesses to extreme, and failing from mere want of nerve—is, in point of metaphysical knowledge poetically expressed, both new and true; and in point of dramatic passion might be made on the stage intensely pathetic. But Scott does not do full justice to his own thoughtful conception. It is a magnificent idea, not perfected by the originator, but out of which some future dramatist could make an immortal play—which no dramatist ever could out of those gems of narrative romance—'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth.' But if Scott did not exhibit a depth and subtlety proportioned to the wide scope of his genius, in the dissection of the human mind or the delineation of human passion, he carried knowledge of the world—knowledge of manners, of social life in general—to an extent which no previous British novelist has ever reached; and so harmoniously, so artistically, poetised that knowledge, that it is not one of the merits in him which would most strike an ordinary critic. For Scott did not deal with the modern world of manners—his great fictions do not touch upon our own time, nor invite our immediate recollections of what we have witnessed. His art is all the greater for not doing so; and so is his knowledge of the world, as the world is ever in human societies. In 'Ivanhoe,' for instance, there are many defects in mere antiquarian accuracy. Two or three centuries are massed together in a single year. But the general spirit of the age is made clear to popular apprehension, and stands forth with sufficient fidelity to character and costume for the purpose, not of an antiquarian, but of a poet. And it is the author's knowledge of the world, as the world is ever, which enables him to give such interest, charm, and vitality to his portraitures of manners so unfamiliar to our own. The great types of character he selects are those which could have occurred to no writer who had not acquired a very large acquaintance with mankind in his own time, and who had not made that acquaintance aid him, whether in the philosophical or the poetical transcript of an era dim-seen through our chronicles. Is there, throughout all prose fiction (except elsewhere in his own), anything comparable, in the union of practical truth with poetised expression, to Scott's portraitures of the Saxon Cedric, Athelstane, Wamba, Gurth, and the Norman De Bracy, Front de Bœuf, Prince John, Cœur de Lion? With what consummate knowledge of real life even the gentle insipid virtues of Ivanhoe are indicated as the necessary link between the Saxon

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and Norman! It is ever thus to this day. The man who yields to what must be—who deserts the superstitious adherence to what has been for an acquiescence in what is—has always, when honourable and sincere, a something in him of an Ivanhoe or a Waverley.

Knowledge of the world never forsakes Walter Scott, and in him it is always idealised up to the point of dramatic narrative, and no further. His kings speak according to all our popular associations with those kings—his nobles are always nobles, idealised as poetry should idealise nobles—his peasants, always peasants, idealised as poetry should idealise peasants; but in both noble and peasant, no idealising process destroys what I may call the practical side of truth in character. Scott's kings may be a little more kingly than a leveller finds them; still their foibles are not disguised, and they are never stilted and over-purpled. His peasants may be a little wittier and sharper than a fine gentleman discovers peasants to be; still they are not falsified into epigrammatists or declaimers. His humanity, like Shakespeare's, is always genial and indulgent. Hence, despite his strong political opinions, the wondrous impartiality with which, as an artist, he brings out the grand heroic features which belong to the chosen representatives of either party. It is true that he exalts overmuch the Cavalier accomplishments of Claverhouse, but then he brings into fuller light than history reveals the Roundhead grandeur of Burley. It is true that the cruelty of the one vanishes overmuch, according to strict history, in graceful, lovable curves of chivalric beauty; but it is also true that the ferocious fanaticism of the other vanishes amid the awe man always feels for conscientious convictions and indomitable zeal. Claverhouse in Scott is more beautiful than he was in life—Burley more sublime; in both the author is artistically right. For, if I do not err in the doctrine I have elsewhere laid down—that the great artist seeks generals and not particulars, avoids, in art, the exact portraitures of individuals, and seeks, in selecting individuals, great representative types of humanity—then the Claverhouse of Scott is to be regarded, not as Claverhouse alone, but as the idealised type of the haughty Cavalier, with his faults and merits; and Burley is not Burley alone, but the type, also idealised, of the fanatical Roundhead, with all the heroism of his zeal, even when maddened by the extravagances of his sect. A man of Walter Scott's opinions must have been, indeed, a large-minded man of the world—and an artist, sovereign in the impartiality of art, before he could have given to Balfour of Burley that claim to moral reverence which no writer on the Cavalier side of the question ever before gave to a Roundhead. Compare Hudibras to Walter Scott, and at once you see the distinction between the satirical partisan and the world-wise poet, who, seeking through the world whatever of grand or beautiful his wisdom can discover, exalts, indeed, but never mocks, beauty or grandeur wherever he finds it; and is himself unconscious, in the divine impartiality of art, that he has sometimes placed the most enduring elements of grandeur on the side to which, in the opinions of his own actual life, he is most opposed. Does Homer favour the Greeks or Trojans?—that is a fair dispute with scholars. But the secret of his preference is really locked within his own breast. Certainly he must (whether he was one Homer or a minstrelsy of Homers) have had a partisan's preference for one or the other. But if the Trojan, how impartially he compels our admiration of Achilles!—if the Greek, how impartially he centres our tenderness and sympathy upon Hector! Such impartiality is the highest exposition of knowledge of the world, and also of poetic art. Both these seeming opposites meet at the same point in

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the circle of human intellect—viz., that respect for humanity in which are merged and lost all the sectarian differences of actual individual life. Only where this point is reached do we have knowledge of the world or poetic art at its grandest apogee. And this truth is, perhaps, best shown by a reference to historians. History, in its highest ideal, requires an immense knowledge of the world; it requires also something of the genius and heart of a poet, though it avoids poetical form —that is, the difference between an accurate chronicler and a great historian is to be found partly in knowledge, not only of dry facts, but of the motives and practical conduct of mankind, and partly in the seasonable eloquence, not of mere diction, but of thought and sentiment, which is never to be found in a man who has in him nothing of the poet's nature. Yet a historian may possess a high degree of both these essentials, but failing of the highest, at which both should conjoin—viz., *impartiality*—the world cannot accept him as an authority. For this reason, while admiring their brilliant qualities as writers on history, no just-thinking man can ever recognise the authority of a historian in Hume or Macaulay. Scott, though a writer of romance, and having in his actual life political opinions quite as strong as those of Macaulay or Hume—yet, partly from a frank commune with the world in all its classes and divisions, partly from the compulsion of his art, which ordained him to seek what was grand or beautiful on either side of conflicting opinion, conveys infinitely fairer views of historical character than either of these illustrious writers of history. Scott, in a romance, could not have fallen into such Voltairean abasements of the grand principle of religious faith as those into which Hume descends when he treats of the great Puritans of the civil wars. Nor could Scott, in a romance, have so perverted the calm judicial functions of history as Lord Macaulay has done in that elaborated contrast between James II. and William and Mary, which no pomp of diction can reconcile to the reader's sense of justice and truth. The more the character of James (not as king only, but as man) is remorselessly blackened—in order to heighten, by that effect of contrast which is the favourite artifice of forensic rhetoric, the effulgence of light so lavishly thrown around every phase of frosty character in William—the more it offends us to find only the oratorical advocate where, seated in the tribunal of history, we had looked for the impartial judge. And here our reason is the more fortified against abuse of eloquence by the instincts of the universal human heart. Political reasons abound to justify a people for deposing a despotic and bigoted king, and placing on his throne, to the exclusion of the son who, according to customary right, would succeed to the vacancy, his daughter and the foreign prince she had married. But it is a vain endeavour to show that the ambitious prince and the heartless daughter were paragons of disinterested goodness and exquisite feeling. So long as human nature is human nature, it will be out of the power of genius to render William and Mary amiable and lovely characters in the eyes of those who learn at their own hearthstones to believe that whatever punishment a man, be he king or peasant, may deserve, it is not for his own daughter, nor for his daughter's husband, to be alike the punishers and the profiters by the punishment.

Scott, then, has a merit rare among even great historians—artistic impartiality. He has a merit, too, rare among even great novelists—a knowledge of the world exhibited through such types of character as are not effaceable by the mutations of time and manners. There is, in this last, a remarkable distinction between Scott and Fielding, though Fielding describes the manners of his own time, and Scott

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those of earlier ages; and yet, largely as Fielding's knowledge of the world was displayed, that knowledge is still more comprehensive in Scott. In Scott there is a finer insight into those elements of social manners which are permanent, not fleeting—general, and not particular. And his survey of the society of past times owed its breadth and its verisimilitude to his perceptions and experience of society in his own time. He gives us innumerable examples of the class of gentlemen and gentlewomen; and they are always truthful to the enduring ideals of that class—ideals which no change of time or scene can render obsolete. But Fielding is not happy in the portraits of his ladies and gentlemen. There is no age of manners in which a Tom Jones would not be somewhat vulgar, and a Lady Bellaston an offensive libel on womanhood; while, in his most striking and famous characters, taken from lower grades of life, Fielding lavishes his glorious humour and his rich vitality of creative power too much on forms that are not large types of mankind, but eccentric individuals growing out of a special period in manners, which, nevertheless, they are too exceptional to characterise. And when, but a few years afterwards, we look round to see the likenesses of these images, we cannot discover them. Thus, regarded in itself, what a creation of humorous phantasy is Parson Adams! But probably, not even in that day, nor in any day, was Parson Adams a fair type of the English country clergyman; and if it were so, it would still not be one of those types of a class which remain unalterable in its main essentials. No human being that reminds us of Parson Adams could we now discover. In a lesser degree the same remark may be applied to Squire Western, and even to Partridge. This fault in Fielding's more broadly humorous characters of a fault (as, with profound [illegible] magnificent writer, [illegible]), is, at all events, not committed by Scott. Though many of his more broadly humorous characters have the disadvantage, for cosmopolitan acceptation, of expressing themselves in a Scotch dialect, only partially known to the English, and scarcely possible to translate into a foreign language without loss to their subtler traits of personality, still they suggest parallels and likenesses among human beings in whatever society we are thrown. As long as the world lives there will be Major Dalgetties and Andrew Fairservices. I am here opposing characters in either novelist which may be said to exemplify knowledge of the world; where another knowledge is required—a knowledge more appertaining to metaphysical philosophy, and requiring a depth of reflection which Scott very seldom exhibits—Fielding achieves characters which Scott could not have analysed with the same skill; and in those characters Fielding creates types of generalities that are never obsolete. Witness the masterly exposition of cant in Blifil—witness the playful but profound satire on scholastic disputations in the bold sketches of Thwackum and Square—witness also that sublime irony upon false greatness which, in 'Jonathan Wild,' exemplifies the most refined reasonings through the rudest parables, and in the wild poetry of its burlesque approaches the dignity of the heroic which it mocks. In 'Jonathan Wild,' Fielding is Fielding *plus* Lucian and Swift, and rivalling at times even the point and polish of Voltaire.

There was, however, this difference between Scott and Fielding in their treatment even of humorous character: Fielding, where greatest—as in Blifil, Thwackum, Square, Jonathan Wild—is satirical. He debases, to a certain degree, high conceptions of humanity, in pulling down the false pretences of impostors. Decorum itself, that necessary accompaniment to social virtue, does not quite escape the contempt with

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which we regard Blifil as its spurious representative. The laugh at Thwackum and Square leaves a certain ridicule on the highest inquiries of intellectual philosophy; and, however happily false heroism may be burlesqued and bantered in 'Jonathan Wild,' still the aspirations of youth would fall to a level injurious to the grandeur of the people from which that youth sprang, if the boy could regard as the true parallels to thieves and pickpockets a Julius Cæsar or an Alexander the Great. But Scott, like Shakespeare, deals very sparingly in satire; in his employment of humour he never debases any of those ideals, the reverence of which improves or exalts society. If his humorous characters examined alone provoke a smile at their cowardice or selfishness, beside them there always soar great images of valour and generosity. And in this distinction I think he shows both the superior beauty of his poetic art, and the more dispassionate and objective survey of mankind which belongs to his knowledge of the world. Certainly Scott, like Shakespeare and Goethe, had the advantage of living in a very noble age, and in an age which, on the whole, was eminently conciliatory. An age that enabled a writer to regard Napoleon and Wellington as his contemporaries, was certainly one which made heroism familiar to the common talk of the day. But it was also a conciliatory age. Even in the midst of the European war many circumstances tending to soften violent dissensions between honest and thoughtful minds were in operation. There had grown up a spirit of tolerance in religious opinions which was almost wholly new in our modern era; for the tolerance which Voltaire demanded for the propagandists of Deism he certainly denied to the preachers of Christianity. Out of all the crimes and the madness of the latter days of the French Revolution there had arisen, almost unconsciously, a greater respect for humanity—a deeper conviction of that consideration and tenderness which Governments owe to the masses they govern; and, on the other hand, the attempt to erase from modern societies the veneration due to their own ancient foundations, and substitute instead (for men the most innovating never can get rid of the homage due to antiquity of some kind) a spurious, ignorant superstitious worship of old heathen republics, had awakened a desire to revive and recur to the genuine antiquity of our own northern Christian races. The first idea of this revival was caught by Chateaubriand in his 'Genie du Christianisme'—a work which, despite a thousand faults of sentimental exaggeration and inflated style, seized hold on the age, because it fulfilled a want of the age, and had, at its first publication, directly—has now, when few read the work, indirectly—an immense effect upon the sentiment of Europe. Endowed with a higher poetic genius, adopting a form infinitely more popular, and guided by a taste far more masculine than Chateaubriand's, Scott rose to unite the reverence to what is best in our own genuine antiquity with what is best in our own genuine modern modes of thought. And this is really the chief merit of his affluent genius, and the main cause of his ascendant popularity throughout Europe, —that he was at once conservative and liberal in the noblest sense of either hackneyed word. Conservative in his conception and portraiture of those great elements of the Christian Past which each Christian community of Europe has employed in its progressive development; liberal in the respect he shows to all that can advance our human destinies throughout the future—to valour, to honour, to conscience. Though his intellect did not lead him to philosophise, his grand all-comprehending human heart achieved the large results of philosophy. Here is his advantage over Byron, who had in remarkable degree the temperament which leads

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men to philosophise, but wanted the discipline of intellect which is necessary for the attainment of philosophy. But great poets never philosophise in vain; and even in philosophy Lord Byron achieved a purpose not designed by himself. With many faults of hasty, and even slovenly composition, and with notions of criticism as loose and inaccurate as were all his notions of abstract reasoning, Lord Byron expressed a something, in form more charming, despite its faults, than the world had yet known, which the world had long wanted to hear expressed, and for which, at that especial day, the world desired an utterance. For if there be a truth in the world everlastingly general, and therefore eternally poetical, it is the absolute futility and hollowness of earthly objects and sensual pleasures,—in fact, that this world is a grand thing if held in reference to another, and a miserable thing if not. Byron's poetry is the expression of that truth more palpably, more to the conception of ordinary readers, than it had been hitherto expressed, except by the Preacher. And such is human nature, that if anything is to be said with effect against the pleasures of the world, we must have it said by some one who could command them. We laugh when we read an anecdote of a French poet who, at the age of sixty, calls on the ladies of his acquaintance to tell them that he has renounced his worship to the goddess of Love: We should not laugh at, but rather feel an interest in the young poet—probably not half so good a poet as the old one—who declared that he abjured the same goddess at the age of twenty-eight. When Molière announced his 'Mis-' it osed that he mself as Al- ot, at first, atural than d be a our for pular

was excited. What more extraordinary than that a great duke should be a misanthrope? So with Byron's verse. A truth profound, and, in itself, intensely religious, was flung forth without religious sentiment—nay, rather in daring scepticism—by a man who possessed all which the world adulates, and who mourned or mocked its nothingness;—the young noble, of lofty birth, and of a beauty so rare that only two types of masculine beauty, which painters display, can match it—viz., those of Napoleon and Raffælle! Here was a picture which brought out with striking force the moral, imbedded in the midst of poetry, perhaps more striking to a thoughtful mind because it was not enforced by an austere preacher, but came as a wail from the lips of a sceptic. What Goethe has said of Byron I believe to be true—viz., "He was essentially a born poet." He had very little art, very little of the ordinary knowledge which is essential to most writers, whether in prose or verse. One has but to read his Letter in defence of Pope against Bowles, to perceive that he had never learned the elementary laws of criticism. His book-learning was not only inferior to that of Dryden, or even of Pope, but to that of any modern writer of mark in any country, with the solitary exception of Burns. And even when we speak of him as a born poet, we must allow that his earliest poems do not equal in merit Pope's imitation of Horace at the age of fourteen. But poetry is not like music. In music a great composer shows what is in him while he is a child—in poetry the born poet may long linger before he chances on his rightful utterance. Byron did not linger long—he chanced on an utterance that enthralled Europe before he was twenty-seven. Of all [illegible] poets since Milton, Byron [illegible] at once the most [illegible] ign nations, and yet [illegible] to foreign [illegible] ing to the [illegible]

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our poets they are those whom the French most condescend to imitate. If the French now study Shakespeare, it is because Scott and Byron allured them to study English.

The extent to which I have already taxed, in this Essay, the patience of readers the gentlest—if, indeed, that patience has not long since refused to pay the impost—will not permit me the mention of some modern writers whose claims to knowledge of the world, as shown in their pages, ought not to be ignored. But the title of my Essay implies selection, and selection must be always arbitrary. Not having room for all, I must be contented with representative examples. I regret even more than the omission of some modern writers, that I cannot widen the scope of my criticism by adequate reference to the ancient —viz., the Latin and Greek. But even the fragments left to us of Publius Syrus, who is said to have been the special delight of Julius Cæsar, the most consummate man of the world who ever lived, would justify a critical essay as lengthened as this. Those fragments consist but in apothegms, many of which, ascribed to Syrus, are probably attributable to others; yet the very imputation to him of sayings so exquisite, attests his rank as the sayer of exquisite things. And the sentences thus collectively fathered upon him, evince a solidity and a splendour of intellect surpassing all which we can discover in Terence and Plautus, and proving, not so much the amazing combination of wit and sagacity in the writer—since we are not sure that they all belong to the writer assigned—as the amazing civilisation of the age out of which they grew, whosoever the writer might be. And it is these fragments, so little familiar to even the learned, that Sydney Smith, telling us how the 'Edinburgh Review' came to be started, says, "We took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us, I am sure, had ever read a single line;"—it is these fragments which, when I am treating of the knowledge of the world, bring before me the obligations in that science, and in the literature familiarising it, which we at this day owe to the Greek and Latin authors. Is there one of their merits which more serves to keep them everlastingly in vogue, and more emphatically distinguishes their genius from that of other antique races, whether Oriental or Northern, than the tone and air of highly civilised European gentlemen in a highly civilised European world?

The secret of what is called classic taste consists in the harmonious combination of manliness of sentiment with elegance of form. If I could sum up the general spirit of ancient literature by one brief definition, I should say that it was the expression of a nature highly poetical, highly imaginative, chastened by a commune with men of admirable common sense accustomed to the strictness of scholastic reasoning, and ripened by intercourse with the living world. In societies not characterised by the collisions and checks of a highly accomplished society fastidiously alive to vulgarity of language and to bombast in sentiment, the fancy even of genius, the reason even of pure intellect, is apt to run riot. Both the one and the other will tend to forsake what we call the Practical, and, in forsaking it, to depart from the true Ideal; for the true Ideal is the noble chivalrous lover of the Practical—loth to quarrel with its earthly partner, ever seeking not to divorce, but to raise to its own rank that less high-born bride to which, for better or for worse, it is necessarily allied.

Now, when we speak, in our formal schools, of classic taste, and solemnly commend to our youthful listeners a study of the classic authors, we cannot, unless we are the most servile of pedants, mean to imply any other check upon the divine freedom and play of imagination, so bold in the classic poets, than that which, even in the Ho-

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meric dawn of classical literature, the knowledge of man in his highest state of intellectual refinement at the time in which the Poet lived, imposed on his phantasies. If Homer created, as Herodotus implies he did, the gods whom Greece worshipped, and who have long since perished, he also represented, in more unalterable types, the men whom we still behold. But what, I apprehend, we mean to inculcate on our pupils in commending to them the study of the classics, is that soundness of taste and judgment which is formed by intercourse, not with one single writer or another, but with a literature extending over many centuries, and on the whole representing that astonishing union of imagination and reasoning which forms the predominant characteristic of ancient classical literature. In this union Shakespeare is more classic than the classics to whom his romance is said by Formalists to be opposed. But in style or form there is a necessity for a common standard of taste, which it is the privilege of dead languages to bestow. However we English admire Shakespeare, we should hesitate before we commended his form and style as a model. In truth, we should dislike or rebuke the writer who presumed to imitate the form of Shakespeare. We should cry "off" to the mimics who aped his walk. A language dead, and therefore eternally settled, has alone the prerogative of suggesting to all living races ideals of form which are cosmopolitan, not national—which can be tamely copied by none, yet afford standards of taste to all.

Now, while the classic poets authorise the highest flights to which healthful imagination can soar—while they throw open the gates of the supernatural, admitting familiar [illegible] companionship with deities and [illegible] and fauns and satyrs [illegible] realm of fable to [illegible] remote from this [illegible] the wildest ro[illegible]ire—[illegible] still, regarded as a class, a general body, preserve sufficient affinities with human nature to secure what may be called the truthfulness of art to the inventions of their fancy. They rarely forsake the Practical, as Goethe understood the word, when he applies it to the genius of the ever-idealising Schiller—meaning thereby the strong sense which *practicalises* the ideal to the common sympathies and comprehension of multitudes: while the classic prose-writers—though the severest of them, as historians or philosophers, sometimes desert reason for fancy with a licence we should be sorry nowadays to concede to guides in philosophy and authorities in history—still embody a mass of solid truths, social and moral, which makes them perennially modern in what we call knowledge of the world.

Classic literature, in short, is so essentially characterised by that liberal suavity which Cicero terms "urbanitas," in contradistinction to whatever is narrow-minded, rude, underbred, superfine, and provincial—so thoroughly the literature of gentlemen in whatsoever phase of society or period of time the stem of humanity can put forth the flower of gentleman—that the most polished communities of Europe to this day concur in the superstitious belief that there is something wanting in the tone, spirit, breeding by which gentlemen are distinguished, in the man who, whatever his birth or his talents, is utterly ignorant of the classics.

In public life, especially, such ignorance appears to make itself felt. An orator in whom it exists rarely fails to say something that jars on the taste or alienates the sympathy of an audience in which gentlemen form the majority. The audience does not detect why—does not pedantically exclaim, "This orator knows nothing of Greek and Latin!" they rather mutter. "This orator does not know gentlemen;" or, "He has mixed very little with the great world."

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Cicero finely observes, "*Inter hanc vitam perpolitam humanitate, nihil tam interest quam jus atque vis.*" And it is *jus atque vis* which seem, as a whole, to form the style by which classic literature expresses —*vitam perpolitam.*

Probably knowledge of the world, in its widest and healthiest development, is not often exhibited by writers in states of society in which there do not exist at once a tolerant freedom of opinion, if not of institutions—as the former freedom, at least, existed in France even under the old regime—and the polished language which that opinion acquires from the converse of a class raised above the mercantile business of life.

Free institutions necessarily tend to the wider range and securer privilege of free opinions. The Greek eupatrid or the Roman patrician, who had to court the votes of his phyle, or of his clients, could not fail to acquire a large and liberal acquaintanceship, not only with the selfish interests, but with the nobler motive-springs of impassioned multitudes, such as is shown in Thucydides or Cicero: and as all knowledge becomes, as it were, atmospheric, and, once admitted into the common air of a place, is generally inhaled; so even poets, aloof from the arena of politicians, caught that generous influence from the very breath they drew in, and express it in their pages. But still the tone of a society refined by aristocratic distinctions, is apparent in the elegance with which the classic writers utter the sentiments popular with the crowd.

But if, in forms of government which exclude free political institutions, though admitting great latitude of literary speech, knowledge of the world is apt to become too narrowed to that of a privileged circle, so, on the other hand, in forms of government so popular as to exclude admitted differences of rank, I know of no writers in whom knowledge of the world is a conspicuous attribute. The United States of America have produced authors remarkable for number and excellence, considering the briefness of period during which the American Republic has existed—remarkable even for national originality, considering the disadvantage of writing in a language appropriated already to enduring masterpieces in the parent State. But while in science and philosophical discussion, in theology, in poetry, and prose fiction, democratic America is rich in works which command just admiration, the main fault of her authorship, and indeed of her statesmanship, in dealing with foreign countries, has been the want of that *comity*—that ineffably urbane wisdom which has its expression in good-breeding, and without which knowledge of the world has the air of a clever attorney in sharp practice. The absence of a fixed and permanent order of refined society, with its smile at the bombast and balderdash that captivate the vulgar, seems to lessen the quick perception of genius to the boundaries between good taste and bad; so that, when I read the printed orations of American statesmen, I find a sentence of which a Grattan might have been proud followed by a tawdry claptrap of which even a Hunt would have been ashamed. The poets of this grand Anglo-Saxon family, escaping from the popular life, and following the muse in the retirement of their groves or their closets, eliminate from their graceful verse knowledge of the world altogether; they often philosophise on man in the abstract, but they neither depict in their drama nor adorn in their lyrics, nor moralise, in their didactic vein, upon the actual world, which the ideal world surrounds with a purer atmosphere, but from which it draws up the particles it incorporates in its rays of light, or the vapours it returns in dews. Shakespeare places alike a Miranda and a Stephano in the Enchanted Isle which has Caliban and Ariel for its dwellers; and Horace invokes now a Tyndaris, now a

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Mæcenas, to the cool of the valley resonant with the pipe of Faunus.

Perhaps, of all American writers, in Washington Irving the polite air of the man of the European world is the most seen; but then, of all American writers, Washington Irving is the one who most sedulously imitated, and most happily caught, the spirit of European writers formed under aristocratic as well as popular influences;—of all American writers he is thus the least American. In fact, European life, whether among the ancients, as in Athens or Rome, or among the modern civilised races, struggles perpetually for the political ascendancy of the people, but ever also seeks to preserve a superior social influence to a class in which the sense of honour is an ancestral duty—the observance of polished manners a traditional charge. And if ever, in any one of the great nations of Europe, such a class should wholly disappear, that nation will lose its distinctive European character.

Knowledge of the world, in its widest signification, is the knowledge of civilised humanity; and its artistic expression will be consummate in proportion as its range comprehends what is most general in humanity, and its tone represents what is most refined in civilised manners. By knowledge of the world we mean something more than knowledge of a class, whether the class comprise the idlers of May Fair or the operatives of Manchester. But in the mind of a great artist selecting either May Fair or Manchester for his scene and his characters, there is no demagogue's hatred of idlers, and no coxcomb's contempt of workmen. Both classes represent sections of humanity which go back to the earliest date of human records, and may possibly endure to its last.

I started with saying that knowledge of the world, where the world's condition is not unhealthful, though it may be below the average morality of sages, and must comprehend a survey of error, vice, crime, as well as of truth, virtue, innocence, does not necessarily vitiate the student of it, any more than the study of the human frame vitiates the pathologist. Only where the society to which the range of the observer is confined is thoroughly corrupt would it, almost of necessity, infect the moral health of its philosophical student, whether by acquiescence in its example, as may be the case with natures too yielding and soft, or by scorn and wrath at the example, as would be the case with natures too irascible and severe. For, as I have before said, however justly provoked scorn and wrath may be, no mind can be habitually in a state of scorn and wrath without some deterioration of the qualities essential to virtue. "*Ira, pessimus consultor.*" It would be difficult to reconcile any notions or theories of human goodness with creeds from which indulgence, charity, tolerance, philanthropy are excluded as unworthy compromises with human evil.

Now, our world at this epoch, though I do not desire to flatter, is certainly not one which would justify Thales in bidding farewell to it. If we consult history in an unprejudiced, unsuperstitious spirit, I do not think we shall find that the world, regarded as a whole, has ever been much better than it is now, and in many important respects it has been much worse. I speak more especially of the world in my own country, which at this moment is certainly a more humane, peaceable, orderly, moral, decorous, yet good-natured world, than it ever seems to have been, from the date of the last George up to that of the first William. If I look back to the chronicles of the eighteenth century—nay, if I look back only so far as the year in which I left college—I am startled at the visible improvement. I do not say that those rare individuals who stand forth as the landmarks of time were not possibly much greater, and, considering the temptations that begirt them, much better than

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individuals nowadays. I honour the reverence to noble tombs too implicitly to believe that any living great man can equal a dead great man. A dead great man is a shrined ideal of excellence; a living great man is a struggling fellow-mortal. The one is Hercules assoiled from mortal stain when separated from mortal labour, who has ascended from the fire-pile to the Nectar Hall of Olympus; but the other is the Hercules who, if at one time he is valiantly slaying Hydras, and calmly braving the very Powers of Orcus, is seen at another time the effeminate slave of Omphale, or the frenzied murderer of Iphitus. But the progress of society has very fallacious milestones in the monuments we erect to apotheosised individuals. Whatever my admiration for Alexander—and, in spite of Mr Grote, it is intense—Alexander's march through Asia affords me no gleam of intelligence as to the advance of his Macedonian people in the theories of political government or ethical doctrine.

What I see in England, comparing this century with the last—or comparing even the date in which I now write with the date in which I wrote first—is the advancement of numbers, the more general culture of intellect, the milder constructions of law, the greater tenderness to suffering and erring humanity, the more decent respect to domestic sanctities, the more intellectual—not unreasoning—acquiescence in religious truths.—And, therefore, looking at the world as reflected in the microcosm of my own country,—through all gradations of society, from the palace to the cottage—and through all sections of opinion, from that of the pulpit to that of a club,—it seems to me that a writer of our day and land, aspiring to fame for knowledge of the world, would view that world not with the abhorrence of Juvenal, not with the despair of venerable Bede, but with as indulgent a charity as that which makes Shakespeare and Goethe so lovably mild and so genially wise. Still the world is the world, and it is not Utopia. Even in our own England, no doubt, there is much that is very bad, and we varnish it over by what in vernacular vulgarism is called "cant;" while out of England there are many things which revolt our English preconceived opinions.

There is therefore quite enough material left for either Muse, the tragic or the comic—quite enough left for the grave reproof of philosophy, or the light ridicule of satire. But the writer in either of these developments of his natural genius who shall seek to win general and permanent repute for his knowledge of the world we live in, will find that the same greater mildness of manners which would render us shocked at the judgments our courts of law passed on offenders a century ago, would also indispose us to allow to writers the truculent sentences upon human error which then were considered the just denunciations of outraged virtue.

Whether the world be better, as I believe, or worse, as some fond worshippers of the past maintain, it is quite clear that the world does not nowadays think it can be improved by the old-fashioned modes of hanging and branding and pillorying, or of scoffing and scolding and snubbing, which it so cheerfully accepted as salutary mortifications from the hands and tongues of our ancestors.

And in the writer to whom we accord knowledge of the world in this our day of it, we shall expect to find that large toleration which has grown out of a wisdom more lenient, and that well-bred urbanity of tone which succeeds to the boorishness of vituperation, in proportion as the refinement of intellectual and social culture has become more diffused throughout the various ranks of the public.

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THE SPECTRE OF MILAGGIO.

THOUGH in Italy summer may be the mother of the poor, it is only a stepmother, and a very disagreeable one, to the stranger from the north of Europe. Vincenzo, as he stretches his large half-clad limbs, raises his head with its long black locks from the steps of the church on which he has slept all night, or buries his teeth in the slice of melon which the glowing peasant girl has given him, may possibly feel the truth of the proverb; but the visitor from colder climes, who sits panting and perspiring, unable to support his system with anything more substantial than an ice, is apt to regard the great Italian summer with dislike and even hatred. Especially unhappy are the faithful few who brave out in Florence the months of June, July, and August. Tropical heat is easily endured, because it is evaded or defied. The cool sea-breeze sweeps through the open house, or the air is tempered by passing through wet cuskus grass, and the ceaseless punkah waves overhead, while all exertion is avoided, and is, by abundant attendance, rendered unnecessary. But at Florence the heat is at 100°, and there is no escape from it except in the gloom of the interior of the Duomo, which preserves a little of the winter's cold. Not a breath of wind comes up the Arno valley; a hot sickly air clings to the city almost through the entire night. It is impossible to sit in rooms which appear to be placed over slow furnaces, and it is intolerable to walk over pavements which suggest the idea of molten lava flowing beneath. The very fleas know that the unhappy Englishman is incapable of decisive exertion, and so, besides tormenting, insult him with impunity. The Italians also exult over his helplessness, and, however highly he may pay them, cling to him, exclaiming, "E poco, Signor! è poco!"

However, it is one thing to enter a city, and another to leave it. On starting from Munich to proceed to Italy through portions of the Tyrol and Switzerland, I contented myself with taking only a knapsack, and handed over my luggage to a Bavarian *spediteur*, who engaged that it should reach Florence in perfect safety by a certain day. But the word *spediteur* must be taken ironically, and translated "delayer," not "expediter," just as *eilwagen* should be rendered "slow coach." Days, weeks, months, passed after the appointed time, but of the luggage nothing could be seen or heard in Florence. Vain were all inquiries of the Italian agent; vainly was my knowledge of German taxed to the uttermost in writing letters to München of every kind, from the threatening and indignant to the appealing and pathetic. With such experience before me, it appeared certain that to leave Florence would be to lose my effects for ever; because, though they might pursue, these portmanteaus, in the hands of *spediteurs*, were not very likely ever to overtake, their proper owner until he had reached that bourne where they could no longer be of the slightest use to him. There were also serious objections to giving up my luggage altogether and at once, seeing that it contained some valued manuscripts, letters of introduction, sketch-books, certain mementos of affection, and my degree of Ph. D. Moreover—and here was the great grievance—without it I scarcely knew how immediately to supply myself with money, and some curious adventures in Milan had exhausted my purse. Not expecting any immediate need of more cash, several manuscripts, and, among others, a handbook of German art, which a London publisher had engaged to purchase, had been rashly committed to the *spediteur*, and

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were now, for all I knew to the contrary, buried in an avalanche among the Alps, or in course of being used by banditti for lighting cigars. It was hardly possible to draw in advance upon the publisher for a work which might never reach him; for who could undertake to write a handbook twice over? Italy, swarming as it does with painters, was no place where my unskilled pencil could find remunerative employment. Experience had taught me that something in my aspect warned both friends and strangers not to lend me any gold, and that an unfortunate tendency to smile on my part, when solemnly promising to return a loan, excited in them the most unjust suspicions. It was impossible to leave Florence until a small sum was had some way or other, so there was nothing for it but to remain where I was, and to take up the pen, which, of all means of imposing upon the world, I most despise and hate.

One day in the Uffizii, when sketching the sculptures of the Niobe group in a small note-book with lead pencil, a dark compact young man, who might have passed for an Italian but for his loose dress of English tweeds, asked if I felt inclined to furnish a number of such sketches as those on which I was engaged, as he thought they conveyed a better idea of statues than engravings could give. This proposal, which was not unacceptable at the time, led to a friendly acquaintance with Benton, who presented a curious combination of taciturnity with considerable love of companionship. He often brought to my recollection a story which the Italians tell of Lord William Bentinck in illustration of English character. That nobleman, according to their account, once spent a night, along with a brother, in a suspicious inn at the foot of the Abruzzi. Next morning they drove on for many miles without exchanging a single word, until the younger, being the weaker-minded, ventured to say, "Did you notice a dead man under the bed last night, William?" To this question William only deigned to reply, "Yes, what of it?" and the brother closed the conversation by saying, quite abashed, "Oh! nothing!" or, as the Italians tell it, with most amusing grimace and emphasis, "Niente! niente!" Benton was just the man to have taken part in such a conversation; but at times, on certain subjects, and when along with only one companion, he would talk readily enough. Being sometimes myself given to intervals of silence, and very much occupied at that time with speculation on my portmanteaus as phenomena in time and space, his society was quite congenial. Though very deficient in general information, like most Englishmen fresh from college, and not in good health, there was something so sincere, manly, and strong about him, that even his melancholy was not felt oppressive. Almost every evening we met, and sauntered together along the Cascine, or through the streets of the town, smoking in silence, or discussing various matters, but always observing closely.

"I think heat agrees with me," he said on one of these occasions, explaining his stay in Florence; "and I like this better than England, now that I am unwell and moody. Grinding Greek, boating, and taking part in last year's election with my uncle in Oxshire, were very good things in their way; but then this illness of mine made me consider why men learned Greek, and why they rowed boats, and why they did anything at all. You smile, but I daresay you understand my meaning. In fact, I got away from myself, somehow or other, and, looking at myself, could get no satisfaction."

"I know the disease, Benton, though your description of it is not much clearer than the Arno. You mean, that when you were unable to take part in the activity of English life, England had nothing tolerable to offer in place, while

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Florence has. The full vigour of English life exerts no such soothing influence over certain doubts and cravings, as do the lineaments of a dead past undisturbed by any active present. To live here at this time is like watching the countenance of a friend who has died in peace. A deep calm rests over it, but in its settled expression you see the history of his life. The pale arched brow tells of his thought and penetration. In the lines rudely drawn upon his cheek you remember how he struggled with the world. The wavering line of his lips reveals his share of joy. In his beauty there is a sacredness, and in his ruder features a pathos——"

"So," interrupted Benton, "that's the way you look upon your dead friends! What were the lines you quoted to me the other day about botanising upon a mother's grave?"

"Never mind. You had better take your Northern feet off the Sasso di Dante, on which you have just stopped to light that cigar. The lines are Wordsworth's; and your present position reminds me of a rough Cumberland peasant, whom I once saw trampling on that poet's grave at Grassmere, bruising the soft rounded turf with his heavy boots, and for no particular reason that I could see, unless it were to clean them."

We were indeed standing by the seat of Dante, having wandered into the piazza of the Duomo, one-half of which, including part of that side where we stood, was in deep shadow, while the remainder lay in white moonlight. In no other light does the cathedral look so striking, for its coloured marbles harmonise better than during the day, while the exquisite grace and beauty of Giotto's campanile are in perfect unison with the softness of the hour. But we were not allowed to stand long in wondering silence; for an American, of some little reputation, recognised us as he passed, and complimented us on our good taste.

"Bee-yewtiful!" he said. "Why, now, it's impossible to express the loveliness of that campanily. It just looks as if Giotto had cut a stroke out of eternal beauty, and set it up for the admiration of the universe. What a delightful place of residence this is! I expect summer is about the best time for Florence, because the mud-serpents—the mere tourists, you understand—disappear before the sun-god, and only true worshippers of art remain. I had our famous *scultore Americano* dining with me to-day. He is a man of true genius, fine genius, but not for conversation. There he is like a cask of good wine, splendid old wine, that has got no spigot in it. Nothing like Florence in summer—at least to us Americans—for the climate of our country includes the climate of the globe. We are alike at home on the burning sands of Africa and among the frozen oceans of the North. Talking of oceans, by the way, won't you have an ice? Donin's will be closed directly."

Of course, after such talk, it was impossible to hold communion with the spirit of Dante, and so (Benton growling an inarticulate protest), we followed our acquaintance to the café, where he soon left our side to disturb the *scultore Americano*, who was sitting smoking placidly behind his long beard.

"I am always coming across that dirty-looking fellow," said Benton sharply; indicating an Italian who seemed absorbed in the perusal of his newspaper.

"Ah! I forgot to tell you," was my reply, "that that profligate-looking youth is the guardian angel appointed to watch over you by the Minister of Police. Every stranger who comes here at present is closely tracked for the first few weeks of his stay, unless his bankers can vouch for his political orthodoxy; and you are so very like an Italian, that you may expect to be haunted so long as you are in Florence."

"My grandmother, I believe, was a Roman, and therefore I am to be dogged about! Confound

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their impudence! they might, at least, have set some one with a clean shirt to look after me. And this is not the first annoyance of the kind. No sooner had I landed at Leghorn, than I was arrested as an Italian illegally using a British passport, though I could not speak two words of the language. But how do you know that he is a spy upon me?"

"Because I was told of the practice, and after that there was no difficulty in discovering both your guardian and mine. Luckily my friend has slackened his diligence of late, finding that I dine regularly at a restaurant frequented by Austrian officers, and converse with them in their own tongue. German here covers a multitude of sins."

"I should think it must, in your case," returned my companion, "for you carry enough rebellion in your head to explode a kingdom, and yet you seem to approve of all kinds of tyranny and oppression."

"Why, yes," I said. "It is a profound question that, whether the mountain is wrong in oppressing the volcano, or the volcano in breaking through the mountain. I approve of Austrian rule in Italy, because, however severe and even brutal it may be, yet, being the severity of system and law, it is educating the Italians in decision, system, and honesty. On the other hand, I dearly love Italian insurrections, because these indicate the growth of the national sentiment, and before any people can assert their nationality they must be baptised in blood. But let us move, if we are to speak about these matters."

Again we wandered on into the piazza in which the Duomo stands, and rested, in deep shadow, on the projection which ran round an old house or palace. The silence of lengthening night was broken only by the heavy measured tread of the Austrian sentinel, who was pacing near by, and casting distrustful glances in our direction. This was in 1853, which, it may be remembered, was a year of great expectation and suspicion in Italy. Everywhere it was rumoured that the chiefs of the revolutionary party were prepared to convulse the Peninsula, and this hope was not dispelled by the failure, early in spring, of an attempt at insurrection in Milan, which only led to the assassination of a few Austrian sentries. In Rome plans of a similar kind were entertained for the destruction of French officers. At Florence there was a special cause for excitement in the trial and condemnation of Guerazzi; and the Tuscans were further enraged by the re-organisation of their police on the model of that of Naples, by the arrest of various parties for alleged offences against the Roman Church, and by the issue of a new penal code at once puerile and oppressive. Against none of these vexations could they venture to make any open protest so long as Leghorn and Florence were occupied by Austrian troops; consequently the irritation threatened to manifest itself in the assassination of sentries, as a similar feeling had done immediately after the Austrian occupation. At that earlier period the inhabitants had been disarmed, but it was discovered that the murders were committed by strong packing-needles stuck into wooden handles. My landlord, who was a vehement republican, and great liar, told me that he despatched two sentries in that manner. "Due," he would say, holding up two fingers by way of confirmation, "Due Soldati Tedeschi;" but I did not believe him. Some, however, were really thus disposed of; so it was by no means safe to go near an Austrian sentinel at night, as he had instructions to keep all passers-by at a safe distance with the point of his bayonet. Benton, who was aware of this fact, doggedly went so close to the sentinel at the corner of the piazza, that it was only a sudden exclamation of mine in German which saved him from making acquaintance with a little cold steel. The

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spy, the genial American, and a severer fit of indigestion than usual, had brought him into such a humour, that, after engaging to meet at the baths of Lucca, I was glad to see him lodged in safety at his hotel.

It was about midnight that I crossed the Ponte Trinità—the most graceful bridge in the world—in order to reach my rooms on the south side of the Arno. As had been before arranged, I lingered a little over the third arch, and was soon greeted by a tall man in a loose cloak, who followed me at a little distance, and ascended the long stairs which led to the *ultimo piano*, where my lodgings were, overlooking the tawny stream. Beyond our first greeting, no words were exchanged between us, and he also kept his face carefully concealed. Taking a parcel from under his cloak, he laid it on the table, and, making me a low bow, retired as silently as he had come. I have not the remotest idea who this individual was; and I do not even know what the parcel contained, though, on that latter point, various suspicions have suggested themselves to me. All I know with certainty is, that it was considered of much importance by the revolutionary party; that the risk of carrying it would have been, in case of detection, much greater to an Italian than it could have been to an Englishman; and that it was most expedient, in the event of its being seized, that there should be no possibility of tracing it to the source from whence it came. I undertook to carry it partly from private friendship, partly for the fun of the thing, and without troubling myself as to its contents.

On starting next morning, I kept the dangerous parcel suspended from my arm, with a thick coat thrown over it, because all luggage is examined on entering Leghorn; and was gratified, on reaching the railway station, at finding myself unattended by the *spia* or *mouchard*, whose business it was to keep an eye upon me. Just as the train was starting, however, he rushed up in an excited state, and, catching sight of me, entered the carriage, though unprovided with a ticket. Luckily the train was crowded, and he could not get close to me, so I had little difficulty in keeping the parcel concealed without directing his attention to the circumstance, though it was evident that he judged I was engaged on some business which it behoved him to look closely after. My great anxiety was how to give him the slip at the termination of our journey, so that I might get through the gate at Leghorn before he could have time to give the officers there a hint to examine my person—a practice which was not usually followed. The number of passengers that day favoured the design. I was able to get out before him, and, instead of waiting for my luggage, or taking a fiacre at the station, I walked rapidly to the gate, passed the *doganieri* without any difficulty, and then, driving off in a carriage, had the pleasure of seeing my greasy friend post himself at the gate, in anticipation of my arrival.

"You are going to stay at the Bagni di Lucca?" said the Italian to whom the parcel was delivered. "If you are not averse to another little adventure, I should be much indebted if, when there, you could visit the Borgo of Milaggio, a curious old place among the mountains, where a friend of mine is in hiding, and where he is putting himself into a fever from want of action and suitable society. Ask the landlord of the inn there, with this gesture, to give you a cup of *rosso vino*, and you will be able to communicate with my friend. Do pay him a visit if you conveniently can. None of us can venture to go near him at present; and as Stefani has been several years in London, he probably knows some of your acquaintances there."

Benton had agreed to meet me at Lucca, and on arriving there I found him encumbered with an

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elderly aunt and a young lady cousin. The latter was almost beautiful, and tall, with a rosy English complexion, and full of high spirits. I found them admiring the façade of the exquisite Lombardo-Gothic cathedral, and was struck by the contrast between his dark, reserved, firm, somewhat gloomy face, and the open glowing countenance of the young girl, whose elastic form and attitude betrayed a consciousness of youthful buoyant life, and whose hazel eyes showed every now and then a little impatience, not unmixed with scorn. In the gorgeous light of the interior of the Duomo, caused by the red and blue-painted windows, Florence Osborne's face and figure showed to advantage; but there lacked in her, or as yet were undeveloped, those elements of character which were necessary to make her properly harmonise with the genius of the place. The exquisite proportions of the cathedral saved its vastness from being too imposing; the massive pillars of the nave were relieved by the delicate Gothic fret-work which ran along the top of the arches; and the music which rose in cadence to the sky-coloured roof aided in making the whole general effect suggest a heavenward aspiration, of which no necessity or indication appeared in the brilliant young lady at our side.

It was after we had established ourselves at the Bagni di Lucca, and when riding among the chestnut-covered hills, that Miss Osborne's beauty and high spirits were most striking. How fascinating she appeared after a smart ride, with the rosy west lighting up her glowing face, the freshness and bloom of youth on every lineament, with dancing spirits and a happy heart in every movement of her agile figure! No wonder that Benton, who evidently loved her, while it was difficult to know the nature of her feelings for him, would sometimes, on these occasions, clench his hands convulsively, while a gloomy shadow rose in his e[illegible] he left us, on some pretext or another, for a mad solitary gallop. This usually brought a slight touch of petulance into Miss Osborne's manner, and gave greater point to her shafts of raillery.

Few sensible visitors to the Bagni di Lucca who can endure the rough ride of several hours, fail to visit the Prato Fiorito, a round grassy mountain-summit, covered with flowers at certain seasons of the year, and commanding magnificent views of the wild surrounding Apennines of Modena and Lucca. A brilliant morning in the end of August saw us three, mounted on the sure-footed horses of the country, and attended by a guide, ascending from the acacias and fruit-trees round the Bagni Caldi into the vast chestnut forests which cover the higher hills. A delicate fragrance rose from the pinks and heaths as they were kissed by the morning sun; but their colours were not more beautiful than the carnation of Florence Orborne's cheek. At first the forest was interspersed with vineyards and small white villages, the houses of which had verandahs made of trellised vines; but soon steep, narrow, and rugged paths took us up into a higher region, where our way led along a mountain-side through a forest of magnificent old trees. Innumerable lizards were running along the branches of the trees, and swarms of flies gathered upon our steeds, throwing them into a very restless state. Our fair companion's horse was especially irritable, notwithstanding that the guide waved a branch constantly over its head; and it finally bolted, so as to throw us into great dread for her safety. Miss Osborne was an admirable rider, and remained perfectly collected; but huge old branches hung in some places so low over the path that she ran the greatest risk of being dashed by her horse against them. [illegible] the old [illegible]

any rider who might try to pass beneath; and at the rate Miss Osborne was going the blow would probably have caused death. She saw the danger, but instead of throwing herself off, which also would have been perilous, from the precipitous fall of the bank on the right, not to speak of the usual danger of doing so, she strained to the utmost on the left rein, without, however, making any impression on the excited and unruly beast, which still held on, with its head lowered, as if wanting only to keep that safe, and indifferent to the fate of its rider. Benton's self-control and collected spirit suited him better for such an emergency than for graceful trifling. Luckily the path was soft and covered with grass, and his steed was the best of the three, so he was enabled to reach his cousin's side without exciting the animal she rode to strain itself any more than it was doing at any rate. Pressing his horse close to hers, and winding his arm round her waist, he drew her from her saddle, while she aided the movement by a quick spring, and, pulling madly to the left, they passed the tree in safety. With a shudder he told me that, so low was the branch at the place where her horse dashed underneath, the pommel of the saddle was bruised. When I overtook them his interesting burden had just descended, with colour heightened by the exercise, and perhaps also by the novelty of the situation. Benton himself looked very pale; and when his cousin had recovered a little she said to him, with a light in her eyes which contradicted the jocular tone, "Where did you learn such skill on horseback, Hugh? So good a rider ought to sit a little more gracefully. Besides, you look as if you had never seen a bolt in your life before. Well, I must confess I *was getting* rather confused, and *did not know* what to do. I am afraid, *my* dear cousin, you have almost saved my life. What a dreadful thing it would have been

to have dashed against that branch! And I am sure it would have happened but for your presence of mind, because I only thought of pulling my pony round, and it is not likely I could have done so. Indeed my wrist feels quite strained. Thank you again most gratefully; but how am I to get on to the Prato Fiorito, or back to the Baths?"

"You have only to return to the custom of our great-grandmothers," I said, joking, to prevent awkwardness, for we were all more affected by the incident than we cared to acknowledge, or could express at the moment. "One of mine, I know, rode on a pillion behind her husband on her wedding-day; and I can bring many sound authorities to show that there is nothing compromising to the dignity of a young lady in riding *vis-à-vis* even with a stranger when nothing better can be done. Not to go back so far as——"

"Allez donc!" broke in my fair acquaintance, smiling. "If one of you knights would gallop after my vanished steed, perhaps it might be conjured back again."

Having accomplished this task, I removed Miss Osborne's saddle to my own horse, placing her on the quieter one which I had hitherto ridden; and we proceeded without further accident on our way to the summit of the range of mountains, which gave picturesque views of richly-wooded valleys sunk precipitously to a great depth, and threaded with mountain streams, at that time very slender. Then a long, bleak, barren, stony track, broken by streams, or rather pools, and little patches of corn, brought us to a rocky ledge, on which we moved, without speaking, above a deep precipice; proceeding from thence along a rude mule-track to the foot of the smooth grassy Prato Fiorito, where we tethered our heated horses.

So short and smooth was the grass that it would have been im-

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possible to ascend had it not been for the grey stones imbedded on the western side; but, once on the summit, we were more than repaid by the extraordinary view around. Even my companions, who had no great sense of scenery, gazed in admiring silence, so clear was the air, so vast the stretch of country, and so vivid the contrasts. Only in such a pellucid crystal atmosphere could such immense distances have been discerned. It was a scene such as Italy and Japan alone present, so wonderfully did it blend the richest vegetation with the most rugged desolation, and the clearest deep blue air with the purple nimbus and the white shining cloud. Far away in the distance, over the purple haze that circled the coast of Spezzia, there glimmered the white shores of that treacherous sea which wooed to her secret caves the sweetest of English poets, and then, to show her scorn of earthly lovers, cast his pale mangled corpse upon the foam-beat sand. To the south we could almost fancy we saw the ancient city of Pisa amid the wooded fertile plains which stretched away till lost in the dim horizon. The corn-fields and small towns at the entrance of the larger valleys passed gradually into vineyards and little white villages, the vineyards into dark-green and brown chestnut forests, the forests into straggling pines, and the pines into creepers and clinging hollies, which ran here and there up the dark precipices, or fringed their abrupt jagged edges; and above the precipices there were soft rounded grassy slopes, enamelled with various flowers of delicate hue, but appearing in the distance as if huge animals slumbering beneath the calm influence of the still blue sky. Wave after wave of human toil and culture had rolled up the valleys, and dashed its scattered spray here and there, as in little patches of corn, far up the mountains. An earlier wave of nature's life had risen higher, leaving the thick forests, the scattered pines, and the grassy slopes. But breaking through, and towering above these in savage impassive grandeur, were the vertebræ of the backbone of Italy—the red and white ridges and peaks of bare rugged rocks of the higher Apennine. On one side the mountains of Carrara were streaked with its white marble, and on another the path to Modena wound away among barren mountains, through the gaps of which white shining clouds were seen. The air was perfectly still, unvexed by any wind, and the only sounds heard were the faint roar of the foaming streams in the deep valleys below, and the crisping of the grass under the sun's tremendous heat.

A sudden exclamation from our guide caused us to look in the direction of Modena, where a singular phenomenon presented itself. At first it appeared as if a long ridge of the mountains was slowly rising up into the sky, and then as if a huge wall of black rock was rising behind the mountains and about to overwhelm the whole country in some terrible convulsion of nature. This was the commencement of the rains of autumn coming suddenly after the long drought; and, crying "Acqua, acqua!" our guide hurried us down from the summit of the mountain. That descent would have been rather puzzling had we set about it in a leisurely manner; but, as it was, we managed to tumble and slide down without any hesitation, and were soon on our horses again. It was far pleasanter riding up these mountain paths than trotting down them, but our animals showed amazing dexterity in preserving their footing, and, whenever it was necessary, went down at once upon their haunches. Notwithstanding our efforts, the storm broke soon upon us; the thunder pealed from crag to crag, awaking all the echoes of the valleys; the forked lightning played round us; and the white

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electric rain descended in sheets. Before being much wet, however, we came to a shed that we had noticed on our upward progress, used for the protection of goatherds and their flocks, and found under it shelter both for our horses and ourselves. Then, of course, came forth the cold fowls and the amber-coloured Montepulciano, the heavy, but sweet and palatable bread made of chestnut-flour, the luscious ripe fig, and the small purple grape. The novelty of the situation, the coolness of the mountain air, the freshness brought by the rain and storm, all gave zest to our repast; but when the wit had exhausted itself, and the last flask we could venture to touch was thrown aside, it was with uncertain and somewhat puzzled looks that we began to examine the state of the weather. There seemed no prospect of any improvement for the better. The thunder, indeed, had rolled away towards the sea, but the rain continued to beat down, steadily, sullenly, and in an abundance unknown in northern climes. It had no longer the electric glare, and was not lightened up by neighbouring sunlight, but it was heavy, dark, and seemed likely to last for an indefinite period. The stream in front of our shed, from being a mere series of shallow isolated pools, had become quite a small torrent. We began to shiver uncomfortably in our damp clothes, and the rain began to penetrate into our shed. To add to our comfort, at this moment two very grim goatherds made their appearance with their hardy flocks, and sat down beside us, dissatisfied and growling at finding so much of their shelter occupied. "Je suis charmé," said Miss Osborne, as one of them passed so close as to wet her skirt with the dripping jacket on his shoulder, "and only want a milk-white lamb to make these pas for satyrs."

Domenico, the guide, was a son of our landlord, and a gentle pleasant youth, of whom no evil could be said except that he had no will of his own. He had seemed uneasy at our entering the shed, uneasy during our lengthened repast, once or twice he had proposed that we should leave, and now he took the opportunity of saying to me aside, "Pardon, Signor, Stupidezza that I am not to have spoken to you sooner on the subject, but it will be impossible for us to get home to-day with this accursed rain. Two hours of it swell the mountain torrents that cross our path so much that any horses would be swept away by them; and the Contadini, in such weather, can only communicate with the country below by trees which have been felled over the streams at certain points, on which they creep across."

"Diavolo!" I exclaimed, "and, in the name of the Virgin, why have you kept back that intelligence till now? We should perish of cold if we stayed here all night; and I presume the villages are not quite so safe as we could wish."

"I did say we should go on," replied Domenico; "but the rain was so great, we all required a glass of wine, and then the wine made me forget about it. Oh! Signor, che c'è da fare? These Contadini here are all half brigands, and they think Milord Inglesi are all made of gold. If we get into their hands there is no saying what may happen. Such a thing was never heard of before as a party from the Bagni staying in one of the villages of the mountains."

Here the lad began weeping, and I communicated to Benton, who now joined us, what I had just heard. Had we been alone, and armed, we should have enjoyed the prospect before us: but as it was he looked very grave, and said, "Do you know, I spoke about this very subject to one of the [illegible] of the Grand Duke [illegible] with your [illegible] sleeping in the [illegible]

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and he said it was extremely unsafe. The Government, it seems, exercises almost no jurisdiction over the people there. I pointed out to him that excursions were made every day with safety; but he explained that though the mountaineers are too much benefited by the summer visitors to the Baths to interfere with these day excursions, the temptation would probably be too much in case of a supposed wealthy stranger staying with them at night. The illustration he used was that of a partridge happening to come down the chimney, which I would be sure to seize and put into the pot, though it might pass me twenty times uncared for on the open road. Have you any arms? I have none."

"Only a small clasp bowie," I replied; "but let us first try the streams."

Leaving the surly goatherds, and riding on in the rain, we soon found that Domenico's statement was fully borne out. There were streams where there had been no streams before; and after going with some difficulty about three miles, we were brought to a dead stand by a foaming torrent, which it was evident we could not cross. At the time of which I write, fast young ladies were only in process of being developed among our fair countrywomen, though the French *lionne* had set them the example. Miss Osborne had a decided proclivity in that way, greatly to the horror of her excellent mother; and the prospect of spending a night in a mountain village, so far from being unpleasant, filled her with the greatest glee.

"We must," she said gaily, "get some peasant to take a note to Mamma, who would be half dead by morning if she did not hear from us; and then we shall have such a night of it before a blazing wood fire in some ruined old inn, with a brigand-looking landlord, who will terrify us by coming in with a long knife at midnight to cut—some flitches of bacon. We can't be far just now from that curious tumble-down old village we noticed in the valley below, gathered on the top of a rock, with white houses, green shutters, no tiles, and the most romantic appearance in general."

"Holy Mother! the Borgo di Milaggio!" exclaimed Domenico, whose mother was an Englishwoman, and who understood sufficient of what had been said to know what place was referred to. "It is the worst place we could choose; for it has such a bad character that even the neighbouring peasants avoid it. It is also on the mule-track to Modena through the hills, and the inn there is frequented by muleteers, a set of ruffians, contrabandièri, and banditti."

"Contrabandièri or not," I said to Benton aside, "this is just the place for us; a revolutionist in Leghorn gave me a message to a friend of his who is in hiding in Milaggio, and also a signal and a pass-word, which will be likely to set us all right with the landlord."

So down we went to the Borgo, which was really as curious an old place as one could well find in a week's ride among the Apennines. The inn, which had no sign, but to which we were directed by an extremely astonished old woman, had evidently in former times been the house, palace, or castle of some territorial magnate; for it had some of the characteristics of all three such buildings. A broken archway brought us into a courtyard, where a number of mules were littered under a rude protection of beams and turf. From one side of this courtyard there opened a large hall or kitchen, in which all the cooking and eating of the inn appeared to be done, and where there were, besides the usual inmates, about a dozen muleteers, wild enough looking fellows, drinking wine and singing songs. The kitchen had above it, and one on the other house had to

a long piece of open ground, half vineyard, half garden. We did not ourselves enter at first, but sent Domenico in to reconnoitre, and to bring out the landlady or landlord. He came back with a thick-set, sinister-looking man, who gave us an unsatisfactory welcome, and a handsome country girl, wearing wooden shoes, and a thick veil thrown back over her shoulders, who expressed astonishment and pleasure at finding a lady in our party. It was only after considerable demur that the host, as we supposed him to be, confessed that he had a large room, with a smaller chamber, beyond the garden, both of which we might have to ourselves. At first he declared he had no place to receive us in except the kitchen; but the girl mentioned the unoccupied rooms, and, with some difficulty, prevailed on him to take us to them.

"Put on my veil, Signorina, as we pass through the court," she said, "and stoop like an old woman, that I may tell these rough fellows inside you are my grand-aunt."

The room which we came to might once have been occupied by noble lords and ladies gay; but where the plaster was not broken, it was beginning to crumble, or was covered with mould; the casements were nearly innocent of glass; black cobwebs adorned the corners of the ceiling, and thick dust, as of a century at least, lay over the few broken articles of furniture.

"Cielo!" I heard Domenico murmur. "What would the Signora say to this were she here?"

Two or three oil-lights, however, a cheerful wood fire, and a flask of ruddy wine, threw considerable comfort into the situation; and our attendant, [illegible]ta, bustled about with [illegible] exclaiming to

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Forestieri; I will take care of you. They are rude people down-stairs; and that Zio mio is no good man; but my father is honest, and he will be back to-night."

She even brought us the better clothes of her father and brother, to replace our wet garments, and persuaded Florence to go into the inner chamber, and emerge a more charming contadina than the old house had ever seen before.

After supper, I thought I would drop into the kitchen, in case I should be *de trop* where I was; and my dress by this time was sufficiently nondescript to suit any character likely to be known in those parts. I am not easily surprised, but what I beheld on entering did astonish me for once. It was not a very frightful sight; the landlord was not being held seated on the fire, and the face of 'Richetta was smiling enough; but there, visibly before me, raised on end, with a great stout muleteer sitting upon it, was a solid leather portmanteau, with "F. Deilmacare, Esq." printed on it in black letters. There could be no mistake. The other portmanteaus (German leather) were mere dust and ashes. This was the one which contained my manuscripts and other valuables. The first impulse I felt was to knock the ruffian off it into the fire, and there and then lay peremptory claim; but a second glance at him induced me to adopt a policy of reserve. Apparently a Roman by his speech, and two-thirds drunk, he was one of those Italians who are the most difficult of all to deal with. Large, ruddy, jocular, coarse, he was likely to combine something of the unscrupulousness of a Neapolitan with the cunning of a Bolognese; and it was evident that he had some special interest in that portmanteau. He sat upon it as a child would upon a [illegible], patted it, spoke to it, and, altogether, seemed to have a sense of property [illegible] lightened by a conviction that [illegible] possession was [illegible] extremely [illegible]

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"Excellenza!" he would say, clapping it affectionately, after being softened by another gulp of wine, "it is to Livorno you want to go! Yes! to Livorno, Liv-ivvorno." And as the word showed an inclination to dwell indefinitely in his throat, he recovered his dignity by giving the portmanteau a sudden kick, and growling, "Brigand! who saved thy life among the snow?"

Clearly that case of solid leather was not to be rashly meddled with, so I dropped down beside one of the quietest of the muleteers, who was sitting a little apart, and proceeded to smoke. Noticing my pipe, this man suddenly said, in a strong local accent,—

"Sin' sie ei' Deutsche', mein Herr?"

"Ein student," I replied ambiguously, recognising the patois of the Canton Graubünden, where bad German and worse Italian are both spoken. This was a great recommendation to the honest Swiss, who did not seem much at home with his companions, and had a vague reverence for students in general. He drank wine with me, told me much of his history, which is not worth repeating here, and finally, as he warmed, informed me that his friends were ostensibly muleteers, principally smugglers, and not much better than robbers. Seeing us drinking together, the scoundrel on the portmanteau insisted that I should treat the whole party with wine; but the Swiss said to me in German, which none of the others seemed to understand, "Say that you have no money—no more than will pay for your bed and what you have got, or these fellows will be at you in the night, and they are not afraid of the Polizei."

Of course I took his hint, and the Roman, aggravated by such unprincipled impecuniosity, began to talk loudly and loosely of the party which had come to the inn that night. Unfortunately Richetta, in her anxiety to turn his inquiries, involved herself in so many contradictions that a more stolid ruffian than this would easily have detected them, and seen there was some cause for concealment. After reflecting a moment, a bright idea seemed to strike him. Slapping his thick leg, and exclaiming "I Cavalli!" he rose and moved with unsteady step towards the door, evidently with the intention of gaining some information as to the strangers from their horses and saddles. This was what I wanted to prevent in his then drunken mood; so before he left the room I tried the experiment of seating myself upon the portmanteau which he had left, and of curiously examining the lock, which seemed uninjured. On seeing this he turned back with a ferocious oath; but, restraining himself, more politely asked me to rise, and, so to speak, collaring the portmanteau as if it had been an offending child, bore it away towards the shed where the rest of the luggage was piled up.

"That seems a valuable article," I said.

"Si, si, signor!" was the reply, with drunken cunning twinkling in his eyes. "We muleteers have many valuable articles committed to our charge. We take care of them, never fear. But," getting more communicative, "this is my trunk, my property, and honestly come by too, for did I not pick it up in some melting snow at Brixen, near the Lago di Garda? It must have belonged to some Milord Inglese. Who knows but it may be half full of scudi? Yes, of scudi," he said angrily, as if driving away some unpleasant doubt; "for the wise mother said that my good fortune would begin at Brixen and be completed at Livorno, so I have not opened it yet."

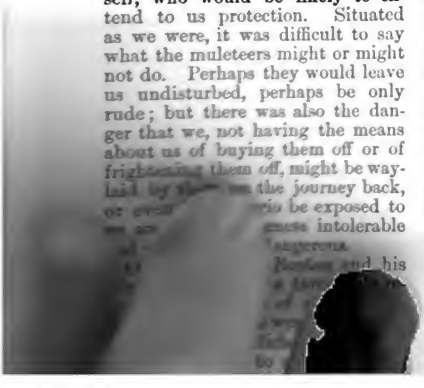
"But the owner? you might have found him, and he would have rewarded you handsomely; that is to say, given you something," I hastily added, as the possibility of having to make good the words occurred to my mind.

"The owner!" he exclaimed,

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with great wrath. "Listen, signor! There is no owner but myself. Do the owners of portmanteaus leave them down in snow-heaps at the bottom of ravines? Am I to risk my neck and nearly break my back carrying it up a precipice, and then to be talked to about the owner? I tell you this is mine; this is the grand fortune which the wise mother told me was to commence at Brixen and end at Livorno; and if it contains nothing of value when it is opened, I shall burn everything it contains, and never give the old shedevil a baiocco more."

As the muleteer was in the habit of always travelling between the two places he had mentioned, the wise mother had wisely arranged so that her reputation would be increased by any luck which might befall him; but, knowing as I did the contents of the portmanteau, neither the melting snow nor the threatened incremation were pleasant news. However, this interlude diverted the attention of the Roman from our party; and, throwing himself beside his piece of good fortune, he gave symptoms of going to sleep. All attempts to interchange signs with the acting host, the uncle of 'Richetta, had proved unavailing, and so my best hope of putting ourselves on a safe footing depended on the return of the landlord himself, who would be likely to extend to us protection. Situated as we were, it was difficult to say what the muleteers might or might not do. Perhaps they would leave us undisturbed, perhaps be only rude; but there was also the danger that we, not having the means about us of buying them off or of frightening them off, might be waylaid by them on the journey back, or even [illegible] to be exposed to [illegible] intolerable [illegible]



in the garden. The Roman, it seemed, had risen from his drunken sleep in an irritable frame of mind, and she had overheard him and some of his companions planning an inroad on the strange visitors after the people of the inn had gone to sleep. "You are English, and you are honourable," she continued, "and will keep it a secret if I show where you may rest for the night undisturbed. Would that my father were come! for I do not know that I am doing right. But che fare? something must be done; for I would not have the beautiful signorina even frightened. There are some other rooms where you will be safe, for no one knows of them except ourselves and—a friend. I demand, signore, that you never mention them to any one."

This promise was easily given, and the young girl took us to another couple of apartments, the entrance to which was elaborately concealed. The palazzo had evidently been one of great extent; and, indeed, it was amid its ruins that the garden had been for the most part formed. Between the vines, fig-trees, and patches of melons, there were here and there huge blocks of ancient stone-work. The rooms in which we had been up to this moment, and of which the windows faced the garden, seemed all that had been left undestroyed in the left wing of the palace, the remainder having collapsed into what appeared a mass of solid ruin, overgrown with grass, creepers, and in some places even with vines. Through the concealed entrance we were ushered into rooms similar to those we had quitted, and in a like state of dilapidation, but with windows looking in a precisely opposite direction, and into what had once been a large hall, but now looked more like a courtyard; half of the arched roof having fallen in, exposing the sky, over which the rising moon now shed its pale light. 'Richetta's assurances that we would now be undisturbed were so confident that,

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soon after she left, Miss Osborne retired to sleep on an old couch in one of the apartments, while Benton and I disposed ourselves upon blankets in the other.

He soon fell asleep; but, notwithstanding fatigue, that portmanteau kept me awake. Could it not be abstracted from the custody of the man who claimed it as his property, and concealed among the ruins till some more favourable opportunity offered of carrying it off? There were corners enough about where things might lie undisturbed for years; and, much meditating over this question, I gently went out into the courtyard without disturbing my companion. The rain and clouds had passed away, leaving a night serenely beautiful; and the half-moon, without as yet throwing its rays into the court, silvered the broken stones and sparkled on the wet leaves which were the outline above. There was, however, sufficient light to see that a wooden gallery ran above the rooms which we occupied. I had no difficulty in getting up to it; and, when once there, a broken segment of wall enabled me to mount on the top of the ruin overlooking the garden and the rooms occupied by the family and the muleteers. At first further progress seemed impossible, so thick were the creepers, so steep the descent; and matters lay so at the top that it would have required a close search for any one mounting from beneath, to discover the gap in the roof through which I had risen. However, after some trouble and a few scratches, I managed to reach the limb of a large old chestnut-tree, and so to descend into the garden. If I was discovered there could be no great harm in it, so I went to examine the shed in the outer courtyard, where the Roman and a portion of the muleteers had gone to sleep. There were the mules, there was the luggage, and there even was my portmanteau, and I could perceive a round indentation made beside it in a heap of sacks by the portly figure of the Roman. But, to my surprise, the Roman himself was not there, neither were any other of the muleteers. Possibly they might all be stowed away in the kitchen and adjoining rooms, but of this I could not feel certain, though it was evident, in the stillness of night, even through the closed door, that a number of persons were sleeping inside.

Here was a great temptation. But then it is a nasty thing to be discovered stealing even your own portmanteau. If detected, I was in no position to prove any just claim to it; if it had really been found at the bottom of a ravine, the Roman certainly was in possession for the time being; the only broad fact which would come out would be that I was abstracting a portion of the baggage, and the Lynch law of the muleteers would probably be administered in a very summary and severe manner. Here was ground for hesitation; but then, on the other hand, the delusion under which the Roman laboured might be fatal to any arrangement with him on the matter, and destructive to its contents, while much trouble, time, and expense might be involved in getting it seized at Lucca or Leghorn, and satisfying the Italian police as to my claims. The conviction to which I came was, that it would be better to leave it alone; but then men do not always act according to their convictions, and I found myself carrying it away, and concealing it in a gap in the ruin near the chestnut-tree.

This had scarcely been done, and I had just mounted into the tree, when two men, the Roman and 'Richetta's uncle, crossed the moonlight from different directions and stood in the shade beneath.

"So the Forestieri are not there," said the latter, in a low tone. "If I dared to make 'Richetta speak! but no, curses upon her; if my brother found me meddling in the matter I should have to starve somewhere out of Milaggio and the Lucchese hills. They must be hid somewhere,

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and this is a curious old place ; but if you gave me a hundred ducats I could not tell you where, and I dare not, if I could. And, besides, have you never heard of the bloody ghost of Count Giulio that haunts this old place? He leapt over the terrace there out on to the stones in the river below. People do say that if you see him you are sure to meet a violent death. I should not stand here just now were it not moonlight, and so many of you about—Jesu! what is that?"

The Roman, who was not wanting in superstitious fear, was affected by the story, and was startled, as well as his companion, by a slight movement of mine among the branches ; but he was a determined sort of fellow, and after listening some time without hearing anything more, he said, "Look here, Niccolo! it is not a ghost I am afraid of when warm flesh and blood tempt me. No harm will come of it, I swear by the mother of Christ ; but I never desired anything so much as, just for a moment, to press the red lips of one of those English ladies. Understand, it is a fancy of mine, and it never burned in me so much as now. The others want to frighten the Inglesi into giving us a lot of money, and that is all very well ; but see if in the confusion I don't manage to snatch a kiss! It will do no harm, and may make them pay down all the readier. There will be noise enough, and you and Richetta can come then and see no mischief is done. I would not try this were old Matteo here—he knows too much, and yet is a good man with both the dogana and the police ; but you, you snivelling hound! I've seen you put your hand to a blacker job than this, which, after all, is only a joke ; and I should like to know who are the men in Milaggio, always excepting your brother, who would hear or see anything, if we searched the place all to-night and all to-morrow—if we drew the necks of these two young cocks and carried off the girl into the mountains. I think I know a place between this and Bologna where she would be received without any questions asked. I tell you, you had better let me have my way, or worse may come of it. I saw the lady, and, by ——, I shall see her again. I know well what that spy with his German talk came to the kitchen for. He wanted to know what we were after ; but I was too much for him. He thought I was drunk for the night—drunk be ——! I have some wine in my blood, but not a drop in my head. Now, Niccolo! if you are not to tell me, how about Maria? isn't her brother still alive?"

"So help me God," said Niccolo, in a low trembling voice, "I know no more where they are than you do. I have always thought there must be some place of hiding up there, but I never dare go up at night for fear of the Bloody Ghost, and never during the day lest I should be seen, for Matteo has looked very black on me ever since — ever since ——" and here the wretch seemed to gasp for breath. "He has as much as said that his mother's memory would not save me if his suspicions were confirmed, and has told me to beware of meddling with matters in which I have no concern."

"Come, now!" said the head muleteer, "a joke's a joke ; but you carried it too far, they do suspect. No more of that croaking. But there is something in what you say. I shouldn't wonder if there be some nice little nest up there, and this tree seems just the way up. Per Bacco! it is worth trying, and I shall bring my own comrades. Let the others sleep, and don't you think I shall ever be such a villain as yourself!"

Of course no time was lost in returning to Benton, awakening him, and briefly communicating the substance of what I had heard. It at once occurred to both of us that the best way would be to escape into the garden, and from thence farther if possible, while the ruffians were examining the top of

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the ruin; but the entrance proved to be so secured as to defy our efforts to open it. The next idea was to throw ourselves upon the protection of 'Richetta, of the sleeping muleteers, and of the people of the village; but from the noises we heard it appeared that the Roman and his companions were already searching above; so we had no means of communication, and, moreover, I did not feel at all certain as to the safety of this course after what I had heard, and Benton had no confidence in it, though I did not communicate everything to him. There was some chance that, if we kept quiet, our place of concealment might not be discovered; for, from the parts of the ruin which were easily accessible, there was no appearance or indication of the interior apartments. But we felt unwilling to remain in the rooms in which we had begun to sleep, because, if discovered in them, we should be altogether hemmed in, and have no means of escaping, even for a short distance, while our cries for assistance would probably be unheard. Hence we moved to another position, which promised better in case of discovery, and was even better also as a hiding-place. At each end of the gallery which I have already mentioned, there was a kind of recess, and one of these, opposite to that end at which parties could come down, was so formed by stones and earth, and concealed by bushes, as to afford some concealment. Assisting Miss Osborne up from the court beneath to the gallery, we placed ourselves in this recess, having forgot in the hurry to extinguish a light which burned in her room below.

For a minute or two we saw nothing of those who were searching for us; but "*Ecco! ecco!*" was soon uttered in a low eager voice, and, looking up, we beheld the dark figure of a man standing on the opposite wall against the sky, and pointing down to the gallery, on a portion of which the moonlight fell. Evidently our retreat was in danger of discovery; for, immediately after, a number of other wild figures stood beside him, and I took the hand of our fair companion in mine; but though the circulation beat high there was no perceptible tremor. The Roman, who was the first to reach the gallery or balcony, perceived the light below, and beckoned back his companions, whispering, "If they are there we may catch them like birds in a net, but if frightened they may fly away." Proceeding to reconnoitre quietly, he seated himself on the rail of the gallery, and was about to cross his legs over it in order to descend, with a grin upon his face which I felt made Benton's blood boil. My attention was arrested by the villanous countenance, which was illuminated by the moon, when I felt the soft hand which I held suddenly close upon mine with the startled grasp of sudden and extreme terror. The cause was not far to seek. There, just emerged into the moonlight that shone upon the balcony, was a figure so strange, so wild, with such a pale, ghastly face streaked with blood, that it was impossible not to believe the Bloody Ghost was before me. With eyes that gleamed and yet seemed to see not, with outstretched arm, and slow serpentine motion, it advanced upon the Roman, who, the moment he saw it beside him, almost touching him, uttered a yell of terrible horror, and threw himself backward into the court below, where his massive frame fell with a dull, heavy crash, and lay motionless as in instant death. With low cries of mortal dread the other terrified muleteers fled up the ruins and disappeared; but the strange figure seemed unconscious of anything having happened, and continued to move towards us, uttering in a low voice of sweet but melancholy cadence, "O patria! patria mia! Italia! Italia! Tu cui——" Miss Osborne trembled violently as the figure drew near, but a sudden flash of thought enabled me to understand it all. Leaping out from our hiding-place, I placed my hand

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on the shoulder of the revolutionist, and said, "Stefani——" At that moment another personage appeared on the scene, in the shape of a grave, elderly man in a peasant's dress, but of superior demeanour, who looked much disconcerted, and behind whom came 'Richetta, wringing her hands and much terrified, both having passed through a concealed door in the recess on the other side.

"Signor Matteo," I said, making a certain gesture, "let me drink to you in a cup of red wine. Il —— in Livorno told me I should meet our friend Stefani here, but I did not expect to find him so ill. He has just saved us, however, from a great peril, having been mistaken by that dead ruffian down there for the ghost of Count Giulio."

"Christ have mercy on his soul!" said the girl, starting to the side of the gallery and looking over. "Cosa terribile! and the Signorina?" a question which was answered by the appearance of Benton and his cousin.

"Pardon me, Signorina and Signori Inglesi," said the old man, uncovering, and not without a certain formal dignity. "Nothing of this would have happened had I been here when you arrived. Daylight will break in an hour, and unless you are too fatigued, I shall then myself accompany you to the Bagni. Meanwhile you may rest quite secure in the rooms which my daughter tells me you first occupied, while I look after my patient here, and see if the man below is really dead."

In assisting the host to lead Stefani, who offered no resistance, back to bed, and in administering some simple remedies, I learned that the revolutionist had been suffering much from fever, which had latterly become slightly delirious, and that the room in which he was concealed opened upon the balcony where he terrified the muleteers. Leaving 'Richetta to bathe the forehead of this unfortunate gentleman, we descended to examine the Roman, and found that individual still alive, but insensible, bleeding at the nose, and breathing stertorously. He seemed to suffer from slight concussion of the brain; and the bleeding probably saved his life, for he did recover, after lying insensible for many hours. It need scarcely be said that the first dawn of day saw us starting for the Bagni di Lucca under the escort of Matteo, and with many cautions and blessings from the kind-hearted 'Richetta. The frightened muleteers offered no annoyance, and their host could get none of those who had beheld Stefani to carry out their companion. Some of the others did so, but not without fear and trembling. I told Matteo about the portmanteau, showing him where it was concealed, and he promised to send it to me after the muleteers had left. This promise was kept, and the Roman, I then learned, coupled the disappearance of his piece of good luck with the appearance of the Bloody Ghost. He expressed an unalterable opinion that the solid leather was also a supernatural and diabolical apparition which had been sent for his special injury, though it had been lost in the upset of a waggon crossing the Alps. Thus it was that Benton won his bride, and thus my portmanteau was restored to me by the Spectre of Milaggio.

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JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

THE translation of 'Titan' has recalled us to the life and writings of Jean Paul Frederic Richter—still a name of some interest and much perplexity to the majority of English readers. To those who have been baffled and beaten back in their perusal of his writings, the man himself has still shone forth a conspicuous object of love and admiration. And even the coldest and most captious critic of his extraordinary compositions will readily admit that they cannot be overlooked by a student of German literature, anxious to obtain, by a study of that literature, some insight into the character of the German people. Not in England, most assuredly, could J. P. Richter have found favour with the multitude—with the multitude, we mean, of that middle class which supplies the great mass of readers; not in England could he have ever been a popular writer. He perhaps may have now ceased to be so in Germany. We speak from no positive knowledge of the fact, but we suspect there have been causes in operation which would tend to limit the number of his readers even in his own country. The more general prosecution of science, the more definite aims in politics, and the theological debates which have driven people into more distinct sections of the religious world, are the causes to which we allude. These may have indisposed his own countrymen to spend much time over works cumbrous and voluminous in their form, and having all the vagueness and audacity we welcome only in poetry. But at no time in England would such a writer as Richter have been a favourite with the middle classes. If he gratified them with the generous sentiments he expressed, and the tone of piety which pervades his writings, he would equally have offended them by the extreme vagueness, and uncertain shifting boundaries, of his Christian theology. But, above all, the perusal of his writings would have demanded a persistency and doggedness of attention which they would never dream of giving except to their scholastic and professional studies. Here is a humorist whose sentences are like Chinese puzzles; whose meaning is as hard to penetrate as the driest chapter in Locke or Cudworth. Had a Richter written in English, he would have been looked at with curious interest by a few, but the public would have known nothing of him: he would have passed, by some underground passage, into that pool of oblivion, into which, sooner or later, almost all our books must expect to be merged.

In critical notices of Richter we have frequently been told that 'Titan' was his masterpiece, and those who could not undertake its perusal in the original had most tantalising visions brought before their mind of its wild and wondrous magnificence. Well, this masterpiece has at length found a man bold enough to translate it into English, and the English reader can now, if he will, enter into this new and strange garden of delight. We wish him joy of his new possession. One thing he will assuredly find, that his Paradise is not like that primeval one where pleasure came unsought, untoiled for: what pleasure he will derive must be purchased by very strenuous application, and by an almost superhuman patience. We have been all forewarned, and

'Titan: a Romance, from the German of J. P. F. Richter.' Translated by Charles T. Brooks.

'Life of J. P. F. Richter, compiled from various Sources, together with his Autobiography.'

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have most of us discovered by some limited experience, that nothing is to be done with this most German of all Germans without an unlimited patience. To a man in a hurry he is a mere entanglement of thorns and briars and wild-roses, that dash their rain-filled blossoms in his face. To a reader who is unreasonable enough to wish to have a story told distinctly, to have a meaning, whatever it is, clearly expressed, we have been forewarned that Richter will be a mere enigma, an offence and stumbling-block. But, notwithstanding these premonitions, there are few Englishmen, we suspect, who will not be dismayed at the task here set before them, very few who will not be discouraged, bewildered, baffled in their attempt to penetrate this apparently interminable forest, interlaced with all manner of wild undergrowth. They will dash off madly to the right and left; but all in vain: if they will not steadily pursue the one path through the forest, they will find themselves utterly lost, miserably benighted. We will not say how far we were able to penetrate, keeping the road in fair legitimate travel. We will make our confession when others have made theirs. We would not be thought less capable of endurance than our neighbours. There may, peradventure, be ten just men in Edinburgh, conscientious readers, who have scrupulously toiled through these two thick volumes, scrupulously, conscientiously, wakefully — there may—and in that case we should have to acknowledge a humiliating inferiority.

We have read sufficient to be able to give some account of this extraordinary work to those whose power of endurance is less even than our own. But as the man Richter is still more interesting than his writings, and as, indeed, the best comment upon his compositions is some knowledge of the author himself, we shall turn, in the first place, to his Biography. For, indeed, it matters not whether it is a novel or an essay that Richter is writing—it matters not into whose mouth he puts his wisdom or his wit—the reader feels that he is listening only to Richter, and hears all as coming directly from him. Not for a moment is he deceived by the art of the dramatist; he never thinks that it is an Albano, or Schoppe, or Roquairol, that is speaking. Never was a man of genius so incapable of presenting a living character before us, or of even involving us in the interest of a fictitious narrative. Most frequently his characters betray at once that they are the mere coinage of his brain; but where they are natural or probable, there is either little dramatic power in their presentation, or else the author so constantly protrudes himself that the dramatic talent is neutralised. We do not believe in the actual existence of his men and women; at most we believe that men and women like them have existed. His personages have no life of their own; they are mere masks or lay figures hung up or disposed about the lecture-room, by means of which the professor illustrates his analysis of human nature.

The Life of Richter, which we have put at the head of this paper, professes to be a mere compilation of various materials, easily accessible to any reader of German literature; but as it is modestly put forth, and is very pleasant reading, and gives much information, it would be altogether unfair to quarrel with it because it wants the higher and rarer qualities of a perfect biography. Richter is generally known in England by the brilliant sketch of Mr Carlyle, which has but one fault—it is, unfortunately, too brief. It breaks off after revealing to us the noble struggles of his youth; it just records his marriage, but does not condescend to touch upon the relations which Richter had with the gentler sex—a part of his history which appears to have especial attraction for the present biographer. Altogether, this book will be

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found to lead the English reader into many details that may be still new to him.

J. P. Richter was born in a region of Germany almost as peculiar as the poet himself. In the centre of Bavaria there lies a mountainous region, which, on account of its isolation from the rest of the world, has been called the 'mountain island.' The *Fichtelgebirge*, or region of the Pine Mountain, is, or was till very lately, a quite secluded district, unknown to the tourist, and rarely visited by the commercial traveller. The climate is severe, the inhabitants are poor, their manners simple, social, friendly. Late springs, cold summers, and long winters, in which the snow rarely disappears from the earth, are not favourable to agriculture. The mines give employment to many of the men; others are occupied in the woods felling timber; the care of the cattle, and such agriculture as is practised, devolve upon the women, who, in consequence, lead a laborious life. On which last fact our biographer makes the following curious remark: "But we cannot regret it; for this circumstance, no doubt, gave occasion to those passages of tenderness, respect, and compassion for women, in the writings of Jean Paul, that made the hearts of the German women his own." That the poor women of the Fichtelgebirge should work in the fields is not perhaps any singular hardship; but one smiles at the idea of viewing, as a compensation for their distress, certain pathetic passages to be read by the ladies of Dresden or Berlin! But indeed the habitual sight of any down-trodden class is rather unfavourable than favourable to the cultivation of the sentiment of pity, and it is rather to be remarked that the beautiful nature and sensitive character of Richter developed itself in spite of circumstances, and in a situation which would have depressed and hardened most men.

Only the richest of the inhabitants of the Fichtelgebirge live in stone houses; the middle class, to which Richter's father belonged, content themselves with houses built of wood, well plastered with mortar and thatched with straw. One roof covers all — cattle and human beings. At the entrance is a sort of passage, in which the spade, scythe, mattock, and other implements of labour are deposited. From this passage one door, on the left, leads to the stalls for oxen and cows; the other, on the right, opens on the general dwelling apartment, in the rear of which is the little dark kitchen. The huge stove stands near the door, that it may diffuse its warmth over the whole establishment. A venerable chest, that holds the family linen and other valuables, and a patriarchal bedstead, sometimes occupy another room; sometimes the bed stands in the common room enclosed in a sort of large *wicker cage*. What other sleeping-rooms there may be, or other accommodation for sleepers, is left in obscurity. Perhaps there are untold capacities in the roof.

In some such dwelling Jean Paul saw the light, and in such a dwelling did he for many years live and write and study. And how much of the very best of human life may be enjoyed in such household accommodation, with scant array of furniture and other "domestic convenience," he has told us himself in his Autobiography. This autobiographical sketch, which conducts us through the childhood and boyhood of Richter, occupies, of course, the post of honour in our present compilation. Would that it conducted us a little farther! — that it threw its light on the critical period of youth, when the character receives its final form! It is not—who would expect any such thing from Richter?—a full, true, and particular account even of the incidents of his boyhood. What we have before us is rather the manner in which the grown man looked back upon his own earliest

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years. He looks back lovingly on this era of the past; he poetises on himself; writes an idyl, or four idyls, which he names after the four seasons of the year, and follows the boy Richter through his spring, his summer, his autumn, and winter.

All men delight, as Richter himself observes, in far-reaching recollections of their days of childhood. He proceeds to assign two reasons for this—"that in this retrospect they press nearer to the gate of life, guarded by spiritual existences; and secondly, that they hope, in the spiritual fervour of an earlier consciousness, to make themselves independent of the little contemptible annoyances that surround humanity." This is going very far for a reason; a better might be found nearer home—in the simple pleasure of the tender and other emotions, that we feel at the revived image of our miniature self. Mr Bain, in his late admirable treatise on the Emotions, has described a form of our passions which he calls self-pity, a tender yearning over one's self—the same kind of pathetic sentiment which we feel for another, and which, indeed, is first elicited by some other person, and afterwards indulged in towards ourself. We look upon ourself as worthy of commiseration, or else of congratulation. We sympathise, in fact, with that self which is thrown before us as an object of contemplation. In no case is this species of sentiment so distinctly felt as when we conjure up the self of childhood. We weep—not its tears again, but tenderly over the little sorrows that brought them; we laugh—not again the laughter of childhood, but we laugh over its laughter till the eyes fill again with other tears. The image that rises up in the memory, though recognised as ourself, is yet so different from this present recollecting and reflecting self, that we are capable of loving it, praising, chiding, laughing over it, with the same freedom as if it were some other person we were thinking of. We feel a charming egotism when we record the feats of childhood; we sympathise with the boastfulness of the little boaster; the vanity is not our own. We feel no shame at reviving its sallies of passion; we, the mature judge, pardon the little ignorant culprit. Whatever feelings, in the course of our life, have been elicited towards children, centre upon *this child*, which also was ourself. We travel hand in hand with it, like the guardian angel in the picture-books, looking down with grave, sweet, half-puzzled smile; only in the picture-books the angel guides the child, and here the child is leading the graver angel where it lists, stooping now for a flower, or striking out hopelessly after the too swift and vagrant butterflies.

We think that the emotional pleasure which the very recollection gives, is a better reason for our fond recurrence to childhood than these hints of explanation which Richter has thrown out. Did ever any one really think that there was something more "spiritual" in the existence of the infant than the man? Such nonsense has been said or sung, but no one ever seriously believed that the young creature who was feeling its way into our world, was all the while degenerating from the angel. Most assuredly our interest in infancy lies in this, that we mark the *budding* into the man or woman. And what is the reminiscence which Richter immediately proceeds to record? He whose soul revelled in friendship and in love, notes one of the earliest incidents that awoke these sweet human affections—notes the first thrilling of those chords whose harmony may be perfected in heaven, but whose music is first learned on earth.

"To my great joy," he says, "I am able to bring from my twelfth, or, at farthest, from my fourteenth month, one pale, little remembrance, like the earliest and frailest of snowdrops, from the fresh soil of childhood. I recollect, namely, that a poor scholar loved me much, and that I returned his love, and that he carried me about in his arms,

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and, later, took me more agreeably by the hand to the large dark apartment of the older children, where he gave me milk to drink. This form, vanishing in distance, and his love, hover again over later years; but, alas! I no longer remember his name. If it were possible that he lives yet, far in his sixtieth year, and that, as a learned and well-informed man, these lectures should meet his eye, and that he should then recollect the little professor that he bore in his arms and often kissed!—ah God, if this should be so, and he should write; or the *older* man should come to visit the *old* man!"

Richter constitutes himself "Professor of his own History;" this is why he speaks of his biographical chapters as so many "lectures." His education was at first intrusted to the village schoolmaster; and though he was removed from the school on account of some rough treatment he had received from an elder boy, he has place only for kindly reminiscence. Everything seems to have given him pleasure. He had one of those healthy, happy organisations that receive pleasure abundantly from all the commonest events of life. Throughout all his career he enjoyed this greatest of Heaven's gifts—that sunshine of the soul which turns everything to gold.

"In the midst of the wintry sultriness of the crowded schoolroom, I remember the delight with which I drew out the pegs that secured the canvass over the air-holes bored in the wooden walls, and drew into my open mouth the exciting refreshment of the frosty air from without. Every new copy-book from the master delighted me as others are delighted with pictures. I envied every one who said his lesson well, and I enjoyed reading together with my class, as singers enjoy the blessed harmony of their music."

We especially sympathise with the little fellow in that draught of fresh air got by stealthily drawing out the pegs from the canvass. The greatest misery of very cold climates is—the heat; the artificial heat one is compelled to endure. The young, vigorous constitution has to accommodate itself to the relaxing, stifling atmosphere which a bad habit has rendered necessary or agreeable to the older and the weaker. Heat, in such climates, is enjoyed, like any other luxury, with intemperance; and the intemperate habit grows, and all claims for ventilation are thrown to the winds. That phrase, indeed, is not very applicable in the present instance; the claim for ventilation could not be better addressed than to the winds, and the winds would in this case respond; but the canvass is pegged tight over the only hole through which they can enter. Little Fritz, as he is now called, lifts up a corner, draws out a peg, and inhales, as from a flask, the vital breeze.

Removed from this school, the father himself undertook his education. The paternal plan consisted in simply marking out certain pages of the Latin grammar, vocabulary, and the like, to be learned by rote. This comprised his whole scheme of education. The good father had his own sermons to compose, and to learn by rote; had some little farming also to attend to; and probably found this simple scheme in all respects very convenient. Or perhaps he had no other idea of education than that of committing words and sentences to memory; perhaps he was conscious that he himself had never all his life done anything else than learn and remember; and that those sermons he composed were but memories of sundry parts of other sermons which fitted together as they best could. However that may be, it was dry food for the young Richter—a kind of *repressive education*, if such a phrase is at all permissible. In after years, Richter for some time played the part of schoolmaster himself. He went, as may be supposed, into exactly the opposite extreme of his father. He bent all his efforts to elicit the judgment, the self-reliance, the productive activity of his pupils. He taught them, it was remarked, as if he had to make authors and poets of them all—as if there were to be no men of routine amongst them; no hewers

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of wood or drawers of water, but all were to be architects and artists.

But there are minds it is impossible to repress by any species of education, if only a book or two can be seized and secreted by the young prisoner. Old newspapers and old books were to be found on the shelf of the parsonage, and the hungry student, by climbing on the top of the bedstead, could reach them. How he devoured these need not be told. But it is worth mentioning that Richter was not a lad exclusively attached to books. His irrepressible activity sought other outlets as well. A box of colours made an artist of him. He had a passion for mechanics. He loved to construct and to invent; made clocks that would not go, and dials that told the hour to those who were in the secret of their construction. He invented a new alphabet out of signs from the almanac, and had the infinite pleasure of copying two pages of a printed book into a character that no one could read but himself. Nor were out-of-door exercises declined; he delighted to dash through the yet untouched snow. He was bold and fearless. He tells us himself that he was susceptible to fear through the imagination only. A furious horse, a clap of thunder, an alarm of fire, would have left him self-possessed, and aroused his activity. He cowered only before ghosts and spirits. From these he suffered grievously. But he kept the secret of his fears entirely to himself. What he suffered from being alone in the dark he never divulged to any living ear—till he sat down to write his autobiography! There was no chance that he should escape this terrible ordeal of childhood; for not only had he his own vigorous imagination to contend with, but his father threw the weight of his authority on the side of the ghosts. The good pastor believed firmly in all these spiritual tormentors; he regarded them as, in some way or other, the work of the devil. Therefore, like a good Lutheran, while he believed, he defied them. He held the Bible before him as his shield, and behind this protection he could look out with a bold and pleased credulity at all the spiritualism or devilry of his own age.

We should be unpardonable if we dwelt longer on this Autobiography, which has been long familiar to English readers; but at the close of it there is one passage which, for several reasons, we must be permitted to quote. It is the last view we have of the boy Richter; we see him next a youth at the University of Leipsic. It is also a passage beautiful in itself, and suggestive of many grave reflections. It is that in which he describes his "first communion"—a ceremony which retains, we need hardly remind the reader, in the Lutheran Church, much of the solemnity it has in the Catholic:—

"How often I went before the Sunday evening of confession into the garret, and kneeled that I might repent and confess! And how sweet was it, on the day of confession, to pray all the people that we loved, parents and teachers, with stammering tongue and overflowing heart, to forgive all our faults, and thereby to purify equally themselves and us!

"But after the evening of confession there came a gentler, lighter, purer heaven of peace into the soul; an inexpressible and never-again-to-be-repeated bliss—namely, that of feeling one's self wholly pure and free from all sin, and a cheerful far-extending peace established both with God and man. And yet I looked from these evening hours of mild warm peace of soul with ecstasy to the morning hours of excitement round the altar.

"Sunday morning the boys and girls, already adorned for the altar, collected in the court of the parsonage, to form the festival procession to the church, amid the sound of ringing bells and hymns sung by themselves. All these festive appearances, the wreaths of flowers and the dark perfumed birches that ornamented the house and temple, completed the powerful emotion in those young souls, whose wings were already stretched on high. As I at last received the sacrament bread from my father, and the cup from the now entirely beloved teacher, the festival of my heart increased—not through the thought of what they were

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to me—but my heart and soul and warmth were for heaven. It was the bliss of receiving the Most Holy, that would unite itself with and purify my whole being, and the bliss arose even to the physical sense of an electrical touch at the miracle of the union.

"I left the altar with the purity and infinity of heaven in my heart. But this heaven manifested itself in me through an unlimited gentle love, which no fault could impair, which I felt for every human being. The recollection of the happiness I felt as I looked upon all the church-goers with love, and took them all into my heart, have I preserved till this hour living and fresh in my memory. The female partakers with me at the holy table were to me, with their bridal crowns, like the brides of Christ; not only beloved, but holy: and I enclosed them all in a love so pure and wide, that Catherine, as I recollect, was not at that moment dearer to me than all the others.

"Life will allow of no pure white, as Goethe says of the sun. After a few days this precious consciousness of a state of innocence stole away, and I believed that I had sinned, because I threw a stone and wrestled with one of my school companions, and in neither case from enmity, but from a blameless love of play."

Here the Autobiography abruptly terminates. The lad goes to the gymnasium at Hof, and thence to the University of Leipsic. The first authentic utterance we have from the young student is strangely at variance with the last description we have just quoted of the feelings of the boy: we have a young philosopher speaking in language cold and simple, and in a tone of condescension, of the popular faith of Christendom. What had passed in the interval through the mind of the young student, we are left to guess; we have from himself no account of this transitional period. Yet in this transition, and in the union which afterwards took place of free unfettered speculation with the warmest sympathy in all generous and pious emotions, we have the key to Richter's intellectual character. This explains why we first see him launching into satire, and always delighting in the part of the humorist. The last fitted him best, and continued long to be in harmony with his feelings. Humour is not opposed to truth, but it is opposed to all systematic teaching of truth; it is opposed to rigid consistency of opinion; it allows and requires that a man be able to see things from various points of view; that he be able to express himself without reserve or limitation, and occasionally to defy all the claims of logic. The humorist is a believer or an unbeliever, just as the moment demands. Richter could be philosopher or divine—he had the materials for both within him—could laugh and weep, scoff and revere, could give out the whole compass of his rich nature and unsystematised mind in the peculiar form and style of writing he had adopted.

At Leipsic he kept for a very short time a species of diary, in which he wrote down, not the events of his life, but the opinions he was forming. Here is an extract from this diary that is worth noting:—

"Many theological propositions that the enlightened consider false may have their use—their manifold use—with smaller and less enlightened people. They are spurs to certain actions that would not be done without them. To people who believe them because they have not the power to investigate them, they have their use; but to the wise the benefit ceases, for he believes them not, and cannot, because he is too enlightened. In the world truth and error are as widely distributed as storm and sunshine. Thou rejectest certain dogmas that are false, but canst thou substitute truths in their place that will be as useful as the errors? Perhaps an error has more useful results than a truth in its place. In God's best world there is no error without useful consequences. Wherever an error is, it is not in vain. It is, *in its place*, better than a truth."

Our present biographer thinks fit to accompany this extract with the following apologetic note:—"The reader must bear in mind that this was written by a youth of sixteen." Youth of sixteen! Why, the man of sixty was saying precisely the same thing. It is what, in one shape or other, half the world is perpetually saying. What stands out as peculiar to Richter is, that he could not only blandly tolerate a belief that was

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not his own, but that he could throw himself heart and soul into sympathy with whatever is good or noble, notwithstanding the errors with which it might be mingled. And what still more constituted the especial happiness of Richter, and made of him the man and the writer that he became, was his unspeakable good fortune in being able to retain, under the name of philosophy, the essential elements of that faith he had learnt under the name of Christianity.

But his philosophy did not at once settle in this happy region of belief. Soon after his first publication, 'Greenland Lawsuits' (a collection of moral and satirical sketches upon life, under the titles of 'Literature,' 'Theology,' 'Family Pride,' 'Women and Fops'), he had occasion to write to his friend Vogel. Vogel had expressed his admiration of the book, and made friendly inquiries after the author's future designs. Richter answers:—

"You ask after the plan of my life. Fate must first project it. My prospects furnish none. I swim upon occasion without rudder, but not without sails. I am no longer a theologian, and I follow no science *ex professo*, and *all* only so far as they promote my authorship. Philosophy itself is indifferent to me, as I doubt of all. But my heart is here *so full—so full*, that I am silent. In future letters, and when I have more time, I will write to you of my scepticism, and of my disgust at this foolish masquerade and harlequinade that they call life."

At this time he was struggling hard with poverty. How manfully the young student sustained himself throughout this severe trial, is known to all; and we should be without excuse if we travelled over a period of his biography which has been touched upon so ably by Mr Carlyle. "To study what one does not love—to lavish the talent that we feel is created for something else"—this Richter tells us he could not bring himself to do. He would live his own life; he would nourish his own soul with the food it insatiably demanded; he would exert to the utmost his own natural faculties. "But in this way can you earn your bread?" To which momentous question he boldly answers, "I know nothing in the world by which bread cannot be earned;" and thenceforth flings himself into authorship.

We need not enter into what is called here "The Costume Controversy." Richter chose to go with his throat bare, *à la Hamlet*, and cut off his *queue*. It is noticeable that this cutting off the *queue*—an appendage which we now hold in the same profound respect as we do the tattooing of savages—was looked upon as rather the greater enormity of the two. This defiance of the custom or fashion of society may well be excused in one who felt that, if he could not defy society in these her petty tyrannies, society would trample upon him. War, if it is to be carried on with spirit, must be *offensive* as well as *defensive*. This explains his attack upon these conventionalities of life by which he was to be judged and oppressed. It was in this manner he rolled his Diogenes tub into the public square. Contempt is impossible where there is genuine defiance of contempt.

But fight it how one will, it is a hard battle—this with poverty. It was going against Richter fearfully. He could not hold his ground in Leipsic. He was in debt; he fled in disguise to his mother at Hof, who now lived, "with other children, in a small tenement containing but one apartment, where cooking, washing, cleaning, spinning, and all the labour of domestic life, must go on together." Never, surely, did author sit down to poetic toils in such a study. Here he brought his twelve volumes of extracts — extracts from all kinds of books, which, being borrowed, could only in this way be converted into a library of his own; here he sat down, amidst the clack of womankind, to meditate, amongst other things, on such a work as 'Hesperus.' Yet if in the winter season he was much a prisoner in the

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crowded noisy apartment of his ever-busy mother, which looked into the "cold, empty, frozen street" of the little town of Hof, he could in the summer take long rambles, half a day, in the open air, and amongst the hills. And he had the fortunate faculty of meditating and inventing as he walked.

"These long walks through valley and over mountain steeled his body to bear all vicissitudes of weather. He is described, by one who met him on the hills, with open breast and flying hair, singing as he went, while he held a book in his hand. Richter at this time was slender, with a thin pale face, a high nobly-formed brow, around which curled fine blonde hair. His eyes were a clear soft blue, but capable of an intense fire, like sudden lightning. He wore a loose green coat and straw hat, and was always accompanied by a dog."

Not altogether an unhappy life, we should say. There was the full effort of the mind put forth under the impulse of hope;—and that in itself would almost constitute a definition of happiness. And the hope was realised!—the effort was successful! He became famous. Celebrated men and beautiful women sought his society and his friendship. He was carried off to Bayreuth, to Weimar, to Leipsic; he was *fêted* and caressed. But he showed in prosperity the same strong heart that had borne him up in adversity. He went amongst the wealthy, the great, and the renowned; he learnt much, he enjoyed much; but he never lost the even balance of his mind; he finally made his home in retirement, and still found in unimpeded labour his perennial joy. Of course he was for a moment intoxicated at the change from his mother's kitchen, ringing with the loud talk of peasant-women, to the houses of the opulent, and the society of ladies, well-bred, courteous, and disposed to do him homage. Of course it was to be expected that he should write to these fair creatures, who were willing to worship him, in a strain that sounds like adulation, and is certainly extravagant. But the metaphor and the hyperbole were all inspired by gratitude. These fair devotees would have thought themselves injured and ill-treated if his letters had contained nothing of the poet in them. Was he who wrote so ardently of imaginary women, to become suddenly tame and prosaic now that his ideals were there living before him?

Some have been ungenerous enough, on this account, to accuse Richter of an ignoble partiality or subservience to the wealthy. The last critic amongst us writes of him thus: "Richter, of a humble origin, had always a foible for the upper classes: he liked a scented atmosphere, and became in time the favourite of the female sex." * There is a species of ill-nature in criticism of this kind. Surely the successful poet may well be permitted to enjoy one great reward of his success—an introduction to that society where he will meet with the most celebrated men of his time, as well as whatever is most graceful and accomplished amongst women. What pleasure or advantage can renown bring to the poet, if it is not this opportunity of making acquaintance with whatever is highest in intellect, or most graceful in manners, in the age in which he has been born? Good heavens! we wish some Muse would inspire us with but half-a-dozen stanzas that would open the door of those libraries and drawing-rooms where the Mackintoshes, and Sydney Smiths, and Humphry Davys of the present day congregate together, or where the eyes of fair and cultivated women rain down their influence on the poet and the wit. Think what it is when every man or woman turns towards you their brightest side. Alas! the Muses are obdurate; there is not one that listens now to any amount of supplication. We walk through the crowded conversazione, looking at this and that scientific

* 'Diutiska; an Historical and Critical Survey of the Literature of Germany.' By Gustav Solling.

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toy, and thirsting for explanation; no man, brimful of science, takes a pleasure in enlightening *our* ignorance; and if we hazard an observation, neither man nor woman cares to respond; no face kindles, and kindles ours. Do not tell us—unless you mean to preach the vanity of all things—that it is not the greatest delight, and the greatest advantage too, to walk a celebrity amongst celebrities. The fair question to ask of Richter is, not whether he did not heartily enjoy for a season this fair reward of literary success, but whether he allowed himself to be seduced by it from that career of high thinking and pure living which both his talents and his wisdom had chalked out for him. To us it seems that no man who thoroughly enjoyed his triumph ever passed through the trial of popularity more unscathed than Richter. From this cultivated society to which he is introduced, he carries off a most charming wife—the very perfection of a wife—capable of fullest intellectual sympathy, and yet with simple tastes and a contented spirit (a wife that all the Fichtelgebirge, if it had been ransacked, or if the concentrated essence of its womanhood had been poured out in some mould before him, could not have supplied him with);—and he betakes himself, with his prize, to a quiet home and his old literary labours. His best works are written after he had won renown. His friendships are as warm as ever. He has not become less earnest in his views of life. He has not less faith in human goodness, in God, or immortality. He did not linger in the garden of delight, in the modern Arcadia of dining and drawing rooms, till his mind was unstrung, relaxed, and incapable of the severest efforts of literary labour. He *did not* sink from his high vocation *to* some less arduous and more profitable task; for, indeed, this loss of the power of strenuous application is the worst penalty of success. Our own poet Moore, whose happy, humming-bird life we read of with unfeigned pleasure, stayed too long amongst the music and the honey. He wrote biographies in quarto, you will say; that was not idleness! No, it was not idleness; but he wrote biographies which many other men could have written as well, and he left unwritten many an exquisite lyric which he only could have given to the world.

Herder welcomed Jean Paul as a son; his noble and pious sentiments were in accordance with his own. Wieland sent him cordial greeting. From Goethe and Schiller, as might be expected, he received a colder recognition; but throughout Germany it was understood that a new star had been added to the constellation of literary worthies. As to the adulation that he received and returned, it forms a long and curious chapter in his biography. To do justice to it would require lengthy extracts, for which we have no space. Nor are fiery women, like Madame Von Kalb, full of flame and tears, very agreeable objects to contemplate. The correspondence often savours of the ridiculous, and quite as much on Richter's side as on the lady's. But whatever may be thought of some of his letters, Richter's conduct is marked by prudence and good sense. At one time he is on the point of a matrimonial alliance with some fair lady who is not without wealth. Her well-born relatives make some demur to the alliance; he feels that there will be discordant elements fatal to domestic peace. He chooses, finally, a dowerless lady, who not only gives her heart, as the betrothed is always supposed to do, but who frankly, and without reservation, accepts the poet's life, the poet's task, the poet's glory—one who never hung upon his arm till she hindered him from fighting the hard battle before him; one who cheered him always, oppressed him never; one who teased him with no jealousies, and—still harder task for a fond woman to learn—who was never jealous of his solitude. Most wisely did Richter choose when he carried off his Caroline Meyer.

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It was in Berlin that Richter found and made capture of his Caroline. Here he was the guest of the Queen; he was the friend of Schleiermacher. He writes himself: "I have never been received in any city with such idolatry. The Queen invited me to Sans-Souci. Heaven! what simplicity, frankness, accomplishment, and beauty! I dined with her, and she showed me the kindest attention. The learned Zollomer invited eighty persons to meet me at the York Lodge, gentlemen, their wives and daughters, of the learned circles. I have a watch-chain of the hair of three sisters; and so much hair has been begged of me, that if I were to make it a traffic, I could live as well from the outside of my cranium as from what is under it." But Berlin, with all its fascinations and idolaters, does not retain him after his marriage. He is constant to his ideal of life—"social independence and close union with nature." He goes first to Meiningen, and afterwards settles at Bayreuth. Here he has a house on the margin of the river, and commanding an extensive prospect; but to be still more completely under the free and open sky, he finds out a hermitage in the garden and cottage of a peasant who lives far out of the city. On a fine morning he was often seen with a bag full of books on his shoulder, a knotted staff in his hand, and followed by his faithful Spitz, striding off to his hermitage.

To complete his happiness, he enjoyed at Bayreuth the society of his dearest and oldest friends. For he was as deservedly fortunate in friendship as in love. But we will not pursue the stream of biography any further. We see the man fully developed before us. Ardent in friendship and in love, enjoying much, fearless and defiant in his nature, yet full of admiration and of tenderness, we see before us the author of 'Titan.' From such a man we expect to find light indeed—the light of a strong understanding, but not that "dry light," which philosophers speak of who would see all things, if possible, uncoloured by the feelings of an individual character. In Richter we expect to find a powerful reason, but always sharing its sway with feelings equally powerful; and, moreover, with an imagination that is equally active. With all his abstraction and analysis, Richter loves the concrete, but it is a concrete which he forms for himself by his own imagination and his own previous analysis. We have in Richter a good man, not averse to satire, and a satirist who is ever on the point of taking back to his heart the object of his sarcasm.

And now it is time that we turn to this translation of 'Titan' which Mr Brooks has had the courage and persistence to execute. We wish that to these moral qualities he had added a somewhat greater mastery of the English language. But we are so conscious of the difficulty of the task he has undertaken, that we feel reluctant to attribute an apparent failure in its successful execution to want of power in the translator. It is not often we can have a Coleridge or a Carlyle to perform the office of translator; and there are cases in which men who have not something of their genius are felt to be inadequate.

What is the meaning of the title 'Titan'? We do not know. What is the meaning of *first jubilee, second jubilee*, and so forth? We do not know. What means this *first cycle, second cycle*, where others write *first chapter, second chapter?* We do not know. It lies, we suppose, in the nature of the humorist to feel a pleasure in puzzling us. Let him have his pleasure; but we decline the puzzle. What explanation the translator gives us, only adds to the confusion. He quotes a French critic who says of 'Titan'—

"It is a poem, a romance, a psychological *resumé*, a satire, an elegy, a drama, a fantasy; having for theme and text the enigma of civilisation in the eighteenth century.

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"Will this civilisation, in augmenting the sum of its desires, augment the sum of its happiness? Is it not going to increase immensely its capacity of suffering?

"Will it not be the giant that scales heaven?

"And that falls crushed to death?

"TITAN!"

The same critic proceeds to inform us that the Titan is not, as we might suppose, the strong and perfected man Albano, the greatest of the earth-born, but the villain Roquairol, all whose intellectual faculties are in subservience to selfish passion. But if his interpretation is correct, the title should belong to neither, or to both; it belongs to our civilisation — to humanity at large.

We are repeatedly told by other critics that it was the design of Richter to show forth in Albano his ideal of a perfect man, to reveal him by contrast with others, and also to describe the development of his character. It is added that Albano is cultivated through love and friendship; though, in fact, the kind of love or friendship which a man feels is as much the result of his culture as the cause of it.

In short, 'Titan' is a huge, bewildering, multifarious romance, from which we advise the reader to extract what he easily can, without too much disturbing himself about its end or object, or about the obscurities, wilful or otherwise, with which it is encumbered. For ourselves, we do not hold that writing, any more than speech, is really an invention for "concealing" our thoughts, but rather for revealing them with as much lucidity as possible. If an author thinks it a species of practical joke to throw stumbling-blocks in our way, to trip us over by premeditated nonsense, we have only to make our escape, as we should do from all practical jokes whatever, as speedily as possible. Sterne, in his 'Tristram Shandy,' thought fit to blot a whole page, to smear it over with a mere daub of ink, as if under this huge blot something lay concealed. If he and the printer's boy got a laugh together out of this absurdity, it was the whole result of the joke. But miserable as the jest was, we prefer the printer's ink applied in this manner, in the mere blot, than when it is spread over the page in words that have no meaning.

Between the romances of Richter and all other novels or romances we have read, there is this difference; that whereas, in most narratives, the didactic reflection is felt to be an interruption, the reader wishing to proceed with the story—here, in Richter's story, we feel it the greatest relief imaginable if for a moment we can stand upon the plain level ground of a general remark or observation. To get on with the story is mere torture; it has to be understood; and a simple sentence of narrative is what we suppose Richter never accomplished in his life. We are tossed about from metaphor to metaphor; it is up-hill, down-hill, through brake, through briar; there is not an inch of level road in the whole narrative. So that, if we can stand still and moralise a little, however trite the morality, we feel it, from contrast, the greatest luxury. When, therefore, as is frequently the case, the moralising is anything but trite or commonplace, it is easy to see how very precious it has become by what in other writers is a disadvantage—its setting in a novel. If the cleverest of our novelists shows didactic symptoms, we spring with the utmost agility to the next paragraph. If that will not do, we vault into the next chapter. When the same symptoms set in with Richter, we prepare ourselves for some moments of ease and refreshment.

How often do we hear the name of Sterne associated with Richter! Yet if Sterne can assist us in understanding the German humorist, it is only by force of contrast. That which has given life to 'Tristram Shandy,' in spite of its nonsense and grimaces, and the buffoonery, which reminds us of nothing so much as a

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Christmas pantomime, only our literary Grimaldi is not half so decent as the patched and painted clown of the theatre—that which has preserved, and will continue to preserve, a work which we wish some able, dexterous, and cunning hand would, once for all, weed of its abominable rubbish, is, first, a style of exquisite transparence and graceful movement; when the soil permits it, no classic toga falls to the ground in more perfect drapery; —and, secondly, the delineation of two or three characters, so perfect and lifelike that they continue to this day to haunt the imagination of all to whom the literature of England is known. The display of the most subtle art in the author has not interfered with this vivid impersonation, this strong individuality, that he has impressed upon his characters. Would that we could have beheld Uncle Toby in his bowling-green, that scene of military operations which we should no more think of disputing than the sieges and battles of Marlborough himself! Would we could have heard Corporal Trim tell his story of the 'King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles!' We have not the least doubt that he did tell it, or rather make it one of the best stories in the world, by leaving it untold. Now in these two qualities Richter is the direct opposite of the English humorist. The charm of simplicity was utterly unknown to him. We do not mean that he was utterly unable to estimate this charm in others—that is another affair; but as to attaining it or striving after it himself, this seems to have been out of the question. He could sacrifice nothing; he must find a place for every image, every allusion, every turn of expression, every scrap of science that could be converted into a metaphor. If he had been a gardener or planter, and had adopted in his plantations the same principle which seems to have governed him in his authorship, he never would have had a fine grown tree in all his woods, for he would have crowded upon every spot every possible vegetation. He would have killed his flowers by his trees, and his trees by crowding them together. The classic charm of a single oak tree filling the whole meadow with its presence, is not here to be dreamt of. Nor is he more fortunate, as we have already said, in the dramatic power which gives to an imaginary personage the truth of reality. On the other hand, Richter has a far deeper current of thought, a more earnest spirit, a wider knowledge, a more poetic temperament, than Sterne.

Let us proceed with our description of 'Titan.' If we begin (in the accustomed manner of those who attempt to convey the plot of this novel to us) by stating the rival claims of the houses of Hohenflies and Haarhaar, and the designs which each has had recourse to in prosecuting its claims, we shall merely produce the effect of an inextricable confusion. It is better to begin by pulling out clear one single thread from the tangled skein. Albano, the hero, first falls in love with Liana. She is very angelical, very tender, very weak, is feeble in health, grows blind, and dies. He next falls in love with Linda. She is a "proud, fiery, freedom-loving woman, full of æsthetic aspirations, and given to bold speculations;" a complete contrast with his first love, and having, we suppose, too much of the element of force. The fate of Linda is very tragical, and his second love, like the first, comes to no happy result. But Albano is fortunate in a third —in a Princess Idoine—in whom "he finds concentrated all those qualities which constitute true happiness." Thus we see that the plot allows ample scope for the description of various types of feminine character.

As a contrast to the noble Albano, we have the utterly corrupt Roquairol—"that romantic being," as one critic portrays him, "that insatiable lover of pleasure, that anticipated Byron, that scaler of heaven —who, after having piled mountain upon mountain to attain his ob-

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ject, ends in finding himself buried under the ruins." Here is evidently an endless subject for the artist—a Faust, a Sardanapalus, almost a Mephistopheles—all the elements of romantic wickedness.

Then it is to be borne in mind that the Don Gaspard who appears at first as the father of Albano is *not* his father—that Albano is a Hohenflies; that Don Gaspard, an intriguing personage, has been appointed to bring up the young heir as his son (in order to protect him from certain malicious designs of the Haarhaar); that Don Gaspard aims at marrying Albano to his own daughter Linda; but as he has represented Albano as his son, he, of necessity, disguises his relationship to Linda, and gives himself out to be her guardian.

These few hints will perhaps, as well as a lengthened detail of the plot, give some intimation of the nature of the work. A youth of generous impulse, brought into relation with a false friend like Roquairol, with various types of womanhood, with humorous tutors and crafty ministers, affords scope enough for every kind of writing. This youth finally ascends one of the minor thrones of Germany; so that at the end not only a happy man, but a good prince, is evolved out of all these trials of love and friendship.

If we wished, by a series of quotations, to exhibit the work in a ridiculous aspect, nothing could be easier. At the opening of the novel we have Albano or Zesara (they are two names for the same person) proceeding, in company with his tutors, to Italy, in order to be presented to his supposed father Don Gaspard, from whom he has been hitherto separated. He lands on *Isola Bella*. Of course all is rapture. He breaks from his friends to enjoy the beauty of nature alone.

"And now that fever of young health seized upon him, in which it always seemed to him as if a particular heart beat in every limb; the lungs and the heart are heavy and full of blood; the breath is hot as a Harmattan wind, and the eye dark in its own blaze, *and the limbs are weary with energy*. . . .

"Oh, was not then the place sacred, and was not here the overpowering desire pardonable which he had so long felt to-day, to open a wound in his arm for the relief of the restless and tormenting blood? He scratched himself, but accidentally too deep, and with a cool and pleasant exaltation of his more lightly-breathing nature, *he watched the red fountain of his arm in the setting sun*, and became, as if a burden had fallen off from him, calm, sober, still, and tender. He thought of his departed mother, whose love remained now for ever unrequited. Ah, gladly would he have poured out this blood for her; and now, too, love for his sickly father gushed up more warmly than ever in his bosom. 'Oh, come soon,' said his heart; 'I will love thee so inexpressibly, thou dear father.'"

Can anything be less promising? At this moment his father appears, a man of cold cynical temper and emaciated frame.

"The sun grew cold on the damp earth, and the magic lantern of nature threw its images longer and fainter every moment, when a tall form in an open red mantle came slowly along towards him round the cedar trees, pressed with the right hand the region of the heart, where little sparks glimmered, and with the half-raised left crushed a waxen mask into a lump, and looked down into its own breast. Suddenly it stiffened against the wall of the palace in a petrified posture. Albano placed his hand upon his light wound, and drew near to the petrified one. What a form! From a dry, haggard face, projected between eyes that gleamed on, half hid beneath their sockets, a contemptuous nose, with a proud curl. There stood a cherub, with a germ of the fall—a scornful, imperious spirit, who could not love ought, not even his own heart, hardly a higher—one of those terrible beings who exalt themselves above men, above misfortune, above the earth, and above conscience, and to whom it is all the same whatever human blood they shed, whether another's or their own.

"It was Don Gaspard.

"The sparkling chain of his order, made of steel and precious stones, betrayed him. He had been seized with the catalepsy, his old complaint. 'O father!' said Albano with terror, and embraced the immovable form; but it was as if he clasped cold death to his heart. He tasted the bitterness of a hell; he kissed the rigid lips and cried more loudly. At

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last, letting fall his arms, he started back from him, and the exposed wound bled again without his feeling it; and, gnashing his teeth with wild youthful love and anguish, and with great ice-drops in his eyes, he gazed upon the mute form, and tore its hand from its heart. At this Gaspard, awaking, opened his eyes, and said, 'Welcome, my dear son!' Then the child, with overmastering bliss and love, sank on his father's breast, and wept, and was silent. 'Thou bleedest, Albano,' said Gaspard, softly, holding him off; 'bandage thyself!' 'Let me bleed! I will die with thee if thou diest! Oh, how long have I pined for thee, my good father!' said Albano, yet more deeply agitated by his father's sick heart, which he now felt beating more heavily against his own. 'Very good; but bandage thyself,' said he. As the son did it, and while hurrying on the bandage, he gazed with insatiable love into the eyes of his father—that eye which cast only cold glances, like his jewelled ring. Just then, on the chestnut tops, which had been to-day the throne of the morning sun, the soft moon opened soothingly her holy eye, and it was to the inflamed Albano as if the spirit of his mother were looking from heaven, and calling down, 'I shall weep if you do not love each other.'"

We will have mercy upon the reader, and not continue our quotation any further; and perhaps this one extract will be sufficient to forewarn him of the kind of writing that will occasionally try his patience, if he attempts the perusal of 'Titan.' Was ever such a combination produced of physical distress and mental emotions? The ardent son, bleeding at the arm, embracing the cataleptic cynic! We cannot possibly shield the author by throwing blame upon the translator, because it is not a few expressions, but the whole strain of the passage, that is detestable. The combinations of thought rest entirely with the author. Was it a *blunted* sensibility to physical pain, due perhaps to his hardy training in boyhood, or was it an *excessive* sensibility that enabled Richter to poetise over bodily ailments? If, for instance, a lady is blind, we have an earnest pity for her; but we do not mingle up a lady's blindness with those qualities which promote love. Yet this Richter does in his description of Liana. He is very fond of dealing with blindness. To most of us it is a terrible affliction, which gives simple pain to contemplate.

A few such extracts as this would infallibly deter any Englishman from opening 'Titan.' Yet we may be sure that, if we search for it, there must be other kind of metal to be found in a work which succeeded in securing the applause of some of the severest critics of his own nation. For not only did Richter carry off the suffrages of enthusiastic women, and of half the youth of Germany; but grave critics, with more or less hesitation, gave him high rank in the literature of his country. Menzel, who is far from being an amiable critic, speaks of Jean Paul as "next to Goethe, a man of unquestionably the greatest talent for the representation of modern life. Goethe and Jean Paul are properly the *Dioscuri* of the modern kind." Perhaps Menzel's well-known hostility to Goethe made him the more willing to enlarge his praise to Richter, whom he raises almost to an equal elevation. But while attacking Goethe he is conscious that he is, in some respect, opposing the current of opinion, and there is no consciousness of this kind betrayed in his praise of Jean Paul. It is a hearty acquiescence in a popular verdict. "It cannot be denied," he says, "that many of his heroes and heroines, particularly the serious and sentimental or idealised characters, and in 'Titan' especially, have too little inward truth and naturalness, and are too obviously the mere work of poetical creation, and do not look like real beings. But even here we can excuse the poet. It was not a part of his plan, nor did it belong to the nature of his poetical manner, to give us unities. Wherever they occur with him, they appear only as external frames for the fulness of his sentiments and his wit. These are the principal points. Humour everywhere proceeds upon the analytic plan, and divides the given unity of life as well as of character. With sentiment it pene-

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trates into the deepest folds of the finest parts. Jean Paul can only go into a psychological detail when he gives up external keeping; and if he had seen fit to finish off his characters, and to introduce more symmetry and proportion into the arrangement of his novels, he would have had to cut off all the best part of his finest and richest details, of his digressions and episodes."

Such is the praise which a captious countryman bestows, such are the admissions he makes, and such are the excuses he proffers (not very intelligible, it seems to us) for the failings he himself points out. After reading criticisms of this kind, a foreigner feels that he ought not to be easily deterred from the perusal of J. P. Richter. Accepting the manner of the writer, passing as quickly as possible over what offends his taste, he will try, if he is a man of perseverance, to seize some of these peculiar charms, some of these beautiful excrescences, these lightnings between dark clouds, these coruscations of wit and wisdom, which made him beloved amongst his countrymen. But with all his perseverance he must at last come to the conclusion that a large portion of Jean Paul is *not* to be admired by German or English, and that another large portion can only really be admired by his own countrymen, and will not bear transport into another language or country. The laborious humour of a *Schoppe*, for instance, *may* be very successful with a German reader; an Englishman, with all his efforts, will do nothing but yawn over it. He will also probably admit that there is a third portion which has the catholic elements of beauty, which will bear the character of true poetry, or of fine and subtle observation, in every country and in every age.

The present translator seems to us to have wrought conscientiously, if not skilfully. If he had ventured to take greater liberties with his text, he would have increased his chance of presenting a readable book to the public. If 'Titan' were greatly abridged, and a few simple sentences introduced *to tell the story*, and let us know what is going on, a pleasant work might perhaps be produced. But we are aware that it may be thought a sort of heresy even to suggest such a proceeding. The orthodox doctrine is, that a translation ought to be faithful and complete; and one thing is certain, that a translator who undertakes the task of selection imposes upon himself a great responsibility, both as to what he admits and what he excludes. He guarantees that he has given us what is good, and rejected only what is not good. This is a responsibility, we suspect, which would be most willingly assumed precisely by those on whom we should least willingly devolve it.

We ought now to pass through the chief events of the novel, and give some specimens of what is most worthy and attractive in it. Such was our intention when we sat down to this paper; but the more we turn over the leaves of these two thick volumes, the more embarrassed do we feel in the task of selection. Suppose we were in search of a passage to illustrate the extravagance and bad taste of Richter, we should probably, in the very passage selected, find some redeeming fragment, for whose sake we should be disposed to spare our censure; and, on the other hand, when we look a second time at passages selected for their beauty, some blemish or some excrescence jars upon us. Of metaphor there is no end and no choice. Every description is marred by the intrusion of some incongruous simile. The sun is white, and so is a swan; therefore the placid swan in the cool stream is likened to the source of heat! "Pure and white swam the sun like a swan through the blue flood." There is no escape from the ingenuity of his resemblances.

But yet, again, how often his eye rests clearly on some fact of life—how often on some inner truth of the human heart! Here is a lightly-sketched picture:—

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"I have often admired with envy the fine light nomadic life of maidens in their Arcadian life-segments; easily do these *doves of passage* flutter into a strange family, and sew, and laugh, and visit there, with the daughter of the house, one or two months, and one takes the engrafted shoot for a family twig; on the other hand, we *house-pigeons* are inhabitative, and are hard to transplant, and generally, after a few days, journey back again. Since we, as more brittle material, less easily melt in with the family ore; since we do not weave our work into that of others so easily as maidens do theirs; since carriages full of working-tools must follow us, and since we read much and criticise much;—from all this our claim to a passport is very much reduced, without the least detriment to our character."

Spener the mystic is made to explain himself in the following manner:—

"He had, when he was fervently loved, said to himself, that he could surely never so regard or love himself; and even so the beloved being could not truly think of itself as the loving one did, and though it were ever so perfect or so full of self-love. *If every one looked upon others as upon himself, there could be no ardent love.* But love demands an object of infinite worth, and dies of every inexplicable and clearly-recognised failure; it projects its objects out of all and above all, and requires a reciprocal love without limits, without any selfishness, without division, without pause, without end. Such an object is verily the divine being—not fleeting, sinful, changeable man. Therefore must the heart sink into the Giver himself of all love, into the fulness of the Good and the Beautiful, into the disinterested, unlimited, and universal Lover."

Such feelings of the mystic are real enough, though all men do not enter into them. So, too, such a burst as this from Albano, thinking upon the abstraction of time, is not without its reality:—

"With an exalting power the thought seized the youth that this very minute was measuring millions of little and long lives, and the walk of the caterpillar and the flight of the sun, and that the very same time was being lived through by the worm and God, from worlds to worlds through the universe. 'O God!' he exclaimed, 'how glorious is it to exist!'"

Perhaps nearer to our daily feelings is the following:—

"When man stands before the sea, and on mountains, and before pyramids and ruins, and in the presence of misfortune, and feels himself exalted, then does he stretch out his arms after the great *Friendship*. And when music and moonlight, and spring and spring tears, softly move him, then his heart dissolves, and he wants *Love*. And he who has never sought either is a thousand times poorer than he who has lost both."

No one felt more intensely than Richter how necessary to the human heart is another human heart. The more does it pain us to find in this novel the generous and truthful Albano throwing the wealth of his friendship on the villain of the piece, Roquairol. This Roquairol, who, before the story is completed, acts in the most diabolical manner, is designed, as we have said, to embody what is worst and darkest in our present civilisation. He is, we are told, the veritable Titan. Perhaps we cannot do better than extract part of the author's description of him:—

"Roquairol is a child and victim of the age. As the higher youth of our times are so early and richly overhung with the roses of joy, that, like the inhabitants of spice-islands, they lose their smell, and by-and-by put under their heads a sybarite pillow of roses, drink rose-syrup, and bathe themselves in rose-oil, until nothing more is left them for a stimulus except the thorns;—so are most of them, and very often the same ones, stuffed full in the beginning by these philanthropic teachers with the *fruits* of knowledge, so that they come soon to desire only the honey-thick extracts, the cider and perry thereof, until at last they ruin themselves with the brandy made of that. Now if, in addition to this, they have, like Roquairol, a fancy that makes their life a naphtha soil, out of which every step draws fire, then does the flame, into which the senses are thrown, become still greater. For those burnt-out prodigals of life there is then no new pleasure and no new truth left, and they have no old one entire and fresh; a dried-up future, full of arrogance, disgust with life, unbelief, and contradiction, lies round about them; only the wing of fancy still continues to quiver on their corpse.

"Not merely truths, but feelings also he anticipated. All grand situations of humanity, all emotions to which Love

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and Friendship and Nature exalt the heart—all these he went through in poems earlier than in life, as play-actor and theatre-poet earlier than as man, earlier on the sunny side of fancy than on the stormy side of reality; hence, when they at last appeared living in his breast, he could deliberately seize them, govern them, kill them, and stuff them well for the refrigeratory of future remembrance. His heart could not do without the holy sensibilities; but they were simply a new luxury, a tonic at best; and precisely in proportion to their height did the road run down the more abruptly into the slough of the unholiest ones.

"Now enthusiast, now libertine in love, he ran through the alternative between ether and slime more and more rapidly, till he mixed them both. His blossoms shot up on the varnished flower-staff of the Ideal, which, however, rotted colourless in the ground. Start with horror, but believe it—he sometimes plunged on purpose into sins and torments, in order, down there, by the pangs of remorse and humiliation, to cut into himself more deeply the oath of reformation."

"Start with horror, but believe it." We decline to do either. Men do not intentionally run into sin in order to make deep oaths of reformation. They often enough indulge their sins (as every preacher will tell us) under the soothing notion that at some future time they will repent and reform. But the sin is the motive, not the future reformation. "His heart could not do without the holy sensibilities; but they were simply a new luxury." We deny that they *could* be a luxury to a man so vicious as Roquairol. There are limits even to human inconsistency. You cannot habitually outrage, and yet delicately preserve, the same moral sensibilities.

What is the mad, horrible, and loathsome part which Roquairol finally plays in the novel, we need not describe. A writer of fiction must have been at his wits' end before he could have reconciled himself to such detestable materials as Richter here employs. The fate of Linda shocked and displeased some of his most ardent friends at the time of the publication of the work. Here is his description of the character of Linda:—

"At once living for her love, and yet intoxicated with the thirst after knowledge; at once a child, a man, and a virgin; often hard and bold with the tongue for and against religion and womanhood, and yet full of the tenderest, most childlike love toward both; melting in her glow before the beloved, and quickly stiffening at a cold assault; without any vanity, because she always stood before the throne of a divine idea, and man is never vain before God, but entirely confiding in herself; and submissive to no one, without, however, any comparison of herself or others; full of bold, manly uprightness, and full of respect for talent, and for shrewd understanding of the world; so perfectly free from selfishness, and with such a child-like delight in others' gladness, without special anxiety or respect for persons; so inconstant and inflexible, the one in wishing, the other in willing; but with her eye and life ever directed towards the sun and moon of the spiritual kingdom, character and love towards her own, and towards a beloved heart."

It was the fate and character of Linda which excited the chief interest and raised the most violent controversies when the novel first appeared. But perhaps the genius of Richter appears to greater advantage as it plays round the gentle and dying Liana. If it would answer any purpose to present further extracts to our readers, we should search, we think, about this portion of the work. We like the following remark:—

"Mightily did Albano carry away all female hearts by the stillness with which, like a quiet after-summer, he let fall his fruits. The parents ascribed this reserve to city life. No! Love is the Italian school of man. The more vigorous and elevated he is, of precisely so much the higher tenderness is he capable, as on high trees the fruit rounds itself into a milder and sweeter form than on low ones. *Not in unmanly characters does mildness charm, but in manly ones; as energy does, not in unwomanly ones, but in the womanly.*"

But we must now break off, and leave our reader, if he is so minded, to pursue his way alone through this wild jungle of weeds and flowers that calls itself by the name of 'Titan.'

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XI.

Miss Dora Wentworth rose very unrefreshed next morning from her disturbed slumbers. It was hard to sit at breakfast with Leonora, and not betray to her the new anxiety; and the troubled sister ran into a countless number of digressions, which would have inevitably betrayed her had not Miss Leonora been at the moment otherwise occupied. She had her little budget of letters as usual, and some of them were more than ordinarily interesting. She too had a favourite district, which was in London, and where also a great work was going on; and her missionary, and her Scripture-readers, and her colporteur were all in a wonderful state of excitement about a new gin-palace which was being fitted out and decorated in the highest style of art on the borders of their especial domain. They were moving heaven and earth to prevent this temple of Satan from being licensed; and some of them were so very certain of the Divine acquiescence in their measures, that they announced the success of their exertions to be a test of the faithfulness of God; which Miss Leonora read out to her sisters as an instance of very touching and beautiful faith. Miss Wentworth, perhaps, was not so clear on that subject. During the course of her silent life, she had prayed for various things which it had not been God's pleasure to grant; and just now she, too, was very anxious about Frank, who seemed to be in a bad way; so she rather shook her head gently, though she did not contravene the statement, and concluded with sadness that the government of the earth might still go on as usual, and God's goodness remain as certain as ever, even though the public-house was licensed, or Frank did fall away. This was the teaching of experience; but aunt Cecilia did not utter it, for that was not her way. As for Miss Dora, she agreed in all the colporteur's sentiments, and thought them beautiful, as Leonora said, and was not much disturbed by any opinion of her own, expressed or unexpected, but interspersed her breakfast with little sighing ejaculations on the temptations of the world, and how little one knew what was passing around one, and let "him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," which could not have failed to attract Miss Leonora's attention, and draw forth the whole story of her sister's suspicions, had not that quick-witted iron-grey woman been, as we have already mentioned, too deeply engaged. Perhaps her nephew's imaginary backsliding might have excited even Miss Leonora to an interest deeper than that which was awakened by the new gin-palace; but as it happened, it was the humbler intelligence which occupied itself with this supposed domestic calamity. Miss Dora's breakfast was affected by it in a way which did not appear in the morning meal of her sister; for somehow the most fervent love of souls seldom takes away the appetite, as the love of some unlucky individual occasionally does.

When breakfast was over, Miss Dora made a very elaborate excuse for going out by herself. She wanted to match some wool for a blanket she was making, "For Louisa's baby," the devoted aunt said, with a little tremor. "Poor Louisa! if Gerald were to go any further, you know, it would be so sad for her; and one would like to help to keep up her heart, poor dear, as much as one could."

"By means of a blanket for the bassinet in scarlet and white," said Miss Leonora; "but it's quite the

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kind of comfort for Louisa. I wonder if she ever had the smallest inkling what kind of a husband she has got. I don't think Frank is far wrong about Gerald, though I don't pin my faith to my nephew's judgment. I daresay he'll go mad or do worse with all those crotchets of his—but what he married Louisa for has always been a mystery to me."

"I suppose because he was very fond of her," suggested Miss Dora, with humility.

"But why was he fond of her?—a goose!" said the strong-minded sister, and so went about her letter-writing without further comment, leaving aunt Dora to pursue her independent career. It was with a feeling of relief, and yet of guilt, that this timid inquirer set forth on her mission, exchanging a sympathetic significant look with Miss Wentworth before she went out. If she should meet Frank at the door, looking dignified and virtuous, what could she possibly say to him? and yet, perhaps, he had only been imprudent, and did not mean anything. Miss Dora looked round her on both sides, up and down Grange Lane, as she went out into the lovely summer morning. Neither Frank nor any other soul, except some nurse-maids, was to be seen along the whole line of sunny road. She was relieved, yet she was disappointed at the same time, and went slowly up towards Elsworthy's shop, saying to herself that she was sure Frank could not mean anything. It must have been that forward little thing herself who had come up to him when he was out for his walk, or it must have been some accident. But then she remembered that she had heard the Curate call Rosa pretty; and Miss Dora wondered within herself what it mattered whether she was pretty or not, and what he had to do with it, and shook her head over the strange way men had of finding out such things. For her own part, she was sure she never looked whether the girl was pretty or not; and the anxious aunt had just come round again, by a very circuitous and perplexing course, to her original sentiment, and strengthened herself in the thought that her dear Frank could not mean anything, when she reached Elsworthy's door.

That worthy trader was himself behind the counter, managing matters with his usual exactness. Berlin wool was one of the articles Mr Elsworthy dealt in, besides newspapers and books when they were ordered. Miss Dora, who wore no crinoline, stumbled over her dress in her agitation as she went in, and saw, at the first glance, little Rosa, looking very blooming and pretty, tying up a parcel at the other end of the shop. The poor lady did not know how to enter upon so difficult a question. She offered her wool humbly to be matched, and listened to Mr Elsworthy's sentiments upon the subject. He told her how he always had his wools from the best houses in London, and could match anything as was ever made in that line, and was proud to say as he always gave satisfaction. Miss Dora could not see any opening for the inquiries which she hoped to make; for how was it possible to intimate the possibility of disapproval to an establishment so perfect in all its arrangements? The probabilities are, that she would have gone away without saying anything, had not Mr Elsworthy himself given her a chance.

"Miss Wodehouse has been my great help," said the shopkeeper; "she is the nicest lady, is Miss Wodehouse, in all Carlingford. I do respect them people; they've had their troubles, like most families, but there ain't many as can lay their finger on the skeleton as is in their cupboard: they've kept things close, and there ain't a many as knows; but Miss Wodehouse has spoke up for me, ma'am, right and left, and most persons as count for anything in Carlingford gets their fancy articles out o' my shop. Mr Wentworth, ma'am, our respected clergyman, gets all his papers of

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me—and partickler he is to a degree—and likes to have 'em first thing afore they're opened out o' the parcel. It's the way with gentlemen when they're young. Mostly people ain't so partickler later in life—not as I could tell the reason why, unless it may be that folks gets used to most things, and stop looking for anything new. But there ain't a many young gentlemen like our clergyman, though I say it as shouldn't," continued Mr Elsworthy, with a little effusion, as he succeeded in finding an exact match for the scarlet wool.

"And why shouldn't you say it, Mr Elsworthy?" said Miss Dora, a little tartly; "you are not anyway particularly connected with my nephew." Here she gave an angry glance at Rosa, who had drawn near to listen, having always in her vain little heart a certain palpitation at Mr Wentworth's name.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am; I'm clerk at St Roque's. It ain't often as we have the pleasure of seeing you there—more's the pity," said the church official, "though I may say there ain't a church as perfect, or where the duty is performed more beautiful, in all the county; and there never was a clergyman as had the people's good at heart like Mr Wentworth—not in my time. It ain't no matter whether you're rich or poor, young or old, if there's a service as can be done to ever a one in his way, our clergyman is the man to do it. Why, no further gone than last night, ma'am, if you'll believe me, that little girl there——"

"Yes," said Miss Dora, eagerly, looking with what was intended to be a very stern and forbidding aspect in the little girl's face.

"She was a-coming up Grange Lane in the dark," said Mr Elsworthy—"not as there was any need, keeping two boys, as I do, but she likes a run out of an evening—when Mr Wentworth see her, and come up to her. It ain't what many men would have done," said the admiring but unlucky adherent of the suspected Curate: "he come up, seeing as she was by herself, and walked by her, and gave her a deal of good advice, and brought her home. Her aunt and me was struck all of a heap to see the clergyman a-standing at our door. 'I've brought Rosa home,' he said, making believe a bit sharp. 'Don't send her out no more so late at night,' and was off like a shot, not waiting for no thanks. It's my opinion as there ain't many such gentlemen. I can't call to mind as I ever met with his fellow before."

"But a young creature like that ought not to have been out so late," said Miss Dora, trying to harden herself into severity. "I wonder very much that you like to walk up Grange Lane in the dark. I should think it very unpleasant, for my part; and I am sure I would not allow it, Mr Elsworthy," she said firmly, "if such a girl belonged to me."

"But please, I wasn't walking up Grange Lane," said Rosa, with some haste. "I was at Mrs Hadwin's, where Mr Wentworth lives. I am sure I did not want to trouble him," said the little beauty, recovering her natural spirit as she went on, "but he insisted on walking with me; it was all his own doing. I am sure I didn't want him;" and here Rosa broke off abruptly, with a consciousness in her heart that she was being lectured. She rushed to her defensive weapons by natural instinct, and grew crimson over all her pretty little face, and flashed lightning out of her eyes, which at the same time were not disinclined to tears. All this Miss Dora made note of with a sinking heart.

"Do you mean to say that you went to Mrs Hadwin's to see Mr Wentworth?" asked that unlucky inquisitor, with a world of horror in her face.

"I went with the papers," said Rosa, "and I—I met him in the garden. I am sure it wasn't my fault," said the girl, bursting into petulant tears. "Nobody has any occasion to scold me. It was Mr

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Wentworth as would come;" and Rosa sobbed, and lighted up gleams of defiance behind her tears. Miss Dora sat looking at her with a very troubled, pale face. She thought all her fears were true, and matters worse than she imagined; and being quite unused to private inquisitions, of course she took all possible steps to create the scandal for which she had come to look.

"Did you ever meet him in the garden before?" asked Miss Dora, painfully, in a low voice. During this conversation Mr Elsworthy had been looking on, perplexed, not perceiving the drift of the examination. He roused himself up to answer now, a little alarmed, to tell the truth, by the new lights thrown on the subject, and vexed to see how unconsciously far both the women had gone.

"It ain't easy to go into a house in Grange Lane without meeting of some one in the garden," said Mr Elsworthy; "not as I mean to say it was the right thing for Rosa to be going them errands after dark. My orders is against that, as she knows; and what's the good of keeping two boys if things isn't to be done at the right time? Mr Wentworth himself was a-reproving of me for sending out Rosa, as it might be the last time he was here; for she's one of them as sits in the chancel and helps in the singing, and he feels an interest in her, natural," said the apologetic clerk. Miss Dora gave him a troubled look, but took no further notice of his speech. She thought, with an instinctive contempt for the masculine spectator, that it was impossible he could know anything about it, and pursued her own wiser way.

"It is very wrong of you—a girl in your position," said Miss Dora, as severely as she could in her soft old voice, "to be seen walking about with a gentleman, even when he is your clergyman, and, of course, has nothing else in his head. Young men don't think anything of it," said the rash but timid preacher; "of course it was only to take care of you, and keep you out of harm's way. But then you ought to think what a trouble it was to Mr Wentworth, taking him away from his studies—and it is not nice for a young girl like you." Miss Dora paused to take breath, not feeling quite sure in her own mind whether this was the right thing to say. Perhaps it would have been better to have disbelieved the fact altogether, and declared it impossible. She was much troubled about it, as she stood looking into the flushed, tearful face, with all that light of defiance behind the tears, and felt instinctively that little Rosa, still only a pretty, obstinate, vain, uneducated little girl, was more than a match for herself, with all her dearly-won experiences. The little thing was bristling with a hundred natural weapons and defences, against which Miss Dora's weak assault had no chance.

"If it was a trouble, he need not have come," said Rosa, more and more convinced that Mr Wentworth must certainly have meant something. "I am sure *I* did not want him. He insisted on coming, though I begged him not. I don't know why I should be spoke to like this," cried the little coquette, with tears, "for I never was one as looked at a gentleman; it's them," with a sob, "as comes after me."

"Rosa," said Mr Elsworthy, much alarmed, "your aunt is sure to be looking out for you, and I don't want you here, not now; nor I don't want you again for errands, and don't you forget. If it hadn't have been that Mr Wentworth thought you a silly little thing, and had a kind feeling for my missis and me, you don't think he'd have took that charge of you?—and I won't have my clergyman, as has always been good to me and mine, made a talk of. You'll excuse me, ma'am," he said, in an under tone, as Rosa reluctantly went away—not to her aunt, however, but again to her parcel at the other end of the shop—"she ain't used to being talked to. She's but a child, and don't know

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no better: and after all," said Rosa's uncle, with a little pride, "she is a tender-hearted little thing — she don't know no better, ma'am; she's led away by a kind word—for nobody can say but she's wonderful pretty, as is very plain to see."

"Is she?" said Miss Dora, following the little culprit to the back-counter with disenchanted eyes. "Then you had better take all the better care of her, Mr Elsworthy," she said, with again a little asperity. The fact was, that Miss Dora had behaved very injudiciously, and was partly aware of it; and then this prettiness of little Rosa's, even though it shone at the present moment before her, was not so plain to her old-maidenly eyes. She did not make out why everybody was so sure of it, nor what it mattered; and very probably, if she could have had her own way, would have liked to give the little insignificant thing a good shake, and asked her how she dared to attract the eye of the Perpetual Curate. As she could not do this, however, Miss Dora gathered up her wool, and refused to permit Mr Elsworthy to send it home for her. "I can carry it quite well myself," said the indignant little woman. "I am sure you must have a great deal too much for your boys to do, or you would not send your niece about with the things. But if you will take my advice, Mr Elsworthy," said Miss Dora, "you will take care of that poor little thing: she will be getting ridiculous notions into her head;" and Aunt Dora went out of the shop with great solemnity, quite unaware that she had done more to put ridiculous notions into Rosa's head than could have got there by means of a dozen darkling walks by the side of the majestic Curate, who never paid her any compliments. Miss Dora went away more than ever convinced in her mind that Frank had forgotten himself and his position, and everything that was fit and seemly. She jumped to a hundred horrible conclusions as she went sadly across Grange Lane with her scarlet wool in her hand. What Leonora would say to such an irremediable folly?—and how the squire would receive his son after such a *mésalliance*? "He might change his views," said poor Miss Dora to herself, "but he could not change his wife;" and it was poor comfort to call Rosa a designing little wretch, and to reflect that Frank at first could not have meant anything. The poor lady had a bad headache, and was in a terribly depressed condition all day. When she saw from the window of her summer-house the pretty figure of Lucy Wodehouse in her grey cloak pass by, she sank into tears and melancholy reflections. But then Lucy Wodehouse's views were highly objectionable, and she bethought herself of Julia Trench, who had long ago been selected by the sisters as the clergyman's wife of Skelmersdale. Miss Dora shook her head over the blanket she was knitting for Louisa's baby, thinking of clergymen's wives in general, and the way in which marriages came about. Who had the ordering of these inexplicable accidents? It was surely not Providence, but some tricky imp or other who loved confusion; and then Miss Dora paused with compunction, and hoped she would be forgiven for entertaining, even for one passing moment, such a wicked, wicked thought.

CHAPTER XII.

On the afternoon of the same day Mr Morgan went home late, and frightened his wife out of her propriety by the excitement and trouble in his face. He could do nothing but groan as he sat down in the drawing-room, where she had just been gathering her work together, and putting stray matters in order, before she went up-stairs to make herself tidy for dinner. The Rector paid no attention to the fact that

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the dinner-hour was approaching, and only shook his head and repeated his groan when she asked him anxiously what was the matter. The good man was too much flushed and heated and put out, to be able at first to answer her questions.

"Very bad, very bad," he said, when he had recovered sufficient composure — "far worse than I feared. My dear, I am afraid the beginning of my work in Carlingford will be for ever associated with pain to us both. I am discouraged and distressed beyond measure by what I have heard to-day."

"Dear William, tell me what it is?" said the Rector's wife.

"I feared it was a bad business from the first," said the disturbed Rector. "I confess I feared, when I saw a young man so regardless of lawful authority, that his moral principles must be defective, but I was not prepared for what I have heard to-day. My dear, I am sorry to grieve you with such a story; but as you are sure to hear it, perhaps it is better that you should have the facts from me."

"It must be about Mr Wentworth," said Mrs Morgan. She was sorry; for though she had given in to her husband's vehemence, she herself in her own person had always been prepossessed in favour of the Perpetual Curate; but she was also sensible of a feeling of relief to know that the misfortune concerned Mr Wentworth, and was not specially connected with themselves.

"Yes, it's about Mr Wentworth," said the Rector. He wiped his face, which was red with haste and exhaustion, and shook his head. He was sincerely shocked and grieved, to do him justice; but underneath there was also a certain satisfaction in the thought that he had foreseen it, and that his suspicions were verified. "My dear, I am very glad he had not become intimate in our house," said Mr Morgan; "that would have complicated matters sadly. I rejoice that your womanly instincts prevented that inconvenience;" and as the Rector began to recover himself, he looked more severe than ever.

"Yes," said Mrs Morgan, with hesitation; for the truth was, that her womanly instincts had pronounced rather distinctly in favour of the Curate of St Roque's. "I hope he has not done anything very wrong, William. I should be very sorry; for I think he has very good qualities," said the Rector's wife. "We must not let our personal objections prejudice us in respect to his conduct otherwise. I am sure you are the last to do that."

"I have never known an insubordinate man who was a perfect moral character," said the Rector. "It is very discouraging altogether; and you thought he was engaged to Wodehouse's pretty daughter, didn't you? I hope not—I sincerely hope not. That would make things doubly bad; but, to be sure, when a man is faithless to his most sacred engagements, there is very little dependence to be placed on him in other respects."

"But you have not told me what it is?" said the Rector's wife, with some anxiety; and she spoke the more hastily as she saw the shadow of a curate — Mr Morgan's own curate, who must inevitably be invited to stop to dinner—crossing the lawn as she spoke. She got up and went a little nearer the window to make sure. "There is Mr Leeson," she said, with some vexation. "I must run up-stairs and get ready for dinner. Tell me what it is!"

Upon which the Rector, with some circumlocution, described the appalling occurrence of the previous night,—how Mr Wentworth had walked home with little Rosa Elsworthy from his own house to hers, as had, of course, been seen by various people. The tale had been told with variations, which did credit to the ingenuity of Carlingford; and Mr Morgan's version was that they had walked arm in arm, in the closest conversation, and at an hour which was quite unseemly

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for such a little person as Rosa to be abroad. The excellent Rector gave the story with strong expressions of disapproval; for he was aware of having raised his wife's expectations, and had a feeling, as he related them, that the circumstances, after all, were scarcely sufficiently horrifying to justify his preamble. Mrs Morgan listened with one ear towards the door, on the watch for Mr Leeson's knock.

"Was that all?" said the sensible woman. "I think it very likely it might be explained. I suppose Mr Leeson must have stopped to look at my ferns; he is very tiresome with his botany. That was all! Dear, I think it might be explained. I can't fancy Mr Wentworth is a man to commit himself in that way —if that is all!" said Mrs Morgan; "but I must run up-stairs to change my dress."

"That was not all," said the Rector, following her to the door. "It is said that this sort of thing has been habitual, my dear. He takes the 'Evening Mail,' you know, all to himself, instead of having the 'Times' like other people, and she carries it down to his house; and I hear of meetings in the garden, and a great deal that is very objectionable," said Mr Morgan, speaking very fast in order to deliver himself before the advent of Mr Leeson. "I am afraid it is a very bad business. I don't know what to do about it. I suppose I must ask Leeson to stay to dinner? It is absurd of him to come at six o'clock."

"Meetings in the garden?" said Mrs Morgan, aghast. "I don't feel as if I could believe it. There is that tiresome man at last. Do as you like, dear, about asking him to stay; but I must make my escape," and the Rector's wife hastened up-stairs, divided between vexation about Mr Leeson and regret at the news she had just heard. She put on her dress rather hastily, and was conscious of a little ill-temper, for which she was angry with herself; and the haste of her toilette, and the excitement under which she laboured, aggravated unbecomingly that redness of which Mrs Morgan was so painfully sensible. She was not at all pleased with her own appearance as she looked in the glass. Perhaps that sense of looking not so well as usual brought back to her mind a troublesome and painful idea, which recurred to her not unfrequently when she was in any trouble. The real Rector to whom she was married was so different from the ideal one who courted her; could it be possible, if they had married in their youth instead of now, that her husband would have been less open to the ill-natured suggestions of the gossips in Carlingford, and less jealous of the interferences of his young neighbour? It was hard to think that all the self-denial and patience of the past had done more harm than good; but though she was conscious of his defects, she was very loyal to him, and resolute to stand by him whatever he might do or say; though Mrs Morgan's "womanly instincts," which the Rector had quoted, were all on Mr Wentworth's side, and convinced her of his innocence to start with. On the whole, she was annoyed and uncomfortable; what with Mr Leeson's intrusion (which had occurred three or four times before, and which Mrs Morgan felt it her duty to check) and the Rector's uncharitableness, and her own insufficient time to dress, and the disagreeable heightening of her complexion, the Rector's wife felt in rather an unchristian frame of mind. She did not look well, and she did not feel better. She was terribly civil to the curate when she went down-stairs, and snubbed him in the most unqualified way when he too began to speak about Mr Wentworth. "It does not seem to me to be at all a likely story," she said, courageously, and took away Mr Leeson's breath.

"But I hear a very unfavourable general account," said the Rector, who was almost equally surprised.

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"I hear he has been playing fast and loose with that very pretty person, Miss Wodehouse, and that her friends begin to be indignant. It is said that he has not been nearly so much there lately, but, on the contrary, always going to Elsworthy's, and has partly educated this little thing. My dear, one false step leads to another. I am not so incredulous as you are. Perhaps I have studied human nature a little more closely, and I know that error is always fruitful;—that is my experience," said Mr Morgan. His wife did not say anything in answer to this deliverance, but she lay in wait for the curate, as was natural, and had her revenge upon him as soon as his ill fate prompted him to back the Rector out.

"I am afraid Mr Wentworth had always too much confidence in himself," said the unlucky individual who was destined to be scapegoat on this occasion; "and as you very justly observe, one wrong act leads to another. He has thrown himself among the bargemen on such an equal footing that I daresay he has got to like that kind of society. I shouldn't be surprised to find that Rosa Elsworthy suited him better than a lady with refined tastes."

"Mr Wentworth is a gentleman," said the Rector's wife, with emphasis, coming down upon the unhappy Leeson in full battle array. "I don't think he would go into the poorest house, if it were even a bargeman's, without the same respect to the privacy of the family as is customary among—persons of our own class, Mr Leeson. I can't tell how wrong or how foolish he may have been of course, but that he couldn't behave to anybody in a disrespectful manner, or show himself intrusive, or forget the usages of good society," said Mrs Morgan, who was looking all the time at the unfortunate curate, "I am perfectly convinced."

It was this speech which made Mr Morgan "speak seriously," as he called it, later the same night, to his wife, about her manner to poor Leeson, who was totally extinguished as was to be expected. Mrs Morgan busied herself among her flowers all the evening, and could not be caught to be admonished until it was time for prayers: so that it was in the sacred retirement of her own chamber that the remonstrance was delivered at last. The Rector said he was very sorry to find that she still gave way to temper in a manner that was unbecoming in a clergyman's wife; he was surprised, after all her experience, and the way in which they had both been schooled to patience, to find she had still to learn that lesson: upon which Mrs Morgan, who had been thinking much on the subject, broke forth upon her husband in a manner totally unprecedented, and which took the amazed Rector altogether by surprise.

"Oh, William, if we had only forestalled the lesson, and been *less* prudent!" she cried in a womanish way, which struck the Rector dumb with astonishment; "if we hadn't been afraid to marry ten years ago, but gone into life when we were young, and fought through it like so many people, don't you think it would have been better for us? Neither you nor I would have minded what gossips said, or listened to a pack of stories when we were five-and-twenty. I think I was better then than I am now," said the Rector's wife. Though she filled that elevated position, she was only a woman, subject to outbreaks of sudden passion, and liable to tears like the rest. Mr Morgan looked very blank at her as she sat there crying, sobbing with the force of a sentiment which was probably untranslatable to the surprised, middle-aged man. He thought it must be her nerves which were in fault somehow, and, though much startled, did not inquire farther into it, having a secret feeling in his heart that the less that was said the better on that subject. So he did what his good angel suggested to him, kissed his

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wife, and said he was well aware what heavy calls he had made upon her patience, and soothed her the best way that occurred to him. "But you were very hard upon poor Leeson, my dear," said the Rector, with his puzzled look, when she had regained her composure. Perhaps she was disappointed that she had not been able to convey her real meaning to her husband's matter-of-fact bosom; at all events, Mrs Morgan recovered herself immediately, and flashed forth with all the lively freshness of a temper in its first youth.

"He deserved a great deal more than I said to him," said the Rector's wife. "It might be an advantage to take the furniture, as it was all new, though it is a perpetual vexation to me, and worries me out of my life; but there was no need to take the curate, that I can see. What right has he to come day after day at your dinner-hour? he knows we dine at six as well as we do ourselves; and I do believe he knows what we have for dinner," exclaimed the incensed mistress of the house; "for he always makes his appearance when we have anything he likes. I hope I know my duty, and can put up with what cannot be mended," continued Mrs Morgan, with a sigh, and a mental reference to the carpet in the drawing-room; "but there are some things really that would disturb the temper of an angel. I don't know anybody that could endure the sight of a man always coming unasked to dinner;—and he to speak of Mr Wentworth, who, if he were the greatest sinner in the world, is *always* a gentleman!"

Mrs Morgan broke off with a sparkle in her eye, which showed that she had neither exhausted the subject, nor was ashamed of herself; and the Rector wisely retired from the controversy. He went to bed, and slept, good man, and dreamt that Sir Charles Grandison had come to be his curate in place of Mr Leeson; and when he woke, concluded quietly that Mrs Morgan had "experienced a little attack on the nerves," as he explained afterwards to Dr Marjoribanks. Her compunctions, her longings after the lost life which they might have lived together, her wistful womanish sense of the impoverished existence, deprived of so many experiences, on which they had entered in the dry maturity of their middle age, remained for ever a mystery to her faithful husband. He was very fond of her, and had a high respect for her character; but if she had spoken Sanscrit, he could not have had less understanding of the meaning her words were intended to convey.

Notwithstanding, a vague idea that his wife was disposed to side with Mr Wentworth had penetrated the brain of the Rector, and was not without its results. He told her next morning, in his curt way, that he thought it would be best to wait a little before taking any steps in the Wharfside business. "If all I hear is true, we may have to proceed in a different way against the unhappy young man," said Mr Morgan, solemnly; and he took care to ascertain that Mr Leeson had an invitation somewhere else to dinner, which was doing the duty of a tender husband, as everybody will allow.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I want to know what all this means about young Wentworth," said Mr Wodehouse. "He's gone off, it appears, in a hurry, nobody knows where. Well, so they say. To his brother's, is it? *I* couldn't know that; but look here—that's not all, nor nearly all—they say he meets that little Rosa at Elsworthy's every night, and walks home with her, and all that sort of thing. I tell you I don't know—that's what people say. You ought to understand all the rights of it, you

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two girls. I confess I thought it was Lucy he was after, for my part—and a very bad match, too, and one I should never have given my consent to. And then there is another fine talk about some fellow he's got at his house. What's the matter, Molly?—she looks as if she were going to faint."

"Oh no," said Miss Wodehouse, faintly; "and I don't believe a word about Rosa Elsworthy," she said, with sudden impetuosity, a minute after. "I am sure Mr Wentworth could vindicate himself whenever he likes. I daresay the one story is just as true as the other; but then," said the gentle elder sister, turning with anxious looks towards Lucy, "he is proud, as is natural; and I shouldn't think he would enter into explanations if he thought people did not trust him without them."

"That is all stuff," said Mr Wodehouse; "why should people trust him? I don't understand trusting a man in all sorts of equivocal circumstances, because he's got dark eyes, &c., and a handsome face—which seems *your* code of morality; but I thought he was after Lucy—that was my belief—and I want to know if it's all off."

"It never was on, papa," said Lucy, in her clearest voice. "I have been a great deal in the district, you know, and Mr Wentworth and I could not help meeting each other; that is all about it: but people must always have something to talk about in Carlingford. I hope you don't think I and Rosa Elsworthy could go together," she went on, turning round to him with a smile. "I don't think that would be much of a compliment;" and, saying this, Lucy went to get her work out of its usual corner, and sat down opposite to her father, with a wonderfully composed face. She was so composed, indeed, that any interested beholder might have been justified in thinking that the work suffered in consequence, for it seemed to take nearly all Lucy's strength and leisure to keep up that look.

"Oh!" said Mr Wodehouse, "that's how it was? Then I wonder why that confounded puppy came here so constantly? I don't like that sort of behaviour. Don't you go into the district any more and meet him—that's all I've got to say."

"Because of Rosa Elsworthy?" said Lucy, with a little smile, which did not flicker naturally, but was apt to get fixed at the corners of her pretty mouth. "That would never do, papa. Mr Wentworth's private concerns are nothing to us; but, you know, there is a great work going on in the district, and *that* can't be interfered with," said the young Sister of Mercy, looking up at him with a decision which Mr Wodehouse was aware he could make no stand against. And when she stopped speaking, Lucy did a little work, which was for the district too. All this time she was admitting to herself that she had been much startled by this news about Rosa Elsworthy, —much startled. To be sure, it was not like Mr Wentworth, and very likely it would impair his influence; and it was natural that any friend taking an interest in him and the district, should be taken a little aback by such news. Accordingly, Lucy sat a little more upright than usual, and was conscious that when she smiled, as she had just done, the smile did not glide off again in a natural way, but settled down into the lines of her face with a kind of spasmodic tenacity. She could do a great deal in the way of self-control, but she could not quite command these refractory muscles. Mr Wodehouse, who was not particularly penetrating, could not quite make her out; he saw there was something a little different from her ordinary look about his favourite child, but he had not insight enough to enable him to comprehend what it was.

"And about this man who is staying at Mrs Hadwin's?" said the perplexed churchwarden; "does any one know who the fellow is? I don't understand how Wentworth has got into all this hot water in a

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moment. Here's the Rector in a state of fury,—and his aunts,—and now here's this little bit of scandal to crown all;—and who is this fellow in his house?"

"It must be somebody he has taken in out of charity," said Miss Wodehouse, with tears in her eyes; "I am sure it is somebody whom he has opened his doors to out of Christian charity and the goodness of his heart. I don't understand how you can all desert him at the first word. All the years he has been here, you know there never was a whisper against him; and is it in reason to think he would go so far wrong all in a moment?" cried the faithful advocate of the Perpetual Curate. Her words were addressed to Mr Wodehouse, but her eyes sought Lucy, who was sitting very upright doing her work, without any leisure to look round. Lucy had quite enough to occupy her within herself at that emergency, and the tearful appeal of her elder sister had no effect upon her. As for Mr Wodehouse, he was more and more puzzled how to interpret these tears in his daughter's eyes.

"I don't make it out at all," said the perplexed father, getting up to leave the room. "I hope *you* weren't in love with him, Molly? you ought to have too much sense for that. A pretty mess he'll find when he comes home; but he must get out of it the best way he can, for *I* can't help him, at least. I don't mean to have him asked here any more—you understand, Lucy," he said, turning round at the door, with an emphatic creak of his boots. But Lucy had no mind to be seduced into any such confession of weakness.

"You are always having everybody in Carlingford to dinner," said the young housekeeper, "and all the clergymen, even *that* Mr Leeson; and I don't see why you should except Mr Wentworth, papa; he has done nothing wicked, so far as we know. I daresay he won't want to bring Rosa Elsworthy with him; and why shouldn't he be asked here?" said Lucy, looking full in his face with her bright eyes. Mr Wodehouse was entirely discomfited, and did not know what to say. "I wonder if you know what you mean yourselves, you women," he muttered; and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a hasty "settle it as you please," the churchwarden's boots creaked hastily out of the room, and out of the house.

After this a dead silence fell upon the drawing-room and its two occupants. They did not burst forth into mutual comment upon this last piece of Carlingford news, as they would have done under any other circumstances; on the contrary, they bent over their several occupations with quite an unusual devotion, not exchanging so much as a look. Lucy, over her needlework, was the steadiest of the two; she was still at the same point in her thoughts, owning to herself that she was startled, and indeed shocked, by what she had heard—that it was a great pity for Mr Wentworth; perhaps that it was not quite what might have been expected of him,—and then she checked herself, and went back again to her original acknowledgment. To tell the truth, though she assured herself that she had nothing to do with it, a strange sense of having just passed through an unexpected illness, lay underneath Lucy's composure. It was none of her business, to be sure, but she could not help feeling as if she had just had a fever, or some other sudden unlooked-for attack, and that nobody knew of it, and that she must get well as she best could, without any help from without.

It was quite half-an-hour before Miss Wodehouse got up from the knitting which she had spoiled utterly, trying to take up the dropped stitches with her trembling fingers, and dropping others by every effort she made. The poor lady went wistfully about the room, wandering from corner to corner, as if in search of something; at last she took courage to speak, when she

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found herself behind her young sister. "Dear, I am sure it is not true," said Miss Wodehouse, suddenly, with a little sob; and then she came close to Lucy's chair, and put her hand timidly upon her sister's shoulder, "Think how many good things you two have done together, dear; and is it likely you are to be parted like this?" said the injudicious comforter. It felt rather like another attack of fever to Lucy, as unexpected as the last.

"Don't speak so, please," said the poor girl, with a momentary shiver. "It is about Mr Wentworth you mean?" she went on after a little without turning her head. "I — am sorry, of course. I am afraid it will do him—harm," and then she made a pause and stumbled over her sewing with fingers which felt feeble and powerless to the very tips—all on account of this fever she had had. "But I don't know any reason why you and I should discuss it, Mary," she said, getting up in her turn, not quite sure whether she could stand at this early period of her convalescence, but resolved to try. "We are both Mr Wentworth's friends —and we need not say any harm of him. I have to get something out of the storeroom for to-night."

"But, Lucy," said the tender, trembling sister, who did not know how to be wise and silent, "*I* trust him, and *you* don't. Oh, my dear, it will break my heart. I know some part of it is not true. I know one thing in which he is quite—quite innocent. Oh, Lucy, my darling, if you distrust him it will be returning evil for good!" cried poor Miss Wodehouse, with tears. As for Lucy she did not quite know what her sister said. She only felt that it was cruel to stop her, and look at her, and talk to her, and there woke up in her mind a fierce sudden spark of resistance to the intolerable.

"Why do you hold me? I may have been ill, but I can stand well enough by myself," cried Lucy to her sister's utter bewilderment. "That is, I—I mean, I have other things to attend to," she cried, breaking into a few hot tears of mortification over this self-betrayal; and so went away in a strange glow and tremble of sudden passion, such as had never been seen before in that quiet house. She went direct to the storeroom, as she had said, and got out what was wanted; and only after that was done permitted herself to go up to her own room, and turn the key in her door. Though she was a Sister of Mercy, and much beloved in Prickett's Lane, she was still but one of Eve's poor petulant womenchildren, and had it in her to fly at an intruder on her suffering, like any other wounded creature. But she did not make any wild demonstration of her pain, even when shut up thus in her fortress. She sat down on the sofa, in a kind of dull heaviness, looking into vacancy. She was not positively thinking of Mr Wentworth, or of any one thing in particular. She was only conscious of a terrible difference somehow in everything about her—in the air which choked her breathing, and the light which blinded her eyes. When she came to herself a little, she said over and over, half-aloud, that everything was just the same as it had always been, and that to her at least nothing had happened; but that declaration, though made with vehemence, did not alter matters. The world altogether had sustained a change. The light that was in it was darkened, and the heart stilled. All at once, instead of a sweet spontaneous career, providing for its own wants day by day, life came to look like something which required such an amount of courage and patience and endurance as Lucy had not at hand to support her in the way; and her heart failed her at the moment when she found this out.

Notwithstanding, the people who dined at Mr Wodehouse's that night thought it a very agreeable little party, and more than one repeated the remark, so familiar to

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most persons in society in Carlingford — that Wodehouse's parties were the pleasantest going, though he himself was hum-drum enough. Two or three of the people present had heard the gossip about Mr Wentworth, and discussed it, as was natural, taking different views of the subject; and poor Miss Wodehouse took up his defence so warmly and with such tearful vehemence, that there were smiles to be seen on several faces. As for Lucy, she made only a very simple remark on the subject. She said: "Mr Wentworth is a great friend of ours, and I think I would rather not hear any gossip about him." Of course there were one or two keen observers who put a subtle meaning to this, and knew what was signified by her looks and her ways all the evening; but, most likely, they were altogether mistaken in their suppositions, for nobody could possibly watch her so closely as did Miss Wodehouse, who knew no more than the man in the moon, at the close of the evening, whether her young sister was very wretched or totally indifferent. The truth was certainly not to be discovered, for that night at least, in Lucy's looks.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next afternoon there were signs of a considerable commotion in Mr Elsworthy's shop. Rosa had disappeared altogether, and Mrs Elsworthy, with an ominous redness on her cheeks, had taken the place generally held by that more agreeable little figure. All the symptoms of having been engaged in an affray from which she had retired not altogether victorious were in Mrs Elsworthy's face, and the errand-boys vanished from her neighbourhood with inconceivable rapidity, and found out little parcels to deliver which would have eluded their most anxious search in other circumstances. Mr Elsworthy himself occupied his usual place in the foreground, without the usual marks of universal content and satisfaction with all his surroundings which generally distinguished him. An indescribable appearance of having been recently snubbed hung about the excellent man, and his glances towards the back-shop, and the glances directed from the back-shop to him, told with sufficient significance the quarter from which his humiliation had proceeded. It had done him good, as such painful discipline generally does; for he was clearing out some drawers in which sundry quires of paper had broken loose and run into confusion, with the air of a man who ought to have done it weeks ago. As for the partner of his bosom, she was standing in the obscure distance behind the counter knitting a blue stocking, which was evidently intended for no foot but his. There was a chair close by, but Mrs Elsworthy disdained to sit down. She stood with her knitting, in conscious power, now and then suffering a confession of her faith to escape her. "There's nothing as don't go contrary in this world," said the discontented wife, "when a man's a fool." It was hard upon Mr Elsworthy that his ears were sharp, and that he knew exactly what this agreeable murmur was. But he was wise in his generation, and made no reply.

Things were in this condition when, of all persons in Carlingford, it occurred to Miss Leonora Wentworth to enter Mr Elsworthy's shop. Not that she was alone, or bent upon any errand of inquiry; for Miss Leonora seldom moved about unattended by her sisters, whom she felt it her duty to take out for exercise; and, wonderfully enough, she had not found out yet what was the source of Miss Dora's mysteries and depression, having been still occupied meantime by her own "great work" in her London district, and the affair of the gin-

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palace, which was still undecided. She had been talking a great deal about this gin-palace for the last twenty-four hours; and to hear Miss Leonora, you might have supposed that all the powers of heaven must fail and be discomfited before this potent instrument of evil, and that, after all, Bibles and missionaries were much less effective than the stoppage of the licence, upon which all her agents were bent. At all events, such an object of interest had swept out from her thoughts the vague figure of her nephew Frank, and Aunt Dora's mysterious anxieties on his account. When the three ladies approached Elsworthy's, the first thing that attracted their attention was Rosa, the little Rosa who had been banished from the shop, and whom Mrs Elsworthy believed to be expiating her sins in a back room, in tears and darkness; instead of which the little girl was looking out of her favourite window, and amusing herself much with all that was going on in Grange Lane. Though she was fluttered by the scolding she had received, Rosa only looked prettier than usual with her flushed cheeks; and so many things had been put into her nonsensical little head during the last two days, especially by her aunt's denunciations, that her sense of self-importance was very much heightened in consequence. She looked at the Miss Wentworths with a throb of mingled pride and alarm, wondering whether perhaps she might know more of them some day, if Mr Wentworth was really fond of her, as people said—which thought gave Rosa a wonderful sensation of awe and delighted vanity. Meanwhile the three Miss Wentworths looked at her with very diverse feelings. "I must speak to these people about that little girl, if nobody else has sense enough to do it," said Miss Leonora; "she is evidently going wrong as fast as she can, the little fool:" and the irongrey sister went into Mr Elsworthy's in this perfectly composed and habitual frame of mind, with her head full of the application which was to be made to the licensing magistrates to-day, in the parish of St Michael, and totally unaware that anybody belonging to herself could ever be connected with the incautious little coquette at the window. Miss Dora's feelings were very different. It was much against her will that she was going at all into this obnoxious shop, and the eyes which she hastily uplifted to the window and withdrew again with lively disgust and dislike, were both angry and tearful: "Little forward shameless thing," Miss Dora said to herself, with a little toss of her head. As for Miss Wentworth, it was not her custom to say anything—but she, too, looked up, and saw the pretty face at the window, and secretly concluded that it might all be quite true, and that she had known a young man make a fool of himself before now for such another. So they all went in, unwitting that they came at the end of a domestic hurricane, and that the waters were still in a state of disturbance. Miss Wentworth took the only chair, as was natural, and sat down sweetly to wait for Leonora, and Miss Dora lingered behind while her sister made her purchases. Miss Leonora wanted some books—

"And I came here," she said, with engaging candour, "because I see no other shop in this part of the town except Masters's, which, of course, I would not enter. It is easy enough to do without books, but I can't afford to compromise my principles, Mr Elsworthy;" to which Mr Elsworthy had replied, "No, ma'am, of course not—such a thing ain't to be expected;" with one eye upon his customer, and one upon his belligerent wife.

"And, by the by, if you will permit me to speak about what does not concern me," said Miss Leonora cheerfully, "I think you should look after that little girl of yours more carefully;—recollect I don't mean any offence; but she's very pretty, you know, and very young,

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and vain, as a matter of course. I saw her the other evening going down Grange Lane, a great deal too late for such a creature to be out; and though I don't doubt, you are very particular where she goes——"

It was at this conjuncture that Mrs Elsworthy, who could not keep silence any longer, broke in ardently, with all her knitting needles in front of her, disposed like a kind of porcupine mail—

"I'm well known in Carlingford—better known than most," said Mrs Elsworthy with a sob; "such a thing as not being particular was never named to me. I strive and I toil from morning to night, as all things should be respectable and kep' in good order; but what's the good? Here's my heart broken, that's all; and Elsworthy standing gaping like a gaby as he is. There ain't nothing as don't go contrairy, when folks is tied to a set of fools," cried the indignant matron. "As for pretty, I don't know nothing about it; I've got too much to do minding my own business. Them as has nothing to think of but stand in the shop and twiddle their thumbs, ought to look to that; but, ma'am, if you'll believe me, it ain't no fault of mine. It ain't my will to throw her in any young gentleman's way; not to say a clergyman as we're bound to respect. Whatever you does, ladies,—and I shouldn't wonder at your taking away your custom, nor nothing else as was a punishment—don't blame me!"

"But you forget, Mrs Elsworthy, that we have nothing to do with it,—nothing at all; my nephew knows very well what he is about," said Miss Dora in injudicious haste. "Mr Wentworth is not at all likely to forget himself," continued that poor lady, getting confused as her sister turned round and stared at her. "Of course it was all out of kindness;—I—I know Frank did not mean anything," cried the unfortunate aunt. Leonora's look, as she turned round and fixed her eyes upon her, took away what little breath Miss Dora had.

"Mr Wentworth?" asked Miss Leonora; "I should be glad to know if anybody would inform me what Mr Wentworth can possibly have to do with it? I daresay you misunderstood me; I said you were to look after that little girl—your niece, or whatever she is; I did not say anything about Mr Wentworth," said the strong-minded sister, looking round upon them all. For the moment she forgot all about the licence, and turned upon Mr Elsworthy with an emphasis which almost drove that troubled citizen to his knees.

"That was how I understood it," said the clerk of St Roque's humbly; "there wasn't nothing said about Mr Wentworth—nor there couldn't be as I know of, but what was in his favour, for there ain't many young men like our clergyman left in the Church. It ain't because I'm speaking to respected ladies as is his relations; folks may talk," said Mr Elsworthy with a slight faltering, "but I never see his equal; and as for an act of kindness to an orphan child——"

"The orphan child is neither here nor there," said his angry wife, who had taken up her post by his side; "a dozen fathers and mothers couldn't have done better by her than we've done; and to go and lay out her snares for them as is so far above her, if you'll believe me, ma'am, it's nigh broken my heart. She's neither flesh nor blood o' mine," cried the aggrieved woman; "there would have been a different tale to tell if she had belonged to me. I'd have — murdered her, ma'am, though it ain't proper to say so, afore we'd have gone and raised a talk like this; it ain't my blame, if it was my dying word," cried Mrs Elsworthy, relapsing into angry tears; "I'm one as has always shown her a good example, and never gone flirting about, nor cast my eyes to one side or another for the best man as ever walked; and to think as a respectable family should be brought to shame through her doings, and a gentleman as is a

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clergyman got himself talked about —its gone nigh to kill me, that's what it's done," sobbed the virtuous matron ; "and I don't see as nobody cares."

Miss Leonora had been woke up suddenly out of her abstract occupations; she penetrated to the heart of the matter while all this talk was going on. She transfixed her sister Dora, who seemed much inclined to cry like Mrs Elsworthy, with a look which overwhelmed that trembling woman ; then she addressed herself with great suavity to the matter in hand.

"I suppose this poor little foolish child has been getting herself talked about," said Miss Leonora. "It's a pity to be sure, but I daresay it's not so bad as you think. As for her laying snares for people above her, I wouldn't be afraid of that. Poor little thing! It's not so easy as you think laying snares. Perhaps it's the new minister at Salem Chapel who has been paying attention to her? I would not take any notice of it if I were you. Don't let her loll about at the window as she's doing, and don't let her go out so late, and give her plenty of work to do. My maid wants some one to help in her needlework. Perhaps this child would do, Cecilia?" said Miss Leonora. "As for her snares, poor thing, I don't feel much afraid of them. I daresay if Mr Wentworth had Sunday classes for the young people as I wished him to have, and took pains to give them proper instruction, such things would not happen. If you send her to my maid, I flatter myself she will soon come to her senses. Good morning ; and you will please to send me the books—there are some others I want you to get for me next week," said Mr Elsworthy's patroness. "I will follow you, Dora, please," and Miss Leonora swept her sisters out before her, and went upon her way with indescribable grandeur. Even little Rosa felt the change, where she sat at the window looking out. The little vain creature no longer felt it possible to believe, as she looked after them, that she ever could be anything to the Miss Wentworths except a little girl in a shop. It shook her confidence in what people said ; and it was as well for her that she withdrew from the window at that conjuncture, and so had an opportunity of hearing her aunt come up-stairs, and of darting back again to the penitential darkness of her own chamber at the back of the house—which saved Rosa some angry words at least.

As for Miss Leonora Wentworth, she said nothing to her sisters on this new subject. She saw them safely home to their own apartments, and went out again without explaining her movements. When she was gone, Miss Wentworth listened to Miss Dora's doubts and tears with her usual patience, but did not go into the matter much. "It doesn't matter whether it is your fault or not," said Aunt Cecilia, with a larger amount of words than usual, and a sharpness very uncommon with her ; "but I daresay Leonora will set it all right." After all, the confidence which the elder sister had in Leonora was justified. She did not entirely agree with her about the "great work," nor was disposed to connect the non-licensing of the gin-palace in any way with the faithfulness of God: but she comprehended in her gentle heart that there were other matters of which Leonora was capable. As for Miss Dora, she went to the summerhouse at last, and, seating herself at the window, cried under her breath till she had a very bad headache, and was of no use for any purpose under heaven. She thought nothing less than that Leonora had gone abroad to denounce poor Frank, and tell everybody how wicked he was ; and she was so sure her poor dear boy did not mean anything! She sat with her head growing heavier and heavier, watching for her sister's return, and calculating within herself how many places Leonora must

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have called at, and how utterly gone by this time must be the character of the Perpetual Curate. At last, in utter despair, with her thin curls all limp about her poor cheeks, Miss Dora had to go to bed and have the room darkened, and swallow cups of green tea and other nauseous compounds, at the will and pleasure of her maid, who was learned in headache. The poor lady sobbed herself to sleep after a time, and saw, in a hideous dream, her sister Leonora marching from house to house of poor Frank's friends, and closing door after door with all sorts of clang and dash upon the returning prodigal. "But oh, it was not my fault—oh, my dear, she found it out herself. You do not think *I* was to blame?" sobbed poor aunt Dora in her troubled slumber; and her headache did not get any better notwithstanding the green tea.

Miss Dora's visions were partly realised, for it was quite true that her irongrey sister was making a round of calls upon Frank's friends. Miss Leonora Wentworth went out in great state that day. She had her handsomest dress on, and the bonnet which her maid had calculated upon as her own property, because it was much too nice for Miss Leonora. In this imposing attire she went to see Mrs Hadwin, and was very gracious to that unsuspecting woman, and learned a few things of which she had not the least conception previously. Then she went to the Miss Wodehouses, and made the elder sister there mighty uncomfortable by her keen looks and questions; and what Miss Leonora did after that was not distinctly known to any one. She got into Prickett's Lane somehow, and stumbled upon No. 10, much to the surprise of the inhabitants; and before she returned home she had given Mrs Morgan her advice about the Virginian creeper which was intended to conceal the continual passage of the railway trains. "But I would not trust to trellis-work. I would build up the wall a few feet higher, and then you will have some satisfaction in your work," said Miss Leonora, and left the Rector's wife to consider the matter in rather an agreeable state of mind, for that had been Mrs Morgan's opinion all along. After this last visit the active aunt returned home, going leisurely along George Street, and down Grange Lane, with meditative steps. Miss Leonora, of course, would not for kingdoms have confessed that any new light had come into her mind, or that some very ordinary people in Carlingford, no one of whom she could have confidently affirmed to be a converted person, had left a certain vivid and novel impression upon her thoughts. She went along much more slowly than usual in this new mood of reflectiveness. She was not thinking of the licensing magistrates of St Michael's, nor the beautiful faith of the colporteur. Other ideas filled her mind at the moment. Whether perhaps, after all, a man who did his duty by rich and poor, and could encounter all things for love and duty's sake, was not about the best man for a parish priest, even though he did have choristers in white surplices, and lilies on the Easter altar? Whether it might not be a comfort to know that in the pretty parsonage at Skelmersdale, there was some one ready to start at a moment's notice for the help of a friend or the succour of a soul—brother to Charley who won the Cross for valour, and not unworthy of the race? Some strange moisture came into the corners of Miss Leonora's eyes. There was Gerald too, whom the Perpetual Curate had declared to be the best man he ever knew; and the Evangelical woman, with all her prejudices, could not in her heart deny it. Various other thoughts of a similar description, but too shadowy to bear expression, came in spite of herself through Miss Leonora's mind. "We know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man

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be a worshipper of God and doeth His will, him he heareth;" and it occurred to her vaguely, for the first time, that she was harder to please than her Master. Not that such an idea could get possession of a mind so well fortified, at the first assault; but it was strange how often the thought came back to her that the man who had thrilled through all those people about Prickett's Lane a kind of vague sense that they were Christians, and not hopeless wretches, forgotten of God; and who had taken in the mysterious lodger at Mrs Hadwin's, bearing the penalty of suspicion without complaint, would be true at his post wherever he might be, and was a priest of God's appointing. Such were the strangely novel ideas which went flashing through Miss Leonora's mind as she went home to dinner, ejecting summarily the new gin-palace and her favourite colporteur. If anybody had stated them in words, she would have indignantly scouted such latitudinarian stuff; but they kept flickering in the strangest fluctuations, coming and going, bringing in native Wentworth prejudices and natural affections to overcome all other prepossessions, in the most inveterate, unexplainable way. For it will be apparent that Miss Leonora, being a woman of sense, utterly scorned the Rosa Elsworthy hypothesis, and comprehended as nearly how it happened as it was possible for any one unaware of the facts to do.

Such were the good and bad angels who fought over the Curate's fate while he was away. He might have been anxious if he had known anything about them, or had been capable of imagining any such clouds as those which overshadowed his good name in the lively imagination of Carlingford. But Rosa Elsworthy never could have occurred to the unconscious young man as a special danger, any more than the relenting in the heart of his aunt Leonora could have dawned upon him as a possible happiness. To tell the truth, he had left home, so far as he himself was concerned, in rather a happy state of mind than otherwise, with healthful impulses of opposition to the Rector, and confidence in the sympathy of Lucy. To hear that Lucy had given him up, and that Miss Leonora and Mrs Morgan were the only people who believed in him, would have gone pretty far at this moment to make an end of the Perpetual Curate. But fortunately he knew nothing about it; and while Lucy held her head high with pain, and walked over the burning coals a conscious martyr, and Miss Dora sobbed herself asleep in her darkened room, all on his account, there was plenty of trouble, perplexity, and distress in Wentworth Rectory to occupy to the full all the thoughts and powers of the Curate of St Roque's.

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ON HEARING WEEK-DAY SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SEPTEMBER 1858.

I.

From England's gilded halls of state
I crossed the Western Minster's gate,
And, 'mid the tombs of England's dead,
I heard the Holy Scriptures read.

II.

The walls around and pillared piers
Had stood wellnigh eight hundred years;
The words the priest gave forth had stood
Since Christ, and since before the Flood.

III.

A thousand hearts around partook
The comfort of the Holy Book;
Ten thousand suppliant hands were spread
In lifted stone above my head.

IV.

In dust decayed the hands are gone
That fed and set the builders on;
In heedless dust the fingers lie
That hewed and heaved the stones on high;

V.

And back to earth and air resolved
The brain that planned and poised the vault:—
But undecayed, erect, and fair,
To Heaven ascends the builded Prayer,

VI.

With majesty of strength and size,
With glory of harmonious dyes,
With holy airs of heavenward thought
From floor to roof divinely fraught.

VII.

Fall down, ye bars: enlarge my soul!
To heart's content take in the whole;
And, spurning pride's injurious thrall,
With loyal love embrace them all!

VIII.

Yet hold not lightly home; nor yet
The graves on Dunagore forget;
Nor grudge the stone-gilt stall to change
For deal-board bench of Gorman's Grange.

IX.

The self-same Word bestows its cheer
On simple creatures there as here;
And thence, as hence, poor souls do rise
In social flight to common skies.

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X.

For in the Presence vast and good,
That bends o'er all our livelihood
With humankind in heavenly cure,
We all are like: we all are poor.

XI.

And, sure, God's poor shall never want
For service meet or seemly chant,
And for the Gospel's joyful sound
A fitting place shall still be found;

XII.

Whether the organ's solemn tones
Thrill through the dust of warriors' bones,
Or voices of the village choir
From swallow-haunted eaves aspire;

XIII.

Or, sped with healing on its wings,
The Word solicit ears of kings,
Or stir the souls, in moorland glen,
Of kingless covenanted men.

XIV.

Enough for Thee, indulgent Lord,
The willing ear to hear Thy word;
And, time and place to match, the tale
For willing ears shall never fail.

S. F.

DUBLIN, *June* 1863.

THE PYRAMIDS—WHO BUILT THEM?—AND WHEN?

MANY and grievous, beyond question, were the ills endured of mortal men before the invention of printing. Think of the months without MAGA! Think of every author—happily there were not so many of them—having literally to blow his own trumpet. An epic poet obliged to hawk about his stately lay like a ballad-monger; the tragic muse ever in search of a cart and a company; even the ponderous historian waiting at the door of the Common Council for a chance of being heard on the deeds of his country!

It was an age of *voice* as our own is of *paper*. A gentleman who wished to publish in those days had to look well to his lungs and his larynx. It was not enough to possess a heart and a brain; a big throat was the first requisite, and a pleasant tongue the best puff. The author mounted his platform—as a speaker takes the floor of the American Senate—for five or six days in succession, and the audience, instead of an hour of popular science, sat deliberately down to several pounds avoirdupois of "copy."

As for ladies, there was nothing to be attempted but lyrical poetry sung to the tabor and pipe, like Miriam and Deborah and Sappho. What a noisy time it must have been!

The two most remarkable of those ancient "readings" occurred in two successive years, on different sides of the Mediterranean. One

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was the publication of the law by Ezra, B.C. 444; and a very noble sight it must have been when the fourteen priests ascended their pulpit together—not a modern preaching tub, but a good, spacious, open-air platform—and began to read by turns, in the old Hebrew language, while as many Levites, in a lower rank, interpreted sentence by sentence in the vernacular Chaldee. "So they read in the book the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading"—(Nehemiah, viii. 8.) That reading lasted a fortnight or three weeks, day after day; inaugurating the custom which is still observed by all disciples of THE BOOK as a sacred rite. Would that we could always add of our Church-readers that they give the sense, and cause us to understand the reading!

It is not that Sacred publication, however, that we are now concerned with. In the preceding year, on the other side of the many-sounding sea, the Attic tribes held their feast of Panathenæa. Pericles was hurling his last thunders at Thucydides—not the historian, but an older man, the son of Milesias, and the last of the old nobles who ventured to oppose the magnificent democrat. The future historian was there too—if Professor Dahlmann will allow us to believe the pleasant story *—and hearkening greedily to what was going on; but it was neither Pericles nor Thucydides that carried off the palm that day. A young gentleman—he was thought so at Athens, though in his forty-fourth year, like our own young men of the Bar and the Senate—had returned from his travels, and offered to read his observations for the amusement of the company. It was a bold offer to make to an Attic audience, for he was a Dorian—a sort of Yorkshireman whom the Cecropians were fond of laughing at as barbarians. The traveller, however, had learned to put his remarks into good Ionic, and he managed to read them so well that he was voted ten talents on the spot, or pretty near the respectable sum of *two thousand pounds*.

Nor was this all, for these same travels were honoured through all Greece with the names of the Nine Muses, and their author enjoys to this day the style and title of "Father of History."

The reader was Herodotus of Halicarnassus, and what he read comprised the first that had been heard in Europe of the *Pyramids of Egypt*. What China is in our age Egypt was in that;—the strangest, least comprehended, queerest country imaginable, with everything exactly contrary to what it was everywhere else. "Amongst them the women attend markets, but the men stay at home and weave. Other nations in weaving throw the wool upwards, the Egyptians downwards. The men carry burdens on their heads, the women on their shoulders. In other countries, the priests of the gods wear long hair; in Egypt they have it shaved. With other men it is customary in mourning to have their heads shorn; the Egyptians, on occasions of death, let their hair and beards grow. Other men live apart from beasts, but the Egyptians live with them. They knead dough with their feet, but mix clay with their hands. Other men fasten the rings and sheets of their sails outside, but the Egyptians inside. The Greeks write and cipher from left to right, but the Egyptians from right to

* The Gottingen Professor has certainly demolished Lucian's story (so often repeated) of Herodotus reciting his history at the *Olympic games*, while Thucydides wept for joy. This recitation is commonly assigned to the year 456 B.C., when the historian, being at most thirty-two years old, could hardly have completed his travels. But Marcellinus, the biographer of Thucydides, says nothing about *Olympia*, and Thucydides may well have been at Athens when the reading, recorded by Eusebius—(*Chron. Ol.* 83)—took place eleven years later. This was the year before Herodotus removed to Thurium, and when he must have finished, at least, the first edition of his history.

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left."* It was the western extremity of the old world's civilisation, as China is still the eastern. The difference was, that while nothing ever came out of China but silk and tea, the Greeks believed all their arts and religious rites to have originated in Egypt. In this belief, every story which the priests could palm off upon the credulous "outer barbarians," was swallowed with ludicrous avidity. Herodotus was often imposed on like the rest; much oftener, however, he tells the tale as it was told to him, with the addition of some such quiet remark as, "Let every one judge for himself—to me, indeed, it seems improbable; but I am of opinion that, on some points, one man knows as much as another." This simple philosophy might still dispose of nine-tenths of what we hear about Ancient Egypt.

Memphis was the city at which Herodotus stopped longest. It was the capital of "Menes, the first king,"—just as Rome was the city of Romulus, and London of King Lud. It held the temple of the fire-god Phthah (in whom the Greeks were told to recognise the original of their own Hephaistus), built, of course, by Menes in the beginning of time, and enriched with numerous porticoes by succeeding monarchs. It was a city fifteen miles in circumference, fortified by the famous "White Wall," behind which the Persians had but just before resisted all the forces of insurgent Egypt, aided by the Athenians themselves. There was the gilded hall of the bull Apis, with its magnificent court, surrounded by colossal Pharaohs in place of pillars. There were the temples of Isis, and Osiris the Lord of Hades, and Serapis with the bull's head, and the foreign Venus, thought to be Helen, who, in spite of Homer, never was in Troy, but was kept in Egypt by the divine king Proteus, till her husband, after burning Ilium for nothing, came and carried her peaceably home to Sparta.

There, too, in front of the temple of Vulcan were the statues of Sesostris and his wife, thirty cubits high, in presence of which the priests would not allow Darius the great king to set up his less worthy image. But highest, and biggest, and oldest of all, the THREE PYRAMIDS stood on the low Libyan hills at the edge of the desert, marking the western boundary of the city, which stretched away five or six miles to the river, and over the river by the bridge to Babylon (the Memphite "Borough"), and rambled on to Heliopolis, as London rambles down to Sydenham. The whole plain was crowded with temples, gateways, and statues of gigantic proportions; and out in the streets, as if the mean houses were too little to hold them, in the face of their sun-god, millions of swart men and women ate and drank, and worked and played, in startling opposition to all established usages of Greek civilisation.

Through the midst of them, smiling graciously on either hand like a god, as he was, flowed the largest River in the world, which—in similar contradiction to the habits of every other river—persisted in rising during the dog-days, and diminishing in winter. Of a practice so palpably unscientific, Herodotus could obtain no sort of explanation. Venturing on a theory of his own—as travellers will when they are not likely to be found out—he has got preciously laughed at by our philosophers who know everything. Another thing, and that the very thing he most of all wanted to know, was a deeper mystery still. "Touching the sources of the Nile"—(he complains) "it was never my lot in all my intercourse with Egyptians, Libyans, or Greeks, to meet with more than one man who pretended to know anything." So much the better for them, since they would only have made a mess of it, like all the world besides, till MAGA enlightened mankind with her friend Captain Speke's discovery of the

* Herod. lib. ii. 36.

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Victoria Nyanza!* That one pretender in Egypt, the bursar of Neith College, told Herodotus that the Nile had its sources in the two mountains, *Crophi* and *Mophi*, between Syene and Elephantine, where it boiled up from a bottomless pit, casting its stream half to the north and the other half to the south. This story Herodotus, with his usual politeness, told to the marines; but what would he have given for such a map as now lies before us, with the signature of the gallant Speke, and the date 26th Feb. 1863—solving the long problem of ages, and opening to every eye the "Mountains of the Moon" that Ptolemy must have dreamt of? There, on the very equator, 3553 feet above the sea, lies the royal lake, filled by the tropical rains, from whose northern shore burst the "Ripon Falls," and the "Luajerè River," and the "Murchison Frith," which, uniting, form the White, *i.e.* the True Nile. It was a joke with the wits of Greece and Rome to bid a troublesome inquirer *Nili quærere fontes*. Captains Speke and Grant found it no joke either to reach them or to get away; but the laugh is for ever on their side. Their perseverance and sufferings have enabled them to add a new distinction to the Indian Service. Herodotus would have been delighted to introduce them at the Panathenæa. In the absence of the Father of History, MAGA, the Mother of Letters and of Travel, bids them welcome to immortality!

Marvelling much, and persistently questioning, the Father of History sailed up the wonderful river to the cataract, and thus profoundly speculated as he went: The deposit was black, which showed that the river came from the country of the black people; it was raising the level of the fields every year;—perhaps the whole valley had been thus raised out of the sea, of which it was once only a gulf; at any rate, the time must come when the fields would rise above the river, and, preventing the annual inundation, cause the country to relapse into sterility. Ah! good Herodotus, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing! you forgot that the valley must always have had a *floor* for the river to lay its deposit upon, and that its own bed rises faster than the adjacent fields, and so keeps enlarging, not diminishing, the area of inundation.†

Of all the wonders of Egypt, however, none could surpass the first that he encountered as he sailed from Naucratis, across the inundated plain, and came upon the Pyramids. "*Who built them? and when?*" were his instantaneous questions, and we should be particularly obliged to any gentleman, priestly or secular, who would favour us with that information at the present moment. Great changes have taken place at Memphis, since Herodotus propounded those two simple questions to the white-robed priests of Vulcan—learned men in their way—very, though perhaps unnecessarily scrupulous in the article of beans, and far from favouring the beard movement. If the truth must be told, they shaved every hair off their bodies, and instead of Spenser's imaginative "long locks comely kemd,"‡ wore cauliflower wigs, like the late Archbishop of Canterbury;—queer sights, perhaps, when seen above the leopard skin with the tail hanging down, which constituted their sacrificing garment, but indisputably promoting cleanliness, which is always akin

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Sept. and Oct. 1859.

† The deposit is naturally thickest on the bed of the river and its immediate neighbourhood; hence the floor of the valley is arched *upward*, the river flowing along the crown, and the country sloping down to the desert. Hence the more the deposit increases, the further might the water be conducted, if the canals by which it is led off were properly extended. It is to the neglect of these canals, and their consequent filling up from the sand of the desert, that the diminished area of cultivation is owing.

‡ 'Faerie Queene,' Book v. Cant. vii. 4.

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to godliness. Yes, daintily clean were those "priests, all shaven and shorn;" they bathed in cold water four times in the twenty-four hours; wore nothing but the whitest of linen, and were scented (let us hope not *too* fragrantly) with the most exquisite perfumes.

Well! they are all gone! with their grand processions and stately ceremonial, their golden chalices and incense-breathing altars, their veiled mysteries and their awful funerals; priests and people, temples, idols, statues, have long since disappeared. About eleven miles above Cairo, on the opposite or western bank of the Nile, near the village of Mitrahenny, the fields rise into high mounds, shaded with a few palm trees: on its face in a hollow, with the huge back showing over the standing corn, lies the colossal statue of Sesostris, that is to say, of Rameses the Great. This is all that remains of Memphis, save that on the low western horizon still stand the PYRAMIDS, and far away across the river eastward, a single obelisk in a garden marks the site of Heliopolis.

On the intervening plain father Time has written and blotted out, and entered over again, the living characters of many histories, since those old monuments began to look towards each other. Pharaohs and Persian Kings, and Ptolemies and Cæsars, heathen and Christian, Caliphs, Viziers, Sultans, and Grand Seignors, have there raised their successive thrones. Idolatry, Philosophy, Christianity, Islamism, secured in turn its intellectual obedience. Hardly any great character anywhere, but has in some shape been connected with Egypt. It sheltered Abraham, and Jacob, and Joseph, and Moses, and Jeremiah, and THE SAVIOUR Himself. Alexander, Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Augustus, Saladin, and Napoleon, won (or lost) laurels there. Copts, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Turks, Mamelukes, French, and English, here fought and conquered by turns, for (it may be) forty centuries, while the PYRAMIDS looked on. Every one gazed, and wondered, and asked —"*Who built them? and when?*" But no one answered. They have been measured, and stripped, and entered, and ransacked in every possible way, yet the question remains very much as it was, when simple, garrulous, shrewd Herodotus opened the discussion at the Feast of Panathenæa, B.C. 445.

The Pyramids—*i. e.*, the three which monopolise the name (for some sixty or seventy more of inferior size exist in Lower Egypt)*—stand in a diagonal line from north-east to south-west, with the sides of each exactly facing the four cardinal points. The northernmost is the largest, and usually called the First, though some conceive the Second, or middle one, to be in truth the oldest. These two differ little in size and construction, covering each some twelve acres of ground, and rising to a height of 450 feet. They are now the only surviving remnants of the famous Seven Wonders of the World, and are without doubt the oldest as well as the largest edifices extant. The Third is but half their size, but of superior construction.† All three, as Herodotus was informed, were executed by the kings whose names they bore, for their own sepulchres: the First by *Cheops*, who reigned fifty years; the Second by his brother *Cephrenes*, who reigned fifty-six years; and the Third by *Mycerinus*, son of Cheops. They were faced with slabs of stone

* Lepsius enumerates sixty-seven.

† The following are the present measurements:—

	Base.	Perpendicular Height.
First Pyramid, . . .	746 feet square. .	450 feet.
Second Pyramid, . . .	690¾ ,, .	447 ,,
Third Pyramid, . . .	354½ ,, .	203 ,,

The Second Pyramid is in some points of inferior workmanship to the Great one.

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carefully formed, and presenting a smooth inaccessible surface from top to bottom. There was an inscription on the side of the First Pyramid, from which Herodotus's guide read to him that 1600 talents of silver had been expended in buying radishes, onions, and garlic for the workmen.

No other writing is mentioned, and this has long since disappeared with the casing stones, which the Arabs stripped off the Pyramids to use in building their city of Masr-el-Gahireh (Misraim the Victorious), by unbelievers ignorantly called Cairo. Herodotus learnt that this stone was brought from the Arabian mountains on the other side of the Nile, and drawn upon a causeway, erected for the purpose, from the river to the edge of the desert. This causeway, which took ten years in building, and was formed of polished stones, sculptured with animals,* was, in his opinion, a work little inferior to the Pyramid itself.

Cheops and Cephrenes (he was further told) were impious tyrants, who reduced the people to misery, closing the temples and interdicting the sacrifices during the whole one hundred and six years of their united reigns. The former was intered in a subterranean chamber under the Great Pyramid, his tomb being surrounded by water introduced by a secret canal from the Nile. The memory of both was accursed, and their very names were pronounced with reluctance and abhorrence. This was the account of the priests.

With the common people the tradition was, that the larger Pyramids were built by the "shepherd Philition when he fed his flocks in the plains of Memphis." Now thereby hangs a tale or two. This "shepherd Philition" is plainly a popular impersonation of the Philistines, from whom the country beyond the Isthmus acquired the name of Palestine. Many wonderful things have been said and conjectured about these shepherds, as that they were sons of Ham, who, being ejected from the plains of Shinar, successively invaded Egypt and Syria, whence they were again driven out as objects of divine justice, and under the names of Cyclopes, Pelasgi, Phœnicians, &c., were chased out of Greece, and Tyre, and Carthage, with every other colony and city of the Old World, till they plunged into America, where traces of their stupendous architecture, and of their costume, as depicted on the Egyptian monuments, are still found.†

This extraordinary movement may, in fact, have had its beginning in Egypt, since the *Philistim* and the *Caphtorim* (or Copts) are both enumerated among the descendants of Mizraim.‡ The former, however, had removed into the south of Palestine as early as Abraham's time,§ leaving the ancestral country to be called Egypt, "the land of the Copt." This separation seems to have been a prominent event in primitive history,‖ and the Egyptian monuments show that war continued to be waged for many a long year between the Copts and the Philistines.

These Phœnicians, like the later Arabs, roamed alike the sea and the desert; they were at once mariners and sheep-owners, the two occupations most detested by the Egyptians. When the herbage of the wilderness failed them, the marauders drove their flocks into the fertile fields of the Delta. Similar depredations were experienced from the sons of Shem on the Arabian side of the desert, hence "every shepherd was an abomination unto the Egyptians." ¶ There was a tradition which Josephus has preserved out of Manetho, that on one

* Query, animal letters?—*i. e.*, *Hieroglyphics.*
† See Bryant's 'Ancient History and Mythology.'
‡ Gen. x. 14; 1 Chron. i. 12.
§ Gen. xxi. 32, 34.
‖ Amos ix. 7.
¶ Gen. xlvi. 34.

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occasion the strangers seized Memphis itself, and made themselves masters of all Egypt; levying tribute from the native rulers, much as the Mongols did in later times from the Russian princes. These were the *Hyksos*, or "Shepherd Kings," described as cruel enemies both to the people and the gods of Egypt, burning the temples, slaying the priests, and driving those who refused their yoke into the Upper Valley where, a stand being made, a force was collected, the shepherds were at last expelled, and Egypt was united into a monarchy under the King of Thebes.

The date and duration of this struggle are wholly unknown. Manetho assigns five of his dynasties to it (13th-17th), but can only name six rulers, none of whose names are found on any monument. Out of this tradition, however, Baron Bunsen has built up a "Middle Empire" of shepherd-kings ruling Egypt from the year B.C. 2567 to B.C. 1625. This is a period equal in length to the entire history of England, in all which not a single transaction is recorded; not a monument, not even a *grave* (for the pyramids he thinks older still) remains! The monuments indeed represent Amenemha, the last of the old Egyptian rulers, as being succeeded by Amosis, the first of the New Monarchy. This, we are to believe, was only a regal fiction, like Charles II. coming next to his father on the throne of England; in reality, there was an *interregnum*—an interval as long as from Alfred the Great to Queen Victoria—when Egypt was subject to a foreign race; after which she expelled the usurpers *en masse*, and *—not the slightest assimilation having taken place between them*—quietly returned to the former state of things! Such a miracle in history is only to be paralleled from the 'Arabian Nights,' where the vizier, in fact, only dipped his head into a bucket and took it out again, but the force of imagination conjured a whole life into the interval.

To return to Herodotus, whom Baron Bunsen compassionates for his credulity;—he heard less about Cephrenes than Cheops, but he is great on Mycerinus. He was a good and pious king, an orthodox idolater, who reopened the temples, restored the sacrifices, and consulted the oracles. He was snatched away by the gods as too good for the wickedness of the times, though not at all to his own satisfaction, nor without a very decided reclamation on his part. There was indeed another story about the Third or Red* Pyramid, which Herodotus treated as a ridiculous anachronism. Still, people said that it was raised by *Rhodopis*, a Greek beauty, once a slave in the same house with Æsop the writer of fables, who, having gained her freedom, settled at Naucratis, and acquired great riches, but no way sufficient for such a monument; besides, she was of the time of King Amasis, B.C. 566, and Herodotus calculated Cheops to have reigned about B.C. 800.

Such was the information collected by the Father of History. Very little was added by the inquiries of the after Greek and Roman visitors. Diodorus, four and a half centuries later, wrote *Chembes* in place of Cheops, and *Chabryis* for Cephrenes, adding that neither was actually interred in his pyramid, for the populace, enraged at their tyranny, had threatened to tear up their corpses, to avoid which they were secretly buried by their friends in some unknown place. Diodorus noticed an ascent cut in the side of the Second Pyramid. It had no inscription. The Third had the name of Mycerinus carved on the northern face; some, however, still called it the sepulchre of Rhodopis, and indeed there was absolutely no agreement as to any of the founders—some assigning the Great Pyramid to *Ar-*

* So called from being faced with the fine red Syenite, which Herodotus calls "Ethiopian granite." It is the well-known material of the obelisks, statues, &c., of Theban Art.

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mæus, the Second to *Amosis*, and the Third to *Inaron*.*

Strabo, who was there shortly after Diodorus, also gives the Third Pyramid to Rhodopis, by Sappho called *Doricha*.† Pliny repeats the same story, which by his time seems to have become the favourite tradition; but he concludes that all authorities were at fault, and that the real authors of these idle and foolish exhibitions of wealth had been overtaken by a well-merited oblivion.‡

Later still, when the Ptolemies reigned in Egypt, and took every means of flattering the national pride, it was resolved to try the effect of a *book* in establishing the antiquities. Manetho, a priest of Sebennytus, undertook to write a history of Egypt from the days of Menes—ay, and of the gods before him.§ He distributed the kings from Menes to Nectanebus, the last of the native Pharaohs, into Thirty Dynasties. His book was written in Greek, with the avowed purpose of correcting the mistakes of Herodotus, but it seems to have found little favour abroad or at home. The Greeks took no notice of it, perhaps they did not believe in the antediluvian "pillars in the Syriadic land," from which he pretended to copy his information. Perhaps they supposed that, after two centuries of foreign rule, including several changes of masters, with the usual accompaniments of revolution and civil war, the priests were not likely to know more of their antiquities than was known to their predecessors, when Egypt was first opened to extraneous inquiry.

At any rate, Manetho had little success; and another Ptolemy employed Eratosthenes to write another history. Both have been long as dead as Cheops. All Eratosthenes's reputation — and he was called a lesser Plato — could not float his Egyptian history to posterity. Josephus has preserved a few scraps of Manetho, cooked to the Hebrew taste; and a list of his "Dynasties" was included in the Chronology of Julius Africanus, a bishop of the third century. Africanus was rehashed and served up again by Eusebius. But alas! the two Christian prelates soon shared the fate of their heathen predecessors. They survive only in the pages of George, a Greek monk, who had the honour of being *Syncellus* (or cell companion) to Tarasius, Master of the Horse to the amiable Irene, and Patriarch of Constantinople at the second Council of Nicæa (A.D. 780.) An Armenian translation of Eusebius, however, lately discovered, and translated into Latin, confirms the substantial fidelity of Syncellus. Of Eratosthenes all that remains is a list of Theban kings, copied by Syncellus out of Apollodorus of Athens. It begins with "Menes the first king," but knows nothing of the Thirty Dynasties, and has so little in common with Manetho that it was never thought possible to reconcile them, till Bunsen put both into his alembic, with many other ingredients, and, by the aid of a powerful imagination, distilled them into his 'New Extract of Chronology.'

These learned Thebans tell us little of the Pyramids, and it grieves us to read of an ecclesiastic, though of the idolatrous persuasion, the terms in which that little is introduced by Syncellus, who knew his author best. "Manetho (writes this George without the drag-on), high-priest of the detestable Egyptian Mysteries, *as great a liar as Berosus!*" Gently, good monk, gently! There may be reason for your indignation, and in the days of General Councils your word would certainly have carried the day. But we have changed all that now; we no longer believe in monks; we prefer a heathen priest to an inspired prophet, and can

* Diod. Sic., i. 63. † Strabo, lib. xvii. ‡ Nat. Hist., xxxvi. 16.

§ In Herodotus's time the Egyptian priests ridiculed the notion of a god ever having lived upon earth; but Manetho did not choose to be behind the Greeks, and gives us whole dynasties of gods reigning and having children in Egypt.

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swallow any miracle, provided it be *not* recorded in Holy Writ. So beware of personalities, good Syncellus, or you will find to your cost that two can play at that game.

Well! Manetho, as reported by Africanus, as reported by Eusebius, as reported by Syncellus, says, that the pyramid which Herodotus ascribed to Cheops, was built by *Suphis*, a ruler of his Fourth Dynasty, "who was a despiser of the gods, and wrote a sacred book." Africanus adds, that he himself obtained a copy of this book when in Egypt, as a valuable prize. The Second Pyramid Manetho does not mention at all. Of Mycerinus, whom he writes Mencheres, he had nothing to record, but that he was the successor of Suphis. The Third Pyramid he assigns to *Nitocris*, the last sovereign of the Sixth Dynasty; the most beautiful of women, having rosy cheeks and fair hair, who succeeded to the throne on the murder of her husband, and destroyed his assassins by letting the Nile into the apartment where she had invited them to a banquet.

Herodotus had heard of Nitocris and her tragical revenge. She was the only female in a list of 300 sovereigns, read to him by the priests from a book; but they said nothing of her building a pyramid, nothing of her beauty or foreign complexion; on the contrary, they called her the sole native queen, and represented the king whom she avenged as her brother.

In regard to the Third Pyramid, then, Manetho is distinctly at variance with the older priests; as for the First, the difference of name is more apparent than real, since Cheops and Suphis may be only two ways of spelling the same hieroglyphical name.*

Here ends the Egyptian information; it would be to little purpose to interrogate the many learned travellers who have since tried to unravel our tangle. It has been tugged, and twisted, and bit at, in every imaginable way. The Pyramids are Joseph's granaries; or his sepulchre, opened at the Exodus to carry his mummy up to the Land of Promise; or the Pharaoh's tomb who was drowned in the Red Sea; or temples for the mystical rites of Osiris; or water temples; or temples to Venus; or observatories; or emblems of the sacred sphere, proving the Egyptians to have been acquainted with the quadrature of the circle. They were built by Nimrod, or by the Israelites, or by Queen Daluka; or (if you listen to the Arabs) by Surid, a king of Egypt before the Flood. They were the tombs of Seth, of Enoch, of Adam. They were covered with inscriptions "containing every charm and wonder of physic in the Mosannad character." The founder clothed them in rich brocade, and challenged all the world to cover them with mats. All this was unknown to credulous old Herodotus, and shows the value of critical and scientific investigation.

But now, what say the Pyramids themselves? First, They affirm themselves to be tombs, not temples. Sepulchral vaults have been discovered under each, but there is no trace of any religious uses whatever.† The vaults, however, have no communications — and never could have had any—with the Nile, being all considerably above its level. Hence, the story of Cheops and his insulated tomb only proves that the priests were not acquainted with the interior of the pyramids. At what time they were first opened we know not, apparently not till after Herodotus's visit; perhaps before Strabo's, who mentions the entrance into the larger one covered by a movable stone. They were probably violated by the Persians, and certainly by the Arabian caliphs of the

* The *ch* in Egyptian seems to have been both soft and hard, as in English, and *p* is always interchangeable with *ph* or *f*.

† It is the pleasure of some travellers to call the ruins on their eastern sides temples, but there is not a shadow of evidence to sustain the hypothesis.

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seventh century. Hence the absence of a body, or any traces of one, in the larger pyramids, does not amount to a corroboration of the legend, that the founders were never buried there.* Though the vault is empty, the Great Pyramid contains what neither Herodotus nor Diodorus ever expected, a chamber—indeed two—in the heart of the superstructure; and in one of these, called the King's Chamber, a plain granite sarcophagus still remains. It must be noted that all the chambers and vaults are secured by portcullises of stone, with every precaution against disturbance or subsequent entry.

Another point to be noted is, that the vaults are entered by sloping passages opening high in the northern face of each pyramid, and running at about the same angle straight into the bowels of the earth. In the Great Pyramid the passage is upwards of 300 feet long, and so exactly straight, that the sky is visible from the lower end. Its angle with the horizon is 26° 41′, which, according to a calculation made by Sir John Herschel, would have pointed 4000 years ago to the star *a* in the constellation of Draco, *which was then the north star*.† This fact has been called in to assist in determining the date of the structure; at all events, when coupled with the exact emplacement of the sides, it proves that some astronomical considerations were in view, though the pyramids are hardly suited for observatories.‡

The most remarkable testimony, however, derived from the pyramids themselves, is of the kind immortalised by our noble Foreign Secretary, as "conspicuous for its absence." Their vast surfaces are without any kind of inscription or sculpture; while every other Egyptian monument is profusely embellished with figures and hieroglyphics. The casing still remains on the upper part of the Second Pyramid, and the stones which are fallen at the foot of each have been examined; search has been made also at Fostat and Cairo, where the casing stones were made use of, but no trace of an inscription has been heard of, beyond the two observed by Herodotus and Diodorus. The inscriptions talked of by the Arabs are about as reliable as their hangings of silk brocade. The interior of the pyramids, too, with a couple of exceptions to be noticed directly, are as dumb as the exterior. The passages, vaults, chambers, sarcophagi, all witnessing to a bold and skilful use of the graving-tool, are without any figures or characters whatsoever. So marked a contrast to all other Egyptian tombs and temples, certainly suggests a different race or age; and Colonel Vyse, on this account, accepts the tradition of a *Shepherd* origin.

To this intelligent explorer are owing the latest and most important discoveries, constituting the two exceptions just referred to. The first is in the Great Pyramid, where the king's chamber was long known to have a kind of garret

* On the contrary, if Cheops was succeeded by a brother (or a son) who reigned fifty-six years, there was clearly power to protect his grave, and the precautions taken to close the tombs indicate an actual interment.

† The calculation is given in the Appendix to Col. Howard Vyse's comprehensive work. Some of the popular epitomes of Astronomy substitute the star γ for *a* Draconis, fixed upon by Herschel.

‡ The objections to their being actually designed as observatories are, the limited view from the interior, and the unnecessary height and difficulty of access, if a platform be imagined on the top. Still, it is certain that the transit of the heavenly bodies across the mouth of these inclined passages might be noted at the bottom, just as they are reflected at this day in a vessel of quicksilver at the bottom of the well in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The passages would act, indeed, as *telescopes* (before lenses were known); and the same may be said of the singular narrow tubes in the King's Chamber, which are called ventilators. On the exterior it is possible that observations were made before the present heights were attained; Moreover, Diodorus mentions a way of ascent outside.

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over it, only two or three feet high, which was entered by Mr Davison in 1765, and called by his name. Colonel Vyse, in 1837, discovered four similar chambers over Mr Davison's, one above another, and clearly designed (like his) to take off the weight from the flat roof of the king's chamber. The walls of these apartments, never entered, and never meant to be entered, since the completion of the structure, were found abundantly marked with hieroglyphics. They were only rude, unintelligible scrawls, made, in all probability, at the quarries from which the stones were brought; but among them appeared a royal name, which had been previously found in the tombs adjacent to the pyramids, and read, *Chufu*. This was held to be the same which Herodotus wrote Cheops, and Manetho Suphis; but as the tombs are certainly posterior to the pyramids,—and no one can say how long,—the identification was incomplete till the discovery of the same characters in the pyramid itself.

If the discovery had ended here, it would have been better for the solution; we all know the inconvenience of proving too much. These same quarry marks, however, contain another royal ring, enclosing three of the four characters read Chufu, preceded by two others supposed to be symbols of *Kneph*, the most ancient name in Egypt for the Divinity. Now of this Nef-chufu there are more theories than we care to recount. The general notion makes him another king of the same family; and as Manetho actually has a second Suphis succeeding the first, let it be agreed that here are their names.

We proceed to the Second Pyramid. *Wanted*, a monumental identification for Cephrenes or Chabryis. Nothing easier, says the Egyptologist. One of the adjacent tombs hides the dust of an architect whose epitaph attaches him to "Shafra, the great one of the Pyramids." *Shafra* is the name you are in search of, so hand over the reward. But stay a little; an advertisement of this sort often brings in many candidates, and it is not every one taken up on suspicion that proves to be "wanted." Shafra is found about the place, it is true, though not actually on the premises; but we have yet to find that he was there *at the time*.

The most vulnerable point in Egyptology is the facility with which it "identifies" a hieroglyphic name, found anywhere, with any historical personage unprovided with a monument. Hieroglyphics afford a delightful latitude for these experiments: they are read backward or forward, upward or downward, from centre to flank, or from flank to centre, at the pleasure of the artist, *or the interpreter*. Many of the phonetic characters stand for more letters than one, and all the symbolical ones may be variously interpreted; so that it may be truly said of this study that the vowels go for nothing, and any consonant may be changed into another. It would be hard if, with such advantages, monumental evidence could not be found. In point of fact, a large proportion of modern "identifications" consists of such mere resemblances, arbitrarily brought together, and as arbitrarily removed when a different hypothesis requires a new arrangement. We have names slipped a thousand years up or down the chronological scale at pleasure; and it is quite common with Baron Bunsen to assign as a proof of identity, that no other place fits so well. He might as well take his readers into Moses' shop, and asseverate that the best fit was made to their own measure.

A tomb which is certainly later than the Pyramid, and in a place which continued a necropolis for centuries, will not of itself attest the identity of Shafra and Cephrenes. It is no more than a similarity of sound; even that is not certain. Maga's old eyes are hardly keen enough to discern at this distance whether the first sign is a circle with a dot, denoting the *sun*, or a circle with two strokes,

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denoting a *sieve:* if the former, it is the sign of the God *Ra*, and to be read at the end of the name; but if the latter, it is the initial letter *ch, as in Chufu*. Again, the anvil, or diadem, which forms the second sign, is oftener read *m* than *sh*; so that if we were in quest of an identity it would not be hard to change Shafra into *Chemef*, and compare it with the Chembes of Diodorus.

If Shafra be the right reading, it is a name of quite a different character from Chufu, its alleged predecessor. The strongest argument for the high antiquity of the Pyramids is the absence of the idolatrous sculptures which cover the other monuments. Chufu and Nef-chufu are names agreeing with this peculiarity, since neither exhibits the *sun*, whose disc was invariably placed in the shield of the idolatrous Pharaohs. Menes and Athothes are of the same class; so, too, the most ancient divinities, Amun and Nef, who, in later days, were written Amun-*ra* and Nef-*ra*. To this later period *Shafra* must unquestionably belong.

Baron Bunsen insists on idolatry being coeval with the language and nationality of Egypt, and will allow of no changes in the religion or monarchy through all his romantic periods. But inquirers of a lower flight will find in the Pyramids themselves the clearest evidence of at least *one* entire revolution. Not only are they manifestly different in character from all other monuments, but the very tradition of their origin was lost. The idol priests knew nothing about them. Their founders were impious, accursed men, who closed the temples, —Philition the Shepherd,—and so forth. What does this mean, but that they were men of another religion, who lived before the temples were built? The Pyramids were like Stonehenge; relicts of a former state of society, which had no succession among those who talked so ignorantly.

It might be possible to trace a similar indication in the founder's name, which Eratosthenes writes *Saophis*, and translates κομαστης, the hairy one, or "lord of hair." This was an appellation given to the prophet Elijah,* and it is certainly more intelligible of a Phœnician or Arab, than of the shorn and shaven Egyptian. On the other hand, the Shepherd kings do not come in till the Fifteenth Dynasty of Manetho; while Suphis is a native Pharaoh of the Fourth. The Pyramid, too, is so essentially an indigenous structure, that the hieroglyphic name of Memphis is the "City of Pyramids." And finally, the discovery of hieroglyphics in the Great Pyramid proves the language (though not the religion) of Chufu.

On the whole, the most probable hypothesis might be that Chufu was one of the ancient rulers of Memphis before the Shepherd invasion, when the Copts were confined to Upper Egypt, and Thebes, the mother of idols, had not extended her arms or her arts into the Delta. Such a ruler was the Pharaoh who entertained Abraham, and who was sufficiently acquainted with his God to be the bearer of the Divine rebuke to the patriarch himself. The Sacred history mentions no idolatry at this time either in Canaan or in Egypt. Abraham had been called out of Chaldea to escape its pollution; he rears his altars in Canaan undisturbed. The kings of the country accompany him to the sanctuary of the "priest of the most High God;" he enters Egypt as an honoured guest. All this indicates that the sons of Ham, though undoubtedly stained by gross immorality, had not yet abandoned the primitive faith. On this very account it seems the promise was delayed, and the Canaanite continued in possession, "For the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full."†

It was a very different state of things when Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and Joshua, on crossing

* 2 Kings, i. 8.

† Gen. xv. 16.

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over Jordan, found altars, and pillars, and idols, on the mountains and hills, and under every green tree.

If we suppose Chufu, then, to be a primitive monotheistic Pharaoh, we may be able to explain what has so perplexed the critics;—the extraordinary statement of Manetho, that "he was a despiser of the gods," and yet "the author of a sacred book." Some have thought the translation erroneous, and that we ought to read "a speculator on the gods;" others suppose the *animal* gods to be meant: but it is not unprecedented for a philosopher to despise idolatry, and yet be an authority among idolaters. This is exactly the character of the Hindu *Brahmana* at the present day. They assert the purity and spirituality of the godhead in the strongest terms; yet these writings are bound up in the Vedas with the earlier hymns to the elements, and revered as the scriptures of a later and utterly idolatrous system. A monotheistic philosophy, losing sight of the DIVINE PERSON, passes naturally into pantheism, and that into material idolatry.

If we may suppose "the wisdom of the Egyptians" to be such a philosophy at the date of Abraham's visit, its best antidote would be found in the revelation just made to the patriarch of the Personal God. This may have been the subject of those discussions which, according to Josephus, he held with the priests. The classical writers are unanimous that the ancient Egyptians worshipped the Eternal Spirit, whom they called Kneph. This is the very name which we find subjoined with Chufu's in the Great Pyramid; was he, like Melchisedec, "a priest of the most High God?" It is true that Kneph was *afterwards* the name of an idol; but no idolatrous emblems are found in the Pyramid,—nothing but the waterpot and the ram, the primitive instruments of purification and sacrifice. If this reasoning may be trusted, the Great Pyramid may be placed in the age of Abraham, while *Shafra* cannot be admitted till that of Moses.

Now, the best scriptural chronology places Abraham's visit into Egypt about the year B.C. 2081, and this is very nearly the period assigned to Suphis by the more rational Egyptologists. Mr Poole puts his reign in the 23d century B.C., Sir J. G. Wilkinson and Colonel Vyse in 2123. The latter is the date assumed by Sir John Herschel in his calculations of the polar star.

To the circumscribed vision of men in general, it is no inconsiderable stretch into antiquity to be able to look upon a structure which was built before Moses, perhaps before Abraham; say a thousand years before the siege of Troy. This is nothing, however, to the glance of the Prussian Eagle. Baron Bunsen demands another thousand, and his friend Lepsius *two*. The latter will not abate a year of B.C. 4000, and he is such a master of the art that he tells us he could write a Court and State Directory of the time of King Cheops or Cephrenes.

Now we willingly avow our admiration for the splendid plates of Lepsius's 'Denkmäler.' They are a treasury of Egyptology — only *too* copious, in fact, for minds that must think a little of the living as well as the dead. There is not a doubt of their fidelity and value: still, there are some wide gulfs between Lepsius and the Pyramids. In the first place, his drawings are from the adjacent graves, not from the Pyramids: the connection between them depends on the *date* assigned to each respectively, and *this is altogether a matter of hypothesis*. Lepsius, for example, gives us, from a grave of the Fourth Dynasty, an accurate representation of the god Thoth, and as this is the Dynasty of Cheops and Cephrenes, here is proof positive against a pre-idolatrous era. But how does he know that this grave is of the time of the Fourth Dynasty? or, what that time was? He does not know at all. There is no evidence on either point; it is all matter of arrangement. It suits his system to ascribe it to the

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Fourth Dynasty; to other eyes, the drawing manifestly indicates a much later style of art.

All Egyptian chronology, in fact, starts from the year B.C. 971, when Shishak captured Jerusalem. This prince is clearly identified with Sheshonk, whom Manetho places at the head of the Twenty-second Dynasty; all before him depends on the method by which you work your way backward through the previous reigns. Manetho's figures have to be corrected somehow: his totals often do not agree with the true summation; the monuments disprove the length of the reign; reigns, or even whole dynasties, added together as successive, are shown to be contemporaneous; hundreds of years are assigned to kings, of whose very names he was ignorant. Every fault, in a word, which can possibly vitiate a chronology is to be found in Manetho's lists; and when you compare them with the monuments, it is like propping up one baseless system by another. The monuments often bear the year of the king's reign in which they were erected; occasionally they give a succession of kings, more or less extensive; but the *Egyptians had no common era*, and consequently no monument exhibits a real chronological date. Everything depends on the order in which you choose to arrange them; and arrange them how you will, you can never get to a genuine date (without extrinsic aid), because Egypt has no history to support it.

Professor Lepsius is so satisfied, however, with his own chronology, that he has actually had it inscribed on the Great Pyramid, in *hieroglyphic characters!* If Cheops left his monument undated, the omission has been supplied in a complimentary effusion bearing date "in the year 3164 from the commencement of the Sothis period, under King Menephthes." The idolatrous appellation, "Son of the Sun," is now to be seen on his walls;—given however, not to Cheops, but to "*The Son and Rock of Prussia, Frederick William the Fourth*," in honour of whose birthday this reprehensible piece of conceit was perpetrated. People really ought to recollect that fictions carved in stone, whether by heathen priests or rationalistic scholars, are not a bit more authentic than the legends of the cloister and the traditions of the church.

In reality, the Prussian system, instead of increasing the antiquity of the Pyramids, insists on the strongest possible ground for suspecting it, when it connects the oldest of them with idolatry. Lepsius, it seems, has discovered a grave, which he assigns to "Prince Merhet, *priest, and probably son of Chufu*, the high court architect of Memphis, and perhaps employed on the Pyramid itself." If this extract from the Egyptian 'Court Guide' might be depended upon, it would change the state of the question in a trice. Instead of a pre-idolatrous ruler, or even a Shepherd king, Chufu drops at once into a deified Pharaoh, with a priesthood to his honour like those of the New monarchy. Then what becomes of the Cheops of accursed memory? Why all the uncertainty among the priests concerning the true founder? Why are there no hieroglyphics? Are the quarry marks really meant for the founder's name? In short, the gulf is so wide and deep between the impious Cheops of history, and Chufu honoured with an apotheosis and a family hierarchy, that every vestige of identity disappears at the bottom, and the Pyramid is left absolutely without a *who* or a *when*.

It is true that Chufu's name is often found in the *tombs* in connection with a title rendered "royal priest;" but those tombs are copiously inscribed with the ordinary idolatrous hieroglyphics. The presumption, therefore, is strong against their being contemporaneous with the Pyramids. Again, it is not certain whether these inscriptions speak of a priesthood in honour of Chufu, or of his being himself a priest; and, to conclude, we are not sure they refer to *king* Chufu at all. It may be the name

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of a private individual, called after the old Pharaoh (of which there are numerous examples); and in favour of this hypothesis it is observable that none of the usual royal titles are subjoined.

It is time to pass to the other hieroglyphic inscription discovered by Colonel Vyse. It was found in the Third Pyramid, which, like the Second, contains no chamber above ground, but covers *two* subterranean vaults, suggesting the idea of a double interment. In the lower vault was found a sarcophagus, finely panelled in stone, but still without inscription. Part of the coffin once enclosed in it, and of the human remains which it had contained, is now in the British Museum; and on the coffin lid is a full hieroglyphic inscription, in two perpendicular columns, addressed to the deceased as "*King Mencheres*," and invoking his rest in the usual language of the Osirian superstition. This discovery seemed to set two questions at rest: 1. The Pyramid belonged to Mycerinus, as stated by Herodotus; and, 2. Whatever Cheops might be, Mycerinus was clearly an Egyptian idolater. His name is compounded of the god *Ra*, and was translated by Eratosthenes "gifted of the Sun;" moreover, he is mentioned in the Papyri, buried with many mummies, as a holy and even divine personage. All this is quite in keeping with the character given of him to Herodotus, but it places a wide interval between him and Cheops. Mycerinus the holy can hardly be of the same age and lineage with the infidel tyrant. To represent him as his son involves us again in all the difficulties of "Prince Merhet." Then there is Manetho ascribing the Pyramid to Nitocris in a later dynasty, but contradicted by the production of the actual mummy of Mencheres!

The last discrepancy is removed by the idea of a double sepulchre; supposing Mencheres to have been first interred under a smaller Pyramid, which Nitocris enlarged, constructing a second vault for herself. In that case, the sarcophagus and the inscription would probably be the work of the later period, being consecrated by the queen to the memory of the king whose sepulchre she desired to partake. But how should Manetho have *nothing* to record of a monarch so renowned in the time of Nitocris? How commemorate her work, and not know of his whose name was visible on the Pyramid itself? No one else mentions Nitocris in connection with this structure. The female founder named in other traditions was Rhodopis the Greek slave, a widely different person from the old Memphite queen. Curiously enough, however, Rhodopis means "rosy-faced,"—the very attraction for which Manetho's Nitocris was famed, and which, with her fair hair, incontestably denote a foreigner. Still more curiously, we find a story told of Rhodopis, that, while bathing at Naucratis, an eagle carried off her shoe and let it fall in the king's lap, who was so charmed with its elegance, that he sought out the owner and made her his wife. Now this king was Psammaticus II.; and to finish the story—on his daughter's sarcophagus, which is now in the British Museum, her mother's name is written *Nitocris!* May we conclude that the fortunate Cinderella assumed the old regal name of Nitocris, and that Manetho, to cover the "scandal about Queen Elizabeth," carried her and her pyramid back to the ancient era? The process was certainly "unhistoric," but if George Syncellus may be trusted, Manetho was exactly the man to do it.

Moreover, we learn from Mr Birch, that, under the Psammatici "there arose an affectation for the archaic names, titles, customs, and, to a certain extent, an imitation of the works of art of the era of the Pyramids;"* and Lepsius has dis-

* Vyse's Pyr. vol. ii. App. p. 136.

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covered that Cinderella's husband actually assumed, as his own designation, the name of *Mencheres!* Here, then, are both the names traditionally connected with the Third Pyramid traced, upon monumental evidence, to a pair of lovers who reigned at Sais about a hundred and fifty years before Herodotus visited Egypt! The bones for which Baron Bunsen invokes the veneration of all orthodox believers as the veritable relics of St Mencheres, king and confessor in the age of Noah, are perhaps those of one of the latest Pharaohs, contemporary with the last king of the house of David.

It may be objected that, at so short an interval of time, Herodotus must have been able to obtain the authentic account of the foundation; but this objection implies that the priests were willing and able to impart the information, neither of which can be confidently affirmed of their reverences. They were certainly not free from "the affectation of archaic names," and, notwithstanding the way in which our Egyptologist talks of their "temple registers," it is clear they never had anything of the kind. Herodotus, Diodorus, Manetho, and Eratosthenes, all drew their information from the priests; if registers had existed, their accounts must have substantially agreed. Their irreconcilable differences demonstrate that there was nothing but tradition to go by, and that the traditions were widely various.

It was only in the time of the first Psammaticus that Egypt came into contact with the outer world. In that prince a native dynasty was restored after the overthrow of the Theban monarchy and the retirement of the Ethiopians. He terminated the period of divided rule, called the Dodecarchy, by raising the house of Sais to the throne; and, to sustain the new power, he opened his ports to the Greeks, and flooded Egypt with the long-excluded knowledge of the West. The stationary oriental intellect was suddenly assailed by its inquisitive visitors; it answered with as little loss of dignity as might be; but the answers were those of vergers and guide-books, not of learned registrars and historians. Under such circumstances, Herodotus might well be a hundred years out in the age of the Pyramid.*

But now, if the Third Pyramid should turn out to be more truly dated by the tradition which Herodotus was persuaded to reject, than by that which he followed, what about the other two? They had also their counter traditions. *Armæus* and *Amosis* were rival names with Cheops and Cephrenes, and both were illustrious in Egyptian annals. The first may be the Armais, by Greeks called Danaus, who carried his fifty daughters to Argos, and obtained the kingdom; or it may be Ramses (for the vowels are movable), whose colossal statue was entitled Sesostris; or some other of the nine or ten kings of that name found on the monuments. *Amosis* is a still more likely hero. There were two of them;—one the head of the Eighteenth Dynasty, the first of the New monarchy, and in all probability the founder of the temple of Vulcan attributed to Menes. This was the dynasty that enslaved the Israelites; and the erection of the pyramids has been thought to form part of their labours. It must be added that Pliny mentions a tradition that the Great Sphinx was his tomb; and Lepsius, from examining the position of the two structures, comes to the opinion that the Sphinx was part of the same design with the Second Pyramid;—one of a pair intended to flank its approach.

The later Amosis was son-in-law to Psammaticus and Nitocris, whose names appear on his wife's coffin in

* Herodotus assigns fifty years to Cheops, fifty-six to Cephrenes, and six to Mycerinus, bringing the death of the latter down to B.C. 688. Psammaticus died about B.C. 590.

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the British Museum. He belonged, therefore, to the age of "archaic affectation;" perhaps the great Theban conqueror's name was assumed by him in compliance with the mode. He was the wealthiest and most prosperous of all the later Pharaohs; and, after the Persian invasion, the Egyptians were never weary of recounting the glories of his reign. In favour of this founder, it may be added that some competent observers are strongly impressed with the opinion that the three Pyramids and the Sphinx are parts of one design, and executed in the same age. If this could be established, it would be impossible to assign any other period than that of the Saitic *renaissance* between the Dodecarchy and the Persian invasion. We do not affirm that this is their true date; but, just to show the unfathomable depths we are pretending to sound, it may be borne in mind that, should the Pyramids be *only* of the age of Psammaticus, they are still by far the oldest structures in the world. The date which Lepsius claims is just *three thousand four hundred years earlier;*—longer than the interval from the Flood to the present day, according to the longest computation!

And now, gentle reader, do you feel at all clear *who built the Pyramids? and when?* If not, you may spare yourself the trouble of learning hieroglyphics, or, what we have found a much harder matter, wading through the four volumes of Bunsen's 'Ægypstens Stelle.' Every scrap of evidence has been carefully collected in this article; if it comes to nothing, you can make nothing more of it by hunting it through a maze of hypothesis and romance. Of the numerous smaller Pyramids, still less is known than of the famous three; yet round the apices of these hoary structures Baron Bunsen persuades himself that he has woven, so firmly as never to be removed, a history to this effect:

Man was created in the year B.C. 19,752, when every thing north of the Alps was an open sea, the Ural Mountains standing up as an island, and Britannia not having yet arisen from out the azure main. After five thousand years, the "earliest polarisation of religious consciousness issued in that formation of pure agglutinative speech, which was the eastern polarisation of Sinism"—a piece of information doubtless very intelligible and comforting to the Vicar of Broadchalke, who is learned in Welsh as well as German, though a trifle hazy to our less "agglutinative" English intellect.

Man was "froze out" of his paradise by a convulsion of nature, in the eleven thousandth year of his existence, and sent wandering, like the market gardeners about London in a severe winter. This was the Flood, not extending to Egypt, which had been peopled a thousand years before, direct from Eden, yet, nevertheless, with Osirian idolaters. From 9086 B.C. to 7231, a dynasty of sacerdotal kings reigned over the Egyptians, followed by elective, and then by hereditary princes, down to 3643, when Menes (whom Manetho, and all other authorities, declare to be the first human king after the gods and demigods) became sole monarch. To the fourth dynasty from him (B.C. 3229) belonged Cheops and Cephrenes, with the two larger Pyramids; and to the end of the sixth (B.C. 2967) Nitocris and the third. Jacob came into Egypt two hundred years later, but his descendants were not reduced into bondage till 1625 B.C., and the Exodus took place in 1320, after a sojourn of 1434 years in the land of Ham! There now! Let us draw breath; all this out of the undated, speechless Pyramids! not only *who built them, and when*, but the when and where of mankind for sixteen thousand years before either of them was thought of! Lord Burleigh's shake of the head was nothing to this.

Such is the stuff which an English clergyman has been flaunting in the face of a decent Christian

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public as more authentic than Holy Writ; though, as soon as his glove is taken up, and he is brought into court, he screams out that he is persecuted for another man's writings. No! if Dr Williams did not mean to concur with Baron Bunsen, he should not have pervaded his theories with such unqualified laudation, and taunts of orthodox writers. The Holy Scriptures are far too serious a matter to be trifled with by a clerical reviewer. Moreover, it is still open to him to abjure Bunsen and believe his Bible. Not a hair of his head, not a tithe-pig of his benefice will be touched, if he declare in proper form that the romance he has published is not his own opinion and teaching. It may be hard for a soul so enlightened to submit to Moses and Dr Lushington, but there is also Sir Cornewall Lewis, who, after a really critical and scholarlike examination, declares there is no evidence for any building in Egypt—no, not the Pyramids—anterior to Solomon's Temple, B.C. 1012.*

Evidence assuredly there is none. The case is simply this: we may *conjecture* the oldest Pyramid to be of the age of Abraham, say 2100 B.C.; any earlier date is worthy only of the 'Arabian Nights.' The strongest grounds, moreover, of this conjecture, are cut away by the Egyptologists, when they reject the astronomical indications, and deny a pre-idolatrous origin. If the absence of sculpture can be reconciled with a contemporaneous idolatry, and Chufu is to be connected with the tombs of Ghizeh and Benihassan, the argument becomes *very* strong for a much later date. There is no trace of any idolatrous building in Lower Egypt before the Theban Amosis, who, according to an inscription yet remaining in the quarry, built the temple of Phthah at Memphis, in the twenty-second year of his reign. The Egyptologists choose to consider this a rebuilding after the Shepherd desolation; but the Shepherds are a myth, unknown to the monuments as to the Bible and to Herodotus. Then, too, the argument for unity of design comes seriously into play; only, instead of carrying the Sphinx back to Cheops, it will bring Cheops down to the Sphinx. The monster is unquestionably of Theban origin, and was probably constructed in the early part of the Eighteenth Dynasty as a monument to the New monarchy. In that case, the Second Pyramid may be the oldest (as Bunsen thinks), and Amosis may be Shafra or Chabryis, its founder. Chufu and Mencheres may be successors or colleagues, and Nitocris may be the regent sister of Thothmes III., whom Wilkinson calls Amun*neitgori*, and Lepsius, Numt Amen. For ourselves, we incline to the queen of Psammaticus as at least the second founder of the Third (or *rosy-faced*) Pyramid; and if *one* was rebuilt in this age of archaic restoration, why not the others also? Taking this, the latest date, the Pyramids will still be the oldest monuments in existence, and the last of the Seven Wonders of the world. Surely we may be content with so marvellous an antiquity, without following the Prussian enthusiasts in their attempt to *out-Manetho Manetho*. As a question of critical evidence, there is absolutely nothing in their speculations to determine, one way or the other, the problems that were insoluble to Herodotus. One or two interesting coincidences between the names in Egyptian legend and the interpretation from the monuments (genuine or fictitious) is the utmost yet attained to. To set up these scraps and guesses against the authority of such a history as the Book of Genesis, is, from a purely literary point of view, simply ridiculous. To place them against the authenticity and inspiration of the Mosaic writings, attested in the New Testament even more strongly than in the Old, is an offence to our common Christianity.

* 'Astronomy of the Ancients.'

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THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AND THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER PRESENT WITH THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

June 20 (*Saturday*). — Armed with letters of introduction from the Secretary-at-War for Generals Lee and Longstreet, I left Richmond at 6 A.M., to join the Virginian army. I was accompanied by a sergeant of the Signal Corps, sent by my kind friend Major Norris, for the purpose of assisting me in getting on.

We took the train as far as Culpepper, and arrived there at 5.30 P.M., after having changed cars at Gordonsville, near which place I observed an enormous pile of excellent rifles rotting in the open air. These had been captured at Chancellorsville; but the Confederates have already such a superabundant stock of rifles that apparently they can afford to let them spoil. The weather was quite cool after the rain of last night. The country through which we passed had been in the enemy's hands last year, and was evacuated by them after the battles before Richmond; but at that time it was not their custom to burn, destroy, and devastate—everything looked green and beautiful, and did not in the least give one the idea of a hot country.

In his late daring raid, the Federal General Stoneman crossed this railroad, and destroyed a small portion of it, burned a few buildings, and penetrated to within three miles of Richmond; but he and his men were in such a hurry that they had not time to do much serious harm.

Culpepper was, until five days ago, the headquarters of Generals Lee and Longstreet; but since Ewell's recapture of Winchester, the whole army had advanced with rapidity, and it was my object to catch it up as quickly as possible.

On arriving at Culpepper, my sergeant handed me over to another myrmidon of Major Norris, with orders from that officer to supply me with a horse, and take me himself to join Mr Lawley, who had passed through for the same purpose as myself three days before.

Sergeant Norris, my new chaperon, is cousin to Major Norris, and is a capital fellow. Before the war he was a gentleman of good means in Maryland, and was accustomed to a life of luxury; he now lives the life of a private soldier with perfect contentment, and is utterly indifferent to civilisation and comfort. Although he was unwell when I arrived, and it was pouring with rain, he proposed that we should start at once—6 P.M. I agreed, and we did so. Our horses had both sore backs, were both unfed, except on grass, and mine was deficient of a shoe. They nevertheless travelled well, and we reached a hamlet called Woodville, fifteen miles distant, at 9.30. We had great difficulty in procuring shelter, but at length we overcame the inhospitality of a native, who gave us a feed of corn for our horses, and a blanket on the floor for ourselves.

June 21 (*Sunday*).—We got the horse shod with some delay, and after refreshing the animals with corn and ourselves with bacon, we effected a start at 8.15 A.M. We experienced considerable difficulty in carrying my small saddle-bags and knapsack, on account of the state of our horses' backs. Mine was not very bad, but that of Norris was in a horrid state. We had not travelled more than a few miles when the latter animal cast a shoe, which took us an hour to replace at a village called Sperryville. The country is really magnificent, but as it has supported two large armies for two years, it is now completely cleaned out. It is almost unculti-

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vated, and no animals are grazing where there used to be hundreds. All fences have been destroyed, and numberless farms burnt, the chimneys alone left standing. It is difficult to depict and impossible to exaggerate the sufferings which this part of Virginia has undergone. But the ravages of war have not been able to destroy the beauties of nature—the verdure is charming, the trees magnificent, the country undulating, and the Blue Ridge mountains form the background.

Being Sunday, we met about thirty negroes going to church, wonderfully smartly dressed, some (both male and female) riding on horseback and others in waggons; but Mr Norris informs me that two years ago we should have numbered them by hundreds.

We soon began to catch up the sick and broken down men of the army, but not in great numbers; most of them were well shod, though I saw two without shoes.

After crossing a gap in the Blue Ridge range, we reached Front Royal at 5 P.M., and we were now in the well-known Shenandoah Valley—the scene of Jackson's celebrated campaigns. Front Royal is a pretty little place, and was the theatre of one of the earliest fights in the war, which was commenced by a Maryland regiment of Confederates, who, as Mr Norris observed, "jumped on to" a Federal regiment from the same state, and "whipped it badly." Since that time the village has changed hands continually, and was visited by the Federals only a few days previous to Ewell's rapid advance ten days ago.

After immense trouble we procured a feed of corn for the horses, and, to Mr Norris's astonishment, I was impudent enough to get food for ourselves by appealing to the kind feelings of two good-looking female citizens of Front Royal, who, during our supper, entertained us by stories of the manner they annoyed the northern soldiers by disagreeable allusions to "Stonewall Jackson."

We started again at 6.30, and crossed two branches of the Shenandoah River, a broad and rapid stream. Both the railway and carriage bridges having been destroyed, we had to ford it; and as the water was deep, we were only just able to accomplish the passage. The soldiers, of whom there were a number with us, took off their trousers and held their rifles and ammunition above their heads.

Soon afterwards our horses became very legweary; for although the weather had been cool, the roads were muddy and hard upon them.

At 8.30 we came up with Pender's Division encamped on the sides of hills, illuminated with innumerable camp-fires, which looked very picturesque. After passing through about two miles of bivouacs we begged for shelter in the hayloft of a Mr Mason: we turned our horses into a field, and found our hayloft most luxurious after forty-six miles ride at a foot's pace.

Stonewall Jackson is considered a regular demigod in this country.

June 22 (*Monday*).—We started without food or corn at 6.30 A.M., and soon became entangled with Pender's Division on its line of march, which delayed us a good deal. My poor brute of a horse also took this opportunity of throwing two more shoes, which we found it impossible to replace, all the blacksmiths' shops having been pressed by the troops.

The soldiers of this Division are a remarkably fine body of men, and look quite seasoned and ready for any work. Their clothing is serviceable, so also are their boots; but there is the usual utter absence of uniformity as to colour and shape of their garments and hats: grey of all shades and brown clothing with felt hats predominate. The Confederate troops are now entirely armed with excellent rifles, mostly Enfields. When they first turned out, they were in the habit of wearing numerous revolvers and bowie-knives. General Lee is said

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to have mildly remarked, "Gentlemen, I think you will find an Enfield rifle, a bayonet, and sixty rounds of ammunition as much as you can conveniently carry in the way of arms." They laughed and thought they knew better; but the six-shooters and bowie-knives gradually disappeared, and now none are to be seen among the infantry.

The artillery horses are in poor condition, and only get 3 lb. of corn a-day. The artillery is of all kinds—Parrotts, Napoleons, rifled and smooth bores, all shapes and sizes; most of them bear the letters U.S., showing that they have changed masters.

The colours of the regiments differ from the blue battle-flags I saw with Bragg's army. They are generally red, with a blue St Andrew's Cross showing the stars. This pattern is said to have been invented by General Joseph Johnston, as not so liable to be mistaken for the Yankee flag. The new Confederate flag has evidently been adopted from this battle-flag, as it is called. Most of the colours in this Division bear the names Manassas, Fredericksburg, Seven Pines, Harper's Ferry, Chancellorsville, &c.

I saw no stragglers during the time I was with Pender's Division; but although the Virginian army certainly does get over a deal of ground, yet they move at a slow dragging pace, and are evidently not good marchers naturally. As Mr Norris observed to me, "Before this war we were a lazy set of devils; our niggers worked for us, and none of us ever dreamt of walking, though we all rode a great deal."

We reached Berryville (eleven miles) at 9 A.M. The headquarters of General Lee are a few hundred yards beyond this place. Just before getting there, I saw a general officer of handsome appearance, who must, I knew from description, be the Commander-in-chief; but as he was evidently engaged I did not join him, although I gave my letter of introduction to one of his Staff. Shortly afterwards, I presented myself to Mr Lawley, with whom I became immediately great friends. He introduced me to General Chilton, the Adjutant-General of the army, to Colonel Cole, the Quartermaster-General, to Captain Venables, and other officers of General Lee's Staff; and he suggested, as the headquarters were so busy and crowded, that he and I should ride to Winchester at once, and afterwards ask for hospitality from the less busy Staff of General Longstreet. I was also introduced to Captain Schreibert of the Prussian army, who is a guest sometimes of General Lee and sometimes of General Stuart of the cavalry. He had been present at one of the late severe cavalry skirmishes, which have been of constant occurrence since the sudden advance of this army. This advance has been so admirably timed as to allow of the capture of Winchester, with its Yankee garrison and stores, and at the same time of the seizure of the gaps of the Blue Ridge range. All the officers were speaking with regret of the severe wound received in this skirmish by Major Von Borke, another Prussian, but now in the Confederate States service, and aide-de-camp to Jeb Stuart.

After eating some breakfast, Lawley and I rode ten miles into Winchester. My horse, minus his foreshoes, showed signs of great fatigue, but we struggled into Winchester at 5 P.M., where I was fortunate enough to procure shoes for the horse, and, by Lawley's introduction, admirable quarters for both of us at the house of the hospitable Mrs ——, with whom he had lodged seven months before, and who was charmed to see him. Her two nieces, who are as agreeable as they are good-looking, gave us a miserable picture of the three captivities they have experienced under the Federal commanders Banks, Shields, and Milroy.

The unfortunate town of Winchester seems to have been made a regular shuttlecock of by the contending

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armies. Stonewall Jackson rescued it once, and last Sunday week his successor, General Ewell, drove out Milroy. The name of Milroy is always associated with that of Butler, and his rule in Winchester seems to have been somewhat similar to that of his illustrious rival in New Orleans. Should either of these two individuals fall alive into the hands of the Confederates, I imagine that Jeff Davis himself would be unable to save their lives, even if he were disposed to do so.

Before leaving Richmond, I heard every one expressing regret that Milroy should have escaped, as the recapture of Winchester seemed to be incomplete without him. More than four thousand of his men were taken in the two forts which overlook the town, and which were carried by assault by a Louisianian brigade with trifling loss.

The joy of the unfortunate inhabitants may easily be conceived at this sudden and unexpected relief from their last captivity, which had lasted six months. During the whole of this time they could not legally buy an article of provisions without taking the oath of allegiance, which they magnanimously refused to do.

They were unable to hear a word of their male relations or friends, who were all in the Southern army; they were shut up in their houses after 8 P.M., and sometimes deprived of light; part of our kind entertainer's house was forcibly occupied by a vulgar, ignorant, and low-born Federal officer, *ci-devant* driver of a street car; and they were constantly subjected to the most humiliating insults, on pretence of searching the house for arms, documents, &c.

To my surprise, however, these ladies spoke of the enemy with less violence and rancour than almost any other ladies I had met with during my travels through the whole Southern Confederacy. When I told them so, they replied that they who had seen many men shot down in the streets before their own eyes knew what they were talking about, which other and more excited Southern women did not.

Ewell's Division is in front and across the Potomac, and before I left headquarters this morning I saw Longstreet's corps beginning to follow in the same direction.

June 23 (*Tuesday*).—Lawley and I went to inspect the site of Mr Mason's (the Southern Commissioner in London) once pretty house—a melancholy scene. It had been charmingly situated near the outskirts of the town, and by all accounts must have been a delightful little place. When Lawley saw it seven months ago, it was then only a ruin; but since that time Northern vengeance (as directed by General Milroy) has satiated itself by destroying almost the very foundations of the house of this arch-traitor as they call him. Literally not one stone remains standing upon another; and the *débris* seems to have been carted away, for there is now a big hole where the principal part of the house stood. Troops have evidently been encamped upon the ground, which was strewed with fragments of Yankee clothing, accoutrements, &c.

I understand that Winchester used to be a most agreeable little town, and its society extremely pleasant. Many of its houses are now destroyed or converted into hospitals; the rest look miserable and dilapidated. Its female inhabitants (for the able-bodied males are all absent in the army) are familiar with the bloody realities of war. As many as 5000 wounded have been accommodated here at one time. All the ladies are accustomed to the bursting of shells and the sight of fighting, and all are turned into hospital nurses or cooks.

From the utter impossibility of procuring corn, I was forced to take the horses out grazing a mile beyond the town for four hours in the morning and two in the after-

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noon. As one mustn't lose sight of them for a moment, this occupied me all day, while Lawley wrote in the house.

In the evening we went to visit two wounded officers in Mrs ——'s house, a major and a captain in the Louisianian Brigade which stormed the forts last Sunday week. I am afraid the captain will die. Both are shot through the body, but are cheery. They served under Stonewall Jackson until his death, and they venerate his name, though they both agree that he has got an efficient successor in Ewell, his former companion in arms; and they confirmed a great deal of what General Johnston had told me as to Jackson having been so much indebted to Ewell for several of his victories. They gave us an animated account of the spirits and feeling of the army.

At no period of the war, they say, have the men been so well equipped, so well clothed, so eager for a fight, or so confident of success—a very different state of affairs from that which characterised the Maryland invasion of last year, when half of the army were barefooted stragglers, and many of the remainder unwilling and reluctant to cross the Potomac.

Miss —— told me to-day that dancing and horse-racing are forbidden by the Episcopal Church in this part of Virginia.

June 24 (*Wednesday*).—Lawley being in weak health, we determined to spend another day with our kind friends in Winchester.

I took the horses out again for six hours to graze, and made acquaintance with two Irishmen, who gave me some cut grass and salt for the horses. One of these men had served and had been wounded in the Southern army. I remarked to him that he must have killed lots of his own countrymen, to which he replied, "Oh yes, but faix they must all take it as it comes." I have always observed that Southern Irishmen make excellent "Rebs," and have no sort of scruple in killing as many of their Northern brethren as they possibly can.

I observed to-day many new Yankee graves, which the deaths among the captives are constantly increasing. Wooden head-posts are put at each grave, on which is written, "An Unknown Soldier, U.S.A. Died of wounds received upon the field of battle, June 21, 22, or 23, 1863."

A sentry stopped me to-day as I was going out of town, and when I showed him my pass from General Chilton, he replied with great firmness but with perfect courtesy, "I'm extremely sorry, sir, but if you were the Secretary of War, or Jeff Davis himself, you couldn't pass without a passport from the Provost-Marshal."

June 25 (*Thursday*).—We took leave of Mrs —— and her hospitable family, and started at 10 A.M. to overtake Generals Lee and Longstreet, who are supposed to be crossing the Potomac at Williamsport. Before we had got more than a few miles on our way, we began to meet horses and oxen, the first fruits of Ewell's advance into Pennsylvania. The weather was cool and showery, and all went swimmingly for the first fourteen miles, when we caught up M'Laws' division, which belongs to Longstreet's corps.

As my horse about this time began to show signs of fatigue, and as Lawley's pickaxed most alarmingly, we turned them into some clover to graze, whilst we watched two brigades pass along the road. They are commanded, I think, by Semmes and Barksdale,* and are composed of Georgians, Mississippians, and South Carolinians. They marched very well, and there was no attempt at straggling; quite a different state of things from Johnston's men in Mississippi. All were well shod and efficiently clothed.

* Barksdale was killed, and Semmes wounded, at the battle of Gettysburg.

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In rear of each regiment were from 20 to 30 negro slaves, and a certain number of unarmed men carrying stretchers and wearing in their hats the red badges of the ambulance corps ;—this is an excellent institution, for it prevents unwounded men falling out on pretence of taking wounded to the rear. The knapsacks of the men still bear the names of the Massachusetts, Vermont, New Jersey, or other regiments to which they originally belonged. There were about 20 waggons to each brigade, most of which were marked U. S., and each of these brigades was about 2800 strong. There are four brigades in M'Laws's division. All the men seemed in the highest spirits, and were cheering and yelling most vociferously.

We reached Martinsburg (twenty-two miles) at 6 P.M., by which time my horse nearly broke down, and I was forced to get off and walk. Martinsburg and this part of Virginia is supposed to be more Unionist than Southern ; however, many of the women went through the form of cheering M'Laws's division as it passed. I daresay they would perform the same ceremony in honour of the Yankees to-morrow.

Three miles beyond Martinsburg we were forced by the state of our horses to insist upon receiving the unwilling hospitality of a very surly native, who was evidently Unionist in his proclivities. We were obliged to turn our horses into a field to graze during the night. This is most dangerous, for the Confederate soldier, in spite of his many virtues, is, as a rule, the most incorrigible horse-stealer in the world.

June 26 (*Friday*).—I got up a little before daylight, and, notwithstanding the drenching rain, I secured our horses which, to my intense relief, were present. But my horse showed a back rapidly getting worse, and both looked "mean" to a degree.

Lawley being ill, he declined starting in the rain, and our host became more and more surly when we stated our intention of remaining with him. However, the sight of *real gold* instead of Confederate paper, or even greenbacks, soothed him wonderfully, and he furnished us with some breakfast. All this time M'Laws's division was passing the door, but so strict was the discipline, that the only man who loafed in was immediately pounced upon and carried away captive. At 2 P.M., the weather having become a little clearer, we made a start, but under very unpromising circumstances. Lawley was so ill that he could hardly ride ; his horse was most unsafe, and had cast a shoe ; —my animal was in such a miserable state that I had not the inhumanity to ride him ;—but, by the assistance of his tail, I managed to struggle through the deep mud and wet. We soon became entangled with M'Laws's division, and reached the Potomac, a distance of nine miles and a half, at 5 P.M. ; the river is both wide and deep, and in fording it (for which purpose I was obliged to mount) we couldn't keep our legs out of the water.

The little town of Williamsport is on the opposite bank of the river, and we were now in Maryland.

We had the mortification to learn that Generals Lee and Longstreet had quitted Williamsport this morning at 11 o'clock, and were therefore obliged to toil on to Hagerstown, six miles farther. This latter place is evidently by no means Rebel in its sentiments, for all the houses were shut up, and many apparently abandoned. The few natives that were about stared at the troops with sulky indifference.

After passing through Hagerstown, we could obtain no certain information of the whereabouts of the two generals, nor could we get any willing hospitality from anyone ; but at 9 P.M., our horses being quite exhausted, we forced ourselves into the house of a Dutchman, who became a little more civil at the sight of gold, although the assurance that we were English travel-

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lers, and not Rebels, had produced no effect. I had walked to-day, in mud and rain, seventeen miles, and I dared not take off my solitary pair of boots, because I knew I should never get them on again.

June 27 (*Saturday*). — Lawley was so ill this morning that he couldn't possibly ride ; I therefore mounted his horse a little before daybreak, and started in search of the generals. After riding eight miles, I came up with General Longstreet, at 6.30. A.M., and was only just in time, as he was on the point of moving. Both he and his Staff were most kind, when I introduced myself and stated my difficulties ; he arranged that an ambulance should fetch Lawley, and he immediately invited me to join his mess during the campaign ; he told me (which I did not know) that we were now in Pennsylvania, the enemy's country—Maryland being only ten miles broad at this point ; he declared that Bushwhackers exist in the woods, who shoot unsuspecting stragglers, and it would therefore be unsafe that Lawley and I should travel alone.

General Longstreet is an Alabamian—a thickset man, forty-three years of age : he was an infantry major in the old army, and now commands the 1st corps d'armée : he is never far from General Lee, who relies very much upon his judgment. By the soldiers he is invariably spoken of as "the best fighter in the whole army."

Whilst speaking of entering upon the enemy's soil, he said to me that although it might be fair, in just retaliation, *to apply the torch*, yet that doing so would demoralise the army and ruin its now excellent discipline. Private property is therefore to be rigidly protected.

At 7 A.M. I returned with an orderly (or courier, as they are called) to the farmhouse in which I had left Lawley, and after seeing all arranged satisfactorily about the ambulance, I rode slowly on to rejoin General Longstreet, near Chambersburg, which is a Pennsylvania town, distant twenty-two miles from Hagerstown. I was with M'Laws's division, and observed that the moment they entered Pennsylvania the troops opened the fences and enlarged the road about twenty yards on each side, which enabled the waggons and themselves to proceed together : this is the only damage I saw done by the Confederates.

This part of Pennsylvania is very flourishing, highly cultivated, and, in comparison with the Southern States, thickly peopled. But all the cattle and horses having been seized by Ewell, farm labour had now come to a complete standstill.

In passing through Greencastle we found all the houses and windows shut up, the natives in their Sunday clothes standing at their doors regarding the troops in a very unfriendly manner. I saw no straggling into the houses, nor were any of the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers. Sentries were placed at the doors of many of the best houses, to prevent any officer or soldier from getting in on any pretence.

I entered Chambersburg at 6 P.M. This is a town of some size and importance : all its houses were shut up, but the natives were in the streets, or at the upper windows, looking in a scowling and bewildered manner at the Confederate troops, who were marching gaily past to the tune of Dixie's Land.

The women (many of whom were pretty and well dressed) were particularly sour and disagreeable in their remarks. I heard one of them say, "Look at Pharaoh's army going to the Red Sea." Others were pointing and laughing at Hood's ragged Jacks, who were passing at the time. This division, well known for its fighting qualities, is composed of Texians, Alabamians, and Arkansians, and they certainly are a queer lot to look at. They carry less than any other troops ; many of them have only got an old piece of carpet or rug as baggage ; many have discarded their

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shoes in the mud; all are ragged and dirty, but full of good-humour and confidence in themselves and in their general, Hood. They answered the numerous taunts of the Chambersburg ladies with cheers and laughter. One female had seen fit to adorn her ample bosom with a huge Yankee flag, and she stood at the door of her house, her countenance expressing the greatest contempt for the barefooted Rebs; several companies passed her without taking any notice, but at length a Texian gravely remarked, "Take care, madam, for Hood's boys are great at storming breastworks when the Yankee colours is on them." After this speech the patriotic lady beat a precipitate retreat.

Sentries were placed at the doors of all the principal houses, and the town was cleared of all but the military passing through or on duty. Some of the troops marched straight through the town, and bivouacked on the Carlisle road. Others turned off to the right, and occupied the Gettysburg turnpike. I found Generals Lee and Longstreet encamped on the latter road, three-quarters of a mile from the town.

General Longstreet and his Staff at once received me into their mess, and I was introduced to Major Fairfax, Major Latrobe, and Captain Rogers of his personal Staff; also to Major Moses, the Chief Commissary, whose tent I am to share. He is the most jovial, amusing, and clever son of Israel I ever had the good fortune to meet. The other officers on Longstreet's Headquarter Staff are Colonel Sorrell, Lieutenant-Colonel Manning (ordnance officer), Major Walton, Captain Gorce, and Major Clark, all excellent good fellows, and most hospitable.*

Lawley is to live with three doctors on the Headquarter Staff: their names are Cullen, Barksdale, and Maury; they form a jolly trio, and live much more luxuriously than their generals.

Major Moses tells me that his orders are to open the stores in Chambersburg by force, and seize all that is wanted for the army in a regular and official manner, giving in return its value in Confederate money on a receipt. The storekeepers have doubtless sent away their most valuable goods on the approach of the Confederate army. Much also has been already seized by Ewell, who passed through nearly a week ago. But Moses was much elated at having already discovered a large supply of excellent felt hats, hidden away in a cellar, which he "annexed" at once.

I was told this evening the numbers which have crossed the Potomac, and also the number of pieces of artillery. We have a large train of ammunition, for if the army advances any deeper into the enemy's country General Lee cannot expect to keep his communications open to the rear; and as the Staff officers say, "In every battle we fight we must capture as much ammunition as we use." This necessity, however, does not seem to disturb them, as it has hitherto been their regular style of doing business.

Ewell, after the capture of Winchester, advanced rapidly into Pennsylvania, and has already sent back great quantities of horses, mules, waggons, beeves, and other necessaries; he is now at or beyond Carlisle, laying the country under contribution, and making Pennsylvania support the war, instead of poor, used-up, and worn-out Virginia. The corps of Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet are now near this place, all full of confidence and in high spirits.

June 28 (*Sunday*).—No officer or

* Having lived at the Headquarters of all the principal Confederate Generals, I am able to affirm that the relation between their Staffs and themselves, and the way the duty is carried on, is very similar to what it is in the British army. All the Generals—Johnston, Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Longstreet, and Lee—are thorough soldiers, and their Staffs are composed of gentlemen of position and education, who have now been trained into excellent and zealous Staff officers.

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soldier under the rank of a general is allowed into Chambersburg without a special order from General Lee, which he is very chary of giving; and I hear of officers of rank being refused this pass.

Moses proceeded into town at 11 A.M., with an official requisition for three days' rations for the whole army in this neighbourhood. These rations he is to seize by force, if not voluntarily supplied.

I was introduced to General Hood this morning; he is a tall, thin, wiry-looking man, with a grave face and a light-coloured beard, thirty-three years old, and is accounted one of the best and most promising officers in the army.

By his Texan and Alabamian troops he is adored; he formerly commanded the Texan Brigade, but has now been promoted to the command of a division. His troops are accused of being a wild set, and difficult to manage; and it is the great object of the chiefs to check their innate plundering propensities by every means in their power.

I went into Chambersburg at noon, and found Lawley ensconced in the Franklin Hotel. Both he and I had much difficulty in getting into that establishment—the doors being locked, and only opened with the greatest caution. Lawley had had a most painful journey in the ambulance yesterday, and was much exhausted. No one in the hotel would take the slightest notice of him, and all scowled at me in a most disagreeable manner.

Half-a-dozen Pennsylvanian viragos surrounded and assailed me with their united tongues to a deafening degree. Nor would they believe me when I told them I was an English spectator and a non-combatant: they said I must be either a Rebel or a Yankee—by which expression I learnt for the first time that the term Yankee is as much used as a reproach in Pennsylvania as in the South. The sight of gold, which I exchanged for their greenbacks, brought about a change, and by degrees they became quite affable. They seemed very ignorant, and confused Texans with Mexicans.

After leaving Lawley pretty comfortable, I walked about the town and witnessed the pressing operations of Moses and his myrmidons. Neither the Mayor nor the corporation were to be found anywhere, nor were the keys of the principal stores forthcoming until Moses began to apply the axe. The citizens were lolling about the streets in a listless manner, and showing no great signs of discontent. They had left to their women the task of resisting the commissaries—a duty which they were fully competent to perform. No soldiers but those on duty were visible in the streets.

In the evening I called again to see Lawley, and found in his room an Austrian officer, in the full uniform of the Hungarian Hussars. He had got a year's leave of absence, and has just succeeded in crossing the Potomac, though not without much trouble and difficulty. When he stated his intention of wearing his uniform, I explained to him the invariable custom of the Confederate soldiers, of never allowing the smallest peculiarity of dress or appearance to pass without a torrent of jokes, which, however good-humoured, end in becoming rather monotonous.

I returned to camp at 6 P.M. Major Moses did not get back till very late, much depressed at the ill-success of his mission. He had searched all day most indefatigably, and had endured much contumely from the Union ladies, who called him "a thievish little rebel scoundrel," and other opprobrious epithets. But this did not annoy him so much as the manner in which everything he wanted had been sent away or hidden in private houses, which he is not allowed by General Lee's order to search.

He has only managed to secure a quantity of molasses, sugar, and whiskey. Poor Moses is thoroughly exhausted, but he endures the chaff of his brother officers with much good-humour, and they make him continually repeat the different

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names he has been called. He says that at first the women refused his Confederate "trash" with great scorn, but they ended in being very particular about the odd cents.

June 29 (*Monday*).—We are still at Chambersburg. Lee has issued a remarkably good order on non-retaliation, which is generally well-received; but I have heard of complaints from fire-eaters, who want vengeance for their wrongs; and when one considers the numbers of officers and soldiers with this army who have been totally ruined by the devastations of Northern troops, one cannot be much surprised at this feeling.

I went into Chambersburg again, and witnessed the singularly good behaviour of the troops towards the citizens. I heard soldiers saying to one another, that they did not like being in a town in which they were very naturally detested. To any one who has seen *as I have* the ravages of the Northern troops in Southern towns, this forbearance seems most commendable and surprising. Yet these Pennsylvania Dutch* don't seem the least thankful, and really appear to be unaware that their own troops have been for two years treating Southern towns with ten times more harshness. They are the most unpatriotic people I ever saw, and openly state that they don't care which side wins provided they are left alone. They abuse Lincoln tremendously.

Of course, in such a large army as this, there must be many instances of bad characters, who are always ready to plunder and pillage whenever they can do so without being caught: the stragglers, also, who remain behind when the army has left, will doubtless do much harm. It is impossible to prevent this; but everything that can be done is done to protect private property and non-combatants, and I can say, from my own observation, with wonderful success. I hear instances, however, in which soldiers meeting well-dressed citizens have made a "long arm" and changed hats, much to the disgust of the latter, who are still more annoyed when an exchange of boots is also proposed: their superfine broadcloth is never in any danger.

General Longstreet is generally a particularly taciturn man, but this evening he and I had a long talk about Texas, where he had been quartered a long time. He remembered many people whom I had met quite well, and was much amused by the description of my travels through that country. I complimented him upon the manner in which the Confederate sentries do their duty, and said they were quite as strict as, and ten times more polite than, regular soldiers. He replied, laughing, that a sentry, after refusing you leave to enter a camp, might very likely, if properly asked, show you another way in, by which you might avoid meeting a sentry at all.

I saw General Pendleton and General Pickett to-day. Pendleton is Chief of Artillery to the army, and was a West Pointer; but in more peaceable times he fills the post of Episcopal clergyman in Lexington, Virginia. Unlike General Polk, he unites the military and clerical professions together, and continues to preach whenever he gets a chance. On these occasions he wears a surplice over his uniform.

General Pickett commands one of the divisions in Longstreet's corps.† He wears his hair in long ringlets, and is altogether rather a desperate-looking character. He is the officer who, as Captain Pickett of the U.S. army, figured in the difficulty between the British and United States in the San Juan Island affair, under General Harney, four or five years ago.

June 30 (*Tuesday*).—This morn-

* This part of Pennsylvania is much peopled with the descendants of Germans, who speak an unintelligible language.

† M'Laws, Hood, and Pickett are the three divisional commanders or major-generals in Longstreet's *corps d'armée*.

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ing, before marching from Chambersburg, General Longstreet introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief. General Lee is, almost without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw. He is fifty-six years old, tall, broad-shouldered, very well made, well set up — a thorough soldier in appearance; and his manners are most courteous and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as a man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing, and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well-worn long grey jacket, a high black felt hat, and blue trousers tucked into his Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms;* and the only mark of his military rank are the three stars on his collar. He rides a handsome horse, which is extremely well groomed. He himself is very neat in his dress and person, and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean.†

In the old army he was always considered one of its best officers; and at the outbreak of these troubles, he was Lieutenant-colonel of the 2d cavalry. He was a rich man, but his fine estate was one of the first to fall into the enemy's hands. I believe he has never slept in a house since he has commanded the Virginian army, and he invariably declines all offers of hospitality, for fear the person offering it may afterwards get into trouble for having sheltered the Rebel General. The relations between him and Longstreet are quite touching—they are almost always together. Longstreet's corps complain of this sometimes, as they say that they seldom get a chance of detached service, which falls to the lot of Ewell. It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe these two generals to be as little ambitious and as thoroughly unselfish as any men in the world. Both long for a successful termination of the war, in order that they may retire into obscurity. Stonewall Jackson (until his death the third in command of their army) was just such another simple-minded servant of his country. It is understood that General Lee is a religious man, though not so demonstrative in that respect as Jackson; and, unlike his late brother in arms, he is a member of the Church of England. His only faults, so far as I can learn, arise from his excessive amiability.

Some Texan soldiers were sent this morning into Chambersburg to destroy a number of barrels of excellent whisky, which could not be carried away. This was a pretty good trial for their discipline, and they did think it rather hard lines that the only time they had been allowed into the enemy's town was for the purpose of destroying their beloved whisky. However, they did their duty like good soldiers.

We marched six miles on the road towards Gettysburg, and encamped at a village called (I think) Greenwood. I rode Lawley's old horse, he and the Austrian using the doctor's ambulance.

In the evening General Longstreet told me that he had just received intelligence that Hooker had been disrated, and that Meade was appointed in his place. Of course he knew both of them in the old army, and he says that Meade is an honourable and respectable man, though not, perhaps, so bold as Hooker.

I had a long talk with many officers about the approaching battle, which evidently cannot now be

* I never saw either Lee or Longstreet carry arms. A. P. Hill generally wears a sword.

† I observed this during the three days' fighting at Gettysburg, and in the retreat afterwards, when every one else looked, and was, extremely dirty.

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delayed long, and will take place on this road instead of in the direction of Harrisburg, as we had supposed. Ewell, who has laid York as well as Carlisle under contribution, has been ordered to reunite.

Every one, of course, speaks with confidence. I remarked that it would be a good thing for them if on this occasion they had cavalry to follow up the broken infantry in the event of their succeeding in beating them. But to my surprise they all spoke of their cavalry as not efficient for that purpose. In fact, Stuart's men, though excellent at making raids, capturing waggons and stores, and cutting off communications, seem to have no idea of charging infantry under any circumstances. Unlike the cavalry with Bragg's army they wear swords, but seem to have little idea of using them—they hanker after their carbines and revolvers. They constantly ride with their swords between their left leg and the saddle, which has a very funny appearance; but their horses are generally good, and they ride well. The infantry and artillery of this army don't seem to respect the cavalry very much, and often jeer at them.

I was forced to abandon my horse here, as he was now lame in three legs, besides having a very sore back.

July 1 (*Wednesday*).—We did not leave our camp till noon, as nearly all General Hill's corps had to pass our quarters on its march towards Gettysburg. One division of Ewell's also had to join in a little beyond Greenwood, and Longstreet's corps had to bring up the rear.

During the morning, I made the acquaintance of Colonel Walton, who used to command the well-known Washington Artillery, but he is now chief of artillery to Longstreet's *corps d'armée;* he is a big man, *ci-devant* auctioneer in New Orleans, and I understand he pines to return to his hammer.

Soon after starting we got into a pass in the South mountain, a continuation, I believe, of the Blue Ridge range, which is broken by the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The scenery through the pass is very fine.

The first troops, alongside of whom we rode, belonged to Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. Among them I saw, for the first time, the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," formerly commanded by Jackson. In appearance the men differ little from other Confederate soldiers, except, perhaps, that the brigade contains more elderly men and fewer boys. All (except, I think, one regiment) are Virginians. As they have nearly always been on detached duty, few of them knew General Longstreet except by reputation. Numbers of them asked me whether the general in front was Longstreet, and when I answered in the affirmative, many would run on a hundred yards in order to take a good look at him. This I take to be an immense compliment from any soldier on a long march.

At 2 P.M., firing became distinctly audible in our front, but although it increased as we progressed, it did not seem to be very heavy. A spy who was with us insisted upon there being "a pretty tidy bunch of *blue-bellies* in or near Gettysburg," and he declared that he was in their society three days ago.

After passing Johnson's division, we came to a Florida Brigade, which is now in Hill's corps, but as it had formerly served under Longstreet, the men knew him well. Some of them (after the General had passed) called out to their comrades, "Look out for work now, boys, for here's the old bull-dog again."

At 3 P.M., we began to meet wounded men coming to the rear, and the number of these soon increased most rapidly, some hobbling alone, others on stretchers carried by the ambulance corps, and others in the ambulance waggons; many of the latter were stripped nearly naked, and displayed very bad wounds. This spectacle, so revolting to a person unaccustomed to

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such sights, produced no impression whatever upon the advancing troops, who certainly go under fire with the most perfect nonchalance: they show no enthusiasm or excitement, but the most complete indifference. This is the effect of two years almost uninterrupted fighting.

We now began to meet Yankee prisoners coming to the rear in considerable numbers: many of them were wounded, but they seemed already to be on excellent terms with their captors, with whom they had commenced swapping canteens, tobacco, &c. Among them was a Pennsylvanian colonel, a miserable object from a wound in his face. In answer to a question, I heard one of them remark, with a laugh, "We're pretty nigh whipped already." We next came to a Confederate soldier carrying a Yankee colour, belonging, I think, to a Pennsylvanian regiment, which he told us he had just captured.

At 4.30 P.M. we came in sight of Gettysburg and joined General Lee and General Hill, who were on the top of one of the ridges which form the peculiar feature of the country round Gettysburg. We could see the enemy retreating up one of the opposite ridges, pursued by the Confederates with loud yells.

The position into which the enemy had been driven was evidently a strong one. His right appeared to rest on a cemetery, on the top of a high ridge to the right of Gettysburg, as we looked at it.

General Hill now came up and told me he had been very unwell all day, and in fact he looks very delicate. He said he had had two of his divisions engaged, and had driven the enemy four miles into his present position, capturing a great many prisoners, some cannon, and some colours; he said, however, that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. He pointed out a railway cutting, in which they had made a good stand; also, a field in the centre of which he had seen a man plant the regimental colour, round which the regiment had fought for some time with much obstinacy, and when at last it was obliged to retreat, the colour-bearer retired last of all, turning round every now and then to shake his fist at the advancing rebels. General Hill said he felt quite sorry when he saw this gallant Yankee meet his doom.

General Ewell had come up at 3.30, on the enemy's right (with part of his corps), and completed his discomfiture.

General Reynolds, one of the best Yankee generals, was reported killed. Whilst we were talking, a message arrived from General Ewell, requesting Hill to press the enemy in the front, whilst he performed the same operation on his right. The pressure was accordingly applied in a mild degree, but the enemy were too strongly posted, and it was too late in the evening for a regular attack.

The town of Gettysburg was now occupied by Ewell, and was full of Yankee dead and wounded.

I climbed up a tree in the most commanding place I could find, and could form a pretty good general idea of the enemy's position, although, the tops of the ridges being covered with pine woods, it was very difficult to see anything of the troops concealed in them.

The firing ceased about dark, at which time I rode back with General Longstreet and his Staff to his headquarters at Cashtown, a little village eight miles from Gettysburg. At that time troops were pouring along the road, and were being marched towards the position they are to occupy to-morrow.

In the fight to-day nearly 6000 prisoners had been taken, and 10 guns. About 20,000 men must have been on the field on the Confederate side. The enemy had two *corps d'armée* engaged. All the prisoners belong, I think, to the 1st and 11th corps. This day's work is called a "brisk little scurry," and all anticipate a "big battle" to-morrow.

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I observed that the artillerymen in charge of the horses dig themselves little holes like graves, throwing up the earth at the upper end. They ensconce themselves in these holes when under fire.

At supper this evening, General Longstreet spoke of the enemy's position as being "very formidable." He also said that they would doubtless intrench themselves strongly during the night.*

The Staff officers spoke of the battle as a certainty, and the universal feeling in the army was one of profound contempt for an enemy whom they have beaten so constantly, and under so many disadvantages.

July 2 (*Thursday*).—We all got up at 3.30 A.M., and breakfasted a little before daylight. Lawley insisted on riding, notwithstanding his illness. Captain —— and I were in a dilemma for horses, but I was accommodated by Major Clark (of this Staff), whilst the stout Austrian was mounted by Major Walton.

Colonel Sorrell, the Austrian, and I arrived at 5 A.M. at the same commanding position we were on yesterday, and I climbed up a tree in company with Captain Schreibert of the Prussian army.

Just below us were seated Generals Lee, Hill, Longstreet, and Hood in consultation — the two latter assisting their deliberations by the truly American custom of *whittling* sticks. General Heth was also present; he was wounded in the head yesterday, and although not allowed to command his brigade, he insists upon coming to the field.

At 7 A.M. I rode over part of the ground with General Longstreet, and saw him disposing M'Laws's division for to-day's fight. The enemy occupied a series of high ridges, the tops of which were covered with trees, but the intervening valleys between their ridges and ours were mostly open, and partly under cultivation. The cemetery was on their right, and their left appeared to rest upon a high rocky hill. The enemy's forces, which were now supposed to comprise nearly the whole Potomac army, were concentrated into a space apparently not more than a couple of miles in length.

The Confederates enclosed them in a sort of semicircle, and the extreme extent of our position must have been from five to six miles at least. Ewell was on our left; his headquarters in a church (with a high cupola) at Gettysburg; Hill in the centre; and Longstreet on the right. Our ridges were also covered with pine woods at the tops, and generally on the rear slopes. The artillery of both sides confronted each other at the edges of these belts of trees, the troops being completely hidden. The enemy was evidently intrenched, but the Southerns had not broken ground at all. A dead silence reigned till 4.45 P.M., and no one would have imagined that such masses of men and such a powerful artillery were about to commence the work of destruction at that hour.

Only two divisions of Longstreet were present to-day—viz., M'Laws's and Hood's—Pickett being still in the rear. As the whole morning was evidently to be occupied in disposing the troops for the attack, I rode to the extreme right with Colonel Manning and Major Walton, where we ate quantities of cherries, and got a feed of corn for our horses. We also bathed in a small stream, but not without some trepidation on my part, for we were almost beyond the lines, and were exposed to the enemy's cavalry.

At 1 P.M. I met a quantity of Yankee prisoners who had been picked up straggling. They told me they belonged to Sickles's corps

* I have the best reasons for supposing that the fight came off prematurely, and that neither Lee nor Longstreet intended that it should have begun that day. I also think that their plans were deranged by the events of the first.

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(3d, I think), and had arrived from Emmetsburg during the night.

About this time skirmishing began along part of the line, but not heavily.

At 2 P.M. General Longstreet advised me, if I wished to have a good view of the battle, to return to my tree of yesterday. I did so, and remained there with Lawley and Captain Schreibert during the rest of the afternoon. But until 4.45 P.M. all was profoundly still, and we began to doubt whether a fight was coming off to-day at all. At that time, however, Longstreet suddenly commenced a heavy cannonade on the right. Ewell immediately took it up on the left. The enemy replied with at least equal fury, and in a few moments the firing along the whole line was as heavy as it is possible to conceive. A dense smoke arose for six miles, there was little wind to drive it away, and the air seemed full of shells—each of which seemed to have a different style of going and to make a different noise from the others. The ordnance on both sides is of a very varied description.

Every now and then a caisson would blow up—if a Federal one, a Confederate yell would immediately follow. The Southern troops, when charging, or to express their delight, always yell in a manner peculiar to themselves. The Yankee cheer is much more like ours; but the Confederate officers declare that the rebel yell has a particular merit, and always produces a salutary and useful effect upon their adversaries. A corps is sometimes spoken of as a "good yelling regiment."

So soon as the firing began, General Lee joined Hill just below our tree, and he remained there nearly all the time, looking through his field-glass—sometimes talking to Hill and sometimes to Colonel Long of his Staff. But generally he sat quite alone on the stump of a tree.

What I remarked especially was, that during the whole time the firing continued, he only sent one message, and only received one report. It is evidently his system to arrange the plan thoroughly with the three corps commanders, and then leave to them the duty of modifying and carrying it out to the best of their abilities.

When the cannonade was at its height, a Confederate band of music, between the cemetery and ourselves, began to play polkas and waltzes, which sounded very curious, accompanied by the hissing and bursting of the shells.

At 5.45 all became comparatively quiet on our left and in the cemetery; but volleys of musketry on the right told us that Longstreet's infantry were advancing, and the onward progress of the smoke showed that he was progressing favourably; but about 6.30 there seemed to be a check, and even a slight retrograde movement. Soon after 7 General Lee got a report by signal from Longstreet to say "*we are doing well.*"

A little before dark the firing dropped off in every direction, and soon ceased altogether.

We then received intelligence that Longstreet had carried everything before him for some time, capturing several batteries, and driving the enemy from his positions; but when Hill's Florida Brigade and some other troops gave way, he was forced to abandon a small portion of the ground he had won, together with all the captured guns, except three.

His troops, however, bivouacked during the night on ground occupied by the enemy this morning.

Every one deplores that Longstreet *will* expose himself in such a reckless manner. To-day he led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand, and in front of everybody. General Barksdale was killed and Semmes wounded; but the most serious loss was that of General Hood, who was badly wounded in the arm early in the day. I heard that his Texans are in despair. Lawley

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and I rode back to the General's camp, which had been moved to within a mile of the scene of action. Longstreet, however, with most of his Staff, bivouacked on the field.

Major Fairfax arrived at about 10 P.M. in a very bad humour. He had under his charge about 1000 to 1500 Yankee prisoners who had been taken to-day, among them a general, whom I heard one of his men accusing of having been "so G—d d—d drunk that he had turned his guns upon his own men." But, on the other hand, the accuser was such a thundering blackguard, and proposed taking such a variety of oaths in order to escape from the U. S. army, that he is not worthy of much credit. A large train of horses and mules, &c., arrived to-day, sent in by General Stuart, and captured, it is understood, by his cavalry, which had penetrated to within six miles of Washington.

July 3 (*Friday*).—At 6 A.M. I rode to the field with Colonel Manning, and went over that portion of the ground which, after a fierce contest, had been won from the enemy yesterday evening. The dead were being buried, but great numbers were still lying about; also many mortally wounded, for whom nothing could be done. Amongst the latter were a number of Yankees dressed in bad imitations of the Zouave costume. They opened their glazed eyes as I rode past in a painfully imploring manner.

We joined Generals Lee and Longstreet's Staff: they were reconnoitring and making preparations for renewing the attack. As we formed a pretty large party, we often drew upon ourselves the attention of the hostile sharpshooters, and were two or three times favoured with a shell. One of these shells set a brick building on fire which was situated between the lines. This building was filled with wounded, principally Yankees, who, I am afraid, must have perished miserably in the flames. Colonel Sorrell had been slightly wounded yesterday, but still did duty. Major Walton's horse was killed, but there were no other casualties amongst my particular friends.

The plan of yesterday's attack seems to have been very simple—first a heavy cannonade all along the line, followed by an advance of Longstreet's two divisions and part of Hill's corps. In consequence of the enemy's having been driven back some distance, Longstreet's corps (part of it) was in a much more forward situation than yesterday. But the range of heights to be gained was still most formidable, and evidently strongly intrenched.

The distance between the Confederate guns and the Yankee position—*i.e.*, between the woods crowning the opposite ridges—was at least a mile,—quite open, gently undulating, and exposed to artillery the whole distance. This was the ground which had to be crossed in to-day's attack. Pickett's division, which had just come up, was to bear the brunt in Longstreet's attack, together with Heth and Pettigrew in Hill's corps. Pickett's division was a weak one (under 5000), owing to the absence of two brigades.

At noon all Longstreet's dispositions were made; his troops for attack were deployed into line, and lying down in the woods; his batteries were ready to open. The General then dismounted and went to sleep for a short time.

Captain —— and I now rode off to get, if possible, into some commanding position from whence we could see the whole thing without being exposed to the tremendous fire which was about to commence. After riding about for half an hour without being able to discover so desirable a situation, we determined to make for the cupola, near Gettysburg, Ewell's headquarters. Just before we reached the entrance to the town, the cannonade opened with a fury which surpassed even that of yesterday.

Soon after passing through the toll-gate at the entrance of Gettysburg, we found that we had got into a heavy cross-fire; shells both Federal and Confederate passing

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over our heads with great frequency.

At length two shrapnel shells burst quite close to us, and a ball from one of them hit the officer who was conducting us. We then turned round and changed our views with regard to the cupola—the fire of one side being bad enough, but preferable to that of both sides. A small boy of twelve years was riding with us at the time: this urchin took a diabolical interest in the bursting of the shells, and screamed with delight when he saw them take effect. I never saw this boy again, or found out who he was. The road at Gettysburg was lined with Yankee dead, and as they had been killed on the 1st, the poor fellows had already begun to be very offensive. We then returned to the hill I was on yesterday. But finding that, to see the actual fighting, it was absolutely necessary to go into the thick of the thing, I determined to make my way to General Longstreet. It was then about 2.30. After passing General Lee and his Staff, I rode on through the woods in the direction in which I had left Longstreet. I soon began to meet many wounded men returning from the front; many of them asked in piteous tones the way to a doctor or an ambulance. The further I got, the greater became the number of the wounded. At last I came to a perfect stream of them flocking through the woods in numbers as great as the crowd in Oxford Street in the middle of the day. Some were walking alone on crutches composed of two rifles, others were supported by men less badly wounded than themselves, and others were carried on stretchers by the ambulance corps; but in no case did I see a sound man helping the wounded to the rear, unless he carried the red badge of the ambulance corps. They were still under a heavy fire; the shells were continually bringing down great limbs of trees, and carrying further destruction amongst this melancholy procession. I saw all this in much less time than it takes to write it, and although astonished to meet such vast numbers of wounded, I had not seen *enough* to give me any idea of the real extent of the mischief.

When I got close up to General Longstreet, I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so, thinking I was just in time to see the attack, I remarked to the General that "*I wouldn't have missed this for anything.*" Longstreet was seated at the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed. He replied, laughing, "*The devil you wouldn't! I would like to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed: look there!*"

For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions, and saw it covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily returning towards us in small broken parties, under a heavy fire of artillery. But the fire where we were was not so bad as further to the rear; for although the air seemed alive with shell, yet the greater number burst behind us.

The General told me that Pickett's division had succeeded in carrying the enemy's position and capturing his guns, but after remaining there twenty minutes, it had been forced to retire, on the retreat of Heth and Pettigrew on its left.

No person could have been more calm or self-possessed than General Longstreet, under these trying circumstances, aggravated as they now were by the movements of the enemy, who began to show a strong disposition to advance. I could now thoroughly appreciate the term bulldog, which I had heard applied to him by the soldiers. Difficulties seem to make no other impression upon him than to make him a little more savage.

Major Walton was the only officer with him when I came up—all the rest had been put into the charge. In a few minutes Major Latrobe arrived on foot, carrying his saddle, having just had his horse killed. Colonel Sorrell was

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also in the same predicament, and Captain Goree's horse was wounded in the mouth.

The General was making the best arrangements in his power to resist the threatened advance, by advancing some artillery, rallying the stragglers, &c. I remember seeing a General (Pettigrew, I think it was) come up to him, and report that "he was unable to bring his men up again." Longstreet turned upon him and replied with some sarcasm, "*Very well; never mind, then, General; just let them remain where they are: the enemy's going to advance, and will spare you the trouble.*"

He asked for something to drink: I gave him some rum out of my silver flask, which I begged he would keep in remembrance of the occasion;—he smiled, and, to my great satisfaction, accepted the memorial. He then went off to give some orders to M'Laws's division.

Soon afterwards I joined General Lee, who had in the meanwhile come to the front on becoming aware of the disaster. If Longstreet's conduct was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his Staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as, "All this will come right in the end: we'll talk it over afterwards; but, in the mean time, all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now," &c. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted "to bind up their hurts and take up a musket" in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him.

He said to me, "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories." He was also kind enough to advise me to get into some more sheltered position.

Notwithstanding the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen him, General Lee seemed to observe everything, however trivial. When a mounted officer began licking his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he called out, "Don't whip him, Captain, don't whip him. I've got just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good."

I happened to see a man lying flat on his face in a small ditch, and I remarked that I didn't think he seemed dead; this drew General Lee's attention to the man, who commenced groaning dismally. Finding appeals to his patriotism of no avail, General Lee had him ignominiously set on his legs by some neighbouring gunners.

I saw General Willcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him, and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him and said, cheerfully, "Never mind, General, *all this has been* MY *fault*—it is *I* that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can."

In this manner I saw General Lee encourage and reanimate his somewhat dispirited troops, and magnanimously take upon his own shoulders the whole weight of the repulse. It was impossible to look at him or to listen to him without feeling the strongest admiration, and I never saw any man fail him except the man in the ditch.

It is difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. General Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation; yet there was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at an ordinary field-

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day: the men, as they were rallied in the wood, were brought up in detachments and lay down quietly and coolly in the positions assigned to them.

We heard that Generals Garnett and Armistead were killed, and General Kemper mortally wounded; also, that Pickett's division had only one field-officer unhurt. Nearly all this slaughter took place in an open space about one mile square, and within one hour.

At 6 P.M. we heard a long and continuous Yankee cheer, which we at first imagined was an indication of an advance, but it turned out to be their reception of a general officer, whom we saw riding down the line, followed by about thirty horsemen.

Soon afterwards I rode to the extreme front, where there were four pieces of rifled cannon almost without any infantry support. To the non-withdrawal of these guns is to be attributed the otherwise surprising inactivity of the enemy.

I was immediately surrounded by a sergeant and about half-a-dozen gunners, who seemed in excellent spirits and full of confidence, in spite of their exposed situation. The sergeant expressed his ardent hope that the Yankees might have spirit enough to advance and receive the dose he had in readiness for them. They spoke in admiration of the advance of Pickett's division, and of the manner in which Pickett himself had led it. When they observed General Lee they said, "We've not lost confidence in the old man: this day's work won't do him no harm. 'Uncle Robert' will get us into Washington yet; you bet he will," &c.

Whilst we were talking, the enemy's skrimishers began to advance slowly, and several ominous sounds in quick succession told us that we were attracting their attention, and that it was necessary to break up the conclave. I therefore turned round and took leave of these cheery and plucky gunners.

At 7 P.M., General Lee received a report that Johnson's division of Ewell's corps had been successful on the left, and had gained important advantages there. Firing entirely ceased in our front about this time, but we now heard some brisk musketry on our right, which I afterwards learned proceeded from Hood's Texans, who had managed to surround some enterprising Yankee cavalry, and were slaughtering them with great satisfaction. Only eighteen out of four hundred are said to have escaped.

At 7.30, all idea of a Yankee attack being over, I rode back to Moses's tent, and found that worthy commissary in very low spirits, all sorts of exaggerated rumours having reached him. On my way I met a great many wounded men, most anxious to inquire after Longstreet, who was reported killed; when I assured them he was quite well, they seemed to forget their own pain in the evident pleasure they felt in the safety of their chief. No words that I can use will adequately express the extraordinary patience and fortitude with which the wounded Confederates bore their sufferings.

I got something to eat with the doctors at 10 P.M., the first for fifteen hours.

I gave up my horse to-day to his owner, as from death and exhaustion the Staff are almost without horses.

July 4 (*Saturday*).—I was awoke at daylight by Moses complaining that his valuable trunk, containing much public money, had been stolen from our tent whilst we slept. After a search it was found in a wood hard by, broken open and minus the money. Dr Barksdale had been robbed in the same manner exactly. This is evidently the work of those rascally stragglers, who shirk going under fire, plunder the natives, and will hereafter swagger as the heroes of Gettysburg.

Lawley, the Austrian, and I, walked up to the front about eight o'clock, and on our way we met General Longstreet, who was in a high state of amusement and good-hu-

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mour. A flag of truce had just come over from the enemy, and its bearer announced among other things that "General Longstreet was wounded, and a prisoner, but would be taken care of." General Longstreet sent back word that he was extremely grateful, but that, being neither wounded nor a prisoner, he was quite able to take care of himself. The iron endurance of General Longstreet is most extraordinary: he seems to require neither food nor sleep. Some of his Staff now fell fast asleep directly they got off their horses, they were so exhausted from the last three days' work.

Whilst Lawley went to headquarters on business I sat down and had a long talk with General Pendleton (the parson), chief of artillery. He told me the exact number of guns in action yesterday. He said that the universal opinion is in favour of the 12-pounder Napoleon guns as the best and simplest sort of ordnance for field purposes.* Nearly all the artillery with this army has either been captured from the enemy or cast from old 6-pounders taken at the early part of the war.

At 10 A.M. Lawley returned from headquarters, bringing the news that the army is to commence moving in the direction of Virginia this evening; this step is imperative from want of ammunition. But it was hoped that the enemy might attack during the day, especially as this is the 4th July, and it was calculated that there was still ammunition for one day's fighting. The ordnance train had already commenced moving back towards Cashtown, and Ewell's immense train of plunder had been proceeding towards Hagerstown by the Fairfield road ever since an early hour this morning.

Johnson's division had evacuated during the night the position it had gained yesterday. It appears that for a time it was actually in possession of the cemetery, but had been forced to retire from thence from want of support by Pender's division, which had been retarded by that officer's wound. The whole of our left was therefore thrown back considerably.

At 1 P.M. the rain began to descend in torrents, and we took refuge in the hovel of an ignorant Pennsylvanian boor. The cottage was full of soldiers, none of whom had the slightest idea of the contemplated retreat, and all were talking of Washington and Baltimore with the greatest confidence.

At 2 P.M. we walked to General Longstreet's camp, which had been removed to a place three miles distant, on the Fairfield road.

General Longstreet talked to me for a long time about the battle. He said the mistake they had made was in not concentrating the army more, and making the attack yesterday with 30,000 men instead of 15,000. The advance had been in three lines, and the troops of Hill's corps who gave way were young soldiers, who had never been under fire before. He thought the enemy would have attacked had the guns been withdrawn. Had they done so at that particular moment immediately after the repulse, it would have been awkward; but in that case he had given orders for the advance of Hood's division and M'Laws's on the right. I think, after all, that General Meade was right not to advance — his men would never have stood the tremendous fire of artillery they would have been exposed to.

Rather over 7000 Yankees were captured during the three days;— 3500 took the parole; the remainder were now being marched to Richmond, escorted by the remains of Pickett's division.

It is impossible to avoid seeing that the cause of this check to the Confederates lies in the utter contempt felt for the enemy by all ranks.

* The Napoleon 12-pounders are smooth-bore brass guns, with chambers, very light, and with long range. They were invented or recommended by Louis Napoleon years ago. A large number are being cast at Augusta and elsewhere.

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Waggons, horses, mules, and cattle captured in Pennsylvania, the solid advantages of this campaign, have been passing slowly along this road (Fairfield) all day: those taken by Ewell are particularly admired. So interminable was this train that it soon became evident that we should not be able to start till late at night. As soon as it became dark we all lay round a big fire, and I heard reports coming in from the different generals that the enemy was *retiring*, and had been doing so all day long. M'Laws reported nothing in his front but cavalry videttes.

But this, of course, could make no difference to General Lee's plans: ammunition he must have—he had failed to capture it from the enemy (according to precedent); and as his communications with Virginia were intercepted, he was compelled to fall back towards Winchester, and draw his supplies from thence.

General Milroy had kindly left an ample stock at that town when he made his precipitate exit some weeks ago. The army was also encumbered with an enormous waggon-train, the spoils of Pennsylvania, which it is highly desirable to get safely over the Potomac.

Shortly after 9 P.M. the rain began to descend in torrents. Lawley and I luckily got into the doctors' covered buggy, and began to get slowly under weigh a little after midnight.

July 5 (*Sunday*). — The night was very bad—thunder and lightning, torrents of rain — the road knee-deep in mud and water, and often blocked up with waggons "come to grief." I pitied the wretched plight of the unfortunate soldiers who were to follow us.

Our progress was naturally very slow indeed, and we took eight hours to go as many miles.

At 8 A.M. we halted a little beyond the village of Fairfield, near the entrance to a mountain-pass. No sooner had we done so and lit a fire, than an alarm was spread that Yankee cavalry were upon us. Several shots flew over our heads, but we never could discover from whence they came. News also arrived of the capture of the whole of Ewell's beautiful waggons.* These reports created a regular stampede amongst the waggoners, and Longstreet's drivers started off as fast as they could go.

Our medical trio, however, firmly declined to budge, and came to this wise conclusion, partly urged by the pangs of hunger, and partly from the consideration that, if the Yankee cavalry did come, the crowded state of the road in our rear would prevent our escape. Soon afterwards, some Confederate cavalry were pushed to the front, who cleared the pass after a slight skirmish.

At noon, Generals Lee and Longstreet arrived, and halted close to us. Soon afterwards Ewell came up. This is the first time I ever saw him. He is rather a remarkable-looking old soldier, with a bald head, a prominent nose, and rather a haggard, sickly face: having so lately lost his leg above the knee, he is still a complete cripple, and falls off his horse occasionally. Directly he dismounts he has to be put on crutches. He was Stonewall Jackson's coadjutor during the celebrated valley campaigns, and he used to be a great swearer—in fact, he is said to have been the only person who was unable to restrain that propensity before Jackson; but since his late (rather romantic) marriage, he has (to use the American expression) "*joined the Church.*" When I saw him he was in a great state of disgust in consequence of the supposed loss of his waggons, and refused to be comforted by General Lee.

I joined Longstreet again, and, mounted on Lawley's venerable horse, started at 3 P.M. to ride through the pass. At 4 P.M. we stopped at a place where the roads fork, one leading to Emmetsburg, and the other to Hagerstown.

* It afterwards turned out that all escaped but thirty-eight.

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Major Moses and I entered a farm-house, in which we found several women, two wounded Yankees, and one dead one, the result of this morning's skirmish. One of the sufferers was frightfully wounded in the head; the other was hit in the knee: the latter told me he was an Irishman, and had served in the Bengal Europeans during the Indian Mutiny. He now belonged to a Michigan cavalry regiment, and had already imbibed American ideas of Ireland's wrongs, and all that sort of trash. He told me that his officers were very bad, and that the idea in the army was that M'Clellan had assumed the chief command.

The women in this house were great Abolitionists. When Major Fairfax rode up, he inquired of one of them whether the corpse was that of a Confederate or Yankee (the body was in the verandah, covered with a white sheet). The woman made a gesture with her foot, and replied, "If it was a rebel, do you think it would be here long?" Fairfax then said, "Is it a woman who speaks in such a manner of a dead body which can do no one any harm?" She thereupon coloured up, and said she wasn't in earnest.

At six o'clock we rode on again (by the Hagerstown road) and came up with General Longstreet at 7.30. The road was full of soldiers marching in a particularly lively manner—the wet and mud seemed to have produced no effect whatever on their spirits, which were as boisterous as ever. They had got hold of coloured prints of Mr Lincoln, which they were passing about from company to company with many remarks upon the personal beauty of Uncle Abe. The same old chaff was going on of "Come out of that hat—I know you're in it—I sees your legs a-dangling down," &c. When we halted for the night, skirmishing was going on in front and rear—Stuart in front and Ewell in rear. Our bivouac being near a large tavern, General Longstreet had ordered some supper there for himself and his Staff; but when we went to devour it, we discovered General M'Laws and his officers rapidly finishing it. We, however, soon got more, the Pennsylvanian proprietors being particularly anxious to propitiate the General, in hopes that he would spare their live stock, which had been condemned to death by the ruthless Moses.

During supper women came rushing in at intervals, saying—"Oh, good heavens, now they're killing our fat hogs. Which is the General? which is the Great Officer? Our milch cows are now going." To all which expressions Longstreet replied, shaking his head in a melancholy manner—"Yes, madam, it's very sad—very sad; and this sort of thing has being going on in Virginia more than two years—very sad."

We all slept in the open, and the heavy rain produced no effect upon our slumbers.

I understand it is impossible to cross the lines by flag of truce. I therefore find myself in a dilemma about the expiration of my leave.

July 6 (*Monday*).—Several horses were stolen last night, mine nearly so. It is necessary to be very careful, in order to prevent this misfortune.

We started at 6.30, but got on very slowly, so blocked up was the road with waggons, some of which had been captured and burnt by the enemy yesterday. It now turned out that all Ewell's waggons escaped except thirty-eight, although, at one time, they had been all in the enemy's hands.

At 8.30 we halted for a couple of hours, and Generals Lee, Longstreet, Hill, and Willcox had a consultation. I spoke to —— about my difficulties with regard to getting home, and the necessity of doing so, owing to the approaching expiration of my leave. He told me that the army had no intention at present of retreating for good, and advised me to stop with them and see what turned up; he also said that some of the enemy's despatches had

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been intercepted, in which the following words occur:—"The noble but unfortunate army of the Potomac has again been obliged to retreat before superior numbers."

I particularly observed the marching to-day of the 21st Mississippi, which was uncommonly good. This regiment all wear short round jackets, a most unusual circumstance, for they are generally unpopular in the South.

At twelve o'clock we halted again, and all set to work to eat cherries, which was the only food we got between 5 A.M. and 11 P.M.

I saw a most laughable spectacle this afternoon—viz., a negro dressed in full Yankee uniform, with a rifle at full cock, leading along a barefooted white man, with whom he had evidently changed clothes. General Longstreet stopped the pair, and asked the black man what he meant. He replied, "The two soldiers in charge of this here Yank have got drunk, so for fear he should escape I have took care of him." The consequential manner of the negro, and the supreme contempt with which he spoke to his prisoner, were most amusing.

I saw General Hood in his carriage; he looked rather bad, and has been suffering a good deal; the doctors seem to doubt whether they will be able to save his arm. I also saw General Hampton, of the cavalry, who has been shot in the hip, and has two sabre-cuts on the head, but he was in very good spirits.

A short time before we reached Hagerstown there was some firing in front, together with an alarm that the Yankee cavalry was upon us. The ambulances were sent back; but some of the wounded jumped out, and, producing the rifles which they had not parted with, they prepared to fight. After a good deal of desultory skirmishing, we seated ourselves upon a hill overlooking Hagerstown, and saw the enemy's cavalry driven through the town pursued by yelling Confederates.

A good many Yankee prisoners now passed us; one of them, who was smoking a cigar, was a lieutenant of cavalry, dressed very smartly, and his hair brushed with the greatest care; he formed rather a contrast to his ragged escort, and to ourselves, who had not washed or shaved for ever so long.

About 7 P.M. we rode through Hagerstown, in the streets of which were several dead horses and a few dead men. After proceeding about a mile beyond the town we halted, and General Longstreet sent four cavalrymen up a lane, with directions to report everything they saw. We then dismounted and lay down. About ten minutes later (being nearly dark) we heard a sudden rush—a panic—and then a regular stampede commenced, in the midst of which I descried our four cavalry heroes crossing a field as fast as they could gallop. All was now complete confusion;—officers mounting their horses, and pursuing those which had got loose, and soldiers climbing over fences for protection against the supposed advancing Yankees. In the middle of the din I heard an artillery officer shouting to his "cannoneers" to stand by him, and plant the guns in a proper position for enfilading the lane. I also distinguished Longstreet walking about, hustled by the excited crowd, and remarking, in angry tones, which could scarcely be heard, and to which no attention was paid, "Now, you don't know what it is—you don't know what it is." Whilst the row and confusion were at their height, the object of all this alarm at length emerged from the dark lane in the shape of a domestic four-wheel carriage, with a harmless load of females. The stampede had, however, spread, increased in the rear, and caused much harm and delay.

Cavalry skirmishing went on until quite dark, a determined attack having been made by the enemy, who did his best to prevent the trains from crossing the Potomac at Williamsport. It resulted in the success of the Confederates; but every impartial man confesses that

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these cavalry fights are miserable affairs. Neither party has any idea of serious charging with the sabre. They approach one another with considerable boldness, until they get to within about forty yards, and then, at the very moment when a dash is necessary, and the sword alone should be used, they hesitate, halt, and commence a desultory fire with carbines and revolvers.

An Englishman, named Winthrop, a captain in the Confederate army, and formerly an officer in H.M.'s 22d regiment, although not in the cavalry himself, seized the colours of one of the regiments, and rode straight at the Yankees in the most gallant manner, shouting to the men to follow him. He continued to distinguish himself by leading charges until his horse was unfortunately killed. I heard his conduct on this occasion highly spoken of by all. Stuart's cavalry can hardly be called cavalry in the European sense of the word; but, on the other hand, the country in which they are accustomed to operate is not adapted for cavalry.

—— was forced at last to give up wearing even his Austrian forage-cap; for the last two days soldiers on the line of march had been visiting his ambulance in great numbers, under the impression (encouraged by the driver) that he was a Yankee general. The idea now was that the army would remain some days in or near its present position until the arrival of the ammunition from Winchester.

July 7 (*Tuesday*).—Lawley, the Austrian, and I drove into Hagerstown this morning, and General Longstreet moved into a new position on the Williamsport road, which he was to occupy for the present.

We got an excellent room in the Washington Hotel on producing greenbacks. Public opinion in Hagerstown seems to be pretty evenly divided between North and South, and probably accommodates itself to circumstances. For instance, yesterday the women waved their handkerchiefs when the Yankee cavalry were driven through the town, and to-day they went through the same compliment in honour of 3500 Yankee (Gettysburg) prisoners whom I saw marched through *en route* for Richmond.

I overheard the conversation of some Confederate soldiers about these prisoners. One remarked, with respect to the Zouaves, of whom there were a few—"Those red-breeched fellows look as if they could fight, but they don't, though; no, not so well as the bluebellies."

Lawley introduced me to General Stuart in the streets of Hagerstown to-day. He is commonly called Jeb Stuart, on account of his initials; he is a good-looking, jovial character, exactly like his photographs. He has certainly accomplished wonders, and done excellent service in his peculiar style of warfare. He is a good and gallant soldier, though he sometimes incurs ridicule by his harmless affectation and peculiarities. The other day he rode through a Virginian town, his horse covered with garlands of roses. He also departs considerably from the severe simplicity of dress adopted by other Confederate generals; but no one can deny that he is the right man in the right place. On a campaign, he seems to roam over the country according to his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment; and hitherto he has never got himself into any serious trouble.

I rode to General Longstreet's camp, which is about two miles in the direction of Williamsport, and consulted him about my difficulties with regard to my leave. He was most good-natured about it, and advised me under the circumstances to drive in the direction of Hancock; and, in the event of being ill-treated on my way, to insist upon being taken before the nearest U.S. officer of the highest rank, who would probably protect me. I determined to take his advice at once; so I took leave of him and of his officers. Longstreet is generally a

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very taciturn and undemonstrative man, but he was quite affectionate in his farewell. His last words were a hearty hope for the speedy termination of the war. All his officers were equally kind in their expressions on my taking leave, though the last sentence uttered by Latrobe was not entirely reassuring —viz., "You may take your oath he'll be caught for a spy."

I then rode to General Lee's camp, and asked him for a pass to get through his lines. We had a long talk together, and he told me of the raid made by the enemy, for the express purpose of arresting his badly wounded son (a Confederate Brigadier-General), who was lying in the house of a relation in Virginia. They insisted upon carrying him off in a litter, though he had never been out of bed, and had quite recently been shot through the thigh. This seizure was evidently made for purposes of retaliation. His life has since been threatened, in the event of the South retaliating for Burnside's alleged military murders in Kentucky. But few officers, however, speak of the Northerners with so much moderation as General Lee; his extreme amiability seems to prevent his speaking strongly against any one. I really felt quite sorry when I said good-bye to so many gentlemen from whom I had received so much disinterested kindness.

I am now about to leave the Southern States, after travelling quite alone throughout their entire length and breadth, including Texas and the trans-Mississippi country, for nearly three months and a half, during which time I have been thrown amongst all classes of the population—the highest, the lowest, and the most lawless. Although many were very sore about the conduct of England, I never received an uncivil word from anybody, but, on the contrary, I have been treated by all with more than kindness.* I have never met a man who was not anxious for a termination of the war; and I have never met a man, woman, or child who contemplated its termination as possible without an entire separation from the *now* detested Yankee. I have never been asked for alms or a gratuity by any man or woman, black or white. Every one knew who I was, and all spoke to me with the greatest confidence. I have rarely heard any person complain of the almost total ruin which has befallen so many. All are prepared to undergo still greater sacrifices,—they contemplate and prepare to receive great reverses which it is impossible to avert. They look to a successful termination of the war as certain, although few are sanguine enough to fix a speedy date for it, and nearly all bargain for its lasting at least all Lincoln's presidency. I have lived in bivouacs with all the Southern armies, which are as distinct from one another as the British is from the Austrian, and I have never once seen an instance of insubordination.

When I got back to Hagerstown, I endeavoured to make arrangements for a horse and buggy to drive through the lines. With immense difficulty I secured the services of a Mr ——, to take me to Hancock, and as much farther as I chose to go, for a dollar a mile (greenbacks). I engaged also to pay him the value of his horse and buggy, in case they should be confiscated by either side. He was evidently extremely alarmed, and I was obliged to keep him up to the mark by assurances that his horse would inevitably be seized by the Confederates, unless protected

* The only occasion on which I was roughly handled was when I had the misfortune to enter the city of Jackson, Mississippi, just as the Federals evacuated it. I was alone, on foot, and unknown to any one, and was seized by the citizens, who, exasperated by the wanton destruction of their property by Grant's army, were anxious to hang me as a spy. On my identity being clearly established, I was treated with every consideration, and sent up to Johnston's army immediately. I do not complain of this affair, which, under the circumstances, was not to be wondered at.

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by General Lee's pass in my possession.

July 8 (*Wednesday*). — My conductor told me he couldn't go to-day on account of a funeral, but he promised faithfully to start to-morrow. Every one was full of forebodings as to my probable fate when I fell into Yankee clutches. In deference to their advice I took off my grey shooting-jacket, in which they said I was sure to be taken for a rebel, and I put on a black coat; but I scouted all well-meant advice as to endeavouring to disguise myself as an "American citizen," or conceal the exact truth in any way. I was aware that a great deal depended upon falling into the hands of a gentleman, and I did not believe these were so rare in the Northern army as the Confederates led me to suppose.

July 9 (*Thursday*).—I left Hagerstown at 8 A.M., in my conductor's good buggy, after saying farewell to Lawley, the Austrian, and the numerous Confederate officers who came to see me off, and wish me good-luck.

We passed the Confederate advanced post at about two miles from Hagerstown, and were allowed to pass on the production of General Lee's authority. I was now fairly launched beyond the Confederate lines for the first time since I had been in America.

Immediately afterwards we began to be asked all sorts of inquisitive questions about the rebels, which I left to my driver to answer. It became perfectly evident that this narrow strip of Maryland is entirely Unionist.

At about 12 o'clock we reached the top of a high hill, and halted to bait our horse at an inn called Fairview.

No sooner had we descended from the buggy than about twenty rampageous Unionists appeared, who told us they had come up to get a good view of the big fight in which the G—d d—d rebels were to be all captured, or drowned in the Potomac.

My appearance evidently did not please them from the very first. With alarm I observed them talking to one another, and pointing at me. At length a particularly truculent-looking individual, with an enormous mustache, approached me, and, fixing his eyes long and steadfastly upon my trousers, he remarked in the surliest possible tones, "*Them breeches is a d—d bad colour.*" This he said in allusion, not to their dirty state, but to the fact of their being grey, the rebel colour. I replied to this very disagreeable assertion in as conciliating a way as I possibly could; and in answer to his question as to who I was, I said that I was an English traveller. He then said that his wife was an English lady from Preston. I next expressed my pride in being a countryman of his wife's. He then told me in tones that admitted of no contradiction, that Preston was just forty-five miles east of London; and he afterwards launched into torrents of invectives against the rebels, who had *run him* out of Virginia; and he stated his intention of killing them in great numbers to gratify his taste. With some difficulty I prevailed upon him and his rabid brethren to drink, which pacified them slightly for a time; but when the horse was brought out to be harnessed, it became evident I was not to be allowed to proceed without a row. I therefore addressed the crowd, and asked them quietly who among them wished to detain me; and I told them, at the same time, that I would not answer any questions put by those who were not persons in authority, but that I should be most happy to explain myself to any officer of the United States army. At length they allowed me to proceed, on the understanding that my buggy-driver should hand me over to General Kelly, at Hancock. The driver was provided with a letter for the General, in which I afterwards discovered that I was denounced as a spy, and "handed over to the

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General *to be dealt with as justice to our cause demands.*" We were then allowed to start, the driver being threatened with condign vengeance if he let me escape.

After we had proceeded about six miles we fell in with some Yankee cavalry, by whom we were immediately captured, and the responsibility of my custody was thus removed from my conductor's shoulders.

A cavalry soldier was put in charge of us, and we passed through the numerous Yankee outposts under the title of "*Prisoners.*"

The hills near Hancock were white with Yankee tents, and there were, I believe, from 8000 to 10,000 Federals there. I did not think much of the appearance of the Northern troops; they are certainly dressed in proper uniform, but their clothes are badly fitted, and they are often round-shouldered, dirty, and slovenly in appearance; in fact, bad imitations of soldiers. Now, the Confederate has no ambition to imitate the regular soldier at all; he looks the genuine rebel; but in spite of his bare feet, his ragged clothes, his old rug, and tooth-brush stuck like a rose in his button-hole,* he has a sort of devil-may-care, reckless, self-confident look which is decidedly taking.

At 5 P.M. we drove up in front of the door of General Kelly's quarters, and to my immense relief I soon discovered that he was a gentleman. I then explained to him the whole truth, concealing nothing. I said I was a British officer on leave of absence, travelling for my own instruction; that I had been all the way to Mexico, and entered the Southern States by the Rio Grande, for the express purpose of not breaking any legally established blockade. I told him I had visited all the Southern armies in Mississippi, Tennessee, Charleston, and Virginia, and seen the late campaign as General Longstreet's guest, but had in no way entered the Confederate service. I also gave him my word that I had not got in my possession any letters, either public or private, from any person in the South to any person anywhere else. I showed him my British passport and General Lee's pass as a British officer; and I explained that my only object in coming North was to return to England in time for the expiration of my leave; and I ended by expressing a hope that he would make my detention as short as possible.

After considering a short time, he said that he would certainly allow me to go on, but that he could not allow my driver to go back. I felt immensely relieved at the decision, but the countenance of my companion lengthened considerably. It was, however, settled that he should take me on to Cumberland, and General Kelly good-naturedly promised to do what he could for him on his return.

General Kelly then asked me in an off-hand manner whether all General Lee's army was at Hagerstown; but I replied, laughing, "You of course understand, General, that, having got that pass from General Lee, I am bound by every principle of honour not to give you any information which can be of advantage to you." He laughed and promised not to ask me any more questions of that sort. He then sent his aide-de-camp with me to the provost-marshal, who immediately gave me a pass for Cumberland. On my return to the General's, I discovered the perfidious driver (that zealous Southern of a few hours previous) hard at work communicating to General Kelly all he knew, and a great deal more besides; but, from what I heard, I don't think his information was very valuable.

I was treated by General Kelly and all his officers with the greatest good-nature and courtesy, although I had certainly come among them

* This tooth-brush in the button-hole is a very common custom, and has a most quaint effect.

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under circumstances suspicious, to say the least. I felt quite sorry that they should be opposed to my Southern friends, and I regretted still more that they should be obliged to serve with or under a Butler, a Milroy, or even a Hooker. I took leave of them at six o'clock, and I can truly say that the only Federal officers I have ever come in contact with were gentlemen.

We had got four miles beyond Hancock, when the tire of one of our wheels came off, and we had to stop for a night at a farm-house. I had supper with the farmer and his labourers, who had just come in from the fields, and the supper was much superior to that which can be procured at the first hotel at Richmond. All were violent Unionists, and perfectly under the impression that the rebels were totally demoralised, and about to lay down their arms. Of course I held my tongue, and gave no one reason to suppose I had ever been in rebeldom.

July 10 (*Friday*). — The drive from Hancock to Cumberland is a very mountainous forty-four miles —total distance from Hagerstown, sixty-six miles. We met with no further adventure on the road, although the people were very inquisitive, but I never opened my mouth.

One woman in particular, who kept a toll-bar, thrust her ugly old head out of an upper window, and yelled out, "Air they a-fixin' for another battle out there?" jerking her head in the direction of Hagerstown. The driver replied that, although the bunch of rebels there was pretty big, yet he could not answer for their fixing arrangements; which he afterwards explained to me meant digging fortifications.

We arrived at Cumberland at 7 P.M. This is a great coal place, and a few weeks ago it was touched up by "Imboden," who burnt a lot of coal barges, which has rendered the people rabid against the Rebs.

I started by stage for Johnstown at 8.30 P.M.

July 11 (*Saturday*).—I hope I may never for my sins be again condemned to travel for thirty hours in an American stage on a used-up plank road. We changed carriages at Somerset. All my fellow-travellers were of course violent Unionists, and invariably spoke of my late friends as Rebels or Rebs. They had all got it into their heads that their Potomac army, not having been thoroughly thrashed as it always has been hitherto, had achieved a tremendous victory; and that its new chief, General Meade, who in reality was driven into a strong position, which he had sense enough to stick to, is a wonderful strategist. They all hope that the remnants of Lee's army will not be allowed to ESCAPE over the Potomac; whereas, when I left the army two days ago, no man in it had a thought of escaping over the Potomac, and certainly General Meade was not in a position to attempt to prevent the passage, if crossing had become necessary.

I reached Johnstown on the Pennsylvania Railway at 6 P.M., and found that town in a great state of excitement in consequence of the review of two militia companies, who were receiving garlands from the fair ladies of Johnstown in gratitude for their daring conduct in turning out to resist Lee's invasion. Most of the men seemed to be respectable mechanics, not at all adapted for an early interview with the rebels. The garlands supplied were as big and apparently as substantial as a ship's life-buoys, and the recipients looked particularly helpless after they had got them. Heaven help those Pennsylvanian braves if a score of Hood's Texans had caught sight of them!

Left Johnstown by train at 7.30 P.M., and, by paying half a dollar, I secured a berth in a sleeping-car —a most admirable and ingenious Yankee notion.

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July 12 (*Sunday*).—The Pittsburg and Philadelphia Railway is, I believe, accounted one of the best in America, which did not prevent my spending eight hours last night off the line; but, being asleep at the time, I was unaware of the circumstance. Instead of arriving at Philadelphia at 6 A.M., we did not get there till 3 P.M. Passed Harrisburg at 9 A.M. It was full of Yankee soldiers, and has evidently not recovered from the excitement consequent upon the late invasion, one effect of which has been to prevent the cutting of the crops by the calling out of the militia.

At Philadelphia I saw a train containing 150 Confederate prisoners, who were being stared at by a large number of the *beau monde* of Philadelphia. I mingled with the crowd which was chaffing them; most of the people were good-natured, but I heard one suggestion to the effect that they should be taken to the river, "and every mother's son of them drowned there."

I arrived at New York at 10 P.M., and drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

July 13 (*Monday*).—The luxury and comfort of New York and Philadelphia strikes one as extraordinary after having lately come from Charleston and Richmond. The greenbacks seem to be nearly as good as gold. The streets are as full as possible of well-dressed people, and are crowded with able-bodied civilians capable of bearing arms, who have evidently no intention of doing so. They apparently *don't feel the war at all* here; and until there is a grand smash with their money, or some other catastrophe to make them feel it, I can easily imagine that they will not be anxious to make peace.

I walked the whole distance of Broadway to the Consul's house, and nothing could exceed the apparent prosperity; the street was covered with banners and placards inviting people to enlist in various high-sounding regiments. Bounties of $550 were offered, and huge pictures hung across the street, on which numbers of ragged *greybacks*,* terror depicted on their features, were being pursued by the Federals.

On returning to the Fifth Avenue, I found all the shopkeepers beginning to close their stores, and I perceived by degrees that there was great alarm about the resistance to the draft which was going on this morning. On reaching the hotel I perceived a whole block of buildings on fire close by: engines were present, but were not allowed to play by the crowd. In the hotel itself, universal consternation prevailed, and an attack by the mob had been threatened. I walked about in the neighbourhood, and saw a company of soldiers on the march, who were being jeered at and hooted by small boys, and I saw a negro pursued by the crowd take refuge with the military; he was followed by loud cries of "Down with the b——y nigger! Kill all niggers!" &c. Never having been in New York before, and being totally ignorant of the state of feeling with regard to negroes, I inquired of a bystander what the negroes had done that they should want to kill them? He replied, civilly enough—"Oh sir, they hate them here; they are the innocent cause of all these troubles." Shortly afterwards, I saw a troop of citizen cavalry come up; the troopers were very gorgeously attired, but evidently experienced so much difficulty in sitting their horses, that they were more likely to excite laughter than any other emotion.

July 14 (*Tuesday*).—At breakfast this morning two Irish waiters, seeing I was a Britisher, came up to me one after the other, and whispered at intervals in hoarse Hibernian accents—"It's disgraceful, sir.

* The Northerns call the Southerns "Greybacks," just as the latter call the former "Bluebellies," on account of the colour of their dress.

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I've been drafted, sir. I'm a Briton. I love my country. I love the Union Jack, sir." I suggested an interview with Mr Archibald, but neither of them seemed to care about going to the *Counsel* just yet. These rascals have probably been hard at work for years, voting as free and enlightened American citizens, and abusing England to their hearts' content.

I heard every one talking of the total demoralisation of the Rebels as a certain fact, and all seemed to anticipate their approaching destruction. All this sounded very absurd to me, who had left Lee's army four days previously as full of fight as ever—much stronger in numbers, and ten times more efficient in every military point of view, than it was *when it crossed the Potomac to invade Maryland a year ago.* In its own opinion, Lee's army has not lost any of its prestige at the battle of Gettysburg, in which it most gallantly stormed strong intrenchments defended by the whole army of the Potomac, which never ventured outside its works, or approached in force within half a mile of the Confederate artillery.

The result of the battle of Gettysburg, together with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, seems to have turned everybody's head completely, and has deluded them with the idea of the speedy and complete subjugation of the South. I was filled with astonishment to hear people speaking in this confident manner, when one of their most prosperous States had been so recently laid under contribution as far as Harrisburg and Washington, their capital itself having just been saved by a fortunate turn of luck. Four-fifths of the Pennsylvanian spoil had safely crossed the Potomac before I left Hagerstown.

The consternation in the streets seemed to be on the increase; fires were going on in all directions, and the streets were being patrolled by large bodies of police followed by special constables, the latter bearing truncheons, but not looking very happy.

I heard a British captain making a deposition before the Consul, to the effect that the mob had got on board his vessel and cruelly beaten his coloured crew. As no British man-of-war was present, the French Admiral was appealed to, who at once requested that all British ships with coloured crews might be anchored under the guns of his frigate.

The reports of outrages, hangings, and, murder, were now most alarming, and terror and anxiety were universal. All shops were shut; all carriages and omnibuses had ceased running. No coloured man or woman was visible or safe in the streets, or even in his own dwelling. Telegraphs were cut, and railroad tracks torn up. The draft was suspended, and the mob evidently had the upper hand.

The people who can't pay $300 naturally hate being forced to fight in order to liberate the very race who they are most anxious should be slaves. It is their direct interest not only that all slaves should remain slaves, but that the free Northern negroes who compete with them for labour should be sent to the South also.

July 15 (*Wednesday*).—The hotel this morning was occupied by military, or rather by creatures in uniform. One of the sentries stopped me; and on my remonstrating to his officer, the latter blew up the sentry, and said, "You are only to stop persons in military dress—don't you know what military dress is?" "No," responded this efficient sentry—and I left the pair discussing the definition of a soldier. I had the greatest difficulty in getting a conveyance down to the water. I saw a stone barricade in the distance, and heard firing going on—and was not at all sorry to find myself on board the China.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE COTTAGE BESIDE "THE CAUSEWAY."

In a little cleft, not deep enough to be a gorge, between two grassy hills, traversed by a clear stream, too small to be called a river, too wide to be a rivulet, stood, and, I believe, still stands, a little cottage, whose one bay-window elevates it above the condition of a labouring man's, and shows, in its spacious large-paned proportions, pretensions to taste as well as station. From that window a coast-line can be seen to which nothing in the kingdom can find the equal. It takes in the bold curve of shore from the "White Rocks" to the Giant's Causeway—a sweep of coast broken by jutting headland and promontory, with sandy bays nestling between gigantic walls of pillared rock, and showing beneath the green water the tesselated pavement of those broken shafts which our superstition calls Titanic. The desolate rock and ruin of Dunluce, the fairy bridge of Carrigarede, are visible; and on a commonly clear day Staffa can be seen, its outline only carrying out the strange formation of the columnar rocks close at hand.

This cottage, humble enough in itself, is not relieved in its aspect by the culture around it. A small vegetable garden, rudely fenced with a dry-stone wall, is the only piece of vegetation, for the cutting winds of the North Sea are unfriendly to trees, and the light sandy soil of the hills only favours the fern and the foxglove. Of these, indeed, the growth is luxurious, and the path which leads down from the highroad to the cottage is cut through what might be called a grove of these leafy greeneries. This same path was not much traversed, and more than once within the year was the billhook required to keep it open, so little intercourse was maintained between the cottage and the world, whose frontier lay about a mile off. A widow and her son, with one servant, were the occupants. It had been a fishing-lodge of her husband's in more prosperous days. His memory and the cheapness of life in the neigh-

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bourhood had decided her in choosing it, lonely and secluded as it was; and here she had passed fourteen years, her whole care being the education of her boy, a task to which she addressed herself with all the zeal and devotion of her nature. There was, it is true, a village school at Ballintray, about three miles off, to which he went in summer; but when the dark short days of winter set in with swooping storms of rain and wind, she held him, so far as she could, close prisoner, and pored with him over tasks to the full as difficult to herself as to him. So far as a fine, open-hearted, generous disposition, truthful and straightforward, could make him, he repaid all the love and affection she could bear him. He was well-grown, good-looking, and brave. There was scarcely an exercise of which he was not master; and whether in the saddle over a stiff country, or on the thwart of a boat in a stormy sea, Tony Butler could hold his own against all competitors. The leap of twenty feet four inches he had made on the level sward was one of the show objects of the village, and the place where he had pitched a fourteen-pound sledge to the top of a cliff was marked by a stone with a rude attempt at an inscription. Fortunate was he if these were enough for glory, for his gifts scarcely rose to higher things. He was not clever, nor was he very teachable; his apprehension was not quick, and his memory was bad. The same scatterbrained forgetfulness that he had in little things attended him in more serious ones. Whenever his intellect was called on for a great effort he was sure to be vanquished, and he would sit for hours before an open book as hopeless of mastering it as though the volume were close-clasped and locked before him. Dull men are not generally alive to their own dulness, but Tony was—he saw and felt it very bitterly. He thought, it is true, that there ought to be a way to his intellect, if it could only be discovered, but he owned to himself he had not found it; and, with some lingering hope of it, he would carry his books to his room and sit down to them with a resolute heart, and ponder, and puzzle, and wonder, till he either fell asleep over the pages, or felt the scalding tears blinding him with the conscious thought that he was not equal to the task before him.

Strange enough, his mother, cheated by that love which filled every avenue of her heart, marked little of this. She thought that Tony had no great taste for music, nor patience enough for drawing. She fancied he deemed history dry, and rather undervalued geography. If he hated French, it was because he was such an intense Anglican; and as to figures, his poor dear father had no great skill in them, and indeed his ruined fortune came of tampering with them. Though thus, item by item, she would have been reduced to own that Tony was not much of a scholar, she would unhesitatingly have declared that he was a remarkably gifted boy, and equal to any condition he could be called to fulfil. There was this much of excuse for her credulity—he was a universal favourite. There was not a person of any class who had other than a good word for him; and this, be it remarked, in a country where people fall into few raptures, and are rarely enthusiasts. The north of Ireland is indeed as cold a soil for the affections as it is ungenial in its vegetation. Love finds it just as hard to thrive, as the young larch trees, nipped as they are by cutting winds and sleety storms; and to have won favour where it is weighed out so scrupulously, implied no petty desert. There is, however, a rigid sense of justice which never denies to accord its due to each. Tony had gained his reputation by an honest verdict, the award of a jury who had seen him from his childhood and knew him well.

The great house of the county was Sir Arthur Lyle's, and there

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Tony Butler almost might be said to live. His word was law in the stables, the kennel, the plantations, and the boat-quay. All liked him. Sir Arthur, a stern, but hearty old Anglo-Indian; my lady, a fine specimen of town pretension and exclusiveness, cultivated to its last perfection by Oriental indulgence—she liked him. Isabella—a beauty and a fortune—about to shine at the next drawing-room, liked him; and the widowed daughter of the house, Mrs Trafford, whom many deemed handsomer than her sister, and whose tact and worldly skill made even beauty but one of her attractions—she said he was "a fine creature," and "it was a thousand pities he had not a good estate and a title." Sir Arthur's sons, three in number, were all in India; the two elder in high civil appointments, the younger serving in a regiment of hussars. Their sisters, however, constantly assured Tony that George, Henry, and Mark would be so fond of him, especially Mark, who was the soldier, and who would be charmed to meet with one so fond of all his own pursuits.

It was with sincere pride Mrs Butler saw her son in such favour at the great house—that princely place to which the company came from remote parts of the kingdom, and to mix with which the neighbouring gentry were only admitted sparingly and at rare intervals; for Sir Arthur's wealth was to society a sort of crushing power, a kind of social Nasmyth hammer, that smashed and ground down whatever came beneath it. No small distinction was it, therefore, for the widow's son to be there; not merely admitted and on sufferance, but encouraged, liked, and made much of. Sir Arthur had known Tony's father in India, long long years ago; indeed it was when Sir Arthur was a very small civil servant, and Captain Butler was a gorgeous aide-de-camp on the Governor-General's staff; and strange it was, the respect with which the brilliant soldier then inspired him had survived through all the changes and advancements of a successful life, and the likeness the youth bore to his father assisted to strengthen this sentiment. He would have noticed the widow, too, if she had been disposed to accept his attentions; but she refused all invitations to leave her home, and save at the little meeting-house on a Sunday, where her friend Dr Stewart held forth, was never seen beyond the paling of her garden.

What career Tony was to follow, what he was to do, was an oft-debated question between her and Dr Stewart, her worthy adviser in spirituals; and though it was the ever-recurring subject as they sat of an evening in the porch, the solution seemed just as remote as ever—Mrs Butler averring that there was nothing that with a little practice he couldn't do, and the minister sighingly protesting that the world was very full just now, and there was just barely enough for those who were in it.

"What does he incline to himself, madam?" asked the worthy man, as he saw that his speech had rather a discouraging effect.

"He'd like to follow his father's career, and be a soldier."

"Oh dear!" sighed out the minister; "a man must be rich enough to do without a livelihood that takes to that one. What would you say to the sea?"

"He's too old for the navy. Tony will be twenty in August."

The minister would like to have hinted that other ships went down into the "great waters" as well as those that carried Her Majesty's bunting, but he was faint-hearted and silent.

"I take it," said he, after a pause, "that he has no great mind for the learned professions, as they ca' them?"

"No inclination whatever, and I cannot say I'm sorry for it. My poor boy would be lost in that great ocean of worldliness and self-seeking. I don't mean if he were to go into the Church," said she, blushing crimson at the awkwardness of

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her speech; "but you know he has no vocation for holy orders, and such a choice would be therefore impossible."

"I'm thinkin' it would not be his line neither," said the old man, dryly. "What o' the mercantile pursuits? You shake your head. Well, there's farming?"

"Farming, my dear Dr Stewart—farming means at least some thousand pounds capital, backed by considerable experience, and, I fear me, my poor Tony is about as wanting in one as in the other."

"Well, ma'am, if the lad can neither be a soldier nor a sailor, nor a merchant, nor a farmer, nor will be a lawyer, a doctor, or a preacher o' the Word, I'm sore pushed to say what there's open to him, except some light business in the way of a shop, or an agency like, which maybe you'd think beneath you."

"I'm certain my son would, sir, and no great shame either that Colonel Walter Butler's son should think so—a C.B. and a Guelph of Hanover, though he never wore the decoration. It is not so easy for *us* to forget these things as it is for our friends."

This was rather cruel, particularly to one who had been doing his best to pilot himself through the crooked channels of difficulties, and was just beginning to hope he was in deep water.

"Wouldn't the Colonel's friends be likely to give him a helping hand?" said the minister, timidly, and like one not quite sure of his ground.

"I have not asked them, nor is it likely that I will," said she, sternly; then, seeing in the old man's face the dismay and discouragement her speech had produced, she added, "My husband's only brother, Sir Omerod Butler, was not on speaking terms with him for years—indeed, from the time of our marriage. Eleanor Mackay, the Presbyterian minister's daughter, was thought a *mesalliance;* and maybe it was—I won't deny it, Doctor. It was deemed a great rise in the world to me, though I never felt it exactly in that way myself. It was *my* pride to think my husband a far greater man than any of his family, and it was *his* to say I had helped him to become so."

"I've heard o' that too," was the cautious rejoinder of the old minister.

The memories thus suddenly brought up were too much for the poor widow's composure, and she had to turn away and wipe the tears from her eyes. "Yes, sir," said she at last, "my noble-hearted husband was made to feel through his whole life the scorn of those who would not know his wife, and it is not from such as these my poor boy is to crave assistance. As for Tony himself," said she, with more energy of voice and manner, "he'd never forgive me if I took such a step."

The good minister would fain have rebuked the indulgence of sentiments like these, which had little of forgiveness in their nature. He felt sorely tempted to make the occasion profitable by a word in season; but his sagacity tempered his zeal, and he simply said, "Let byganes be byganes, Mrs Butler, or at all events let them not come back like troubled spirits to disturb the future."

"I will do my best, Doctor," said she, calmly, "and, to do so, I will talk of something else. Can you tell me if there is a Mr Elphinstone in the Ministry now; in the Cabinet, I mean," said she, correcting herself, for she remembered what the word signifies to Presbyterian ears.

"There's a Sir Harry Elphinstone, Secretary of State for the Colonies, ma'am."

"That must be the same, then; my husband always called him Harry; they were like brothers at the Cape long long ago. Couldn't he do something for Tony, think you?"

"The very man who could; and maybe, too, in the very sort of

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career would suit the lad best of all. He's strong of limb and stout of heart, and has brave health—he's just the man to meet the life and enjoy the very accidents of a new world."

"If he could leave me—that is, if I could bear to part with *him*, Doctor," said she, with a thick utterance.

"These are not days, my dear madam, when a mother can tie a son to her apron. The young birds will leave the nest, make it ever so warm and snug for them; and it was a wise Providence that so decreed it."

"Would there be any impropriety in my writing to Mr—Sir Harry Elphinstone?" asked she.

"I can see none whatever. It is more than likely that he'll thank you heartily for the chance of serving his old friend's son. Such a great man gives away every day more places than would provide for three generations of either of us; and it must be a rare pleasure when he can serve the Queen and gladden his own heart together."

"You'd maybe help me with the letter, Doctor," asked she, half diffidently.

"Not a doubt of it, Mrs Butler; my poor aid is quite at your service: but hadn't we best, first of all, speir a bit, and see what the lad thinks of it? Let us find out that it's the life he'd take to willingly. It's no by way of reproach to him I say it; but we all know that when a young fellow gets accustomed to ride a blood horse with a groom after him, and eat his soup with a damask napkin over his knees, it's a sore change to mount a mustang and digest raw buffalo."

"If you mean by that, Dr Stewart, that Tony has been spoiled by a life of luxury and indolence, you do him great wrong. The poor dear boy is half heart-broken at times at his purposeless, unprofitable existence. There are days he is so overcome that he can scarcely lift up his head for it. This very morning was one of them; and it was only when Sir Arthur sent over a third time to say, 'You must come; I'll take no excuse'—that I could persuade him to set off. They are expecting young Captain Lyle to-day, and making all sorts of festive preparations to receive him. Tony has charge of the fireworks; and as Sir Arthur says, 'If you leave your chemicals to other hands, the chances are we shall all be blown up together.'"

"I remember the Captain when he was just so high," said the Doctor, holding his hand about three feet from the ground; "he used to come to me every Saturday for a lesson in Scripture—smart enough he was, but a proud sort of boy that kept his class-fellows at a distance, and when the lesson was over would not speak to one of them. He was the baronet's son, and they were the sons of his father's tradespeople. I remember I made a complaint about him once, I forget for what, but he never came to my house after."

Mrs Butler seemed not to follow the Doctor's speech; indeed, her whole heart was so set on one object and one theme that it was only by an effort she could address herself to any other. The humblest piece in which Tony played was a drama full of interest. Without *him* the stage had no attraction, and she cared not who were the performers. The Doctor, therefore, was some time before he perceived that his edifying reflections on the sins of pride and self-conceit were unheeded. Long experience had taught him tolerance in such matters; he had known even elders to nod; and so he took his hat and said farewell with a good grace, and a promise to help her with her letter to the Secretary of State whenever the time came to write it.

Late on the night of that day in which this conversation occurred, Mrs Butler sat at her writing-desk, essaying for the tenth time how to address that great man whose favour she would propitiate. Letter-writing had never been her gift, and

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she distrusted her powers even unfairly in this respect. The present was, besides, a case of some difficulty. She knew nothing of the sort of person she was addressing beyond the fact that he and her husband, when very young men, lived on terms of close intimacy and friendship. It might be that the great minister had forgotten all about that long ago, or might not care to be reminded of it. It might be that her husband, in his sanguine and warm-hearted way, calculated rather on the affection he bestowed than that he should receive, and so deemed the friendship between them a closer and stronger tie than it was. It might be, too—she had heard of such things—that men in power are so besieged by those who assume to have claims upon them, that they lose temper and patience, and indiscriminately class all such applicants as mere hungry place-hunters, presuming upon some accidental meeting—some hap-hazard acquaintance of a few minutes. "And so," said she, "if he has not heard of my husband for thirty-odd years, he may come to look coldly on this letter of mine, and even ask, Who is Eleanor Butler, and of whom is she the widow? I will simply say to him, The son of the late Colonel Walter Butler, with whose name his widow believes you are not unacquainted, solicits some assistance on your part, towards—towards—shall I say at once an appointment in one of our colonies, or merely what may forward his pursuits in a new world? I wish I could hit upon something that will not sound like the every-day tune that must ring in his ears; but how can I, when what I seek is the selfsame thing?"

She leaned her head on her hand in thought, and as she pondered, it occurred to her what her husband would have thought of such a step as she was taking. Would Walter have sanctioned it? He was a proud man on such points. He had never asked for anything in his life, and it was one of his sayings —"There was no station that was not too dearly bought at the price of asking for it." She canvassed and debated the question with herself, balancing all that she owed to her husband's memory against all that she ought to attempt for her boy's welfare. It was a matter of no easy solution; but an accident decided for her what all her reasoning failed in; for as she sat thinking, a hurried step was heard on the gravel, and then the well-known sound of Tony's latch-key followed, and he entered the room flushed and heated. He was still in dinner dress, but his cravat was partly awry, and his look excited and angry.

"Why, my dear Tony," said she, rising, and parting his hair tenderly on his forehead, "I didn't look for you here to-night; how came it that you left the Abbey at this hour?"

"Wasn't it a very good hour to come home?" answered he, curtly. "We dined at eight; I left at half-past eleven. Nothing very unusual in all that."

"But you always slept there; you had that nice room you told me of."

"Well, I preferred coming home. I suppose that was reason enough."

"What has happened, Tony, darling? Tell me frankly and fearlessly what it is that has ruffled you. Who has such a right to know it, or, if need be, to sympathise with you, as your own dear mother?"

"How you run on, mother, and all about nothing! I dine out, and I come back a little earlier than my wont, and immediately you find out that some one has outraged or insulted me."

"Oh, no, no. I never dreamed of that, my dear boy!" said she, colouring deeply.

"Well, there's enough about it," said he, pacing the room with hasty strides. "What is that you were saying the other day about a Mr Elphinstone—that he was an old friend of my father's, and that they had chummed together long ago?"

"All these scrawls that you see

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there," said she, pointing to the table, "have been attempts to write to him, Tony. I was trying to ask him to give you some sort of place somewhere."

"The very thing I want, mother," said he, with a half-bitter laugh—"some sort of place somewhere."

"And," continued she, "I was pondering whether it might not be as well to see if Sir Arthur Lyle wouldn't write to some of his friends in power——"

"Why should we ask him? What has he to do with it?" broke he in, hastily. "I'm not the son of an old steward or family coachman, that I want to go about with a black pocket-book stuffed with recommendatory letters. Write simply and fearlessly to this great man—I don't know his rank—and say whose son I am. Leave me to tell him the rest."

"My dear Tony, you little know how such people are overwhelmed with such-like applications, and what slight chance there is that you will be distinguished from the rest."

"At all events, I shall not have the humiliation of a patron. If he will do anything for me, it will be for the sake of my father's memory, and I need not be ashamed of that."

"What shall I write, then?" And she took up her pen.

"Sir—I suppose he is Sir; or is he My Lord?"

"No. His name is Sir Harry Elphinstone."

"Sir,—The young man who bears this note is the only son of the late Colonel Walter Butler, C.B. He has no fortune, no profession, no friends, and very little abilities. Can you place him in any position where he may acquire some of the three first, and can dispense with the last?—Your humble servant,

"Eleanor Butler."

"Oh, Tony! you don't think we could send such a letter as this," said she, with a half-sad smile.

"I am certain I could deliver it, mother," said he, gravely, "and I'm sure that it would answer its purpose just as well as a more finished composition."

"Let me at least make a good copy of it," said she, as he folded it up and placed it in an envelope.

"No, no," said he; "just write his name, and all the fine things that he is sure to be, before and after it, and, as I said before, leave the issue to me."

"And when would you think of going, Tony?"

"To-morrow morning by the steamer that will pass this, on the way to Liverpool. I know the captain, and he will give me a passage; he's always teasing me to take a trip with him."

"To-morrow! but how could you get ready by to-morrow? I'll have to look over all your clothes, Tony."

"My dear little mother," said he, passing his arm round her, and kissing her affectionately, "how easy it is to hold a review where there's only a corporal's guard for inspection! All my efficient movables will fit into a very small portmanteau, and I'll pack it in less than ten minutes."

"I see no necessity for all this haste, particularly where we have so much to consider and talk over. We ought to consult the Doctor, too; he's a warm friend, Tony, and bears you a sincere affection."

"He's a good fellow—I like him anywhere but in the pulpit," muttered he below his breath. "And he'd like to write to his daughter — she's a governess in some family near Putney, I think. I'll go and see her—Dolly and I are old playfellows. I don't know," added he, with a laugh, "whether hockey and football are part of polite female education, but if they be, the pupils that have got Dolly Stewart for their governess are in rare luck."

"But why must there be all this hurry?"

"Because it's a whim of mine, dear little mother. Because—but don't ask me for reasons, after

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having spoiled me for twenty years, and given me my own way in everything. I've got it into my wise head—and you know what a wise head it is—that I'm going to do something very brilliant. You'll puzzle me awfully if you ask me where or how—so just be generous, and don't push me to the wall."

"At all events you'll not go without seeing the Doctor?"

"That I will. I have some experience of him as a questioner in the Scripture-school of a Saturday, and I'll not stand a cross-examination in profane matters from so skilled a hand. Tell him from me that I had one of my flighty fits on me, and that I knew I'd make such a sorry defence if we were to meet, that, in the words of his own song, 'I ran awa' in the morning.'"

She shook her head in silence, and seemed far from satisfied.

"Tell him, however, that I'll go and see Dolly the first day I'm free, and bring him back a full account of her, how she looks, and what she says of herself."

The thought of his return flashed across the poor mother's heart like sunshine over a landscape, spreading light and gladness everywhere. "And when will that be, Tony?" cried she, looking up into his eyes.

"Let me see. To-morrow will be Wednesday."

"No, Tony—Thursday."

"To be sure, Thursday—Thursday the ninth—Friday, Liverpool; Saturday, London; Sunday will do for a visit to Dolly—I suppose there will be no impropriety in calling on her of a Sunday?"

"The M'Gruders are a Scotch family—I don't know if they'd like it."

"That shall be thought of. Let me see: Monday for the great man, Tuesday and Wednesday to see a little bit of London, and back here by the end of the week."

"Oh! if I thought that, Tony ——"

"Well, do think it—believe it, rely upon it. If you like, I'll give up the Tuesday and Wednesday, though I have some very gorgeous speculations about Westminster Abbey, and the Tower, and the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, with the pantomime for a finish in the evening. But you've only to say the word, and I'll start half an hour after I see the Don in Downing Street."

"No, of course not, darling. I'm not so selfish as that; and if you find that London amuses you, and is not too expensive—for you know, Tony, what a slender purse we have—stay a week—two weeks, Tony, if you like it."

"What a good little woman it is," said he, pressing her towards him, and the big tears trembled in his eyes and rolled heavily along his cheeks. "Now for the ugly part—the money, I mean."

"I have eleven pounds in the house, Tony, if that will do to take with you."

"Do, mother? Of course it will. I don't mean to spend near so much; but how can you spare such a sum? that's the question."

"I just had it by, Tony, for a rainy day, as they call it, or I meant to have made you a smart present on the fourth of next month for your birthday—I forget, indeed, what I intended it for," said she, wiping her eyes, "for this sudden notion of yours has driven everything clean out of my head, and all I can think of is if there be buttons on your shirts, and how many pairs of socks you have."

"I'm sure everything is right; it always is. And now go to bed, like a dear little woman, and I'll come in and say good-bye before I start in the morning."

"No, no, Tony; I'll be up and make you a cup of tea."

"That you shall not. What a fuss to make of a trip to London, as if I was going to Auckland or the Fijee Islands! By the way, mother, wouldn't you come out to me if the great man gave me something very fine and lucrative?—for I can't persuade myself that he won't make me a governor somewhere."

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She could not trust herself to speak, and merely clutched his hand in both her own, and held it fast.

"There's another thing," said he, after a short struggle with himself; "there may possibly be notes or messages of one sort or another from Lyle Abbey, and just hint that I've been obliged to leave home for a day or two. You needn't say for where, nor how long; but that I was called away suddenly—too hurriedly to go up and pay my respects, and the rest of it. I'm not quite sure you'll be troubled in this way; but if you should, say what I have told you."

"The Doctor will be sorry not to have said good-bye, Tony."

"I may be back again before he need hear of my having gone. And now, good-night, dear mother; I'll come and see you before I start."

When Tony Butler found himself alone in his room, he opened his writing-desk and prepared to write—a task, for him, of no common magnitude, and of the very rarest occurrence. What it exacted in the way of strain and effort may be imagined from the swelling of the veins in his forehead, and the crimson patches that formed on his cheeks. "What would I give, now," muttered he, "for just ten minutes of ready tact, to express myself suitably—to keep down my own temper, and at the same time make *his* boil over! If I have ten years of life before me, I'd give five of them to be able to do this; but I cannot—I cannot! To say all that I want, and not be a braggart or something worse, requires mind, and judgment, and tact, and twenty other gifts that I have not got; and I have only to picture him going about with my letter in his hand, showing it to every one, with a sneer at my mode of expression—possibly of my spelling! Here goes; my very writing shames me."

"SIR,—The manner I left your father's house last night would require an apology [I wonder if there are two p's in apology] from me, if I had not a graver one to ask from you. [He read this over fully a dozen times, varying the emphasis, and trying if the meaning it bore, or that he meant it to bear, could be changed by the reading. 'All right,' said he, 'no mistake there.'] There is, however, so much of excuse for your conduct, that you did not know how I was treated by your family—regarded as a friend, and not the Cad you wanted to make me! [Cad reads wrong—vulgar; I suppose it is vulgar, but it means what I intend, and so let it go.] I cannot *make* a quarrel with your father's son. [I'll dash make, to show that I could accept one of another's making.] But to avoid the risk, I must avoid the society where I shall meet you. [No; that's not right. Father's son ought to have *him* after it.] Avoid the society where I shall meet him. From this day, therefore, I will not return to the Abbey without I receive that reparation from you which is the right of your faithful servant, T. BUTLER." [I could not write myself Anthony if I got five pounds for it.]

Ten miles across a stiff country, straight as the crow flies, would not have "taken as much out" of poor Tony as the composition of this elegant epistle; and though he felt a sincere satisfaction at its completion, he was not by any means satisfied that he had achieved a "success." "No," muttered he, as he sealed it, "my pen will not be my livelihood, that's certain. If it wasn't for the dear mother's sake, I would see what a musket could do; I'd enlist, to a certainty. It is the best thing for fellows like me." Thus musing and "mooning," he lay down, dressed as he was, and fell asleep. And as he lay, there came a noiseless step to his door, and the handle turned, and his mother drew nigh his bed, and bent over him. "Poor Tony!" muttered she, as her tears gushed out. Poor Tony! what a story in two words was there!—what tender love!—what compassionate sorrow!

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It was the outburst of a mother's grief for one who was sure to get the worst at the hands of the world! —a cry of anguish for all the sorrows his own warm heart and guileless nature would expose him to—the deceptions, the wrongs, the treacheries that were before him: and yet, in all the selfishness of her love, she would not have had him other than he was! She never wished him to be crafty or worldly-wise. Ten thousand times was he dearer, in all his weakness, than if he had the cunning of the craftiest that ever outschemed their neighbours. "My poor boy," said she, "what hard lessons there are before you! It is well that you have a brave, big heart, as well as a tender one."

He was so like his father, too, as he lay there—no great guarantee for success in life was that! and her tears fell faster as she looked at him; and fearing that her sobs might awake him, she stole silently away, and left the room.

"There's the steam-whistle, mother; I can just see the smoke over the cliff. I'm off," said he, as she had dropped off asleep.

"But your breakfast, Tony; I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Not for the world; I'm late enough as it is. God bless you, little woman. I'll be back before you know that I'm gone. Good-bye."

She could hardly trace the black speck as the boat shot out in the deep gloom of daybreak, and watched it till it rounded the little promontory, when she lost it; and then her sorrow—sorrow that recalled her great desolation—burst forth, and she cried as they only cry who are forsaken. But this was not for long. It was the passion of grief, and her reason soon vanquished it; and as she dried her tears, she said, "Have I not much to be grateful for? What a noble boy he is, and what a brave, good man he may be!"

CHAPTER II.—A COUNTRY-HOUSE IN IRELAND.

The country-house life of Ireland had—and I would say has, if I were not unhappily drawing on my memory—this advantage over that of England, that it was passed in that season when the country offered all that it had of beauty and attraction—when the grove was leafy, and the blossomy fruit-trees vied in gorgeous colour with the flowery beds beneath them — when the blackbird's mellow song rang through the thicket, and the heavy plash of the trout rose above the ripple of the river—when the deep grass waved like a sea under a summer wind, and the cattle, grouped picturesquely, tempered the noonday heat beneath the spreading elms, or stood contemplatively in the stream, happy in their luxurious indolence.

What a wealth of enjoyment does such a season offer! How imperceptibly does the lovely aspect of nature blend itself day by day with every incident of our lives, stealing its peaceful influence over our troubled hearts, blunting the pangs of our disappointments, calming down the anxieties of our ambitions! How pleasant is the companionship of our book, and doubly, trebly delightful the converse of our friend! How gratefully, too, do we imbibe the health that comes with every charm of colour and sound and form and odour, repeating at every step, "How beautiful the world is, and how enjoyable!"

I am not going to disparage—far be it from me—the fox-cover or the grouse-mountain; but, after all, these are the accidents, not the elements of country life, which certainly ought to be passed when the woods are choral with the thrush, and the air scented with the apple-blossom—when it is sweet to lie under the weeping-willow beside the stream, or stroll at sunset through the grove, to gain that

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crested ridge where the red horizon can be seen, and watch the great sun as it sinks in splendour.

Lyle Abbey had not many pretensions to beauty of architecture in itself, or to scenery in its neighbourhood. Nor was it easy to say why a great, bulky, incongruous building, disfigured by painted windows to make it Gothic, should have ever been called an Abbey. It was, however, both roomy and convenient within. There were fine, lofty, spacious reception-rooms, well lighted and ventilated. Wide corridors led to rows of comfortable chambers, where numbers of guests could be accommodated, and in every detail of fitting and furniture, ease and comfort had been studied with a success that attained perfection.

The grounds—a space of several hundred acres—enclosed within a massive wall, had not more pretensions to beauty than the mansion. There were, it is true, grand points of view—noble stretches of shore and sea-coast to be had from certain eminences, and abundant undulations—some of these wild and picturesque enough; but the great element of all was wanting—there was no foliage, or next to none.

Trees will not grow in this inhospitable climate, or only grow in the clefts and valleys; and even there their stunted growth and scathed branches show that the north-west wind has found them out, twisting their boughs uncouthly towards the eastward, and giving them a semblance to some scared and hooded traveller scudding away before a storm.

Vegetation thrives no better. The grass, of sickly yellow, is only fit for sheep, and there are no traces of those vast tracts of verdure which represent culture in the south of Ireland. Wealth had fought out the battle bravely, however, and artificial soils and trees and ornamental shrubs, replaced and replaced by others as they died off, combated the ungrateful influences, and won at last a sort of victory. That is to say, the stranger felt, as he passed the gate, that he was entering what seemed an "oasis," so wild and dreary and desolate was the region which stretched away for miles on every side.

Some drives and walks had been designed—what will not landscape-gardening do?—with occasional shelter and cover. The majority, however, led over wild, bleak crests—breezy and bracing on fine days, but storm-lashed whenever the wind came, as it will for ten months out of twelve, over the great rolling waters of the Atlantic.

The most striking and picturesque of these walks led along the cliffs over the sea, and indeed so close as to be fenced off by a parapet from the edge of the precipice. It was a costly labour, and never fully carried out—the two miles which had been accomplished figuring for a sum that Sir Arthur declared would have bought the fee-simple of a small estate. It was along this pathway that Captain Lyle sauntered with his two sisters on the morning after his arrival. It was the show spot of the whole demesne; and certainly, as regards grand effects of sea view and coast line, not to be surpassed in the kingdom. They had plotted together in the morning how they would lead Mark in this direction, and, suddenly placing him in one of the most striking spots, enjoy all his wonderment and admiration; for Mark Lyle had seldom been at home since his "Harrow" days, and the Abbey and its grounds were almost strange to him.

"What are the rocks yonder, Bella?" said he, listlessly, as he puffed his cigar and pointed seaward.

"The Skerries. Mark, see how the waves beat over that crag. They tried to build a lighthouse here, but the foundations were soon swept away."

"And what is that? It looks like a dismantled house."

"That is the ruined castle of Dunluce. It belonged to the Antrim family."

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"Good heavens! what a dreary region it all is!" cried he, interrupting. "I declare to you, South Africa is a garden compared to this."

"Oh, Mark, for shame!" said his elder sister. "The kingdom has nothing grander than this coast line from Portrush to Fairhead."

"I'm no judge of its grandeur, but I tell you one thing,—I'd not live here—no, nor would I contract to live six months in a year here—to have the whole estate. This is a fine day, I take it."

"It is a glorious day," said Bella.

"Well, it's just as much as we can do to keep our legs here; and certainly your flattened bonnets and dishevelled hair are no allies to your good looks."

"Our looks are not in question," said the elder, tartly. "We were talking of the scenery; and I defy you to tell me where, in all your travels, you have seen its equal."

"I'll tell you one thing, Alice, it's deuced dear at the price we are looking at it; I mean, at the cost of this precious bit of road we stand on. Where did the governor get his engineer?"

"It was Tony planned this—every yard of it," said Bella, proudly.

"And who is Tony, pray?" said he, superciliously.

"You met him last night—young Butler. He dined here, and sat next Alice."

"You mean that great hulking fellow, with the attempt at a straw-coloured mustache, who directed the fireworks?"

"I mean that very good-looking young man who coolly removed the powder-flask that you had incautiously forgotten next the rocket-train," said Mrs Trafford.

"And that was Tony!" said he, with a faint sneer.

"Yes, Mark, that was Tony; and if you want to disparage him, let it be to some other than Bella and myself; for he is an old playmate that we both esteem highly, and wish well to."

"I am not surprised at it," said he, languidly. "I never saw a snob yet that he couldn't find a woman to defend him; and this fellow, it would seem, has got two."

"Tony a snob!"

"Tony Butler a snob! Just the very thing he is not. Poor boy, there never was one to whom the charge was less applicable."

"Don't be angry, Alice, because I don't admire your rustic friend. In my ignorance I fancied he was a pretentious sort of bumpkin, who talked of things a little out of his reach—such as yachting, steeple-chasing, and the like. Isn't he the son of some poor dependant of the governor's?"

"Nothing of the kind; his mother is a widow, with very narrow means, I believe; but his father was a colonel, and a distinguished one. As to dependence, there is no such relation between us."

"I am glad of that, for I rather set him down last night."

"Set him down! What do you mean?"

"He was talking somewhat big of 'cross-country riding, and I asked him about his stable, and if his cattle ran more on bone than blood."

"Oh, Mark, you did not do that?" cried Bella, anxiously.

"Yes; and when I saw his confusion, I said, You must let me walk over some morning, and have a look at your nags; for I know from the way you speak of horseflesh I shall see something spicy."

"And what answer did he make?" asked Bella, with an eager look.

"He got very red, crimson indeed, and stammered out, 'You may spare yourself the walk, sir; for the only quadruped I have is a spaniel, and she is blind from age, and stupid.'"

"Who was the snob there, Mark?" said Mrs Trafford, angrily.

"Alice!" said he, raising his eyebrows, and looking at her with a cold astonishment.

"I beg pardon in all humility, Mark," said she, hastily. "I am very sorry to have offended you; but I forgot myself. I fancied you had been unjust to one we all value very highly, and my tongue outran me."

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"These sort of fellows," continued he, as if unheeding her excuses, "only get a footing in houses where there are no men, or at least none of their own age; and thus they are deemed Admirable Crichtons because they can row, or swim, or kill a salmon. Now, when a gentleman does these things, and fifty more of the same sort, nobody knows it. You'll see in a day or two here a friend of mine, a certain Norman Maitland, that will beat your young savage at everything—ride, row, walk, shoot, or single-stick him for whatever he pleases; and yet I'll wager you'll never know from Maitland's manner or conversation that he ever took the lock of a canal in a leap, or shot a jaguar single-handed."

"Is your phœnix really coming here?" asked Mrs Trafford, only too glad to get another channel for the conversation.

"Yes; here is what he writes," and he took a note from his pocket. "'I forget, my dear Lyle, whether your chateau be beside the lakes of Killarney, the groves of Blarney, or what other picturesque celebrity your island claims; but I have vowed you a visit of two days—three, if you insist—but not another if you die for it.' Isn't he droll?"

"He is insufferably impudent. There is 'a snob' if there ever was one," cried Alice, exultingly.

"Norman Maitland, Norman Maitland a snob! Why, my dear sister, what will you say next? Ask the world its opinion of Norman Maitland, for he is just as well known in St Petersburg as Piccadilly, and the ring of his rifle is as familiar on the Himalayas as on a Scotch mountain. There is not a gathering for pleasure, nor a country-house party in the kingdom, would not deem themselves thrice fortunate to secure a passing visit from him, and he is going to give us three days."

"Has he been long in your regiment, Mark?" asked Mrs Trafford.

"Maitland has never served with us; he joined us in Simla as a member of our mess, and we call him 'of ours' because he never would dine with the 9th or the 50th. Maitland wouldn't take the command of a division to have the bore and worry of soldiering—and why should he?"

It was not without astonishment Mark's sisters saw their brother, usually cold and apathetic in his tone, so warmly enthusiastic about his friend Maitland, of whom he continued to talk with rapture, recalling innumerable traits of character and temper, but which unhappily only testified to the success with which he had practised towards the world an amount of impertinence and presumption that seemed scarcely credible.

"If he only be like your portrait, I call him downright detestable," said Mrs Trafford.

"Yes, but you are dying to see him all the same, and so is Bella."

"Let me answer for myself, Mark," said Isabella, "and assure you that, so far from curiosity, I feel an actual repugnance to the thought of meeting him. I don't really know whether the condescending politeness of such a man, or his cool impertinence, is the greater insult."

"Poor Maitland, how will you encounter what is prepared for you!" said he, mockingly; "but courage, girls, I think he'll survive it—only I beg no unnecessary cruelty—no harshness beyond what his own transgressions may call down upon him; and don't condemn him merely, and for no other reason, than because he is the friend of your brother." And with this speech he turned short round and ascended a steep path at his side, and was lost to their view in a minute.

"Isn't he changed, Alice? Did you ever see any one so altered?"

"Not a bit changed, Bella; he is exactly what he was at the grammar-school, at Harrow, and at Sandhurst—very intolerant to the whole world, as a compensation for the tyranny some one, boy or man as it may be, exercises over him. All his good qualities lie under this veil, and so it was ever with him."

"I wish his friend was not coming."

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"And I wish that he had not sent away *ours*, for I'm sure Tony would have been up here before this if something unusual had not occurred."

"Here's a strange piece of news for you, girls," said Sir Arthur, coming towards them. "Tony Butler left for Liverpool in the packet this morning. Barnes, who was seeing his brother off, saw him mount the side of the steamer with his portmanteau in his hand. Is it not singular he should have said nothing about this last night?"

The sisters looked with a certain secret intelligence at each other, but did not speak. "Except, perhaps, he may have told you girls," added he quickly, and catching the glance that passed between them.

"No, papa," said Alice, "he said nothing of his intention to us; indeed he was to have ridden over with me this morning to Mount-Leslie, and ask about those private theatricals that have been concerted there for the last two years, but of which all the performers either marry or die off during the rehearsals."

"Perhaps this all-accomplished friend of Mark's, who comes here by the end of the week, will give the project his assistance. If the half of what Mark says of him be true, we shall have for our guest one of the wonders of Europe."

"I wish the Leslies would take me on a visit till he goes," said Alice.

"And I," said Bella, "have serious thoughts of a sore throat that will confine me to my room. Brummelism—and I hate it—it is just Brummelism—is somewhat out of vogue at this time of day. It wants the prestige of originality, and it wants the high patronage that once covered it; but there is no sacrifice of self-respect in being amused by it, so let us at least enjoy a hearty laugh, which is more than the adorers of the great Beau himself ever acquired at his expense."

"At all events, girls, don't desert the field and leave me alone with the enemy; for this man is just coming when we shall have no one here, as ill luck would have it."

"Don't say ill luck, papa," interposed Bella; "for if he be like what we suspect, he would outrage and affront every one of our acquaintance."

"Three days are not an eternity," said he, half gaily, "and we must make the best of it."

CHAPTER III.—A VERY "FINE GENTLEMAN."

One word about Mr Norman Maitland, of whom this history will have something more to say hereafter. He was one of those men, too few in number to form a class, but of which nearly every nation in the Continent has some examples—men with good manners and good means, met with always in the great world—at home in the most exclusive circles, much thought of, much caressed; but of whom, as to family, friends, or belongings, no one can tell anything. They who can recall the society of Paris some forty years back, will remember such a man in Montrond. Rich, accomplished, handsome, and with the most fascinating address, Montrond won his way into circles the barriers to which extended even to royalty; and yet all the world were asking, Who is he?—who knows him? Maitland was another of these. Men constantly canvassed him, agreed that he was not of these "Maitlands" or of those—that nobody was at school with him—none remembered him at Eton or at Rugby. He first burst upon life at Cambridge, where he rode boldly, was a first-rate cricketer, gave splendid wine-parties, wrote a prize poem, and disappeared none ever knew whence or wherefore. He was elected for a borough, but only was seen twice or thrice in the House. He entered the army, but left without joining his regiment. He was to be heard of in every

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city of Europe, living sumptuously, playing high—more often a loser than a winner. His horses, his carriages, his liveries, were models; and wherever he went his track could be marked in the host of imitators he left behind him. For some four or five years back all that was known of him was in some vague paragraph appearing from time to time that some tourist had met him in the Rocky Mountains, or that he had been seen in Circassia! An archduke on his travels had partaken of his hospitality in the extreme north of India; and one of our naval commanders spoke of dining on board his yacht in the Southern Pacific. Those who were curious about him learned that he was beginning to show some slight touches of years — how he had grown fatter, some said more serious and grave—and a few censoriously hinted that his beard and mustaches were a shade darker than they used to be. Maitland, in short, was just beginning to drop out of people's minds, when he reappeared once more in England, looking in reality very little altered, save that his dark complexion seemed a little darker from travel, and he was slightly, very slightly, bald on the top of the head.

It was remarked, however, that his old pursuits, which were purely those of pleasure or dissipation, had not, to all appearance, the same hold on him as before. "He never goes down to Tattersall's," "I don't think I have seen him once at the opera," "He has given up play altogether," were the rumours one heard on all sides; and so it was that the young generation, who had only heard of but never seen him, were sorely disappointed in meeting the somewhat quiet, reserved-looking, haughty man, whose wild feats and eccentricities had so often amused them, but who now gave no evidence of being other than a cold, well-bred gentleman.

It was when hastily passing through London, on his return from India, that Mark Lyle had met him, and Maitland had given him a half-careless promise to come and see him. "I want to go across to Ireland," said he, "and whenever town gets hot, I'll run over." Mark would have heard the same words from a royal duke with less pride, for he had been brought up in his Sandhurst days with great traditions of Maitland; and the favour the great man had extended to him in India, riding his horses, and once sharing his bungalow, had so redounded to his credit in the regiment, that even a tyrannical major had grown bland and gentle to him.

Mark was, however, far from confident that he could rely on his promise. It seemed too bright a prospect to be possible. Maitland, who had never been in Ireland—whom one could, as Mark thought, no more fancy in Ireland than he could imagine a London fine lady passing her mornings in a poorhouse, or inspecting the coarse labours of a sewing-school,—*he* coming over to see him! What a triumph, were it only to be true! and now the post told him it was true, and that Maitland would arrive at the Abbey on Saturday. Now, when Mark had turned away so hastily and left his sisters, he began to regret that he had announced the approaching arrival of his friend with such a flourish of trumpets. "I ought to have said nothing whatever about him. I ought simply to have announced him as a man very well off, and much asked out, and have left the rest to fortune. All I have done by my ill-judged praise has been to awaken prejudice against him, and make them eager to detect flaws, if they can, in his manner—at all events in his temper." The longer he thought over these things the more they distressed him; and at last, so far from being overjoyed, as he expected, at the visit of his distinguished friend, he saw the day of his coming dawn with dismay and misgiving. Indeed, had such a thing as putting him off been possible, it is likely he would have done it.

The long-looked-for and some-

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what feared Saturday came at last, and with it came a note of a few lines from Maitland. They were dated from a little village in Wicklow, and ran thus :—

"Dear L.,—I have come down here with a Yankee, whom I chanced upon as a travelling companion, to look at the mines—gold, they call them ; and if I am not seduced into a search after nuggets, I shall be with you some time—I cannot define the day—next week. The country is prettier and the people less barbarous than I expected ; but I hear your neighbourhood will compensate me for both disappointments.—Yours, N. M."

"Well! are we to send the carriage in to Coleraine for him, Mark?" asked Sir Arthur, as his son continued to read the letter, without lifting his eyes.

"No," said Mark, in some confusion. "This is a sort of put-off. He cannot be here for several days. Some friend or acquaintance has dragged him off in another direction ;" and he crushed the note in his hand, afraid of being asked to read or to show it.

"The house will be full after Tuesday, Mark," said Lady Lyle. "The Gores, and the Masseys, and the M'Clintocks will all be here, and Gambier Graham threatens us with himself and his two daughters."

"If they come," broke in Mark, "you'll have my rooms at your disposal."

"I delight in them," said Mrs Trafford ; "and if your elegantly fastidious friend should really come, I count upon them to be perfect antidotes to all his impertinence. Sally Graham, and the younger one, whom her father calls 'Dick,' are downright treasures when one is in want of a forlorn hope to storm town-bred pretension."

"If Maitland is to be baited, Alice, I'd rather the bull-ring was somewhere else," said her brother, angrily.

"The real question is, Shall we have room for all these people and their followers?" said Lady Lyle.

"I repeat," said Mark, "that if the Graham girls are to be here, I'm off. They are the most insufferably obtrusive and aggressive women I ever met ; and I'd rather take boat and pass a month at the Hebrides than stop a week in the house with them."

"I think Sally thrashed you when you came home once for the holidays," said Mrs Trafford, laughing.

"No, Alice, it was Beck," broke in her sister. "She has a wonderful story of what she calls a left-hander, that she planted under his eye. She tells it still with great gusto, but owns that Mark fought on very bravely for two rounds after."

"And are these the people you expect me to show Maitland?" said Mark, rising from the table ; "I'd rather, fifty times rather, write and say, We cannot receive you ; our house is full, and will be for a month to come."

"Yes, dear Mark, that is the really sensible way to look at it. Nobody nowadays has any scruple in such matters. One is invited from Monday to Thursday, but on no possible pretext can he stay to Friday." And so Mrs Trafford ran away, heaping, by apparent consolations, coals of fire on his angry head.

"I think you had better get Alice to write the letter herself," said Bella ; "I'm sure she will do it with great tact and discretion."

"Pray do," added she. "Intrust me with the despatch, and I promise you the negotiation will be completed then and there."

"It is quite bad enough to shut the door in a man's face, without jeering at him out of the window," said Mark, and he dashed out of the room in a rage.

"I wish he had shown us his friend's note," said Alice. "I'm quite certain that his anger has far more to do with that epistle than with any of our comments upon it."

"I'm very sorry Mark should be annoyed," said Bella ; "but I'm selfish enough to own that, if we

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escape Mr Maitland's visit, I shall deem the bargain a good one."

"I suspect Mr Maitland does not intend to honour us by his company, and that we may spare ourselves all the embarrassment of preparing for it," said Lady Lyle. And now the three ladies set themselves to consider in committee that oft-vexed problem of how to make a country-house hold more people than it had room for, and how to persuade the less distinguished of the guests that they are "taking out" in cordiality all that their reception wants in convenience. One difficulty presented itself at every step, and in a variety of shapes. Never before had the Abbey been full of visitors without Tony Butler being there to assist in their amusement—Tony equally at home on land and on sea—the cavalier of young ladies—the safe coachman of mammas—the guide to all that was noteworthy—the fisherman—the yachtsman whom no weather disconcerted, no misadventure could provoke—so good-tempered and so safe; ay, so safe! for Tony never wanted to flirt with the young heiress, nor teach her schoolboy brother to smoke a short pipe. He had neither the ambition to push his fortune unfairly, nor to attach his junior to him by unworthy means. And the sisters ran over his merits, and grew very enthusiastic about traits in him, which, by inference, they implied were not the gifts of others nearer home.

"I wish, papa, you would ride over and see Mrs Butler, and ask when Tony is expected back again."

"Or if," added Mrs Trafford—"or if we could get him back by writing, and saying how much we want him."

"I know I'll never venture on Soliman till Tony has had a hand on him."

"And those chestnuts mamma wants for the low phaeton—who is to break them now?" cried Bella.

"I only heard yesterday," said Sir Arthur, "that the Mermaid's sails were all cut up. Tony was going to make a schooner of her, it seems; and there she is now, dismantled, and not one of us able to put her in commission again."

"I declare it sounds absurd," broke in Lady Lyle, "but I fancy the garden is beginning to look neglected already. Certainly I never saw Mr Graft there the whole morning; and he would not have dared to absent himself if Tony were here."

"I'd go over willingly, and see his mother," said Sir Arthur; "but as Tony did not confide to us his intended journey, but set off without a word, it would have the appearance of a certain prying curiosity on my part were I to ask after him, and when he is expected home again."

"Not if you were to say frankly that we wanted him, and couldn't get on without him, papa," said Alice. "I'd have no shame in saying that we are perfectly helpless without his skill, his courage, his ready wit, and his good nature."

"Why not secure all those perfections beyond risk, Alice?" said Sir Arthur, laughing.

"How so?—only tell me."

"Marry him."

"First of all, papa, he might not marry *me;* and, secondly, if he should, it might not be the way to insure the perpetuity I covet. You know what Swift says of the 'promising' Princes and the 'bad' Kings the world is full of?"

"I protest," said Lady Lyle, haughtily, "I have a great regard for young Butler; but it has never gone the length of making me desire him for a son-in-law."

"Meanwhile, papa—for we have quite time enough to think over the marriage—pray, let me order them to saddle Peter for you, and ride over to the Burnside."

"Do so, Alice; I'm quite ready; but, first of all, give me my instructions."

"We want Tony," broke in Bella.

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"Yes; and insist on having him. He must be here by Monday night or Tuesday morning, if it cost an express to go after him."

"We ought to bear in mind, girls, that Tony has not left home in pursuit of pleasure. The poor fellow has had some call of urgency or necessity, and our selfishness must not go the length of a cruelty."

"But with your nice tact, papa, you'll find out all that; you'll learn, in the course of conversation, whether anything of importance has called him away, or whether it be not, as I half suspect, a sort of passing caprice." And she looked significantly at Bella, and left her sentence unfinished.

"Do you know of anything that should induce you to believe this, Alice?"

"Nothing more than a chance word that dropped from Mark this morning. He took it into his head last night that poor Tony was presumptuous, and gave himself airs—Tony! of all creatures in the world;—and so the great hussar, in the plenitude of his regimental experiences, essayed what he called 'to put him down!' Now, the chances are that this must have led to something unpleasant, and it is not in the least unlikely may have led to Tony's departure."

"You must be right, Alice; and since we have been standing here at the window, I saw Mrs Butler's herd give Mark a letter, which, after reading, he crushed impatiently in his hand and thrust into his pocket. This decides me at once. I will go down to Mrs Butler's without delay."

"Please explain that I have not called, solely because the carriage-road is so bad. The drive down through that forest of fern and reeds is like a horrid nightmare on me," said Lady Lyle.

"Well, I think I can apologise for your absence without telling her that she lives in an unapproachable wilderness," said he, laughing; "and as she cares little for visiting or being visited, the chances are my task will be an easy one."

"Would you like me to go with you, papa?" asked Alice.

"Yes, by all means; but stay," added he quickly, "it might possibly be better not to come; if anything unpleasant should have occurred between Mark and Tony, she will have less reluctance to speak of it, when we are alone."

They all agreed that this was well thought of, and soon after saw him set out on his mission, their best wishes for his success following him.

Sir Arthur pondered as he went over what he should say, and how he would meet the remarks he deemed it likely she would make to him. Without being in the least what is called a person of superior abilities, Mrs Butler was a somewhat hard-headed woman, whose north of Ireland caution and shrewdness stood her in stead for higher qualities; and if they would not have guided her in great difficulties, she had the good fortune or the prudence to escape from such. He knew this; and he knew besides that there pertains to a position of diminished means and station a peculiar species of touchy pride, always suggesting to its possessor the suspicion that this or that liberty would never have been taken in happier days, and thus to regard the most well-meant counsels and delicately conveyed advice as uncalled-for interference, or worse.

It was after much consideration he saw himself at the little wicket of the garden, where he dismounted, and, fastening his bridle to the gate, knocked at the door. Though he could distinctly hear the sound of voices within, and the quick movement of feet, his summons was unanswered, and he was about to repeat it for the third time when the door was opened.

"Is your mistress at home, Jeanie?" said he, recognising with a smile the girl's curtsy to him.

"Yes, sir, she's at home," was the dry answer.

"Will you just tell her, then, that Sir Arthur Lyle would take it as a

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great favour if she'd permit him to speak to her."

The girl disappeared with the message, but did not return again for several minutes; and when she did, she looked slightly agitated. "My mistress is very sorry, sir, but she canna see ye the day; it's a sort of a headache she has."

"Mr Anthony, is he at home?" asked he, curious to remark the effect of his question.

"He's na just at hame the noo," was the cautious reply.

"He has not been up at the Abbey to-day," said he, carelessly; "but, to be sure, I came through the 'brocken,' and might have missed him."

A little dry nod of the head, to acknowledge that this or anything else was possible, was all that his speech elicited.

"Say that I was very sorry, Jeanie, that Mrs Butler could not see me, and sorrier for the reason; but that I hope to-morrow or next day to be more fortunate. Not," added he, after a second thought, "that what I wanted to speak of is important, except to myself; don't forget this, Jeanie."

"I winna forget," said she, and, curtsying again, closed the door. Sir Arthur rode slowly back to report that his embassy had failed.

CHAPTER IV.—SOME NEW ARRIVALS.

Day after day went over, and no tidings of Maitland. When the post came in of a morning, and no letter in his hand appeared, Mark's impatience was too perceptible to make any comment for his sisters either safe or prudent. Nor was it till nigh a week passed over that he himself said, "I wonder what has become of Maitland? I hope he's not ill." None followed up the theme, and it dropped. The expected guests began to drop in soon after, and, except by Mark himself, Mr Norman Maitland was totally forgotten. The visitors were for the most part squires and their wives and families; solid, well-to-do gentlemen, whose chief objects in life were green crops and the poor-law. Their talk was either of mangold or guano, "swedes" or the Union, just as their sons' conversation ranged over dogs, horses, meets, and covers; and the ladies disported in "toilette," and such details of the "Castle" drawing-rooms as the Dublin papers afforded. There were Mr and Mrs Warren, with two daughters and a son; and the Hunters, with two sons and a daughter. There were Colonel Hoyle and Mrs Hoyle, from regimental headquarters, Belfast; and Groves Bulkney, the member for the county, who had come over, in the fear of an approaching dissolution of Parliament, to have a look at his constituents. He was a Tory, who always voted with the Whigs, a sort of politician in great favour with the north of Ireland, and usually supposed to have much influence with both parties. There were Masseys from Tipperary, and M'Clintocks from Louth; and lastly, herald of their approach, three large coffin-shaped trunks, undeniably of sea origin, with the words "Cap. Gambier Graham, R.N.," marked on them, which arrived by a carrier, with three gun-cases and an immense array of fishing-tackle, gaffs, and nets.

"So I see those odious Grahams are coming," said Mark, ill-humouredly, as he met his elder sister in the hall. "I declare, if it were not that Maitland might chance to arrive in my absence, I'd set off this very morning."

"I assure you, Mark, you are all wrong; the girls are no favourites of mine; but looking to the staple of our other guests, the Grahams are perfect boons from heaven. The Warrens, with their infant school; and Mrs Maxwell, with her quarrel with the bishop; and the Masseys, with their pretension about that daughter who married Lord Claude Somebody, are so terribly tiresome, that I long for the

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racket and noise of those bustling young women, who will at least dispel our dulness."

"At the cost of our good breeding."

"At all events they are jolly and good-tempered girls. We have known them for——"

"Oh, don't say how long. The younger one is two years older than myself."

"No, Mark; Beck is exactly your own age."

"Then I'm determined to call myself five-and-thirty the first opportunity I have. She shall have three years tacked to her for the coming into the world along with me."

"Sally is only thirty-four."

"Only! the idea of saying *only* to thirty-four."

"They don't look within eight or nine years of it, I declare. I suppose you will scarcely detect the slightest change in them."

"So much the worse. Any change would improve them in my eyes."

"And the Captain too. He, I believe, is now commodore."

"I perceive there is no change in the mode of travel," said Mark, pointing to the trunks. "The heavy luggage used always to arrive the day before they drove up in their vile Irish jaunting-car. Do they still come in that fashion?"

"Yes; and I really believe with the same horse they had long, long ago."

"A flea-bitten mare, with a twisted tail?"

"The very same," cried she, laughing. "I'll certainly tell Beck how well you remember their horse. She'll take it as a flattery."

"Tell her what you like—she'll soon find out how much flattery she has to expect from *me!*" After a short pause, in which he made two ineffectual attempts to light a cigar, and slightly burned his fingers, he said, "I'd not for a hundred pounds that Maitland had met them here—with simply stupid country gentry, he'd not care to notice their ways nor pay attention to their hum-drum habits; but these Grahams, with all their flagrant vulgarity, will be a temptation too irresistible, and he will leave this to associate us for ever in his mind with the two most ill-bred women in creation."

"You are quite unfair, Mark; they are greatly liked, at least people are glad to have them; and if we only had poor Tony Butler here, who used to manage them to perfection, they'd help us wonderfully with all the dulness around us."

"Thank heaven we have not. I'd certainly not face such a constellation as the three of them. I tell you frankly, that I'd pack my portmanteau and go over to Scotland if that fellow were to come here again."

"You're not likely to be driven to such an extremity, I suspect; but here comes papa, and I think he has been down at the Burnside; let us hear what news he has."

"It has no interest for *me*," said he, walking away, while she hastened out to meet Sir Arthur.

"No tidings, Alice—at least none that I can learn. Mrs Butler's headache still prevents her seeing me, though I could wager I saw her at work in the garden when I turned off the highroad."

"How strange! You suspect that she avoids you?"

"I am certain of it; and I went round by the minister's, thinking to have a talk with Stewart, and hear something that might explain this; but he was engaged in preparing his sermon, and begged me to excuse him."

"I wish we could get to the bottom of this mystery. Would she receive *me*, do you think, if I were to go over to the cottage?"

"Most likely not. I suspect whatever it be that has led to this estrangement will be a passing cloud; let us wait and see. Who are those coming up the bend of the road? The horse looks fagged enough, certainly."

"The Grahams, I declare! Oh, I must find Mark and let him be caught here when they arrive."

"Don't let the Commodore get at

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me before dinner, that's all I ask," said Sir Arthur, as he rode round to the stables.

When Isabella entered the house, she found Mark at the open window watching with an opera-glass the progress of the jaunting-car as it slowly wound along the turns of the approach, lost and seen as the woods intervened or opened.

"I cannot make it out at all, Alice," said he; "there are two men and two women, as well as I can see, besides the driver."

"No, no; they have their maid, whom you mistake for a man."

"Then the maid wears a wide-awake and a paletot. Look and see for yourself," and he handed the glass.

"I declare you are right—it is a man; he is beside Beck. Sally is on the side with her father."

"Are they capable of bringing some one along with them?" cried he in horror. "Do you think they would dare to take such a liberty as that here?"

"I'm certain they would not. It must be Kenrose the apothecary, who was coming to see one of the maids, or one of our own people, or——" Her further conjectures were cut short by the outburst of so strong an expletive as cannot be repeated; and Mark, pale as death, stammered out, "It's Maitland! Norman Maitland!"

"But how, Mark, do they know him?"

"Confound them! who can tell how it happened?" said he. "I'll not meet him—I'll leave the house—I'll not face such an indignity."

"But remember, Mark, none of us know your friend; we have not so much as seen him; and as he was to meet these people, it's all the better they came as acquaintances."

"That's all very fine," said he, angrily; "you can be beautifully philosophical about it, all because you haven't to go back to a mess-table and be badgered by all sorts of allusions and references to Maitland's capital story."

"Here they are, here they are!" cried Alice, and the next moment she was warmly embracing those dear friends to whose failings she was nowise blind, however ardent her late defence of them. Mark, meanwhile, had advanced towards Maitland, and gave him as cordial a welcome as he could command. "My sister Mrs Trafford—Mr Maitland," said he, and Alice gave her hand with a graceful cordiality to the new guest.

"I declare Mark is afraid that I'll kiss him," cried Beck. "Courage, *mon ami*, I'll not expose you in public."

"How are you? how are you?" cried the Commodore; "brown, brown, very brown; Indian sun. Lucky if the mischief is only skin-deep."

"Shake hands, Mark," said Sally, in a deep masculine voice; "don't bear malice though I did pitch you out of the boat that day."

Mark was, however, happily, too much engaged with his friend to have heard the speech. He was eagerly listening to Maitland's account of his first meeting with the Grahams.

"My lucky star was in the ascendant, for there I stood," said Maitland, "in the great square of Bally—Bally——"

"Ballamena," broke in Beck; "and there's no great square in the place; but you stood in a very dirty stable-yard in a much greater passion than such a fine gentleman should ever give way to."

"Calling 'A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!'"

"It was a chaise and pair *I* heard, and you were well laughed at for your demand. The baker offered you a seat, which you rejected with dismay; and, to tell the truth, it was half in the hope of witnessing another outburst of your indignation that I went across and said, 'Would you accept a place beside me, sir?'"

"And was I not overwhelmed with joy—was it not in a transport of gratitude that I embraced your offer?"

"I know you very nearly embraced my maid as you lifted her off the car."

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"And, by the way, where is Patience?" added Mrs Trafford.

"She's coming on, some fashion, with the swell's luggage," added she, dropping her voice to a whisper—"eight trunks, eleven carpet-bags, and four dressing-boxes, besides what I thought was a show-box, but is only a shower-bath."

"My people will take every care of her," said Maitland.

"Is Fenton still with you?" asked Mark.

"Yes; he had some thoughts of leaving me lately; he said he thought he'd like to retire—that he'd take a consulate or a barrackmastership—but I laughed him out of it."

Sir Arthur and Lady Lyle had now come down to welcome the new arrivals; and greetings and welcomes and felicitations resounded on all sides.

"Come along with me, Maitland," said Mark, hurrying his friend away. "Let me show you your quarters;" and as he moved off he added, "What a piece of ill-luck it was that you should have chanced upon the greatest bores of our acquaintance!—people so detestable to me, that if I hadn't been expecting your visit I'd have left the house this morning."

"I don't know that," said Maitland, half languidly; "perhaps I have grown more tolerant, or more indifferent—what may be another name for the same thing—but I rather liked the young women. Have we any more stairs to mount?"

"No; here you are;" and Mark reddened a little at the impertinent question. "I have put you here, because this was an old *garçon* apartment I arranged for myself before I came back from India; and you have your bath-room yonder, and your servant, on the other side of the terrace."

"It's all very nice, and seems very quiet," said Maitland.

"As to that, you'll not have to complain: except the plash of the sea at the foot of those cliffs, you'll never hear a sound here."

"It's a bold thing of you to make me so comfortable, Lyle. When I wrote to you to say I was coming, my head was full of what we call country-house life, with all its bustle and racket—noisy breakfasts and noisier luncheons, with dinners as numerous as *tables d'hôte*. I never dreamed of such a paradise as this. May I dine here all alone when in the humour?"

"You are to be all your own master, and to do exactly as you please. I need not say, though, that I will scarce forgive you if you grudge us your company."

"I'm not always up to society. I'm growing a little footsore with the world, Lyle, and like to lie down in the shade."

"Lewis told me you were writing a book—a novel, I think he said," said Mark.

"I write a book! I never thought of such a thing. Why, my dear Lyle, the fellows who—like myself—know the whole thing, never write! Haven't you often remarked that a man who has passed years of life in a foreign city loses all power of depicting its traits of peculiarity, just because, from habit, they have ceased to strike him as strange? So it is. Your thorough man of the world knows life too well to describe it. No, no; it is the creature that stands furtively in the flats that can depict what goes on in the comedy. Who are your guests?"

Mark ran over the names carelessly.

"All new to me, and I to them. Don't introduce me, Mark; leave me to shake down in any bivouac that may offer. I'll not be a bear if people don't bait me. You understand?"

"Perhaps I do."

"There are no foreigners? that's a loss. They season society though they never make it, and there's an evasive softness in French that contributes much to the courtesies of life. So it is—the habits of the Continent to the wearied man of the world are just like loose slippers to a gouty man. People learn to be intimate there without being over familiar—a great point, Mark."

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"By the way—talking of that same familiarity—therewas a young fellow who got the habit of coming here, before I returned from India, on such easy terms, that I found him installed like one of ourselves. He had his room, his saddle-horse, a servant that waited on him, and who did his orders, as if he were a son of the family. I cut the thing very short when I came home, by giving him a message to do some trifling service, just as I would have told my valet. He resented, left the house, and sent me this letter next morning."

"Not much given to letter-writing, I see," muttered Maitland, as he read over Tony's epistle; "but still the thing is reasonably well put, and means to say, Give me a chance, and I'm ready for you. What's the name? Buller?"

"No; Butler—Tony Butler they call him here."

"What Butlers does he belong to?" asked Maitland, with more interest in his manner.

"No Butlers at all—at least none of any standing. My sisters, who swear by this fellow, will tell you that his father was a colonel and C. B., and I don't know what else; and that his uncle was, and I believe is, a certain Sir Omerod Butler, minister or ex-minister somewhere; but I have my doubts of all the fine parentage, seeing that this youth lives with his mother in a cottage here that stands in the rent-roll at £18 per annum."

"There is a Sir Omerod Butler," said Maitland, with a slow, thoughtful enunciation.

"But, if he be this youth's uncle, he never knows nor recognises him. My sister, Mrs Trafford, has the whole story of these people, and will be charmed to tell it to you."

"I have no curiosity in the matter," said Maitland, languidly. "The world is really so very small, that by the time a man reaches my age, he knows every one that is to be known in it. And so," said he, as he looked again at the letter, "he went off, after sending you the letter?"

"Yes, he left this the same day."

"And where for?"

"I never asked. The girls, I suppose, know all about his movements. I overhear mutterings about poor Tony at every turn. Tell me, Maitland," added he, with more earnestness, "is this letter a thing I can notice? Is it not a regular provocation?"

"It is, and it is not," said Maitland, as he lighted a cigar, puffing the smoke leisurely between his words. "If he were a man that you would chance upon at every moment, meet at your club, or sit opposite at dinner, the thing would fester into a sore in its own time; but here is a fellow, it may be, that you'll never see again, or if so, but on distant terms: I'd say, put the document with your tailor's bills, and think no more of it."

Lyle nodded an assent and was silent.

"I say, Lyle," added Maitland, after a moment, "I'd advise you never to speak of the fellow—never discuss him. If your sisters bring up his name, let it drop unnoticed; it is the only way to put the tombstone on such memories. What is your dinner-hour here?"

"Late enough, even for you—eight."

"That *is* civilised. I'll come down—at least to-day," said he, after a brief pause; "and now leave me."

When Lyle withdrew, Maitland leaned on the window-sill, and ranged his eyes over the bold coast-line beneath him. It was not, however, to admire the bold promontory of Fairhead, or the sweeping shore that shelved at its base; nor was it to gaze on the rugged outline of those perilous rocks which stretched from the Causeway far into the open sea;—his mind was far far away from the spot, deep in cares and wiles and schemes, for his was an intriguing head, and had its own store of knaveries.

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CAXTONIANA:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON LIFE, LITERATURE, AND MANNERS.

By the Author of 'The Caxton Family.'

CONCLUSION.

NO. XXV.—READERS AND WRITERS.

READING without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain ; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life as languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigour to cope with their own generation; for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth in its contests for fame or fortune.

Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth.

He is seldom over-worked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business despatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self : when an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his.

Be not contented to have learnt a problem by heart ; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book.

Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalise ; but it is only when details are generalised that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalise is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature, or action. The habit of generalising, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment, and a promptitude of decision, which seem to the crowd like the intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent, than the facility of generalising the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent ; but all of which can be only gathered into a single whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

Invention implies the power of generalisation, for an invention is but the combining of many details known before, into a new whole, and for new results.

Upon any given point, contradic-

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tory evidence seldom puzzles the man who has mastered the laws of evidence; but he knows little of the laws of evidence who has not studied the unwritten law of the human heart. And without this last knowledge a man of action will not attain to the practical, nor will a poet achieve the ideal.

He who has no sympathy never knows the human heart; but the obtrusive parade of sympathy is incompatible with dignity of character in a man, or with dignity of style in a writer. Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of the perfect man, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence.

In science, address the few; in literature, the many. In science, the few must dictate opinion to the many; in literature, the many, sooner or later, force their judgment on the few. But the few and the many are not necessarily the few and the many of the passing time: for discoverers in science have not unoften, in their own day, had the few against them; and writers the most permanently popular not unfrequently found, in their own day, a frigid reception from the many. By the few, I mean those who must ever remain the few, from whose dicta we, the multitude, take fame upon trust; by the many, I mean those who constitute the multitude in the long-run. We take the fame of a Harvey or a Newton upon trust, from the verdict of the few in successive generations; but the few could never persuade us to take poets and novelists on trust. We, the many, judge for ourselves of Shakespeare and Cervantes.

He who addresses the abstract reason, addresses an audience that must for ever be limited to the few; he who addresses the passions, the feelings, the humours, which we all have in common, addresses an audience that must for ever compose the many. But either writer, in proportion to his ultimate renown, embodies some new truth, and new truths require new generations for cordial welcome. This much I would say meanwhile, Doubt the permanent fame of any work of science which makes immediate reputation with the ignorant multitude; doubt the permanent fame of any work of imagination which is at once applauded by the critical few.

NO. XXVI.—ON THE SPIRIT OF CONSERVATISM.

In every political state which admits of the free expression of opinion, it is a trite commonplace to say that there will always be two main divisions of political reasoners—viz., a class predisposed to innovate; a class predisposed to conserve. But there will be also two other divisions of reasoners, sometimes blended with, often distinct from, those that have just been defined—viz., a class predisposed to all theories that strengthen the power of the body governed; and a class predisposed to all doctrines that confirm the authority of the body governing. Prevalent with the one is a passion for political liberty, which, when carried to extreme, is fanatical; prevalent with the other is a reverence for civil order, which, when carried to extreme, is superstitious. It does not necessarily happen that the class most predisposed to conserve is identical with the class most inclined to confirm the sway of the governing body; nor that the class most predisposed to innovate should be that most inclined to strengthen the body governed. There are times when political liberty is clearly with the conservative side, and its loss is insured by the triumph of the innovating. Cæsar was an innovator, Brutus a conservative. But the cause of freedom was certainly with Brutus, and not with Cæsar. In democratic re-

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publics, we may, indeed, fairly assume that the liberties their institutions comprise are opposed to innovation. Thus, the American constitution presents a check to all tamperings with its main principles, which no existent constitutional monarchy has secured. The constitution of the United States cannot be legally altered by the votes of a mere majority. Such alteration requires the votes of two-thirds of the Assembly. So, more or less, in every community where a considerable degree of political freedom is possessed by the people, experiments which seem to involve any hazards to the duration of the liberties existing, though proffered as extensions and accelerants of their action, may be regarded, by the most devoted friends of a people's freedom, with the same disfavour with which the trustee for the enjoyers of a solid estate would listen to proposals to hazard punctual rents and solid acres for shares in a company which offers 20 per cent and the chances of bankruptcy.

It is with liberty as with all else worth having in life. The first thing is to get it, the next thing is to keep it, the third thing is to increase what we have. But if we are not without common prudence, our wariness in speculation is in proportion to the amount of the property we already possess. In desperate circumstances it is worth hazarding a shilling to gain a plum. In affluence it is not worth hazarding a plum to gain a shilling.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," says, not unwisely, the young daredevil who can scarcely be worse off than he is. "Venture all and have nothing," says, at least as wisely, the middle-aged millionaire, besieged by ingenious projectors, who, proving to his complete satisfaction that English funds yield but a small interest, invite him to exchange his stock in consols for shares in the wonderful diamond-mines just discovered in the Mountains of the Moon.

Why do English funds yield us but 3½ per cent, when we can get twice as much in the Spanish, and almost thrice as much in the Turkish? Simply because, though the interest is smaller, the capital is more secure.

The capital of English freedom is the accumulation of centuries; and the interest derived from it, as compared with that of younger free states, is to be computed at the difference between the rent of soil lately wrung from the wilderness, and that which is paid for the building-ground of cities.

I am, and, as long as I live, I believe I shall be, a passionate lover of freedom. Individually, freedom is the vital necessity of my being. I cannot endure to cripple my personal freedom for anything less than my obligation to duty. What I, as man, thus prize for myself, I assume that each community of men should no less ardently prize.

Now, a man will develop his uses, and tend towards the nearest approach to the perfectibility of his being, in proportion as freedom and duty so harmonise in his motives and actions, that, in his ordinary course of life, he can scarcely distinguish one from the other. If I desire and will to do that which I ought to do, and desire and will not to do that which I ought not to do, my freedom and my duty are practically one—my restraints are in reality the essential properties of my own nature. If, for instance, the principle of honour has become part and parcel of my mind, I cannot pick pockets — the law against picking pockets is no restraint on me. If the law permitted me to do so, I still should not and could not pick a pocket.

As it is with a man, so it is with a state—that state will be the best in which liberty and order so, as it were, fuse into each other, that the conditions prescribed by order are not felt as restraints on liberty.

And as with a man so with a state; the amalgamation of freedom and duty is the unconscious result of habit—the custom of liberty in-

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corporates with its motives and actions the custom of order.

Any violent or sudden change in the conditions of this marriage-bond between freedom and duty must inflict a shock on their union. If the habitual use of my freedom in certain directions has always led me to a definite course of duties, you cannot abruptly alter those duties but what you must impair my freedom.

Thus where the mind of a nation has been so formed by its institutions that all the restraints imposed by law are made by custom consentaneous to the normal operations of liberty, you cannot raise up new institutions, enforcing restraints to which liberty is unfamiliar, but what you sow the seeds of a quarrel between liberty and order.

Hence even a mere change of dynasty, though in itself it may be the best for liberty and order in a later generation, will often sever liberty and order for the generation on which it is brought to bear.

The introduction of the Guelphs to the exclusion of the Stuarts was no doubt a fortunate event for the ultimate destinies of the British nation. But, for the then living race, it shocked the liberty of those who honoured the old line, and imperilled order to those who preferred the new.

Although the laws went on the same under George the Guelph as under Anne the Stuart—although scarcely one in ten thousand of those whom the change disaffected could have been worse off or better off for the name of the king on the throne—still what was loyalty to one part of the people seemed treason to the other part. The result was rebellion in those who conceived that their liberty of choice in the election of their sovereign was aggrieved; and, so far as we can judge, that rebellion would have been successful if Charles Edward had marched upon London instead of retreating from Derby. Had the rebellion been successful, those over whom it triumphed would have thought their liberty aggrieved. Time is the only reconciler—that is, change ceases to interrupt the union of liberty and order when it ceases to be felt as change, and when custom has again brought about the union which the infringement of custom had severed.

But where, instead of a dynasty, it is a change of institutions, affecting all the habitual relationships between duty and freedom in the minds of citizens, the danger, if less violent, is likely to prove more mortal to the wellbeing of the community. Freedom, and all its noblest consequences in the development of intellectual riches, may, we will say for the sake of argument, be equally operative under a constitutional monarchy or a well-educated democracy. But if all the habits of political thought and motive have been formed under the one, they could not be transferred to the other without that revolution of the entire system which no organised body can long survive. If I were an American, I should regard as the worst affliction that could befall my country the substitution for democracy, with all its faults, of a constitutional monarchy, with all its merits; because my countrymen would have been accustomed to associate their elementary ideas of liberty with republican institutions: So, being an Englishman, I should regard it as the worst affliction that could befall my countrymen, to substitute for constitutional monarchy a democratic republic; because all their habits of mind are formed on the notion that liberty, on the whole, is safer, and the dignity of life is higher, where the institutions essential to the duration of constitutional monarchy make the representatives of the public interests other than the paid servants of a class that must of necessity be the least educated and the most excitable.

The favourite reproach to a conservative policy is, that it is not in favour of progress. But there is nothing in a conservative policy

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antagonistic to progress; on the contrary, resistance to progress is destructive to conservatism.

Political conservatism can but seek the health and longevity of the political body it desires to conserve. To a state, progress is as essential as exercise is to a man. But a state has this advantage over a man, that while it is in robust health its mere exercise must, of necessity, be progress. If Science is always experimenting, if Art is always inventing, if Commerce is always exchanging, if looms are always at work, the state cannot fail to make progress; whereas I, as individual man, cannot say that my habitual walk is always in the direction of a journey towards objects yet unreached, or my habitual occupation in my study necessarily conducive to the discovery of a new truth.

A nation's habitual employment, while the nation is in health, is, then, of necessity reproductive; a man's is not.

Therefore a true conservative policy is for a nation the policy of progress, because without exercise the body politic would languish and die; and with exercise it must, if in health, augment the resources which furnish strength against external enemies, and, by widening the markets of labour, interest a wider range of citizens in the maintenance of domestic order.

But progress does not mean transformation; it means the advance towards the fullest development of forces of which any given human organisation, whether it be a man's or a society's, is capable. What is progress in one state may be paralysis to another. Each state is an integral unity; it has, when free, not otherwise—as man, when free, not otherwise—the powers within itself to improve all the faculties which it takes from birth. It cannot, any more than a man can do, alter its whole idiosyncrasies into those of another organised unity which you present to it as a model.

Suppose you had said to Shakespeare, "Friend, you have considerable talents; do not throw them away on the contemptible occupation of a play-writer. Be a philosopher. Look at your contemporary Bacon: how much higher is his fame and his station than yours! You are ambitious of progress—be a Bacon!"

If Shakespeare had listened to your advice he would not have been a Shakespeare, and it is my belief that he would not have been a Bacon. If, on the other hand, you had said to Bacon, "Friend, you have very great genius, especially in the study of nature. But see how all schools of philosophy perish. You are destroying the authority of Aristotle, to be destroyed yourself by some other bold guesser hereafter. Poets alone are sure of immortality; they are the truest diviners of nature. You put down Aristotle, but who can put down Horace? He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verse builds it in granite. Write poems—poetry is clearly a progress from prose. Write a tragedy out of one of those novels on your table, 'Romeo and Juliet,' or 'Othello.'"

Had Bacon taken your advice, he would not have been a Bacon: my belief is that he would never have been a Shakespeare. It is the same with states; the more highly they are gifted in one development of faculties, the less it would be progress to turn aside to another. Each leading state in civilised Europe has its idiosyncrasies; its real progress is in developing those idiosyncrasies; its real annihilation of its own highest attributes would be to exchange its own for the idiosyncrasies of another state.

Conservatism, rightly considered, is the policy which conserves the body politic in the highest condition of health of which it is capable, compatible with longevity. I make that reserve, because I may for a season attain to a higher condition of muscular strength by putting myself under a trainer, or scaling the

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Swiss mountains; but in so doing I may sow the germs of some malady which may shorten my life.

Conservatism accepts cheerfully the maxim of Bentham, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," provided it may add this indispensable condition, "for the longest period of time." The greatest happiness of the greatest number may consist, for the moment, in the greatest number having their own way in something which will be their greatest misery in the long-run. The greatest number in the reign of King James I. thought it was especial happiness to put to death the old women whom they believed to be witches. The greatest happiness of the greatest number on board a ship may be, for the moment, to get at the rum-barrels, and shoot down the captain who stands in their way. But it is not for the greatest happiness of any population, in the long-run, to admit sanguinary superstitions into their criminal code, nor for the greatest happiness of a crew, in the long-run, to get drunk and to murder their captain.

Duration is an essential element of all plans for happiness, private or public; and conservatism looks to the durable in all its ideas of improvement.

But duration means the duration of a something definite in politics; that something is the body politic—the Nation. A conservative party must be national, or it is nothing.

Now, in politics there are two grand theories, each antagonistic to all principles mean and selfish. The one theory is Philanthropy, the other Patriotism — a care for the whole human race, or a care for the whole community to which we belong. The tendency of the more popular party will be towards the first, the tendency of the less popular party towards the last. In the popular sentiment of masses, the cause of fellow-men creates more enthusiasm than the interests of fellow-countrymen. Oligarchies, on the other hand, have small regard for mankind in the concrete, but are capable of great enthusiasm for a state. It is difficult to conceive more passionate devotion for a state than was shown by the oligarchies of Sparta and Venice. In communities which admit to the masses a large share of political power, a conservative statesman must consult that sentiment of universal philanthropy which in itself is noble—but not at the hazard of the state, which must be his first care. Masses could easily be led to a war against some absolute sovereign oppressing his subjects—oligarchies in alliance with the sovereign might assist him to oppress his subjects. The conservative statesman of a free country remains neutral. It is not for the good of his country to lavish blood and treasure on the internal quarrels of other countries. By here consulting Patriotism, he in truth advances Philanthropy, for it is to the benefit of all nations that each nation should settle its own quarrels for itself.

Patriotism is a safer principle, both for a state and the human race, than Philanthropy. Sancho Panza administering his island is a better model than Don Quixote sallying forth to right the ways of the universe.

Philanthropy, like glory, is a circle in the water,

> "Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought."

But an enlightened love of country comprehends the objects of Philanthropy, without making Philanthropy its avowed object. That is to say, a man who has an enlightened love for his country will seek to identify its interests with a just and humane policy — with scrupulous faith in the fulfilment of engagements—with a respect, as inviolably preserved toward weak as toward strong powers—not only

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of the law, but of the comity, of nations; and thus, in a word, he will strive to render the well-being of the state to which he belongs conducive to the catholic and enduring interests of the varied communities of mankind. But just as an individual would become an intolerable plague to his neighbours if he were always interfering with their domestic affairs, though with the best intentions; so a weak state would become ridiculous, and a strong state tyrannical, if, under the pretext of general philanthropy, it sought to force its own notions of right or wrong, of liberty or order, upon states not subjected to its sovereignty. As it is only through self-development that any community can mature its own elements of happiness or grandeur, so non-intervention is in truth the policy not more of wisdom than of respect for humanity, without which love for humanity is an intermeddling mischief-maker. Nevertheless, where the internal feuds of any one nation assume a character so formidable as to threaten the peace of other nations, intervention may become the necessity of self-preservation. But the plea of self-preservation should be irrefragably a sound one, and not, as it usually is, an excuse for self-aggrandisement, in profiting by the dissensions which the intermeddler foments for his own crafty ends.

It has been a question frequently discussed of late, and by no means satisfactorily settled, how far non-interference in the domestic feuds of other nations admits of the frank expression of opinion—the freedom of remonstrance—the volunteered suggestion of a policy. But in free communities it would be utterly impossible for a minister to refrain from conveying to a foreign government the public sentiment of his country. The popular chamber would not allow him to be silent where a popular cause seemed at stake. To express opinions—to address remonstrances—are acts in themselves perfectly compatible with friendship, provided the tone be friendly. But for one government to volunteer, in detail, schemes of policy for the adoption of another independent government, is seldom a prudent venture. It is too calculated to wound the dignity of the state advised, not to provoke an answer which wounds the dignity of the state advising. Exceptions may arise, but they should be regarded with great caution. For there is scarcely an exception that does not engender on both sides those resentments of mortified self-esteem which, if they do not suffice to create war at once, render states more disposed to find excuses for war later.

Political freedom is, or ought to be, the best guarantee for the safety and continuance of spiritual, mental, and civil freedom. It is the combination of numbers to secure the liberty of each one.

Therefore, as each community is a life in itself, so each community, to be free, should be independent of others.

Every state, to be independent, must contain the elements of a power sufficient, under all existent circumstances, without it and within, to maintain itself.

It may not, if a small and weak state, be able in itself to stand against any one powerful aggressive neighbour, but it may so enlist the interests of all its neighbours, that if one attacks it, all the others will combine to defend it. This is the case of Switzerland. All Europe has this interest in Switzerland—that it would be unsafe for Europe that Switzerland should be engulfed either by Austria or by France. The interest of Europe guarantees the independence of Switzerland.

Non-intervention is the cardinal law of conservatism, which enjoins to every community self-preservation. It is this law which must determine a conservative policy in all foreign wars, or alliances for mutual defence.

The first invasion of the French

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frontiers, with the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, may have been in itself right or wrong, but cannot be excused by any of the principles which guide a conservative policy; because the first immutable necessity of any state that would conserve its own independence, is to admit of no special pleading to show that the independence of any sovereign state can be morally interfered with, so long as its action is confined to its own boundaries.

But the league of the European monarchies against the first Napoleon was a conservative action, because the first Napoleon threatened all those monarchies, and virtually invaded each the moment he invaded one, without other pretext than such as Force can always forge for the vindication of conquest.

Alliances tending to check any one state from invading others are the natural precaution of a conservative policy. The choice of such alliances, the conditions to which they pledge us, are questions not of principle, but of expediency; they belong not to all time, but to each time, bringing forth its own mutable causes of apprehension. And here for statesmanship there can be no precise rule, because in time there is no exact precedent.

To sum up:—The true conservative policy in any given state is in self-preservation; and self-preservation does not confine itself to the mere care for existence, but extends to all that can keep the body politic in the highest state of health and vigour: therefore progress and development of forces are essential to self-preservation. But according to a conservative policy, such progress and such development will always be encouraged with a due regard to the idiosyncratic character of a state, such as it has been made by time and circumstance — to the institutions which have not only become endeared to it by custom, but have contributed to consolidate the national unity by forming and systematising the national spirit and mind. A conservative policy in England will favour peace, if only because England is essentially a commercial commonwealth, and its real sinews of strength are in its financial resources. War exposes commerce to hazard, and financial resources to an indefinite drain. But, even upon that ground, a conservative policy cannot accept peace at all hazards, because no commerce would be long safe under a flag dishonoured or despised. A conservative policy in England would vigilantly guard our maritime power, and spare no cost necessary to maintain a navy superior to that of any other single European Power; but it would regard with great jealousy any attempt to maintain, in England itself, more than the well-disciplined nucleus and framework of a standing army. It has to conserve political liberty as the most precious of all heirlooms; and a nation once reconciled to the maintenance of large standing armies, submits its liberties to the mercy of accident. A state must, for durability, as I have said, conserve its special national character; and the national character of England will be lost whenever it shall see with apathy large standing armies within its own shores. One of the obvious advantages of military colonies is the facility they afford for maintaining therein such military strength as may be necessary for the protection of the empire, without quartering large bodies of troops in England, to the danger of freedom; and therefore it is a very shallow view of Imperial policy, to ascribe solely to our colonial wants the military forces kept in colonies, and exclaim "See what these colonies cost us!" If we had no troops in colonies, we must either be without adequate military force, or we must obtain such adequate military force at the risk of freedom, by collecting and converging it into garrisons at home.

Lastly, the statesman who would maintain a conservative policy for England has always to bear in mind that any state which attains to a wealth, an influence, a grandeur

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disproportioned to its native population, or the extent of its native dominion, owes its rank rather to causes that may be called complicated and artificial than to causes simple and natural. The prosperity and power of France recover with a bound after numerous shocks upon internal order and commercial credit. But a single one of such shocks might suffice to destroy for a century, perhaps for ever, the rank of England among first-rate Powers; and therefore, English statesmen have to consider many political questions, not only on their own abstract merits, but with due regard to their collateral bearings upon the national wellbeing. It is for this reason, perhaps, that in England a truly conservative politician, though without any undue apprehension of revolutionary tendencies among the bulk of the population, would seek to preserve the preponderating electoral power among the middle classes; because with them there is, upon the whole, a larger amount of education and forethought than could be reasonably expected from numbers subsisting upon manual labour. But as free nations are governed either by the preponderance of numbers or by the ascendancy of cultivated intelligence, so a conservative policy, if it do not maintain itself in power by the first, must seek to conciliate and identify itself with the second. It should have no fear of the calm spread of knowledge; its real antagonist is in the passionate force of ignorance. As it seeks to develop in the state whatever is best for the state's preservation in its highest form of integral unity, so certainly it should befriend and foster all the intellectual powers which enrich and adorn a state—seeking, irrespectively of class, to honour and ally itself with all that ennobles the people it guards. It should be the friend of commerce, of art, of science, of letters, and should carefully keep open every vista by which merit can win its way to distinction; for the best mode to aristocratise the sentiment of a population is to revere, as the finest element of aristocracy, every merit which, conquering obstacles of birth and fortune, rises up into distinction, and adds a new dignity to the nation itself.

NO. XXVII.—THOUGHTS ON POLITICS.

Distinguish carefully between what it is wise to think and what it is wisdom to do. As a philosopher you may advance the cause of mankind in constructing theories of a perfect government, by which you would destroy a nation could you put them into immediate practice. A profound writer seeks to say what has never been said before; a profound statesman is loth to legislate till all that can be said upon the subject has been said. The first opens the case of truth—the last sums up after all the evidence is put in. The time at which to deliver judgment is not regulated by the pendulum, for nations go by the weather-glass, and not by the clock.

In the constitution of man, what we call disease is the effort of nature to recover health. The morbid elements have been at work unperceived during the time we fancied ourselves well. So it is with states; the violent disorder is a struggle for the dislodgment of morbid matter. True; but in both the effort for recovery may kill. The worst sign for the man is when, in despair of the physician, he calls in the quack; the worst sign for the state is when it dismisses the statesman to trust in the demagogue.

The most common death of liberty is suicide.

Whenever liberty and order are formally arrayed against each other,

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order must eventually triumph; and if the strife be long and bloody, despotism will be invariably accepted as the firmest assertor of order. If there had been no Brutus, there could have been no Augustus. The populace seeks to destroy whatever it has been accustomed to regard as its counterpoise without consideration of the consequences. Thus the Roman populace assented to the dictatorship of Cæsar in its habitual strife against its counterpoise in the aristocracy represented by Pompey. It conceived that it obtained a triumph for freedom when the flower of the patricians perished at Pharsalia and Philippi, and consummated the victory of the multitude by establishing the rule of the autocrat.

Popular representation in a community should be preceded by local self-government. We lay deep and sure foundations for the freedom of a people when we secure free municipalities to the subdivisions of an empire. And on these foundations the throne even of an absolute monarch may still rest for a considerable time, because, in proportion as men are left to enjoy the liberty of making their own laws and choosing their own magistrates in their immediate circle of action, the more willingly they submit to the sovereign authority under which that liberty is exercised. Besides, in free municipalities there must necessarily spring up rival parties. Suppose a town in which the vast majority of the burgesses are democratic, but in which the offices are appointed by the centralising sovereign executive, the democratic spirit will be sure some day or other to find a revolutionary vent against the sovereign executive itself. Remove this central authority—open to all the burgesses by popular election all the offices through which the affairs of the town are administered—let the most democratic of the citizens be the first officers elected,—the ambition of the rest will form a party against them, and in a few years the law of competition alone will create an anti-democratical party. Where two or more parties are thus called into existence, neither can govern in the long-run without a check from its antagonist, and institutions rarely perish so long as they take repair from one party and defence from another.

The Roman Empire, in spite of its inherent weakness and odious vices, maintained its hold over its subjects by leaving to towns so large a share of self-government. When the Empire perished the municipalities remained, and out of them grew the free republics of the middle ages.

The freedom of the press is the most popular institution in Great Britain, and we are apt to estimate the liberty of other nations according to the licence permitted to its journals. But we ourselves do not permit the free expression of opinion through organs in which that expression is not familiarised to our habits. No play that treated of political affairs or public character with the frankness of a newspaper could appear on our boards. For this distinction between a play and a newspaper, no doubt, there are excellent reasons, to which excellent answers could be given. But when all is said, this simple truth would remain:—That legislators, however bold, do not volunteer vents for opinion not demanded by the public; and a public, however free, do not vehemently insist upon vents for opinion which custom has not rendered essential to their notions of freedom. This consideration should make us more forbearing to foreign governments—such as the Italian, in which a free press is as unfamiliar an experiment as a free stage is with us.

A free debating chamber is the only safety-valve for the popular excitement which can be occasioned by the action of a free press. Even with us the public would be constantly misled upon public affairs and the characters and actions of leading politicians, if a Minister

could not be questioned *viva voce* in Parliament. Where a state is not ripe for unshackled freedom of debate, it is, therefore, not ripe for unshackled freedom of the press. But freedom of debate once established, the freedom of the press must inevitably follow ; and each acting on the other to the joint security of both, the result, in well-ordered states, is an insensible check to the licentiousness of either. For it is the very function of the press to be a critic on the debate, and the necessity of debate to be an emendator of the press. And any constitutional government which, by corrupting the one, transfers to the other a disproportionate influence over public opinion, destroys its own surest safeguard. Thus the throne of Louis Philippe was doomed when the French press obtained over public opinion an influence denied to the representative Chamber, from the belief that the press was honest and the Chamber venal. The chief political power of the press is concentred in its daily journals ; but however honest and however able the journalism of any given state or time may be, its very nature necessitates animated appeals to the passion of the day, without that deliberate consideration of consequences to be felt in the morrow, which is the proper care of legislative assemblies when wisely constituted. Journalism is therefore in itself more fitted to destroy bad governments than to construct foundations for good ones. And thus, where journalism is potent upon popular action, and the representative assembly comparatively disregarded, political changes will be characterised by abundant energy and defective forethought. As the agent of the day, journalism does but the work of the day — the work of the morrow is left for the men of the morrow. But where the law of reaction has not been taken into account, the men of the morrow are seized with alarm at the work which was lauded the day before. What was called the reasoning of freedom when a something is to be pulled down, is called the madness of licence when a something is to be built up. And the press which assisted to a revolution that threatens the men of the morrow with anarchy, is sure to be silenced by the first revolution which promises restoration to order.

The commencement of civilisation is in the desire of individual possession ; and in proportion as civilisation spreads, that desire becomes its prevailing passion. Security of property is thus more valued in highly-civilised communities than even security of life. Men will shed their blood, for some cause they scarcely comprehend, at the bidding of a sovereign, to whom they would not concede the illegal tax of a shilling.

Foreign wars, however unpopular, never, or rarely, produce intestine rebellion. But the financial distress which follows a war the most popular, is the most dangerous cause of revolutions.

Every form of government in which the expenditure habitually exceeds the revenue, is doomed to undergo a vital change. The more hopelessly the finances are disordered, the more violent in all probability the change. Thus despotic governments may become democratised, and republican institutions may become monarchical.

L'ENVOI.

Here ends the series of Essays to which I have given the general name of Caxtoniana ; for the subjects of most of them suggested themselves to me while embodying in the form of romance that experience of the world we live in which is expressed in the novels ascribed to Pisistratus Caxton.

And as the subjects thus sug-

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gested could find no adequate scope in the orderly treatment of narrative fiction, they have been, herein, followed out in their own wayward tracks of discourse; suggesting in their turn other themes for speculation or criticism, in the old-fashioned field of *belles lettres* to which this mixed kind of Essay belongs.

So, at last, the Caxtoniana have swelled into volumes, now dismissed to their fate. May they find some modest place in the shelves that make room for the fictions to which they trace their origin and owe their name!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Even if we wrote with the affectionate partiality of a friend, or that spirit of partisanship which creeps upon the biographer, we should still be unable to represent the 'Dramatic Works of Sheridan Knowles' as having any title to a permanent place in the literature of England. They were written for the stage, and will be forgotten when they cease to be acted. A few passages of poetic beauty, and many of grave earnest power, might be selected from them; but this is not enough to secure a standing-room for any length of time on the shelves of our crowded libraries. But Sheridan Knowles was enabled to obtain a hearing for himself in his own day and generation, and this is more than every man can accomplish. And no man who has accomplished this is altogether unworthy of a critical attention. We have not, on this occasion, with flourish of trumpets, to open the temple of Fame to some new claimant of poetic immortality. But here was one who wrought zealously and earnestly in his vocation. It seems fit that some valedictory word should be spoken; and we should have spoken it before, if, in the great multitude of subjects that oppress us, we could have found an opportunity. It seems fit that we should bid him farewell, even though we should bid farewell to his writings at the same time; we would not wish that the curtain should fall on both in perfect silence.

There is a well-understood distinction between the Playwright and the Dramatist. By the dramatist we mean a poet who writes for the theatre, or in that form which the theatre has sanctioned; by the playwright we understand a man who may succeed perfectly in putting a story upon the stage, and writing a dialogue which actors may make very effective, but to whom, nevertheless, we do *not* accord the title of poet. Now Sheridan Knowles is more playwright than dramatist, but he is not wholly the playwright; nor, on the other hand, is he a very able playwright, for both plot and dialogue are often defective when judged by the requirements of the stage. It would have been better, perhaps, for him, if he could have made a fair bargain with the Fates, and relinquished what little he had of the poet in his composition, for a more complete mastery of his business as a playwright. But so stands the account with him: while he often wrote unskilfully for the stage, he also sometimes wrote so well as to make us regret that, with the failure of his piece, all the labour and talent bestowed on it were irremediably lost.

How is it that we have learnt to

'The Dramatic Works of James Sheridan Knowles.' A new edition, in one volume.

'A Sermon occasioned by the Death of James Sheridan Knowles, Esq.; with a Sketch of his Christian Character and Life.' By Alfred C. Thomas, Minister of Cross Street Chapel, Islington.

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draw this distinction between the literature of the stage and all other literature? A play may be very successful, and yet by no means worth reading. Few people take the trouble to read the successful play of the season, and only the theatrical critic cares to discuss its merits; and yet the highest poetry we have was written for the stage, and, moreover, still holds possession of the stage. How it came to be written for the stage has been often explained by the simple fact that, in olden times, the printed book had not yet superseded all other modes of communication between the thinking man and the outer world. The book is incomparably the best vehicle for whatever demands a close and earnest attention for its comprehension, and the higher thinker will now always have recourse to it. But the poet in olden time who wanted a large audience found it in the theatre; and the poet, and every man of genius, lies under the necessity of uttering himself forth to the world; he does not calculate what is wanted by others, but whatever is fermenting in his own mind, that he must in some way deliver himself of. It was Shakespeare and his contemporaries that made the theatre what it was in their day; it was no specific *demand* from pit or gallery that occasioned the specific *supply*. The audience received what the poet gave; and if he gave over-measure, neither he nor they had yet come to any precise calculation as to what might be easily or advantageously dispensed with. If any of this over-measure still keeps possession of the stage, let it be remembered that people have read their Shakespeare before they see it acted. The most intelligent audience in the world would be at a loss to appreciate what was subtle or profound in a play heard for the first time. But we all derive a new pleasure from hearing favourite passages which we have already studied, enunciated with complete histrionic effect. Already familiar with every thought and almost every expression of our Hamlets and our Lears, we are able to give ourselves up entirely to the delight of a skilful representation. Those who heard these tragedies for the first time seized upon the salient points, and found in these sufficient to make them highly attractive; but they could not have had the same high enjoyment that awaits a modern audience when the same dramas are now fitly represented.

This leads us to a remark which, in justice to the stage, ought not to be omitted. It is true that a play written expressly for the stage may have its chance of success diminished by certain high qualities of poetic thought and diction. But if such a play, otherwise suitable to the theatre, succeeded also as a written drama, and were extensively read, those very qualities which on its first representation might even tend to impede its success, would establish it as a permanent favourite with the public. The audience, no longer taxed to any extraordinary and indeed impossible effort of attention, would welcome the loftiest strains of their now estimated dramatist. Perhaps the only way in which a drama of highest excellence is likely to be added to our national repertory, is by the poet first writing for the reading public, with the purpose also of producing a piece fit for representation. Had the 'Sardanapalus' of Byron, for instance, been only a little more adapted to the stage, it might have become a popular piece. And this, too, might have been the case with the 'Cenci' of Shelley, if the subject had not been so revolting. How a man of pure and noble aspirations *could* have selected so detestable a theme for a highly-finished drama, has been always a great perplexity to us. And, again, who would not have been delighted to hear the strong, chaste, and manly strains of 'Philip van Artevelde' well delivered by a Macready, if only the drama had been shaped for the stage? He who writes directly and

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immediately for the theatre, whose sole object is the success of his piece, is not likely, we fear, to give us anything of the highest order of merit—anything which the world will not *very* willingly let die.

Sheridan Knowles stood exactly in this predicament: he wrote expressly for the stage; immediate success with the pit of a theatre was his very object. To that he had to apply whatever talent he possessed. He had to study the business and traditions of the stage—to learn what, from year to year, had pleased the pit, or what at least the pit had been accustomed to tolerate. It would not have been very safe for him, even if he had been so disposed, to go back, as it were, alone to human life, with nothing to guide him but his own intuitions or sympathies. It is stage-life, as well as human life, that he must study and depict.

And how strange a thing is this stage-life! What strange loves and hates, virtues and vices, ambitions and heroisms of all kinds, are seen moving about in this mimic world! If the stage does hold a mirror up to nature, it is one of those convex mirrors which produce very pretty pictures at times, very distinct, wherein many objects are gathered into a little space which the eye at once takes in (one secret of the pleasure both of the convex mirror and the work of art); but there is always some distortion; the proportions are never true. Love and ambition, as seen in this mirror, assume the most distracting forms. Every ambitious man seems to have sold himself to the devil, and sold his reason first of all—sold himself piecemeal—in order that he may stalk before us clothed in purple, and have the exquisite gratification of saying to his body-guard, "Take me that man and kill him!" This is the ordinary type of kingly ambition. As to love, its perfection is to be utterly irrational. That the amorous hero loves at first sight is to be expected, and is permissible. Many men love at first sight, and some there are who repeat the feat day after day. But the stage-lover, whose passion is but eye-deep, nevertheless loves with the constancy of a martyr. His is a passion which starts into existence like the lightning, but which flames persistent as the sun in heaven! Ye powers of Fate or Chance! ye can do nothing against it. There may be every reason in the world *not* to love—loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of self-respect; and the lady herself may be false as she is fair—there is every reason *not* to love, *therefore* he loves the more pertinaciously, and exacts louder and still louder plaudits for his miraculous constancy.

One would naturally suppose that what seems improbable when told to us, would be a still more flagrant improbability when acted. But it is not so; it is quite otherwise. The fact that a living man is there, speaking and moving before us, carries away our credence for the moment. Seeing is believing. We tremble for the madman before us, or laugh at his preposterous folly; but that he exists is manifest. We do not take the trouble at the time of reasoning him out of existence—of proving that he is, and must be, a nonentity. He asserts his reality to our very senses of sight and hearing. And this explains what we must all have observed, that many broad farces please upon the stage, which simply offend by their extravagance if we attempt to read them. When we read the printed book, we think of the author, and wonder that he could devise such improbable stuff; when we see the piece acted, the same extravagance makes us roar with laughter, because our incredulity is fairly overcome, and we think of nothing but the actual fool, or the intense absurdity before us.

Sheridan Knowles was not what we should describe as a born dramatist; he was led to write for the theatre by the accidents of his life. He had studied elocution; he

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had made it his profession to teach elocution; the skilful recitation of the best passages of our best dramatists would inevitably suggest the experiment of acting, and of even writing dramas. His literary talent would be induced to take this direction. But he manifests no peculiar original aptitude for the drama. It does not seem to have been the original bent of his mind to assume passions or trains of thought not really his own. He expresses well what he himself feels, but he does not throw himself heartily into his imaginary characters. Nor has he much versatility of style. He has no humour. If his plot requires, as he thinks, the introduction of a witty or humorous personage, it is evidently very hard work to find him in sufficient dialogue. Witness the character of Michael in the altogether lamentable tragedy of 'William Tell.' It is a laborious manufacture, something done to order, after a pattern that the theatre supplied him with. But though not a dramatic genius, Sheridan Knowles was an earnest man, and when he is expressing sentiments which might have been his own, we find him capable of vigour and of pathos. Amongst his plays there is one called 'The Daughter;' we cannot commend it for any novelty in the character, or any skill in the *denouement* of the story. What reception it met with on the stage we are unable to say; we should be very much surprised to hear that it was successful. But this play, because it had *a wicked practice to denounce* (that of the wreckers on the coast of Cornwall), will be found to exhibit in much of its dialogue a rude power and considerable pathos. The author here could put forth his own sentiments with freedom.

We may read his dramas, if we will, by the light of that incident which is perhaps the most conspicuous in his biography;—his conversion, as it is termed, and his transference from the boards of a theatre to the pulpit of a Baptist chapel. The earnestness of his nature found here its full scope and occupation. When he made that change, he felt, we suspect, in addition to the greatness of his new office, a conscious pleasure in being able to throw off all masks and disguises, and to express himself face to face to his audience. We do not say that he succeeded pre-eminently as a preacher—he perhaps entered on this new profession too late in life; but we think it was his tendency all along to speak and write from personal conviction, and not as an artist.

This reminds us that in the due order of things we ought to have commenced with some notice of the life of our dramatist, but in truth we have no materials for any biographical sketch. We know nothing more of his life than what the newspapers have made familiar to all the world. The funeral sermon which we have placed at the head of our paper, is the only publication we have been able to glean that conveys to us any authentic information; and this, as might be expected, treats only of his "Christian character and life." It treats, however, of that incident to which we have already alluded as the most important in his career—his conversion, and entrance on the Baptist ministry—and which really seems to be the only event of any interest in his life.

We should entirely misunderstand the nature of this event if we treated it as a mere change of profession, accompanied with some graver impressions on the subject of religion. If the actor and the playwright became a preacher, this was solely as the result of an inner and deeper change which had taken place in the very heart and mind of the man. Such a conversion undoubtedly demands our respect.

If a French actor or Italian opera-singer retires from the stage to a convent of La Trappe, there to dig his own grave in silence and seclusion, we hasten to throw around the incident a halo of

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poetry. If we do not altogether admire and applaud, we stand aside in submissive respectful attitude; we look, in mute amazement, at this man who is so palpably forsaking earth for heaven. No poetry hovers over the Dissenting meeting-house. Neither the pew nor the pulpit of the Baptist chapel presents anything attractive to the imagination. Good Protestants as we are, we sympathise more readily with the *Trappist* than with the less ardent but surely more rational devotion that takes shelter in the walls of the little *Bethel*. Yet this should not be. In reality, that little Bethel may be the scene of a pious enthusiasm as remarkable and as worthy of our regard as any that demonstrates itself, under more poetic circumstances, in the convent of La Trappe. We have but to throw ourselves into the heart of the true worshipper, and the most unsightly edifice of brick and mortar that ever glared on us from the dusty street of a provincial town, will become invested with a poetry of the highest order. See the well-regulated methodical tradesman enter such a building. Leaving the cares and gains of the week behind him, he walks at the head of his family up the narrow passage which we will not call the aisle; he needs no verger to usher him into his seat; his hand reaches over to the familiar button that fastens the door of his pew; he opens the door, lets in wife and children, then establishes himself in his accustomed corner. He deals out from some secret repository—perhaps from a drawer under the seat—the Bibles and the hymn-books, calf-bound, and the oldest of them not a little soiled and dog-eared. These he distributes, and then prepares for the morning's devotion. One great sentiment he more or less distinctly recognises — the sentiment which, differently modified, constitutes the essence of religion in all churches and in all hearts—that he and his family are then and there doing homage to the Lord of all, are pledging themselves to obedience to whatever is just and wise and good, because His ways are perfect, and He requires of us, His rational creatures, what poor attempts at perfection we can make. After some interval of silence a man in spotless black coat and white neckcloth rises from the deal pulpit opposite—a square deal box with a reading-desk to it, which desk has no other ornament or furniture than the one large book on which the minister reverently lays his hand. That one book sanctifies the whole place. Take that away, and all is dirt and dinginess. But our man in the corner of his pew could tell you that from that central spot there has emanated, he knows not how, a subtle influence that has pervaded the whole building, so that its very plastered walls are sacred to him. There is a knot in the unpainted wood-work of his pew on which his eye has often rested as he followed the worthy preacher. Were our man to travel, and to be absent in foreign kingdoms, that knot in a piece of soiled deal would rise before his imagination, and suggest holy memories to him. His hand would be again on the button of that pew, and he would prepare himself for solemn meditations. Oh, believe us, the poetry comes from within. A lady kneels upon her *prie-dieu* before an altar covered with glittering candlesticks, and flowers, and lights, and tapestry—kneels there under the carved roof which echoes with marvellous music: so let her kneel, if her heart worships better in that fashion; but all this array of æsthetic symbolism will be as unmeaning to her as the upholstery of her own drawing-room, unless she can bring to it that very poetry which our sober tradesman has contrived to throw over a wooden pew polished only by his own elbows.

To lead the devotions of a congregation assembled in such a chapel did not seem to Sheridan Knowles an undignified, or indeed

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anything else than a most noble occupation. He appears to have thrown the whole energy of his nature into his new task; and—as we gather from the sermon preached on the occasion of his death by a brother minister—not without a fair measure of success. He wrote also some religious books, chiefly of a controversial character. We have fallen upon one of these, in which he does battle with Cardinal Wiseman. We should have described it, judging from the little we read, as the work of an intemperate zealot, writing very violently, and arguing in a very blundering manner; but we are told that the Edinburgh 'Witness' characterised it as "a thorough refutation," &c., "written in a terse and elegant style;" our hasty judgment must, we presume, have been incorrect. For ourselves we could have wished that his piety had rather led him out of controversy than into it; it does not appear that his previous studies had altogether prepared him to enter the lists. Even his brother minister gently hints that he entered somewhat rashly into the peculiar work of abler or more practised hands. "He never," says Mr Thomas, "became largely acquainted with sacred literature; hence those who *were* could often detect and account for the mistakes he occasionally fell into, and saw with regret the positiveness with which at times he enunciated crude opinions and clung to them. 'The Book' was to him, comparatively speaking, a *new book*, and truths that had been familiar to many as 'household words' from earliest years, and, alas! had lost much of their freshness and power, were received by him with enthusiasm and announced as novel discoveries."

His influence as a polemic divine did not prevail, it seems, in his own family circle. His son diverged from the right path, and wandered astray into the Catholic fold. Some have cruelly insinuated that his father's writings had something to do with this unfortunate conversion. This insinuation Mr Thomas repels. As all we know upon this subject has been gathered from the sermon before us, we cannot do better than quote a few sentences from it:—

"Mr Knowles was a stanch Protestant; and as it was the necessity of his nature to appear to be just what he really was, so his anti-Catholic sentiments received strong expression both in lectures and in published writings. 'The Idol demolished by its own Priest,' and 'The Rock of Rome,' were his contributions to this controversy. Of the former the Edinburgh 'Witness' says, 'It was a most thorough refutation of Cardinal Wiseman's work on Transubstantiation, written in a terse and elegant style.' To his writings on this subject has been attributed his son's perversion to the Romish Church: I have Mrs Knowles's authority to contradict that. She says, in reply to inquiry upon the subject, 'Whether Mr Richard Knowles became a Papist before or after his father published his works against Popery I am not quite positive, unless I had some papers here to refer to, but I am almost certain it was before. One thing, however, I am *almost certain* about, that nothing his father ever wrote had anything to do with causing him to change his religion.' But supposing it had been true," continues Mr Thomas, "that his son's 'going to the opposite poles of religious opinion and becoming a Romanist' was occasioned by his father's writings, this would not necessarily prove that the responsibility lay with those writings, or that 'the less said of them the better.' For of old the unstable have been wont to wrest the truth to their own destruction."

To others, however, who were in danger of being misled, our zealous controversialist appears to have been useful. Of one soul positively rescued from the net we are told in a very animated strain. If there is anything in the narrative to provoke a smile, or that borders on the ridiculous, it is not our fault; Mr Thomas is responsible:—

"I am happy to know that our dear friend was instrumental in rescuing some from the pernicious errors of the Papacy. Mrs Knowles informs me that a few years ago, on a sultry Sabbath evening in the month of July, he was preaching at Brompton. Among the congregation was a Roman Catholic lady who had

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been attracted thither by a wish to hear *him* preach whose plays in her girlhood had so charmed her. An allusion to *priestcraft* in prayer arrested her attention, and feeling assured of his earnestness, and of his belief in what he uttered, she said to herself, 'If he is right, my priest is wrong. Is it the devil, or is it God who is working at my heart?' She remained till all had left, to ask an interview; it was most cordially granted, though he was too much fatigued to do more than make an appointment for the following morning, which, however, the effects of the Sabbath exertions prevented him from keeping. Mrs Knowles went to explain this, and, after much conversation, prevailed on the lady to spend that evening with them. Mr Knowles read and expounded the word of God, and prayed through that long summer evening. The lady was not convinced, but accepted a Bible from Mrs Knowles, and promised to read it through. Almost immediate absence from town rendered personal intercourse impossible, *but he wrote her hundreds of letters*, often spending half the day in searching the Scriptures and writing. At length a letter reached him, which rewarded him for all he had done. She was converted! She was a Protestant! Before the contents of the letter were divulged, it was obvious, from his deep emotion, that it contained good news. He rushed with it to the next room, where friends were assembled for family worship, his face beaming with joy, his voice tremulous with feeling, and exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear friends, kneel with me, and help me to thank God for the good news I have just received.' That prayer will never be forgotten by any then present. His heart and soul were in it. It has been heard and answered. She remains steadfast until now. Shortly after, she paid them a visit of three weeks, and at her own request (for the subject of baptism had not been mentioned by Mr Knowles to her) she was baptised by the Rev. Mr King at Torquay. On seeing a short time ago in the papers that Mr Knowles was *very ill*, she telegraphed to him, '*I am still a Protestant!*' Beautifully thoughtful! It gratified him to know that he had not laboured in vain, though he gave all the glory to Him to whom it was due."

All this gives us the impression of a man, earnest enough no doubt, but deficient in that wide sympathy and inward repose which we look upon as also belonging to the Christian character. There are conversions of many kinds; some that make happy, and some that make turbulent; some that go to the heart, some that chiefly affect the head. Perhaps the good-natured actor and dramatist did not need, and was not therefore the fit subject for, one of those conversions that suddenly render men amiable, just, and charitable. Cases there are in which the thoroughly selfish and cynical have been transformed by their new religious convictions into the most benevolent of men—have become possessed with the spirit of love to all mankind. But in the ordinary type of conversion, although there is a notable change in the current of thought on one great subject, and although some excellent peculiarities are engrafted on the character, it is not a very amiable or estimable man that is, on the whole, produced before us. We might even say that, in some cases, cynicism has taken a new development, a harsh judgment is constantly expressed against all mankind—all but a favoured few; and a strange self-congratulation may be observed to be perpetually struggling with that humility which the elected one is endeavouring to feel.

A man has received in his early years deep impressions of religion, which the cares and pleasures of the world have almost obliterated. But these cares and pleasures themselves lose their hold of him; indifference or disappointment disposes him to yield again to those early impressions. He goes, some morning, into a church or chapel, hears a sermon that differs very little from hundreds he has heard before; he listens to the same truth which, Sunday after Sunday, has been thundered over his head, and which, indeed, like distant thunder, has passed across his unapprehensive mind. But whereas, on other occasions, he has returned to his comfortable fireside with a keen appetite for dinner, and a keener still for social talk after the long enforced silence he has

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endured, he returns this morning as one whose soul has been smitten and struck down by some omnipotent truth. The lightning that played so long innocuously around him, has flashed upon his bewildered senses. It is distant thunder no more; the bolt has fallen upon his head. From that moment he is an altered man. His whole concern is to make his peace with Heaven.

His peace is made. After a period of despondency he is enabled, in the language of theology, to seize upon the promises. Instead of the greatest of all terrors, he now appropriates to himself the greatest of all hopes. He is for the rest of his life a theologian, and the most satisfied of theologians. The happiest dogmatism pervades his language. A new zeal for a righteous cause will animate his conduct, and in this and that respect will modify his character. Expect from such a man certain definite services to his great cause, and a general rigidity of conduct. But you must not expect from him, with the same certainty, the genuine love that can embrace all mankind, or the open mind that can receive all truth. There are, as the French say, conversion and conversions, and it is for those only who knew our Sheridan Knowles intimately to pass an opinion how far *his* left him, upon the whole, a more estimable mortal than he had been before. Perhaps, after all, they may think that their old friend was every bit as good a Christian before this event as after it—as good a Christian when he wrote his plays as when he delivered himself of his angry pamphlet, 'The Idol demolished by its own Priest.' We ourselves, of course, pass no judgment. If a deep moral change really passed within his mind, we bow before it with respect.

To these plays, however, we must now turn. They are sixteen in number. It would be impossible in the briefest manner to criticise them all. We must content ourselves with a few remarks on the most distinguished of them. 'Virginius' and the 'Hunchback' are, we believe, the two plays by which Sheridan Knowles is most generally known.

'Virginius' was made popular by the acting of Macready; and even those who, like ourselves, had not the opportunity of seeing that justly celebrated actor in the part of Virginius, can easily understand how effective he would make very many passages of the drama. When Virginius takes his daughter by the hand, and prepares to go forth to the mock judgment-seat of the tyrant Appius, we can imagine with what repressed and dignified passion he would deliver such sentences as these :—

> "*Num.* 'Tis time. Let's haste
> To the forum.
> *Virginius.* Let the forum wait for us!
> Put on no show of fear. I shall walk along
> Slowly and calmly with my daughter thus
> In my hand—though with another kind of gripe
> Than that which Claudius gave her. Well, I say
> I'll walk along thus in the eyes of Rome.
> Go you before, and what appeal soe'er
> You please, make you to rouse up friends. For me,
> I shall be mute; my eloquence is here.
> *Icilius.* A thousand hearts
> Have spoke already in her cause!
> *Virginius.* Come on!
> Fear not. It is your father's grasp you feel.
> Oh, he'll be strong as never man was yet
> That takes thee from it. Come, Virginia,
> We trust our cause to Rome and to the gods!"

And the grand scene of the piece would afford the actor full scope for his powers. Appius, supported by his soldiers, pronounces his guilty sentence :—

> "*App.* Silence! Keep silence there!
> Lictors, make way to let these troops advance.
> *Virginius.* Troops in the forum!
> *App.* Virginius, have you spoken?
> *Virginius.* If you have heard me,
> I have. If not, I'll speak again.
> *App.* You need not,
> Virginius; I have evidence to give,
> Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
> Would make your pleading vain.

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Virginius. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me.
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all
That Claudius's father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not Virginius's daughter.
Virginius. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble.
App. Nay, Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice shall be sacred.
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.
Virginius. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun. Friends! Fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius. Look on your decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius—
His client!—purveyor!—that caters for
His pleasure—that is not ashamed to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid!—my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! Succour her! See her not polluted
Before her father's eyes! He is but one!
Tear her from Appius and his lictors while
She is unstained. Your hands! your hands! your hands!
Citizens. They're yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back!
Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

[*The people are driven back. Virginius and Icilius the lover are cut off from the rest. Icilius raves.*

Virginius. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis! We are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Separate
Virginius and the girl! Delay not, slaves.
Virginius. Let them forbear a while, I pray you, Appius!
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius. Forcing them will hurt them.
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little.
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my lictors.
Virginius. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For o'en so long a time. They that have lived
For such a space together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting."

Then follows the dreadful and ever-memorable sacrifice, that fills us at the same time with horror and admiration. This should, we think, conclude the tragedy, as it does, we believe, in the several French and Italian dramas which have been written on the same subject. In Mr Knowles's tragedy it forms the conclusion of the fourth act. A fifth act is eked out by the miserable device of sending Virginius mad. Hitherto the author has given to the actor of Virginius a dialogue worthy of his part; but in this fifth act nothing but the skill of the actor can have saved the piece. To a reader of the drama all this raving of Virginius is mere impossible stuff—stage-madness of the most artificial description. That the audience did sit patiently and approvingly through the fifth act, only proves that a good actor who has once obtained a mastery over us, can keep it under terrible disadvantages. It is not worth while to quote any part of these mad scenes; they are altogether a miserable blunder.

As good actors are scarce amongst us, and as it seems of little importance what a bad actor has to say, our modern playwright seems to be very indifferent about the kind of eloquence he furnishes for his subordinate personages. Icilius the lover runs into a puerile bombast, which sounds strangely enough from the mouth of a Roman soldier, and would be indeed sufficiently absurd from any love-sick Romeo of any age whatever. The surly patriotic Dentatus, who is intended to be caustic and humorous, is a mere stage figure; he belongs to the *properties;* we need not concern

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ourselves about him. But, on the other hand, the passages we have quoted are sufficient to show that Sheridan Knowles was capable of writing with strength and pathos when the sentiments he expressed were those of his own heart.

Happily, in 'Virginius' we have no plot to tell. The great incident of the drama is familiar to all. It is otherwise with the 'Hunchback.' Here the story is the invention of the author; and the invention may be worth a passing notice, as showing how the affairs of human life are arranged for the purpose of representation on the stage. Our dramatist was desirous of throwing an air of mystery over the chief character of his piece, and also of procuring for his audience, at the close of the fifth act, an agreeable surprise. He therefore imagines a gentleman, whom he calls Walter, to have been disinherited by his father (the Earl of Rochdale), because he, Walter, had a hump upon his shoulders. The estates are given to a second son; but this second son, dying without heir, makes a will, by which he reinstates his deformed brother in all the property which he would naturally have inherited. Walter, the Hunchback—who has become in the interval (let no one ask how) the agent of the Earl of Rochdale—is now entitled to the property of the earldom. He who has been all along the real Earl of Rochdale can now assume his title, and take possession of the estates that accompany it. *But he does no such thing.* He puts the will in his pocket, and continues to act as agent to the estates. As agent to the late Earl, he had announced the succession to a distant relative, a certain Master Wilford, a scrivener's clerk, who, we see very plainly, will drink himself dead, or in other ways go to destruction. He now keeps up that delusion, and acts as agent to this pseudo Earl. Is the reader so unreasonable as to ask for some intelligible human motive for this conduct? No reasonable answer shall be given him. Walter the Hunchback acts in this way for the convenience of Mr Sheridan Knowles, and to help in the construction of the plot. No other answer is possible. He acts thus that Master Wilford may have an opportunity of displaying his absurdities, and that he, the Hunchback, may have the pleasure, in the fifth act, of plucking the poor goose, and throwing him adrift at the very moment when (having engaged himself to his daughter Julia) it is high time to get rid of him.

But this is not the only act of complaisance for which Mr Sheridan Knowles is indebted to Walter the Hunchback. Though the true Earl of Rochdale, he consents to walk about as agent to the property; and though the real father of Julia, he pretends to be her guardian only. He pretends, as guardian, to be carrying out the wishes of some imaginary father, to whom Julia is one day to be introduced. He rears her in great privacy in a country-house. He prefers to be loved by her as an indulgent guardian, rather than as an affectionate father. The only motive hinted at for this extraordinary behaviour is some morbid fear that perhaps his own daughter might despise him for his protuberant shoulder. He has long ago won her affections in his character of guardian—but who knows? so he prefers to be Walter the guardian, and carry out in this capacity his plans for her education and settlement in the world.

From this description of the Hunchback's conduct, one would naturally expect that his character would be in all respects equally singular. A person not acquainted with the play would prepare himself for some virtuous misanthrope, some caustic gentleman, girding perpetually at the world, and all things and people therein. But Walter, in his style of conversation, is a very ordinary personage. He is some-

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what testy, and too ready to draw his sword; but if he was intended to be a cynic, or virtuous misanthrope, he is the blandest of that race we have ever encountered.

In the first scene of the play, the Hunchback enters to announce to Master Wilford his good fortune. Master Wilford is in a tavern drinking with some boon-companions, the most tedious and prosaic set of topers that were ever introduced on the stage to discuss matters over their cups for the information of the audience. From these topers, noisy in their congratulations, he is ill-advised enough to ask for some "respect to the dead"—to the deceased Earl. One of them calls him a knave, and passes some jest upon his shape. Walter flames out in anger, and insists on instant combat; but one Sir Thomas Clifford interposes, and takes the quarrel upon himself. He is at first wroth with Clifford; afterwards is grateful; and, taking a liking to him, secretly resolves that this Sir Thomas shall be his son-in-law. He promises to introduce him to his ward, a young lady who has all the qualifications that a man could possibly desire in a wife.

Here is a specimen of the manner in which—in stage-life—an elderly gentleman talks of his own daughter, and a young baronet responds:—

"*Walter.* Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife;
Hast thou the luck to win her?
Clifford. Master Walter!
You jest?
Wal. I do not jest! I like you! Mark!
I like you—and I like not every one!
I say a wife, sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms that in the marble, cold and still,
Culled by the sculptor's zealous skill and joined,
Inspire us! Sir, a maid beneath whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state, and partner her!
A fresh heart too!—a young fresh heart, sir; one
That Cupid has not toyed with; and a warm one—
Fresh, young, and warm! Mark that! A mind, to boot—
Wit, sir; sense, taste; a garden strictly tended,
Where nought but what is costly flourishes!
A consort for a king, sir! You shall see her!
Cliff. I thank you, Master Walter! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot!
Her hand fast locked in mine!—The ring put on!—
My wedding-bell rings merry in my ear;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride."

Valentine's Day in the tropics! The little loves are fluttering about us, mad with excitement. But, of course, there will be some dreadful trials to pass through before they will really flutter over Sir Thomas's head at the church-door. He is introduced to Julia, and falls instantly in love. This lady, we have said, has been brought up in retirement, and in a pretty and smart dialogue with her friend Helen, proclaims her unalterable attachment to a country life. She will have nothing to do with the town, not she. However, at the very time she becomes engaged to Sir Thomas, she makes trial (such, she is told, is the wish of her mysterious and unknown father) of a city life. The gaiety of the town turns her head. Rank, fashion, wealth, are her idols. She thinks of her lover only as a Baronet, who will make her a Lady, and give her a fortune. The same two friends are now again discoursing.

"*Helen.* So Monday week will say good morn to thee,
A maid, and bid good-night a sober wife.
Julia. That Monday week, I trust, will never come
That brags to make a sober wife of me.
Helen. How changed you are, my Julia!
Julia. Change breeds change!
Helen. Why wed'st thou then?
Julia. Because I promised him!
Helen. Thou lov'st him?
Julia. Do I?
Helen. He's a man to love!
A right well-favoured man.
Julia. Your point's well favoured.
Where did you purchase it?
Helen. Pshaw! Never mind my point, but talk of him.

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Julia. I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.
Where bought you it? In Gracechurch Street, Cheapside,
Whitechapel, Little Britain? Can't you say
Where 'twas you bought the lace?
Helen. In Cheapside, then.
And now then to Sir Thomas. He is just
The height I like a man.
Julia. Thy feather's just
The height I like a feather! Mine's too short.
What shall I give thee in exchange for it?
Helen. What shall I give thee for a minute's talk
About Sir Thomas?
Julia. Why, thy feather.
Helen. Take it!
And now let's talk about Sir Thomas. Much
He loves you.
Julia. Much indeed he has a right!
Those know I who would give their eyes to be
Sir Thomas, for my sake.
Helen. Such, too, know I.
But 'mong them none that can compare with him;
Not one so graceful.
Julia. What a graceful set
Your feather has!
Helen. Nay, give it back to me,
Unless you pay me for it.
Julia. What were't to get?
Helen. A minute's talk with thee about Sir Thomas.
Julia. Talk of his title and his fortune then."

Julia forthwith launches out upon the routs and balls she will give, or the wardrobe she will have, &c., &c. All this Clifford unwillingly overhears. He learns that the lady adheres to her engagement for the mere advantages of his title and fortune. He steps forward and declares that he too will adhere to his engagement, but to the mere letter of it. She may have his title and fortune, but he leaves her at the church door:—

" Take
The privilege of my wife, be Lady Clifford!
My coffers, lands, all are at thy command!
.
I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.
Till then farewell; and then—farewell for ever!"

Of course this is tantamount to a most decisive rupture. Julia, flaming with indignation at being thus haughtily dismissed by a baronet, is quite prepared to accept the hand of an earl. The Earl of Rochdale, who has been taking lessons of Lord Tinsel how to play the nobleman, had already offered his coronet to Julia, not because he loved her (that would be too plebeian a motive), but because she was the acknowledged beauty of the day. His offer had been refused; but it is now renewed, and she accepts it. The nobleman leaves the wooing to his steward, the Hunchback, who details the wealth of the suitor, and presents Julia a paper to sign; a rather unusual mode of accepting a lover. Julia, in her anger, signs the paper. Left to herself, she says:—

"I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done!
I've done the thing I ought. From my disgrace
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn.
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurned
His betters take! Let me remember that!
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it
As I was born to it! I warrant none
Shall say it fit me not,
And he shall hear it! Ay, and he shall see it!
I shall roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate. Love me!
He never loved me! If he had, he ne'er
Had given me up. He never loved me!
He knows not what love is! or if he does,
He has not been o'erchary of his peace:
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife.
Lost! lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes
Deserve them. What have I to do with tears?"

In stage-life, titles and fortunes come and go with marvellous rapidity. A cousin of Sir Thomas Clifford, "reported dead," is now reported to be alive. This deprives him of his baronetcy and his wealth. He bears the reverse bravely. When a faithful servant, Stephen, regrets that "some great misfortune has befallen him," he answers,—

" No!
I have health, I have strength; my reason, Stephen, and
A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God:
No great disaster can befall the man
Who still possesses these! Good fellow, leave me.

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What you would learn, and have a right to know,
I would not tell you now.
Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?
Mischance has fallen on many a better man!"

Julia, on the point of becoming the bride of the Earl of Rochdale, feels all her love revive for the ruined Clifford. This is as it should be. Julia was buoyed up by her pride, and the pride of her still generous nature sinks before the calamity of her former lover. If she feels anything towards Clifford now, it must be her old love. Her flighty passion for balls and routs, dress and equipage, subsides, deserts her, before this revived affection. Her burst of indignation against Helen, who triumphs over the fall of "plain Master Clifford;" her "I hate you, Helen!" is well conceived. These changes in the mood of Julia are perfectly natural, and in general well portrayed; and it is precisely because Sheridan Knowles was capable of giving to earnest and natural feelings their due expression, that he rose above that mediocrity which scarcely claims any attention whatever from the critic. It is quite natural that a young girl, bred up in privacy, and suddenly, at the very height of her beauty, tossed into the gay world, should lose her head; and it is equally natural that the fond and generous sentiments which had been nurtured in that privacy should, in their turn, resume their sway. There was here full and legitimate scope for the dramatist. But the stage seems also to require a certain complication of plot, and certain piquant *situations*, which have been here produced by a too glaring artifice.

Our mysterious Hunchback, agent and nobleman, father and guardian, continues to arrange all. We gather that he has persuaded Clifford to take upon himself the character of the Earl of Rochdale's secretary; and that, without any communication with the Earl, he has (acting as agent) introduced the new secretary into that nobleman's establishment. Thus we have Clifford, as a servant of the Earl, bringing in a letter to Julia, as the Earl's bride-elect; a situation which, of course, gives occasion for a very excited dialogue. Poor Julia is in terrible distress. She has pledged herself to the Earl, and her guardian binds her to her promise. The marriage seems inevitable. She now hates all the splendour of wealth that had for a moment corrupted her judgment. She is desperate; she appeals to her guardian to save her from destruction—"to choose betwixt her rescue or her grave." The guardian relents. He reveals himself as the true Earl of Rochdale! and her own father! The pseudo Earl is glad to vanish, with a pension and some prospect of a future succession; and Julia, thoroughly reformed, is given to Sir Thomas Clifford; for by this title he is finally dismissed from our cares and sympathies. Perhaps that cousin reported to be alive is now again "reported dead." Or, since Walter the Hunchback arranges all the circumstances of the piece, we ought, perhaps, to conclude that this cousin was a mere invention of his own—part of the experiment he was so ingeniously trying on the character and affections of his daughter.

We have not thought it necessary to allude to the underplot between Helen and her ridiculous lover, Modus. It is an old trick of the stage, and one that, however often repeated, meets always with a certain success. A lively girl teaches a shy pedant how to woo her. We have said and quoted enough to show that Sheridan Knowles is often a powerful writer, and often a very indifferent playwright.

Our author uses very unscrupulously those artifices which, to the play-goer, have lost their extremely improbable character, simply because he has often seen them on the stage. In the play called 'Love,'

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a lady of wealth, named Catherine, is anxious to test her lover; that is, to prove to her own satisfaction that she is loved for herself alone, and not for her wealth. She puts on the dress of a page, and it is presumed that by this slight disguise she can hold long conversations with her lover, Sir Rupert, without being detected. This enamoured knight, who has been accustomed to feed by the hour on her beauty, neither recognises face nor voice; and Catherine, in the character of a roistering cousin, catechises him at her leisure. The passage is curious, but it is too long to quote; it is an instance of what passes on the stage for perfect love. Catherine assures Sir Rupert that his mistress has, from some accident, become lame—that her skin is the colour of mahogany—that she has squandered all her property. He believes it all, but still loves. And not only her property and beauty, but her character is gone. He still loves. Thus beauty, wealth, character may all go, the perfect stage-lover remains constant. Constant to what? Catherine is satisfied that she is loved for *herself alone*, when she is loved for nothing at all.

The 'Love Chase' is a lively play, that will afford us a few pleasant quotations, and perhaps some instructive insight into this stage-life. Sir William Fondlove, a coxcomb of sixty, gives chase to Widow Green, fat, fair, and forty. The Widow Green chases the young gallant Waller, who is himself in chase of Lydia, the widow's maid. Thus the title of the play is fairly borne out. Besides all this, Sir William Fondlove has a daughter, Constance, who has a curious chase of her own; she is always chasing away from her, by her gibes and her ridicule, the very man, Wildrake, whom she sincerely loves, though she is not at the time aware of her affection. Nothing appears to be more common—on the stage—than that two people should love each other very fondly, and be quite unconscious of the fact. Mutual friends develop in each of them the requisite self-consciousness, and they find that a habit of abusing each other was nothing more than a very natural mode of expressing their quite unconscious sentiments of regard. The bickering of Constance with Wildrake must form, we imagine, the most amusing part of the acted play. Wildrake is a country gentleman, who has come up to town to see Sir William Fondlove and his daughter, old neighbours of his, but at present on a visit in London. She does nothing but twit him about his horses and dogs, as if she meant to drive him back again to the country.

Sir William Fondlove is deluded by the Widow Green, because she thinks she may thus excite the jealousy of Waller; and Waller has been civil to Widow Green, that he may have opportunities of making love to Lydia. But Waller's love to the maid Lydia is of the *un*matrimonial kind. Yet withal Lydia is represented as being in herself quite worthy of an alliance with any gentleman of the land. Hereupon occasion is given for much virtuous and eloquent writing. Waller is indignantly scolded for his improper suit. But the virtuous young lady does not appear to us to act and speak in the most edifying manner. People who feel themselves outraged do not generally feel and express, at the same time, an infinite love for the very person who has roused their just indignation. It seems the theory of the stage, that love is a thing apart from approbation, and that it is quite a normal state of things to disapprove and to love at the same moment. Such an apparent inconsistency may be found in man and woman; great beauty, for instance, in either sex, may assert its claim in defiance of all moral judgment. But let it be understood what manner of love it is we are speaking of when we represent

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it as coexistent with moral indignation. However, Mr Sheridan Knowles, in his capacity of playwright, thinks it quite in order that Lydia should have the noblest passion in the world—he calls it a "holy" passion—for the man who has been courting her for his mistress. She says,—

"Why have you used me thus? See what you have done!
Essayed to light a guilty passion up,
And kindled in its stead a holy one!
For I *do* love thee! . . .
And I must fly thee—yet must love thee still."

The young lady who talks like this will be suspected of having no serious intention to fly—of using all her eloquence to turn the young rake into her lawful husband.

Lydia, of course, proves, in the fifth act, to be a lady in disguise, who has fled from some persecution, and taken refuge as the servant-maid of Widow Green. The *denouement* is rather dexterously managed. Waller, resolving at last to love virtuously, sends a brief letter to Lydia, offering his hand. This letter, freed from its envelope, falls in the way of the widow; she concludes that it is addressed to herself, and prepares to marry Waller on the day appointed. Meanwhile Sir William Fondlove has been writing desperate epistles, and at length takes the bold course of concluding that silence gives consent. He presents himself in all the happy state and pomp of a bridegroom. The widow enters, thinking to meet Waller. She has nothing but abuse to bestow on the older lover. Waller enters, in search of Lydia, and is perfectly mystified when the Widow Green presents herself as his bride-elect. When Lydia makes her appearance, hanging on the arm of her brother, who has at length traced and recovered her, all is explained. Waller is united to Lydia. The Widow Green, dressed as a bride, prefers to take Sir William Fondlove to the ridicule of having made her wedding preparations for nothing. At the same time, Constance and Wildrake discover quite plainly that they love each other; and the 'Love Chase' ends in everybody at least catching somebody.

The scenes between Constance and Wildrake are to us the most attractive of this comedy; nor do we know where to turn for a more favourable specimen of the comic writing of Sheridan Knowles. Very lengthened extracts from compositions which are hardly separable from the stage would be out of place here. On the other hand, it might be expected that we should not close our notice without some illustration of his lighter manner.

Constance is first introduced to us by her father's description.

"*Sir William.* By all the gods, I'll marry!—But my daughter
Must needs be married first. She rules my house;
Would rule it still, and will not have me wed.
A clever, handsome, darling, forward minx!
When I became a widower, the reins
Her mother dropped she caught,—a hoyden girl;
Nor since would e'er give up, howe'er I strive
To coax or catch them from her. One way still
Or t'other she would keep them—laugh, pout, plead;
Now vanquish me with water, now with fire;
Would box my face, and ere I well could ope
My mouth to chide her, stop it with a kiss!
The monkey! What a plague she's to me! How
I love her!—How I love the Widow Green!
Trueworth. Then marry her!
Sir Will. I tell thee, first of all
Must needs my daughter marry. See I not
A hope of that. She nought affects the sex:
Comes suitor after suitor—all in vain.
Fast as they bow she curtsies, and says, 'Nay!'
Or she a woman lacks a woman's heart,
Or has a special taste which none can hit.
True. Or taste perhaps which is already hit.
.
Unlike to other common flowers,

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The flower of love shows various in the bud;
'Twill look a thistle, and will bloom a rose!"

Master Trueworth, who has made the discovery, which he thus very prettily intimates, that Constance, underneath all her jest and banter, conceals a sincere love for neighbour Wildrake, undertakes by skilful culture to develop the thistle into the rose. He first provokes the jealousy of Wildrake, and thus awakens him to a complete consciousness of his own feelings; and then he advises Wildrake (by pretending to stay in town to court some other lady) to excite the jealousy of Constance. The dialogue between Wildrake and Trueworth is very spirited, but we pass on to the awakened jealousy of Constance. She is extremely curious to know who it *can* be that Wildrake is courting; she wants to assure herself that he really *is* in love; and she thinks she shall extract the secret, without revealing her own intense curiosity, if she presents herself to him in disguise. She dresses herself in a riding-habit, as if prepared for hunting; and in personating a lady quite devoted to the chase, she introduces a very animated description of a hunt—perhaps as *poetical* a passage as we shall anywhere find in these dramas.

"*Enter* CONSTANCE, *dressed for riding, and* PHŒBE.

Con. Well, Phœbe, would you know me? Are those locks
That cluster on my forehead and my cheek
Sufficient mask? Show I what I would seem,
A lady for the chase? What think you?
Phœbe. That he'll ne'er discover you.
Con. Then send him to me—Say a lady wants
To speak with him. Away—[*Phœbe goes out.* That I am glad
He stays in town I own; but if I am,
'Tis only for the tricks I'll play with him;
And now begin—persuading him his fame
Hath made me fancy him, and brought me hither
On visit to his worship. Soft! his foot!
—This he? Why, what has metamorphosed him,
And changed my sportsman to fine gentleman?
Well he becomes his clothes!—But check my wonder,
Lest I forget myself. Why, what an air
The fellow hath!—A man to set a cap at.

Enter WILDRAKE.

Wild. Kind lady, I attend your fair commands.
Con. My veiled face denies me justice, sir,
Else would you see a maiden's blushing cheek
Do penance for her forwardness—too late,
I own, repented of. Yet if 'tis true
By our own hearts of others we may judge,
I run no peril showing mine to you,
Whose heart I'm sure is noble, worthy sir.
Souls attract souls when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase
You stand without a peer; and for myself—
I dare avow 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.
Wild. Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam!
Con. (*curtsying*). What delight
To back the flying steed that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—all
Is ecstasy of motion!
Wild. You are used,
I see, to the chase.
Con. I am, sir! Then the leap,—
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it! Then, your time
To prove you master of the *ménage*, now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance; then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.
Wild. 'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turned you, madam.
Con. (*curtsying*). Sir, you're good!
And then the hounds, sir. Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack—

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The training everything. Keen on the scent!
At fault, none losing heart, but all at work!
None leaving his task to another.—Away they go!
How close they keep together!—What a pack!
Nor tarn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them, as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will.
And then the concert they keep up.
Wild. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life.
Con. I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—not a hill-top
But's there alive! Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass, where gladness sees itself,
And at the bright reflection grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth! laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!
Wild. Nay, every way
You do fair justice, lady, to the chase.
But fancies change.
I have quite given o'er the chase.
Con. You say not so!
Wild. Forsworn indeed the sportsman's life, and grown,
As you may partly see, town-gentleman.
In short, I've taken another thought of life—
Become another man!
Con. The cause, I pray?
Wild. The cause of causes, lady.
For your frank bearing merits like return.
I that pursued the game, am caught myself
In chase I never dreamt of. [*Goes out.*
Con. He *is* in love!
Wildrake's in love! *That* keeps the youth in town,
Turns him from sportsman to town-gentleman.
I never dreamed that he would fall in love.
In love with whom?—I'll find the vixen out!
What right has she to set her cap at him?
I warrant her a forward, artful minx!
I hate him worse than ever. I'll do all
I can to spoil the match. He'll never marry—
Sure he will never marry! He will have
More sense than that—
My temples throb and shoot—I am cold and hot.
Were he to marry, there would be an end
To neighbour Constance—neighbour Wildrake—why,
I should not know myself.

Enter TRUEWORTH.

Dear Master Trueworth,
What think you! neighbour Wildrake is in love!
In love!—would you believe it, Master Trueworth?
Ne'er heed my dress and looks, but answer me.
Know'st thou of any lady he has seen
That's like to cozen him?
True. I am not sure—
We talked to-day about the Widow Green.
Con. Her that my father fancies.—Let him wed her,
Marry her to-morrow—if he will, to-night.
I can't spare neighbour Wildrake—neighbour Wildrake,
Although I would not marry him myself,
I could not bear that other married him!
Go to my father—'tis a proper match!
He has my leave! He's welcome to bring home
The Widow Green. I'll give up house and all!
She would be mad to marry neighbour Wildrake;
He would wear out her patience—plague her to death,
As he does me. She must not marry him.
[*They go out.*"

We doubt if the chase was ever better or more poetically described than it is here; and if space permitted, we would willingly continue our quotation into the next dialogue between Wildrake and this very agreeable young termagant.

The reader will have remarked that Sheridan Knowles occasionally mars his dialogue by inversions and elisions made to humour the blank verse:—

"First of all
Must needs my daughter marry. See I not
A hope of that. She nought affects the sex."

We have awkward expressions like this—

"When enters she
A drawing-room."

"Forbid it end in death."

"I should not wonder thought you I was jealous."

"He knows not how to make an arm
Befits a lady lean upon."

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Such inversions and contractions as these—departing, as they do, from the usual form of speech—should be manifestly avoided in compositions which aim at conversational ease. Even in the gravest poetry it is now the tendency of our best writers to banish such forms of expression as would not be tolerated in prose. It must be regarded, therefore, as a carelessness on the part of our author that he did not make the effort to sustain his verse without having recourse to these contortions of speech. He was in this respect behind his contemporaries. Shall we be told here that he purposely avoided the study of his contemporaries? We hope not. To the edition of his Dramas which is lying before us there is prefixed about a page and a half of biography, and in that page and a half room is found for the following egregious absurdity: "It is true, that with the classics of his own country he was little acquainted, as, from the moment that he became ambitious of authorship, he designedly abstained from reading them, lest he should be guilty of plagiarism." Heard any one the like of that!! We cannot believe it of any sane man that he would systematically stint and starve his own mind *to preserve its originality!* Our explanation is, that Sheridan Knowles must have some day made a foolish speech, which was exaggerated by a foolish reporter into this remarkably idiotic resolution. If he really did abstain from reading the best poets of his age or of his country for the sake of preserving his own originality, it was a most unfortunate sacrifice, and founded on a singular self-delusion. Never was a writer that had so little originality to preserve. In writing for the stage he constantly employs—and, we suppose, very excusably—all the old resources which time and experience had sanctioned, and which the literature of the stage placed at his disposal. His plots and his characters are of the conventional or traditional type. What may be called his own was an honest fervour and tenderness of heart that occasionally found scope to express itself. As an artist, he writes and he designs in the very spirit of an imitator.

Sheridan Knowles has been justly praised for the propriety and decorum of his plays. Yet as the English public does not tolerate at present any flagrant grossness on the stage, it is but a slight commendation for any individual dramatist that he has not offended in this respect. It is a somewhat better title to our praise that he never, so far as we are aware, enlists our sympathies in favour of romantic villains, or throws his ridicule upon good-natured and worthy men. He has always some honest purpose, though he may carry it forward in a blundering fashion. It would be affectation, however, if we attributed much importance to the passing applause or momentary laughter that is excited in the theatre. The influence of the stage on the moral education of Englishmen is reduced to its least possible quantity. What books a man reads—this decides his culture, so far as he is open to further culture, and is not the fixed product of his social position, of his birth and parentage. We go to the theatre to be amused; and so distinct is this purpose, that we never think of intruding into real life any lesson learnt upon the stage. In fact, we learn no lesson there, because we have other schoolmasters. We understand that we go to be amused only; and so long as the sentiment of delicacy is not injured—the only sentiment that is exposed to much danger—we need be under no great concern about the moral influence of the stage. If, indeed, there is any part of our population who do *not* read and who *do* witness plays, our remarks will not apply to them. To them the stage may be a good or a bad instructor.

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We cannot but rank amongst the good qualities of Sheridan Knowles the industry and perseverance that carried him through these sixteen plays. At this time of day it must need a stout heart and a strong will to bear a man through the five-act tragedy. There was much *work* in our author. Fancy the despair that would fall upon any ordinary mortal if he were told that he must go back to good King Alfred, and take him by the hand, and conduct him manfully through the five acts of an historical drama; not forgetting, of course, the old woman and her cakes! But this feat Sheridan Knowles accomplishes: such energy there is in him, and withal such happy persuasion that he is working with a purpose. The very title and dedication of his play strike us as characteristic of the man. The play is called 'Alfred the Great, or the Patriotic King,' and it is dedicated to "His Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth, a Patriot Monarch; destined, with the blessing of God, to restore the dilapidated fabric of his country's prosperity, and to rescue a devoted people from the ravages of the worst of invaders—CORRUPTION." He, Sheridan Knowles, standing on the boards of Drury Lane, looks over to the two Houses of Parliament, busied at the time with the Reform Bill, and he, too, with his 'Alfred the Great,' will assist in regenerating the English nation. Our earnest playwright finds that his historical drama gives him a fit opportunity for introducing the reigning monarch before his people. When good King Alfred has played his part on the stage, and the curtain has descended, then is good King William the Fourth led before the foot-lights to receive his share of the plaudits. Does not one detect here the same sort of blundering earnestness which, at a later time, carried him, hand over head, into controversy—renovating the religious world with his 'Idol demolished by its own Priest'? Peace be with him! Earnestly, vigorously, not altogether unsuccessfully, did our dramatist work at his calling. If we cannot crown him with immortal laurel, we part from him with kindly thoughts, and honest respect to his memory.

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TO-DAY IN ITALY.

ITALY has no class of people who amuse their leisure by reading. There are not in that country, as in ours, the countless thousands who rely upon books for their chief resources, and whose conversation depends upon the passing interest that the last publication creates. There are, unfortunately, no Mr Mudies; and such a sensation as we have seen excited in England by Mr Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, would be a rank impossibility in the peninsula. What is called "society" in any Italian city takes no interest in literature, even in the lightest form. A book is never alluded to; and to venture on the criticism of an author who was attracting the attention of France or England, would most assuredly be regarded as an act of pedantry. The climate has much to say to this. There is an enervation in heat, and an exhaustion in perpetual sunshine, which makes every occupation a labour. An Italian, besides, is not, like a Frenchman, a seeker after strong sensations. What he prizes most is a quiet unbroken indolence—a state of being in which no call is made upon him. To act, or to think, with him is a fatigue! It is politeness to leave him free to follow his own mode of life, and the ceremony which provides something for his entertainment is almost always irksome and unpleasant.

Alphonse Karr says somewhere, very wittily, that the pleasure of the masquerade is lost to the present generation by looking abroad on life and seeing the travesties which go on in the great world around them! Who cares for the transformations of Harlequin and Columbine when he sees certain Emperors and Empresses? What changes can equal those in the condition of some of our railroad magnates? Stroll down Rotten Row, drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and you will find that a masked ball afterwards is the very extreme of bathos! It is in this sense, perhaps, the Italian turns away from fiction, and amuses himself with the play of passion and the conflicts of ambition which go on in real life. He is essentially a dreamer; and in this way, perhaps, he needs the suggestive stimulant of other men's imaginations in a less degree than our colder and more practical northern natures. But, besides this, the amusement which our novel-reading population at home derives from the ingenious development of motives in a cleverly-constructed story, an Italian obtains by watching, with a subtlety all his own, the play of passion in the world around him. He needs no descriptive power to heighten the interest; he wants no aid from without to tell him that this is but a deception, and that other is only a counterfeit. He can discover all for himself. It is true, his intense acuteness will occasionally mislead him, his passion for seeing more in everything than there is in it will often betray him into error; but his pleasure in the pursuit of motives is never damped by the sense of failure. And so long as any casualty is within the limits of a fair possibility he likes to entertain it, and is not in the least discouraged if it be eventually disproven. In that strange conflict that goes on between his credulity and incredulity, he finds an exercise for ingenuity far more exciting than in mere reading; and, last of all, there never was a people in the world who like to live with the same monotony as Italians. To make Tuesday like Monday, and Wednesday a true copy of Tuesday, is the perfection of existence. To be at the Café, at the Pincion, at the Corso, or the Cascini, at exactly the same hour of every day; to see the same faces, and say the same things; to

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meet at the theatre, and finish the day with the same associations that closed the one that preceded it—these are all that he asks of Fate.

The grave and thoughtful heads of Italy do not form a class. They are sprinkled here and there throughout the different cities, and do not even constitute a circle in any of them. There are no great houses in Italy, as we see in England and in France, where the persons of influence and consideration congregate; and thus there is not any standard of what society might become, when its tone was elevated by knowledge and adorned by genius.

If reading, therefore, forms very little of the requirements of Italian life, writing must still less; and the consequence is, authors as a class do not exist. A new edition of 'Dante, with a Commentary by Professor Somebody;' an 'Orlando Furioso, for the use of young persons'—are about the extent of what a publisher's circular could compass, except we include a translation of a romance by Dumas, or the 'Misérables' of Victor Hugo.

Even the *feuilleton*, as we see it in the French papers, has not found its way into Italy. In fact, as a witty Parisian said, the "Italians are too visionary to be practical, and too practical to be visionary."

The blended romance and reality which runs through Italian life tinctures Italian thought. The theory must have some truth and some fiction about it, that is to interest them; at least, there must be that much of fact that excludes the notion of mere invention, and on that basis any possible superstructure may be raised.

To this taste—for it is a taste—is ascribable the interest taken by a non-reading public in such documents as display the secret history of their own times. Those records of the state affairs of Milan and Modena, which formed a part of M. Gualterio's History, and of Farini's pamphlet, were eagerly read; and even Alexandre Dumas, whose accuracy many would not deem above suspicion, has made the police papers of Naples the chief basis of his 'History of the Rule of the Bourbons.'

A Florentine lawyer, M. Achille Gennarelli, has contributed his share, within the last few days, to this species of literature, by a volume entitled 'Epistolario Politico Toscano,' being a collection of letters and other documents serving to illustrate the history of Tuscany at the period of the Grand-Ducal restoration, and subsequently to that event—the writers being the Pope, the King of Naples, the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess, the Cardinal Antonelli, Demidoff, General de Laugier, Guerrazzi, Salvagnoli, Gioberti, Ridolfi, Montanelli, and various others of scarcely less celebrity.

It might be supposed that the names of the writers were sufficient guarantees for a good deal that would serve to illustrate the period, clear up certain doubtful points, and, at all events, give some amusing glimpses of the inner life of those who wrote in all the fearlessness of familiar intercourse. In all these we are lamentably disappointed. The letters have not, except in one instance, even the small merit of individualising the writer, and the prosy lucubrations of Prince Demidoff might be easily taken for the dreary loyalty of M. Baldasseroni!

The one exception is that of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who writes with a total forgetfulness of punctuation, and a hearty contempt for grammar. In her intemperate haste to hurl some harsh vulgarism at an opponent, she is arrested by no comma nor colon; and she slangs her enemies with a vigour that is not to be diluted by orthography; and with all these she is perhaps the only writer of the number who advances a new or a striking thought, or evinces even a shadow of political foresight.

All her solecisms in grammar, and all her violations of construction, are, however, infinitely prefer-

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able to the gross outrages on good taste, the puerile affectations, and the school-theme commonplaces which occur amongst the other writers.

Imagine a general—the general-in-chief of the Grand Duke's army—a man intrusted with the task of restoring the monarchy and replacing his Prince on the throne, commencing one of his letters with the following profound observation :—

"ROYAL HIGHNESS,—
"Life is a road beset with roses and thorns!"

He wrote, too, at a very eventful moment. His Prince was in exile, while he himself, placed at the head of a considerable force, had moved down to a much-disturbed district, near Pietra Santa, to repress the insurrectionary movement in that direction, and sustain the hopes of those who yet held to the House of Lorraine.

The mention of General de Laugier suggests to us an incident for whose authenticity we are in a position to vouch, and which is one amongst the many unhappy illustrations of the want of zeal, capacity, and fidelity of those who served the late princes of Italy, and to whose deficient loyalty and defective courage the downfall of those dynasties is far more ascribable than to all the craft of Count Cavour, and all the gallantry of Garibaldi. When General de Laugier's army moved down on Pietra Santa, comprising a force of upwards of three thousand infantry, several squadrons of horse, and four batteries of artillery, they were all that represented the army of the sovereign. There had been much bribery, much disaffection, and much desertion, but De Laugier's men were regarded as faithful and true, and De Laugier himself had the repute of a soldier trained in the wars of the First Empire, an able and a loyal man.

Whether from fraud, or from motives adverse to the Grand-Ducal cause, certain it is the supplies requisite for his force were not forthcoming; no requisitions for food or necessaries were sent forward to the various authorities of the villages and towns they passed through; and money was totally wanting. The General represented the sad and critical position in which he stood; indeed, in the very letter which commences with the novel figure we have quoted, he says: "I have no authority; none trust, none believe me. I am in want of everything, and none come forward to assist us."

Florence, and indeed Tuscany generally, was then in the hands of Guerrazzi. This man, an advocate and author, but, still more than either, an agitator by profession, had been a minister of the Grand Duke up to the moment of his flight from Sienna; and he now assumed the power of a dictator, removed the Grand-Ducal arms from the various public edifices, declared the dynasty fallen, and proclaimed a republic.

The English Cabinet of the day, naturally preferring even the semblance of law and order to a period of anarchy, directed the Minister who represented Great Britain in Tuscany to hold certain relations with Guerrazzi; a measure which not improbably retarded the downward tendencies of the revolutionary party. Guerrazzi was himself not indisposed to make terms for the recall of his former master. He was, however, closely watched, and especially by his colleague in the government, Montanelli, a man of great energy, and certainly honest. To what extent, if any, Guerrazzi lent himself to the plan is not yet known; but it was during his absence from Florence, on a mission to proclaim the Lunigiana—a portion of territory wrested from Modena—a part of Tuscany, that the English Minister resolved to make an effort to restore the Grand Duke. The first step was naturally to communicate with De Laugier, to assure him that he should be freely supplied with whatever he needed;

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to exhort him to hold his men together; to rally their spirits, and animate them with the hope that their sovereign would speedily reappear amongst them, and the country be delivered from the insolent domination of a degraded mob.

Would it be believed, that to convey this message—for much of it could not be enclosed in a despatch — no Tuscan gentleman could be found to hazard himself? The Grand Duke had passed a large portion of a life in that city, surrounded with chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting—men of good birth, great names, and high lineage; and yet, when the moment came to require a certain amount of daring and energy, not one came forward. An Englishman offered himself, and was accepted. He had not any very high estimation of a cause which the sovereign himself had not firmness to stand by; but he detested the insolent domination of a set of dishonest agitators, and he abhorred the rule of the stiletto and the rabble. The task assigned him was to pass through the lines of the revolutionists at Pietra Santa, and come up with De Laugier wherever he could, to place in his hands a certain despatch, and to assure him that the first requisite of his position should be largely and liberally supplied him. When the envoy, travelling post, and assuming to be a tourist for pleasure, quitted Pietra Santa, he was overtaken by two mounted gendarmes, who demanded to see his passport, and learn the object of his journey. While this examination was being proceeded with, a large open carriage, drawn by four horses, swept past. Another, and another, and a fourth, followed. On their panels were emblazoned the arms of the Hapsburg Lorraines, and the crests of the Imperial house glittered on all the housings. It was Guerrazzi and his followers, on their way to the frontier. The procession closed with a colossal omnibus, with six horses, filled by the Livornese body-guard of the Dictator, all armed with weapons the most dissimilar and strange, some of them actually taken from the ancient armoury of the Piazza Vecchia of Florence. These patriots yelled and shouted at every village they passed through, and in the wild cries that answered them doubtless heard the enthusiastic voices of a free and emancipated people.

As the Englishman proceeded, he learned that De Laugier had retreated: he had fallen back from Mt. Chiesa to Massa, from Massa to Carrara, and thence had crossed the frontier into Piedmont—abandoning the territory—as, it was thought, he had the cause of his master.

The envoy continued his route, resolved, at all events, to see and confer with him. On arriving at Lavenza, a miserable village on the Piedmontese frontier, it was to find the place in festivity. Guerrazzi was entertaining his friends at a banquet. He had "proclaimed" the county part of Tuscany, and was toasting the annexation in strains that reached the traveller as he drove by.

Close to Sarzana, encamped in a field with about twenty followers, he found General de Laugier. He announced his quality of envoy, and handed his despatches.

"Alas!" said the General, "all is too late. There is no more an army to lead on to victory. I have nothing but these," and he pointed to the handful around him.

The Englishman, who knew well that Florence, wearied by the insolent tyranny of the Livornese, was sick of the revolution — that the country at large was never in it — and, lastly, that all its force and vigour depended upon one man, Guerrazzi—at once proposed to De Laugier a *coup-de-main* which would cut short the revolt and restore his master. It was to hasten back to Lavenza—make a dash at the house, a small inn, where

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Guerrazzi was feasting—capture the leader, and carry him off into Sardinia; after which the Grand Duke might be proclaimed with the fullest assurance of success. The scheme, if apparently bold, was not a difficult one. The Guerrazzi party were mere rabble—they had drunk to excess, and it was more than likely would not make a long resistance.

De Laugier fully concurred in thinking that, if the attempt could be made successfully, the restoration was certain; but nothing could induce him to believe the plan feasible: all entreaties, all persuasions failed; and it was not without a sense of indignant disappointment the Englishman turned away from one who had it in his power to win fame and credit, but who would not encounter a peril for their sake, nor resign his personal safety for a cause which, while he spoke of it, drew tears from his eyes, and made his cheeks tremble with emotion.

He could talk eloquently and impassionedly over the cruel wrongs inflicted on his Sovereign; he could inveigh ably against the false traitors who betrayed him; but none of his indignation took a practical turn; and, in fact, he was, as he said of the populace, "profuse of good wishes but nothing else." It is in the memory of all how and in what manner the restoration of the Grand Duke was effected; but the details by which the Austrian contingent was implored, exhibit the sovereign himself and his advisers in a most pitiable aspect. In fact, but one thought found place in the Grand-Ducal mind—how to assure his personal safety. "Who is to take care of me?" was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and the idea of venturing to return to his own capital without an Austrian escort appeared unendurable. In a very striking contrast to this terror are the letters of the Grand Duchess. She seems from the very first to have calculated all the evils of an army of occupation—the impolicy, the cost, and the unpopularity. That the Austrians should have come in without waiting for a formal demand from the Grand Duke, she very acutely shows, would be a very important advantage to the Tuscan Government; but she also points out the necessity of obviating any jealousy that might arise amongst the protecting Powers of Austria, Naples, and Piedmont, and which might possibly deprive Tuscany of aid from them all; for, as she more quaintly than elegantly expresses it, "we must take care not to lose both the Goat and the Cabbage."

It has repeatedly been asserted that had the Grand Duke but listened to the mild remonstrances of the Piedmontese Government and the wise counsels of Count Cavour, who never ceased to press upon His Royal Highness the extreme importance of a close alliance with the Sardinian Government, he would never have lost his throne. But we are certainly at liberty to withhold our assent to this assertion, when we see to what results similar counsels led in the case of the Neapolitan dynasty. All the arguments, all the powerful reasons adduced to press Tuscany into a close alliance with Piedmont, were afterwards repeated—almost in the very same words—to Naples. In fact, the correspondence would seem to have been withdrawn from the official pigeonholes, with a mere change of address to give it currency. But the resemblance between the two cases goes farther; for as Cavour had despatched Garibaldi on his mission to Sicily while he continued to confer and consult with the Neapolitan Envoy at Turin, so, in a like spirit, he accompanied his friendly remonstrances to the Tuscan Court by an organised conspiracy, destined to bribe the Government officials and corrupt the army.

It is absurd, then, to go on asserting that it was the Grand Duke's own act that provoked the ruin of his house. He was neither a wise politician nor a keen-witted man. He knew little of the world—even of that small world of which he

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was the centre; but he might have done what he would — he might have thrown in his lot with Piedmont, or hurled a defiance at Austria, or insulted the Pope—nothing would have saved him. His doom was written on the day that Cavour had decided on a great kingdom for his master.

To make the Grand Duke give himself his own checkmate was the craft of the wily statesman. Nor with such an opponent did the game call for any high exercise of skill. To wring from him, one by one, a string of concessions, and cry "Too late" over each as he yielded it, was the sure and safe tactic by which they worked. Angered and insulted, the Prince lost patience at last, quitted his capital and his state, and never returned to them!

We see in these transactions the same duplicity that never left Cavour in every political emergency. When La Farina, convinced that the democratic spirit of Italy must be summoned in the event of a war with Austria, informed Cavour by letter of the formation of the "National Society"—a sort of self-constituted parliament—Cavour's answer was this, "Go on—only remember this, that if I am attacked about you by the diplomatists, or questioned in the Chamber, I'll deny you as though I were St Peter." That some at least of the great states of Europe regarded the conduct of Piedmont at this epoch with indignation, is easily shown. "La Piémont," said the French Emperor, "malgré nos conseils, voudra poursuivre une politique d'agrandissement." The Neapolitan Envoy at St Petersburg writes,—"Gortschakoff has telegraphed to Turin the profound indignation of the Emperor at the steps taken by Piedmont. He asks if Garibaldi still wears the uniform of a general in the royal army?" In another place it is said the Emperor sent for M. Sauli, the Sardinian Envoy, and said, "If your master's country be really at the mercy of the democracy, it is time for the other states of the Continent to consider what relations can be maintained with it." He added, "that it was the geographical position of Russia alone which forced her to inactivity to repress these enormities."

Cavour's answer to all remonstrances on this subject is so characteristic that it deserves to be quoted. "What right have you," asks he, "to inquire why we have not prevented the disembarkation of the Garibaldians, so long as the whole Neapolitan fleet has failed to do so?"

Terrified at last by the democratic feeling Garibaldi's expedition had evoked, France intimated to the Turin Cabinet that she would insist on an armistice in Sicily for the space of six months. Cavour delayed his reply till he found means, through his envoy in London, to predispose Lord Palmerston against the project; and then, once assured on that score, wrote back "that he consented to the armistice if the English Cabinet would give its concurrence."

In a very able despatch of Cavour to M. Sauli, the Sardinian envoy in Russia, we have a very brief but graphic picture of the condition of the Neapolitan kingdom, and the reasons are clearly stated why the task of conquering such a people should not prove very difficult. Might not the enumeration of these characteristics have served a double purpose, and shown how difficult it must be to govern them? Was not every facility which offered itself for the subjugation, a reason for anticipating how difficult it would be to elevate such a people to the level of free institutions? "Ill got, ill gone," is an adage that has its signification even in politics; and though Count Cavour did not live to witness, he fully foresaw, the embarrassment attending the annexation of the South.

As a specimen of Cavour's despatch-writing, a short extract will not be out of place :—

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"The Neapolitan Government," writes he, "is in a very strange position. After having persisted, with an amount of obstinacy unexampled in all history, in a course of errors which has drawn down upon it universal reprobation — after having repeatedly refused our alliance on the grounds of a great national policy—now, when pressed by these perils of its own making, it tacks suddenly about, and asks for our friendship. Under what circumstances is the demand made? One-half of the kingdom is already withdrawn from their authority. In the other, the people, driven desperate by tyranny and the infamies of a vile police, refuse to credit the offers of Liberal institutions, reject even the men of character who address them, and wait to hear the cannon of the 'reaction' thunder through the streets of Naples.

"To overcome this miserable distrust, to fill up the chasm between the people and the throne, it is that the nation have entreated Victor Emmanuel to be the surety to them for their own rulers; and for this have they called upon him to share with them that glorious popularity begotten of free institutions, and of blood freely spilled on the field of battle!

"The army and navy both hesitate between fidelity to their King and the imperative call to rally round their country. Of the troops opposed to Garibaldi numbers are daily deserting; and this hero, with a mere handful, has been enabled to accomplish deeds which read actually impossible.

"The great evil of the Neapolitan Government is the fatal DISCREDIT into which it has fallen. Even unaided by Liberal institutions, a government can count upon the support of a people so long as it represents a national principle—so long as it administers the laws with justice and equity. Under these simple conditions kings never lack soldiers to fight for them, nor allies to support them.

"When, on the other hand, the people see, at the moment of according to them Liberal concessions, spectral forms issuing from their dungeons—when they behold an army driven to mutiny by the favours heaped upon mercenaries—above all, when the soldiers themselves feel that for generations they have never been led against other enemies than their fellow-citizens—the whole edifice crumbles, not for want of material support, but from the utter absence of every ennobling sentiment and every principle of morality.

"As to ourselves, we would, if we could, impart some energy to this enervate and exhausted mass, but we are warned by the danger that must ensue from such an insult to national sentiment.

"It is not difficult, it is even glorious, to embrace one's enemy on the field of battle; but the contest between the Governments of Sardinia and Naples, is not one of those combats in which it is equally glorious to come out the conquered or the conqueror."

This despatch, sent to the Sardinian Envoy at St Petersburg, would have been a bold and honest declaration of the writer's views, if it were not that, even while he wrote it, he was temporising with the Neapolitan Envoy at Turin. To give time for the enterprise of Garibaldi—to give time for the working of that republican spirit which he was first to employ and then to crush—to give time also for the development of the corruption of a bought-up army and bribed fleet—Cavour was obliged to make a case for the various courts of Europe, and affect to submit to diplomacy what was being settled by corruption.

Ripe and rotten as that same government of the Bourbons was, the fruit had never fallen if the tree had not been shaken. None knew this better than Cavour. The misgovernment that can goad one nation to revolt, will, with another people, merely breed discontents,

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treasons, and conspiracies. Such were the Neapolitans. They were ill ruled and ill to rule; and the day has come when the Northern Italians have to witness and acknowledge that Liberal institutions and a free press are not magical remedies in the regeneration of a people! They have done very little with the South up to this; and many affirm that no great success yet awaits them there.

That the revolution, so to say, outran Cavour, is now abundantly clear. Not alone was Garibaldi more successful, but more rapidly successful, than any one at Turin could ever have imagined. From the day that the great Buccaneer entered Naples, the game between Mazzini and Cavour began. Garibaldi, full of triumph, with the whole nation at his back, proclaimed that all Italy, Venice and Rome included, should be one, under Victor Emmanuel. He demanded, however, that the whole South should be placed under his unlimited dictation. Cavour, who saw at once the danger of such a project, refused. It was an act of immense courage to do so; but courage was the greatest of all his characteristics. He knew that, if he yielded, it would be to place the monarchy in the rear, instead of in the van, of the revolution, and to throw the whole nation into an anarchy that would alienate all the friendship of France and England, and prove the triumph of the Austrians.

To paralyse the schemes of Mazzini and his followers—to arrest the impetuosity of Garibaldi, and yet not disparage his ardour or discredit his patriotism—to prevent a collision with the French troops in Rome, or a too hasty outbreak of war with Austria—formed the troubled web which occupied the vast mind of Count Cavour. It was even at one time a question of hours. "If," wrote he to Gualterio—"if we do not reach the Volturno before Garibaldi arrives at La Catolica, it is up with the monarchy, and Italy falls a prey to the revolution." This is the secret history of the memorable march into Umbria, the battle of Castelfidardo, and the capture of Ancona. They were necessities imposed by the action of Garibaldi; and but for this intervention, the Garibaldini would have crossed bayonets with the French at Rome, and the whole peninsula been thrown back into disorder and ruin.

To take the lead of the revolution in this wise was most subtle policy, and so the conquerors at Castelfidardo embraced the victors at Palermo. The great object was gained of cementing a friendship between the army and the volunteers, and as it were legalising all that had been effected by undisciplined and irresponsible valour.

To look back on the great intelligence which then guided Italy, and to glance at the capacities which now rule the hour, will explain, without one word of comment, how the past was so great and the present is so little. The volume we have just alluded to is, with all its idolatry, not more than just as regards the marvellous aptitude Cavour showed for governing under difficulties; but it also displays, what is not a very hopeful sign, that the nation for whose guidance such a combination of qualities is required, can rarely expect that its destinies will often be committed to adequate keeping;—in fact, that a people who require in their ruler the wisdom of the statesman, the courage of the soldier, the astuteness of the diplomatist, and the subtle duplicity of Machiavelli, will not always see at the head of affairs the man who realises all these conditions.

Cavour did so; but when will come another Cavour?

A moment of such national weakness—a crisis in which Italy stands more than ever in need of those who desire her welfare and understand her difficulties—was certainly a strange one for Lord Russell to seize upon to displace the most popular, the most able, and the

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most influential minister who ever represented our country in Italy.

If the Government and Cabinet to which Lord Russell belongs have reaped any credit for their Italian policy, it is to Sir James Hudson they owe it. If the Derby Government were safely guided in their dealings with Turin—and, be it remembered, the difficult negotiation of the "Cagliari" took place while Lord Malmesbury was in office—it is entirely due to the good sense they showed in retaining Sir James Hudson as their Envoy in Sardinia.

There is not any lack of high ability and business capacity amongst the men who make diplomacy their career in England; but there is not always the same certainty of finding consummate tact and captivating manners — the polish of the courtier and the winning frankness of the country gentleman. To have united these gifts in the highest degree with a buoyant temperament and a most ready wit; to have combined them with the more solid qualities of judgment, foresight, and caution; and to have superadded to all a knowledge of men—an intense appreciation of their motives, their ways, and their tendencies, such as very few students of the world could pretend to,—made up a mass of qualities which are not readily replaced. These Sir James Hudson possessed; by their exercise he succeeded in attaining a position not alone for himself in Italy, but for whatever was English; giving his own gifts as guarantees, and teaching Italians to believe that Englishman was synonym for truthfulness, honour, and fair dealing. All the influence of France at Turin —all the power that came backed by memories of Magenta and Solferino—all the representations that carried with them the will of one who held his garrison in the heart of the country—were directed by the counsels of that single English gentleman, whose part was neither to threaten nor cajole, but to convey to the Italian Government the sentiments which animated his own country, and the feelings of approval or the reverse with which England watched the course of Italian events. To have had for some years back such an exponent of our national feeling—to feel that we have been for such a term represented by a man of whom "we are all proud," is, indeed, a great satisfaction; and all who know Italy will be ready to declare how immeasurably England has gained in every repute of straightforwardness and disinterested dealing since Sir James Hudson has represented her at Turin.

Italy is very far from being beyond the casualties of fortune. She is still amongst the shoals and the narrows. Was this the moment, then, to withdraw one from her side whose experience was acquired in the most trying emergencies of her fate, and close to the pilot himself that weathered the storm?

There is certainly no Englishman who possesses one tithe of Sir James Hudson's knowledge of Italy, or who has used that knowledge less in the spirit of a partisan, or more with the foresight of a great European statesman.

He has been replaced by Mr Elliot.

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HARROW SCHOOL.

As you run into London either by the Great Western or North-Western Railway, you can hardly fail to notice a church spire crowning a hill, not very lofty in itself, but looking so from its commanding elevation above the champaign country round it. That is Harrow-on-the-Hill, Charles the Second's practical realisation of the idea of a "church visible," as he told the divines who were disputing on that point in his royal and irreverent presence. Upon that hill his unhappy father lingered, escaping in disguise from Oxford, and took his last look on his capital before he returned to it as a prisoner; hesitating for some hours whether he should not yet throw himself upon the loyalty of his citizens of London. The tall brick buildings forming part of the group, which, with the church, occupy the height, are the school and its dependencies, and some of them have stood there nearly three hundred years.

The antiquarian will not give you any very satisfactory history of the little village itself, which, however, was not without its share of local celebrity long before it became the seat of a great public school. It appears in Domesday as Herges—said to mean "church"—has been Latinised into *Herga*, and in later English records is called "Harewe atte Hulle." The Welshman, who holds his own to be the one primeval language, and would have laughed Zadkiel's crystal spirits to scorn when he found they did not speak Welsh, tells you that the word is a mere corruption of the Saesneg from *Ar rhiw*—"on the ridge." The place seems always to have borne a high reputation for healthiness. In 1524, William Bolton, prior of St Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield, hearing that astronomers foretold the speedy coming of a second deluge, built himself a house of refuge on the highest ground at Harrow, and victualled it for two months—rather a short allowance under the circumstances; whereupon it is recorded that many of all ranks followed his example. Its ancient manor-house was long a favourite residence of the archbishops of Canterbury. There young Thomas Beckett arrived one evening, to enter the household of Archbishop Theobald, as an aspirant to holy orders. Putting up at a hostelry in the village, the old hostess was struck with his personal appearance, and dreamed a dream of him, in which it seemed that he covered the church with his vestments; which her husband interpreted to show that he should some time be lord of that church and place. He was; and spent some of his last days there in great hospitality, a fortnight before his murder.

If a somewhat vague tradition is to be trusted, the reputed virtues of certain springs in the neighbourhood were the remote cause of the foundation of the great school; for it is said that John Lyon, yeoman, of the hamlet of Preston, in the parish of Harrow, found the first source of his prosperous fortunes in the small pieces of money thrown by grateful pilgrims into a healing well on his little estate. Be this as it may, the historical fact is, that the said John Lyon, in the reign of Elizabeth, when grammar-schools became a favourite form of alms-deed, determined to set one up in his native parish. He procured his charter from the Queen in 1571; by which the trustees of his property were constituted a body corporate, and he was empowered to draw up statutes for the government of his proposed foundation. But these statutes, for some reason or other, were not drawn up, nor any school established, for more than twenty years afterwards. In 1592, two years before his death, Lyon drew up a

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"will and intent," in which he embodied, in very minute detail, the "orders, statutes, and rules" for his free grammar-school. His lands in Harrow, Alperton, Preston, Kilburn, and Paddington were conveyed, after the decease of himself and his wife Joan, to six trustees, gentlemen of position in the neighbourhood, for the building of a schoolhouse and payment of a master and usher, and certain other local charities, especially the repair of the highroads from Harrow and Edgware to London. The master was to be a M.A., and to have for his yearly stipend forty marks (£26, 13s. 4d.), with an additional five marks for coal; the usher, who was to be not under the degree of a Bachelor, was to have half the amount of stipend, with the same allowance for fuel. Both were to be unmarried men, and both were to have apartments in the school building; for which the sum of £300 (or more if needed, and if the estate would bear it) was set apart, in case it should not have been erected in the founder's own lifetime.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the intentions of other founders of village grammar-schools, it is plain, from Lyon's own regulations, that he contemplated for his scholars a liberal education. Even the Lord's Prayer and the Church Catechism, which all in the school were especially taught, were to be learnt in Latin as soon as might be; and Latin only was to be spoken, even in play-hours, by every boy above the lowest form. If Harrow boys have claimed from old times to be rather specially "gentlemen," there is something in the spirit of the old founder's rules which almost excuses the assumption. Not only does he provide that no original Harrovian is to come to school "uncombed, unwashed, ragged, or slovenly;" but the following, amongst the "articles to be recited to them that bring any scholars to be received into the school," show plainly that his foundation was not intended for the benefit of the lower classes of his fellow-parishioners:—

"You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things at any time requisite and necessary for the maintenance of his study.

"You shall allow your child at all times bow-shaft, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting.

"You shall be content to receive your child and put him to some profitable occupation, if, after one year's experience, he shall be found unapt to the learning of grammar."

There can also be no question but that the founder of Harrow School had in view the possibility of the extension of its privileges beyond the boundaries of his native parish. His most sanguine hopes could hardly have foreshadowed the day when it should be thronged by the young aristocracy of all England; but, unlike most local benefactors, he inserted in his deed of foundation a special clause, which stood the school in good stead in a subsequent litigation. He provided that his schoolmaster might receive, "over and above the youth of the parish, so many foreigners as the whole number may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain by the judgment and discretion of the governors; and of the foreigners he may take such stipends and wages as he may get, so that he take pains with all indifferently." When, therefore, the Master of the Rolls, in 1810, gave his judgment in favour of the governors, maintaining the present constitution of the school, he was acting in strict accordance with the spirit of the founder's bequest. An appeal had been made to the Court of Chancery by certain inhabitants of Harrow, setting forth that "the gratuitous instruction of the poor was neglected in the commodious education of the rich," and that there were but few parish scholars, because there were "but few parishioners who wish to give their children a classical education." But nothing can be plainer than that the education which John Lyon

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meant to provide could hardly be called instruction for the poor in any sense; and that if a boy were not "apt to the learning of grammar," he would have desired that his parents should remove him from the school, and put him to the loom or the plough, or some such "profitable occupation," as soon as might be. But what Lyon did intend, as the founders of other local grammar-schools intended, and what Sir William Grant quietly ignores in his judgment, was, that by the help of his bequest the means of a liberal education should be provided, at a moderate cost, for such "poor" as are not paupers or hand-labourers, but too often men of liberal breeding and liberal professions themselves. Such, surely, was the intent both of John Lyon of Harrow, and of Laurence Sheriff of Rugby, and such would be their desire now if they could see the enormous increase in value of the estates which they devoted to education.

The founder's regulations for his school go into very minute detail as to the hours of work and the books to be read. From six in the morning ("or as soon as they may conveniently, having respect unto the distance of the place from whence they come, and the season of the year") until eleven, and again from one to six, gives something like ten hours of daily work for the original Harrovians. He is careful to provide that during this time "they shall not be allowed to play, except on Thursdays only, sometimes, when the weather is fair, and on Saturday, or half-holidays, after evening prayer." The school is to be divided into six classes; the "Petties," "which have not learned their accidence, or entered into the English rules of grammar" — the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth classes, for each of which he prescribes a list of books. In the fifth, the highest, they were to read Virgil, Cæsar, Cicero 'De Natura,' Livy, Demosthenes, Isocrates, and Hesiod. It is singular that the last is the only Greek poet named, and that even Homer finds no place in the curriculum. As the books of the school are all specified, so are the games, which were to be "to drive a top, toss a hand-ball, to run or shoot, and none other." Correction was to be of no other kind "save only with the rod moderately," or with "a very light ferule on the hand for a light negligence;" and it was specially provided—one would have thought unnecessarily — that the master should "receive no girls to be taught in the same school." The monitorial system—of the use and abuse of which so much has been said in late years—was a part of the original constitution of Harrow: two monitors were appointed, who were to report weekly on irregularities out of school hours; and a third, who was to act as a check upon the other two.

It does not appear that Lyon lived to see his school in actual operation. For some years he had been used to pay the sum of twenty marks "for the teaching of thirty poor children of the children" of the parish; and this he desires in his will to be continued until his new school should be built, for which he allows three years after his decease, if not completed before, which does not seem to have been the case. Probably it was not until 1595 that the original schoolhouse was built. It stands now very much as it stood then, a substantial but not very elegant structure of brick, forming the western portion of the present block of school-buildings. It still contains the "large and convenient schoolhouse, with a chimney in it," as ordered in the founder's will, wainscoted with oak, and lighted by heavy square windows with wooden transoms; in the basement below is the cellar for wood and coals, "divided into three several rooms, the one for the master, the second for the usher, and the third for the scholars," according to his most minute and equitable directions; and above, five rooms (one of them now the

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monitors' library), which were probably the private apartments of the masters; over which, again, is a large attic. But the head-master, at any rate, did not long remain content with this very confined accommodation. As early as 1670 there is record of grants made by the governors for the rent of a private house, and for fitting it up to receive boarders; as indeed must have been very necessary, if the master was to avail himself at all of the founder's permission to "take wages of foreigners." Two years afterwards, a house which formed part of the estate in trust was formally made over to the head-master and his successors free of rent. This house was very much enlarged and improved by Dr Heath, and subsequently refronted by Dr Butler, soon after his appointment: the governors made a grant of £1200 for the purpose, but Butler himself expended on it £5000; it was burnt down October 22d, 1838, by a fire which broke out in one of the boys' studies, and destroyed at the same time the boarding-house occupied by Mr (now Bishop) Colenso. The present head-master's house was built at a considerable cost by Dr Wordsworth, in part by a sum of money raised on mortgage by Act of Parliament.

The school-buildings themselves had in the mean time been found quite insufficient for their purpose, notwithstanding the conversion of what had once been the masters' apartments into class-rooms. In 1819 the more modern half of the present school was added by a general subscription of the governors, masters, and old and young Harrovians. Dr Butler was at that time head-master; and it is a remarkable evidence of the very different notions of liberality entertained by his generation, as compared with our own, that he was accused of "ostentation" because his own name was put down for £500. It contains the "speech-room"—used on ordinary occasions for the work of the monitors and upper sixth—with other rooms above; and was built so as to correspond in style, as far as might be, with the original structure. The old school was then assigned to some of the lower forms, and is now known as the "Fourth-form School;" the lower shell and upper fourth at present occupying it. But it still remains the great object of interest in the place, all unadorned as it is, with its gloomy old windows and oaken wainscot and plastered walls, covered with rude inscriptions which no "restorer's" hands have been allowed to touch; of little interest to the professional archæologist, but to Harrovian eyes more precious than the arrowheads of Nineveh. For here, cut by their own hands in boyhood with more or less skill, you have the names of some of the foremost men in England's modern history; the schoolfellows "Byron" and "R. Peel"—the latter in bold deep capitals, as determined to leave his mark legibly amongst the boys or men of his generation; and not far off, his successor in the Premiership, but his senior at Harrow by five years—a whole school generation—"H. Temple," Viscount Palmerston, with the tell-tale date 1800. There, too, may be read an older name, which carries with it even now a deep and pathetic interest, from the sad fate which struck it so early from the rolls of the living—"Spencer Perceval." It is the story of a past generation, yet well remembered—the better, perhaps, because his fate was so nearly repeated in the case of Peel; and even the modern visitor can scarcely help being affected by the brief note appended to the "speech-bill" of 1812, in which the younger Perceval is set down to recite Gray's 'Bard'—"Not spoken, in consequence of the assassination of his father." Many other such memorials of the boyhood of remarkable men may be traced on those old school-walls; many have disappeared under the vigorous knife of some modern Smith or Thompson, too eager to record that he too had

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dwelt in this Arcadia; and it is to prevent this desecration of old memories by modern ambition that all carving on the walls themselves is now strictly forbidden, and long boards have been set up upon which the modern Harrovian may hand down his name to posterity, if so disposed, in legible capitals executed by the school *custos* for the moderate consideration of half-a-crown.

But even the new additions to the main building have of late years proved quite insufficient for the increasing numbers at Harrow. Six new school-rooms have been built on some of the land belonging to Lyon's trust, and three more have just been added under the new library; so that every form, with the exception of those who are still in joint occupation of the old school, has now its separate room as well as separate master.

Lyon's most sanguine expectations never contemplated the possibility of his scholars overcrowding the parish church. An excellent Churchman himself, he not only made it an especial direction that they should be taught the Articles and the Catechism in school, but also that they should "come to church and hear Divine service and Scripture read and interpreted with attention and reverence," on pain of summary correction. It was probably for their especial benefit that in his will he left £10 for the preaching of thirty "good, learned, and godly sermons" yearly; for he directs that if his schoolmaster or usher "can well, and will do the same, without any hindrance to his teaching," one of them is to have, "before any other," the preaching and the preacher's fee. But when the school rose into a public one, the parishioners of Harrow were fairly swamped in their sittings by John Lyon's scholars; they overflowed even the supplemental galleries built for their special accommodation, and which were not very favourable to the "attention and reverence" desired by the founder. A great step was gained in this respect when, in 1839, they moved into a chapel of their own. It was under the mastership of Dr Wordsworth, and to him much of the credit is due, both for his energy in raising subscriptions and for his own liberal contribution. But the chapel thus erected proved too small for the increasing numbers of Harrow; the chancel was first taken down, and subsequently the nave, to make way for the present building. The chancel was Dr Vaughan's gift to the school, and the Crimean Aisle on the south was the tribute of old schoolfellows and friends to the memory of those who fell in the Russian war. The six stained windows in this aisle bear underneath the names and rank of twenty-two Harrow men who fought their last fight there; Anstruther, who won the first of these red laurels at the Alma, at eighteen; Dawson, Allix, Sir Robert Newman, Greville, and Clutterbuck, who fell at Inkerman; Lockwood and Montgomery, in the death-ride of Balaclava; Patullo, Clayton, Ryder, and Holden—the last yet a mere schoolboy—who died at the fatal Redan; with others who either met a soldier's death in the trenches, or sank under fever or cholera. Of them it was well said in Dr Vaughan's address, when the first stone was laid by Fenwick Williams of Kars,—"Their bodies are buried in a far land; but their names live in their old school for evermore."

So much for the mere outward Harrow of bricks and mortar; it is time to say something of the men who have made it what it is. So far as it can be traced, it remained a mere country grammar-school of decent repute for many generations after the founder's death. It had no royal foundation, like Eton and Westminster; no collegiate establishment, with rich fellowships and scholarships, like Winchester; nor did its revenues swell year after year from the spreading wealth of London, like Sheriff's very similar foundation at Rugby. Harrow may boast,

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if any school can, of having risen by merit. Probably, when once it had gained a certain amount of reputation under an able master, its neighbourhood to London, in days when locomotion was a very different thing from what it is now, contributed to its success; and no doubt, when any cause had once made it a fashionable school, fashion kept up its numbers without much reference to the quality of its teaching. But Harrow was and is a poor foundation compared with any other school of its rank. The headmaster receives from the trustees of John Lyon but £30 a-year, with an allowance of £20 for coal, and a house, with accommodation for his boarders,—upon which house, however, successive masters have laid out considerable sums to make it what it is. The under-master (or "usher" of Lyon's foundation) gets still from the estates only £24, 8s. 4d.; a sum which, at the present value of money, is much less than the twenty marks which Lyon assigned him. He also has an allowance of £20 for fuel, and £25 in lieu of the rooms in the old schoolhouse which he was originally to occupy. There is no provision for any of the other masters at all; they are paid out of the annual proceeds of the school. Each of them even has (or had until very lately) to pay for the necessary repairs of their own school-room. Yet John Lyon's estates, as may be supposed in the case of property so near London, have risen in value five-and-twenty fold. But it must be borne in mind that part of his rents were to go to the repairs of the roads between Harrow and London; pretty nearly as much a work of charity, in those days of painful travel, as the founding of a grammar-school. His intention, as is plain from his will, was that something like two-thirds of the whole rents were to go to his school, and the remaining third to the highways. But unfortunately he specified *which* rents — those from his lands at Kilburn and Mary-le-bone—were to be applied to this latter purpose; and these have, of course, increased much more than the others; so that, according to the present interpretation of his will, the proportions are pretty nearly reversed, the roads getting something like £3500 per annum, while the school trust receives, for all purposes, not more than £1100.

The first master who raised Harrow to anything like a public school* was an Etonian, William Horne, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who was elected in or about 1660; but little is now known of him beyond what can be gathered from his epitaph in the chancel of Harrow Church,—that he was "*preceptor strenuus.*" He had at least one very extraordinary pupil. There came to Harrow in 1668, from an obscure village in Shropshire, one William Baxter, then eighteen years old, and knowing (if his own words are to be trusted) "not one letter in a book, nor understanding one word of any language except Welsh." It must have taxed the energies of even that strenuous master to teach him under such difficulties. But teach him he did; so that he afterwards taught others successfully as master of the Mercers' School in London, and his well-known edition of Horace drew a compliment even from Bentley. Upon Horne's death in 1685, another Fellow of King's succeeded—Thomas Brian, M.A.—who contin-

* Perhaps the earliest notice of the school may be traced in Ben Jonson's comedy of 'Bartholomew Fair" (A.D. 1614), in which one of the characters, Bartholomew Cokes, "a tall young squire of Harrow-o'-the-Hill," among sundry other foolish doings at the fair, "falls scrambling for the pears" from a stall which has been upset, and exclaims—"Ods so! a muss, a *muss*, a *muss*, a *muss*"—(which may be old Harrovian for a "squash")—upon which one of the lookers-on remarks—"A delicate great boy! methinks he outscrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself but that he *goes to grammar-school* yet, and plays the truant to-day."—Act iv. sc. 1.

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ned in the mastership no less than thirty-nine years, and resigned probably five years before his death. On this supposition, it was in 1725 that James Cox, M.A. of Merton College, Oxford, the usher or lower master, was elected to the vacancy. He had married his predecessor's daughter, "a woman of very remarkable beauty;" but he seems to have had family troubles, and others of his own making: he was finally removed by the governors for misconduct in 1745. He was followed by the first of the many great names amongst the rulers of Harrow. Thomas Thackeray had been an assistant-master at Eton, a Fellow of King's, and a very nearly successful candidate for the provostship of his college against the Eton head-master, Dr George. His orthodoxy seems to have been questioned at Eton, owing to his having taken the side of Bishop Hoadly in what is known as the Bangorian controversy; and he resigned his situation there in consequence. It must be presumed that the Harrow governors were more latitudinarian in their opinions, for they elected him to their head-mastership without scruple. He was a man of striking personal appearance and polished manners, and he added to his classical accomplishments the much rarer one, in his days, of a good knowledge of modern languages. Those who were educated under him always spoke of him with affection and gratitude. "I loved and revered him as a father," writes Dr Parr. He acted upon the somewhat peculiar principle of never applauding his pupils' exercises, for fear of making them vain. He is said to have remodelled the school system upon the Eton pattern. After a mastership of fifteen years, during which the number on the school-list rose at one time to a hundred and thirty—considerably more than at any previous date—he resigned from ill-health in 1760, and died in the year following. Another Eton scholar, also a Fellow of King's, succeeded—Robert Sumner, grandfather of the late Archbishop. If half the eulogies of his contemporaries be true—and they have all the air of truth—he was, both in character and ability, such a master as few schools have seen. The eloquent tributes paid to him by perhaps his two most distinguished pupils—Sir William Jones* and Dr Parr—are too long for quotation here, and the latter (inscribed on his monument in Harrow Church) might be thought to speak too much the usual language of epitaphs; but there are less formal and equally warm testimonies both from them and from others. "One of the six or seven persons whose taste I am accustomed to consider perfect," writes Parr, in a private letter; and again, to another correspondent, "One of the best-tempered men in the world." He seems, indeed, to have possessed every qualification for his office in a very remarkable degree. Under him the numbers of the school rose rapidly, until from eighty (at which point he found them) they reached two hundred and fifty. It is now that we meet with the first printed bills of the school, a number of which were collected and privately printed by Dr Butler; and it may be interesting to note from them the staff and working arrangements of Harrow a hundred years ago, as contrasted with the present.

In 1770 (the first year in these printed lists) the under-master was the Rev. Richard Wadeson, and there were three assistant-masters—Samuel Parr, David Roderick, and Joseph Drury (subsequently head-master). The three "monitors" of Lyon's regulations had been increased to four; next year there were six, subsequently seven, then ten—reduced, as the numbers of the school gradually fell off in later years, to five; and again increased by Dr Vaughan in 1852 to their present number, fifteen. Next in rank to

* Preface to 'Treatise on Asiatic Poetry.'

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the monitors came the fifth form, according to Lyon's original scheme, and these two forms were taught by the head-master; there was no sixth until many years afterwards. Then followed the shell, fourth, and third forms; all these ranking as the "upper school." The "under school" was divided in a very peculiar fashion: there was first the "Scan and Prove" class, then the "Ovid," the "Phædrus," the "Upper Selectæ," "Under Selectæ," "Nomenclature," "Grammar," and "Accidence." It is impossible not to wish, as one reads, that these latter classes were to be found existing in fact, if not in name, in our public schools at present; and one perfectly understands that Dr Sumner was indeed the able teacher he is recorded to have been. At the end of the bill come a few names "unplaced." The following year a "Prayer-book" class appears, next below the Grammar; and a few years later, "Terence" comes in place of "Scan and Prove," and in 1796 gives the name to the lowest form in the school; "grammar," it is to be feared, beginning even thus early to go out of fashion; though in 1803 the Ovid Class (with a duke in it) and the Phædrus, reappear. At present there are, besides the monitors, an upper and lower sixth, four separate divisions of the fifth, a "remove," four "shells," and three fourths; there is usually a very small third, but a first and second are practically ignored at Harrow, as at most public schools. There are now fifteen assistant classical masters, besides four mathematical, and two for modern languages; the number of boys in any one form is restricted as nearly as possible to thirty-five as the *maximum;* in former days, when the school was full, and the masters much fewer in number, there were in some forms as many as seventy; plainly quite too many for anything like individual attention on the part of the teacher; only a very small percentage could be "put on" at any one lesson, and an idle boy, with the gambling spirit more or less common to all boys and men, took his chance of not being called upon. No defect of arrangement has fostered idleness in the mass of boys so much as the overgrown numbers assigned, in our larger schools, to each individual master.

Sumner's most celebrated pupil was Samuel Parr. The son of a Harrow apothecary, he entered the school in 1758, when he was six years old. Before he was fourteen he was at the head of it; when, to his great mortification, his father, who was little able to afford him a university education, took him to assist in his business. But the young scholar is said to have carried on his school studies, in some sort, by working over at night, with one of his old schoolfellows, the monitors' lessons for the day, with Sumner's criticisms and corrections. He also took upon himself to criticise now and then the physicians' Latin which came before him in the form of prescriptions; which is recorded to have drawn very little encouragement from the more practical father: "Sam," said he, "d—— the language—make the mixture." After three years' trial, however, his tastes and abilities showed themselves so decidedly, that Sumner persuaded his father to allow Sam to leave the mixtures, and enter at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. But after hard struggles and hard study, want of means compelled him to leave before he took his degree; and Sumner, who continued always his steady friend, took him as an under-master in his twentieth year. A Harrow mastership in those days was not quite so good a thing as now; all Sumner could offer was £50 per annum, with the chance of another £40 or £50 from pupils. Of Parr's life there for the next five years little is known, though many traditional stories of his eccentricities used to be current. He is said to have been, as a boy, so quaint and prematurely old-looking, that his schoolfellow Jones (Sir William),

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after looking hard at him one day during a walk, said, "If you have the luck to live forty years, Parr, you will stand a chance of overtaking your face." He had the luck, at all events—if luck it was—while still a very young master at Harrow, to win the affections of a well-to-do widow in the neighbourhood. The lady's fancy became known to the boys, and many were their jokes about Parr and his fair admirer. One day the following was found lying on his desk :—

"When Madam Eyre prefers her prayer,
Safe from the eyes of men,
'Tis this alone her lips make known,
'*Parr*—donnez-moi! Amen!'"

From what subsequently happened, it is clear that he was not only an able teacher, but very popular amongst the boys. His secret, according to his own account, was one which has seldom been unsuccessful. "I tried to treat the boys," says he, "as young gentlemen." One of his pupils has recorded how, in the Virgil lesson, he poured out from his remarkable memory illustration upon illustration, tracing the Roman poet back to his Greek sources with a merciless ability which might have satisfied even Professor Conington. He complained of the little attention paid to Latin prose composition, and highly applauded the Winchester practice of committing large portions of Greek and Latin to memory. Upon Sumner's death, which occurred in 1771 from apoplexy, when only forty-one, Parr was encouraged by his friends to become a candidate for the head-mastership. He had in his favour the highest reputation for scholarship, and the hearty good wishes of most of the under-masters and scholars. According to his own statement, Sumner was known to have marked him out as his successor; against him was his youth, and his want of a university degree. If the impression which prevailed in the school at the time is to be trusted, there was another objection, not so openly avowed. The governors had been in the habit of frequently requesting holidays for the boys, against which Dr Sumner had strongly remonstrated, as interfering with the school-work. Parr had also warmly backed his chief in this resistance; and it was not forgotten at the election. His own belief was, that a vote which he had given for Wilkes at Brentford stood most in his way. To meet the most valid of these objections, his friends succeeded in obtaining for him, previous to the election, the degree of Master of Arts, by royal mandate. To give additional gravity to his appearance, Parr now for the first time adopted the wig which became afterwards almost as well-known as himself. A petition was sent in to the governors, signed by the boys, but evidently drawn up by a more experienced hand, praying them to take into consideration "the unanimous wishes of the whole school, which are universally declared in favour of Mr Parr;" and (in anticipation of the election of Mr Heath), "that a school of such reputation ought not to be considered as a mere appendix to Eton;" the two last head-masters having been assistants there. When the day of election came on, and it was understood that Heath was chosen, an actual rebellion broke out; an attack was made upon the house where the governors met, and the carriage of one of their body, Mr Bucknall, was dragged out of the inn-yard and broken to pieces. Mr Roderick indeed, one of the assistant-masters, trusting to his popularity as a known partisan of Parr, interfered to rescue it, and rendered the owner the ironical service of saving "one entire side of the vehicle." Parr and Roderick at once resigned their offices, and in consequence the governors adjourned the school for a fortnight. Order was not restored until three weeks after Heath had entered upon his new duties. The accusations brought against Parr, as having instigated the rebellion, seem

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to have been quite unfounded; but when he retired from Harrow, and set up a private school at Stanmore, about four miles off, he was accompanied there by some forty or fifty of the upper boys in the school (amongst whom were two sons of Lord Dartmouth), and by his faithful ally, Mr Roderick. Mr Joseph Drury, another of his fellow-assistants, also proposed to follow his fortunes; but, happily for himself, was persuaded to remain at Harrow, where he subsequently became head-master on Dr Heath's resignation. Many of the other boys were withdrawn from the school at the same time, amongst whom was the late Marquis of Wellesley, who, then only eleven years old, left Harrow for Eton. But Harrow suffered little from what might have seemed the formidable rivalship of Stanmore: Sumner appears to have left two hundred and thirty-two boys in the school; and a list of 1774, the third year of Heath's rule, gives the numbers at two hundred and five.

Parr left Stanmore in a few years for the mastership of the grammar-school at Colchester, from which he afterwards removed to that at Norwich. It was well, perhaps, for his Harrow popularity that, as assistant-master, he had not the power of flogging there as he did at Norwich; although sharp corporal discipline is not a master's worst fault in the eyes of schoolboys. He seems to have not spared the rod in his last school. "I'll flog you all!" he thundered to his form on one occasion; the "præpostor of the week" having only Ulysses' privilege of being the last victim, after assisting in due official form at the previous executions. The Doctor had a commendable horror of geniuses amongst his pupils. One of his under-masters told him one day that "S—— appeared to him to show signs of genius." "Say you so?" said Parr, with a grin—"then begin to flog to-morrow morning." The execution-block at Norwich must have inspired more than the usual horrors; for Parr's lictor there was a man who had been sentenced to be hanged, and had been cut down, and resuscitated by the surgeons, and from whose hand, according to the account of one of his pupils, Parr "used to receive the birches with a complacent expression of countenance." One of his Stanmore pupils, Beloe, speaks, as if feelingly, of "the lightning of his eye, the thunder of his voice, and the weight of his arm." Yet the stern disciplinarian must have been naturally tender-hearted; for in his Harrow school-days he fought young Lord Mountstewart in defence of a worried cat. He took great interest in the athletic sports of the boys, and even enjoyed greatly the sight of a fair stand-up fight; issuing an edict that all such encounters should take place on a piece of ground opposite his study window, where, with his blind half-drawn, he could see without being seen. His many eccentricities of character make it very doubtful whether, in spite of his great scholarship, Harrow suffered any loss in his non-election. He was again brought forward as a candidate on Heath's resignation in 1785, but took no active steps in the contest.

Parr's schoolfellow and bosom friend at Harrow was Sir William Jones, the favourite pupil of both Thackeray and Sumner; whom Dr Johnson called—not without some truth, allowing for Johnsonian diction—"the most accomplished of the sons of men." Whether he really knew twenty-eight languages or not, he at least knew a great deal more about them than any man before him, or possibly since. He was very popular with his schoolfellows because of the many holidays given for his exercises; and Sumner is said to have remarked of him, that he knew more Greek than himself. The proceedings of the three boy-friends—Jones, Parr, and Bennet (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne)—were very unlike the usual doings of

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schoolboys. They disputed together in Latin logic, and parcelled out the neighbouring country into separate dominions,—Arcadia, of which Jones was king, under the name of *Euryalus;* Argos, under *Nisus* (Bennet); and Sestos and Abydos, where Parr reigned as *Leander*. Of their wars and politics we have no record. Jones, after distinguishing himself at Oxford, returned to Harrow for a short time as private tutor to the young Lord Althorp. His subsequent career as a judge in India, where the Brahmins held him in almost as great esteem for his learning as any of his English friends, can be only alluded to here; but it is worth recording that, had he lived to return to England, it was his favourite dream to end his days at Harrow. Another constant companion of Parr and Bennet was Richard Warburton (who took the name of Lytton), of whom Parr spoke in after life as the first Latin scholar of his time.*

Amongst Sumner's pupils was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose brilliant and irregular genius plagued and delighted his masters at Harrow, as it did the political world afterwards. He entered as a foundationer, his parents at that time residing at Harrow. Parr, who was in office as a master when he entered the school, soon noticed his remarkable powers, and did what he could to coax him into exertion. He was not very successful: Sheridan left school early, "a shrewd, artful, supercilious boy" (says his tutor, Mr Roderick), never reaching the sixth form. Amongst the boys he was, in some measure, a butt for his oddities; but in one not very creditable form of enterprise he seems to have taken the lead. Orchard-robbing was at that time not beneath the dignity of Harrow boys; and Sheridan had, somewhere or other, a regular apple-loft, for the supply of which all the orchards and gardens in the neighbourhood were laid under contribution, and younger boys were employed as collectors under more or less compulsion. Parr was aware of it, and tried, unsuccessfully, to convict Sheridan of the leadership of the gang.

There were at least three boarding-houses at this time besides the head-master's. One was kept by a Dr Glasse, and was almost a separate establishment. His pupils were chiefly boys of rank, and during Thackeray's time had been exempted from appearing at "bills."† Sumner stopped this privilege, to the great disgust of Dr Glasse and some of his aristocratic friends. Earl Radnor even threatened to "ruin the school" if Sumner refused to give way; but the new head-master was firm. Lord Dartmouth, on the other hand, supported him, and removed his sons into his house from Glasse's, who was beaten in the struggle, and left Harrow. Mr Reeves, the writing-master, had also a few boarders; but the largest house was Hawkins's, between the occupants of which and Thackeray's a great fight (in the matter of some fireworks) took place in December 1757, which Bennet commemorated in a clever poem in English heroic verse, entitled 'Pugna Maxima.'‡

Dr Parr's successful rival for the head-mastership of Harrow was, as has been said, the Rev. Benjamin Heath, again an Etonian and Fellow of King's. He was the son of Benjamin Heath, well known as a commentator on the Greek tragic poets; and it is remarkable that his brother, Dr George Heath, was some years afterwards elected head-

* His grandson Sir Henry Bulwer, and great-grandson Robert Bulwer-Lytton (son of Sir Edward), were both Harrovians.

† Calling over the names on half-holidays, &c., usually at intervals of two or three hours, to keep the boys within reasonable bounds.

‡ Portions of it are quoted in the 'Memoirs' prefixed to Parr's Works, vol. i. p. 22.

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master of Eton. He carried on the school for fourteen years, with no diminution in its numbers or reputation; and resigned in 1785, on being elected Fellow of Eton College. He retired to his rectory of Walkerne in Hertfordshire, where the magnificent library which he had collected at Harrow was arranged in a gallery built (in imitation of Sir Thomas Bodley's at Oxford) in the form of a T, in which Dr Dibdin luxuriated with his usual raptures; as he appears to have done also in the excellent "larder and cellar," which he tells us his host maintained. The collection was subsequently sold in London for £9000. "Never," says Dibdin, "did the bibliomaniac's eye alight upon sweeter copies; and never did the bibliographical barometer rise higher than at this sale."

Mr Joseph Drury, one of the assistant-masters, whose family name has since become one of the household words of Harrow, succeeded. The rapid rise of the school in numbers and importance is the best evidence of his efficiency as a master; and many of his old pupils — Lord Byron among the number—were strongly attached to him. At one time during his mastership there were above 350 names on the school-list, and amongst these a very large proportion of the highest families in England. The bill of 1803 shows perhaps a larger proportion of nobility than could at any time have been counted in any school of the size. Out of 345 names there are those of one present and three prospective dukes — Dorset, Sutherland, Devonshire, and Grafton; one future marquis; two actual and five future earls and viscounts; and besides these, four others who bear the title of "Lord," twenty-one "Honourables," and four baronets. Two sons of Rufus King, then American Minister in London, appear in the list: he professes to have sent them to Harrow because it was the only school in which no special honour was attached to rank; if the old Eton story about the three extra kicks "for the Duke" be true, there was just as much and as little respect of persons in one school as the other; but at any rate the republican contrived to send his boys into good company.

Dr Drury, after working in the school for the long term of thirty-six years—the last twenty as headmaster—resigned, and retired to an estate of his own in Devonshire, where he died. A very close competition ensued for the vacancy. There was a strong party in favour of Dr Drury's son, Mr Mark Drury, then under-master; Mr Benjamin Evans, one of the assistant-masters, was also in the field; and high testimonials were sent in to the governors in favour of the Rev. George Butler, Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Senior Wrangler. The votes of the six electors were divided between these three, and reference had to be made to the Visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who decided in favour of Butler. A letter of recommendation from Dr Parr had (according to the writer's statement) some influence in the choice. It was not a popular appointment with the majority of the boys, or with the inhabitants of Harrow, and the new headmaster met with some annoyances during the first four months of his government. At the first speech-day at which he presided the excitement was very great, and some disturbances were apprehended, but the affair seems to have passed over quietly. Dr Butler was a man of very high abilities; somewhat more feared than loved, perhaps, by those under his rule, but "he was a gentleman," says one of them emphatically — no light word of praise. One of the failings attributed to him as a disciplinarian is in itself a gentleman's characteristic—that he took the boys' word rather too much. He showed very great interest in the speeches, and took some pains to insure good action and elocution in the speakers; but the ordeal of rehearsal before

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him was rather dreaded, for he was merciless in his criticisms, taking off the tone and manner of an awkward speaker, to the victim's great disgust, and the amusement of the others present.

Lord Byron's school life is already pretty well known. Drury spoke of him as "a wild mountain colt, who might be led with a silken string rather than with a cable." The silken string, at least, secured Byron's attachment; "the best, the kindest (yet strict, too) friend I had,—and I look upon him still as a father," was his record long after he had left school. He was at Harrow from his 13th to his 17th year,—"cricketing, rebelling, *rowing*, and in all manner of mischief;" and occasionally writing his "thirty or forty Geeek hexameters, with such prosody as pleased God." He was one of the monitors at the time of Dr Drury's resignation, and resented bitterly the non-election of his son, and the accession of Butler. In conjunction with his friend Tom Wildman, he headed with all his influence the opposition to the new government; it is said that he even carried a loaded pistol, with some vague idea of shooting Dr Butler. He kept up his animosity for some time, and the Doctor must have shown great patience with him. Once he tore down the gratings in the windows, and condescended to make no other excuse but that "they darkened the hall." He refused the usual invitation (regarded by the boys as a "command") to dine with the head-master at the end of the half-year; explaining, that he should "never think of asking Dr Butler to dine with *him* at Newstead." Some of the earliest efforts of his muse were satires, bitter if not very poetical, against his new preceptor.* One of these he has preserved but there were many others current in the school which are probably just as well forgotten. Byron seems himself to have been conscious of an unjust prejudice. "I have retained," he says in his diary, "many of my school friendships and all my dislikes, except to Dr Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since." He sought an interview with the Doctor before he embarked for Greece; and they parted friends. An actual rebellion broke out at one time, which is said to have lasted three days, when, amongst other hostilities on the part of the boys, a train of gunpowder was laid along a passage through which Dr Butler was in the habit of passing at a certain hour every night to see that all lights were extinguished. The train was fired, happily without injury to the Doctor; the perpetrators were never discovered, and the secret had been confided to very few. It was probably to this outbreak that Byron referred, when he told Captain Medwin that he "saved the schoolroom from being burnt, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls."

Very different in character was Byron's schoolfellow, Robert Peel; but we know most of his school-days from Byron's record; "as a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a schoolboy out of school, I was always in scrapes and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well." His room at Harrow is still shown, and every trace of him carefully preserved. The story of Byron's offering to "take half" of a licking which some bigger boy was giving the future premier, is interesting, but of doubtful authenticity. They "spoke" together in 1803, Peel as *Turnus*, and Byron as *Latinus*, with Leeke as *Drances*, from the 'Æneid;' Byron originally intended to have spoken *Drances*, but, ever sensitive on the subject of his lame foot, shrank from the allusion in "*pedibusque fugacibus istis*."

The numbers in the school, after

* See 'Lines on a recent Change of Head-Masters in a Public School.'

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some fluctuation, declined rapidly in the later years of Dr Butler's rule. His highest number was 295 (in 1816); on his promotion to the deanery of Peterborough, and consequent retirement in 1829, he left only 115 names in the bill. There were some reasons for this decline for which he was not responsible; some of the undermasters had become unfortunately involved in debt, and the reputation of the school suffered in consequence. He was succeeded by Dr Longley, a Westminster student of Christ-Church, Oxford; under whom the school rose again, and again declined. After remaining seven years at Harrow, he became Bishop of Ripon—his first step to Canterbury. His successor was a Wintonian — Christopher Wordsworth, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge — a highly distinguished scholar, but certainly not a successful schoolmaster. He found 165 boys at Harrow; the number rose in his second year to 190; and after eight years of office he left there only 78—the lowest point which the numbers have reached since any record has been kept. It is not our intention here to enter into any criticism of the acts, merits, or policy of living headmasters (of whom Harrow has an unusual number); but it is fair to Dr Wordsworth to say that he had many noble qualities which attached his better pupils to him strongly, and that the decline of the school is partly attributed, by those who are in a condition to judge impartially, to causes which existed before his appointment. The discipline had been previously sapped, and it needed a very able and judicious hand to restore it. The vice of drinking, which at different times has infected all our public schools, had crept into Harrow to a serious extent, and cost subsequent masters much trouble and anxiety to suppress. But under Dr Wordsworth's successor, Charles John Vaughan, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, one of Arnold's most brilliant and favourite pupils at Rugby, Harrow rose again in numbers and repute far more rapidly than it had fallen. In three years the increase was from 78 to 321; and this shortly rose to 485, a number which Harrow had never reached before. Dr Vaughan's wish had been to limit it to 400; and this alone prevented even a larger influx, the admission-list being always full for some years in advance. In strength of numbers, and in university distinctions, Harrow has more than resumed its rank amongst public schools; but it has never regained that almost exclusively aristocratic character which it had under Dr Drury; and possibly neither its discipline nor its scholarship may be the worse for a more general mixture of ranks amongst the boys. It long maintained, however, the questionable distinction of being the most expensive school in England. Dr Vaughan, upon his accession, reduced the charges considerably. Yet the school-fees for tuition are only £17; and foundationers (those resident within the parish of Harrow) pay in all only 17 guineas, which includes the *private* tuition.

Dr Vaughan retired from Harrow, somewhat to the public surprise, after fifteen years of uninterrupted success, and whilst still in the vigour of life; declaring that in his own mind he had from the first fixed upon that period as the fitting limit to so laborious and responsible an office. The surprise was hardly less when he soon after declined promotion to the bishopric of Rochester—a well-deserved tribute from a Harrovian Premier. He has been succeeded in the headmastership by Henry Montague Butler, son of the former headmaster, and himself the "captain" of the school only nine years before —the first Harrovian on record who has been elected to the office. At the time of his appointment he was only twenty-six, but his reputation as a scholar stood very high. It is enough to say that under his rule

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Harrow has increased in numbers, and certainly not lost in reputation. The last "bill-book" contains 466 names.

It need hardly be said that so large a number are not lodged in any one building. Besides the head-master's house, which, although the largest, accommodates only something over sixty boys, there are sixteen other boarding-houses, in which the numbers range from fifty to as few as six or seven. All these are kept by assistant-masters, and form one considerable source of their income. No "dames'" boarding-houses are now sanctioned; and for the good order of the establishment each master is responsible. There exists also at Harrow, as elsewhere, that anomaly in our public-school system, private tuition, so called. Each boy has some one of the masters appointed as his private tutor, to whom he pays £15 a-year. Under present arrangements each master has his fair proportion of pupils; but there were days in which a popular tutor had as many as 100 out of 250. The system was probably introduced, with other Eton arrangements, by Dr Thackeray. Until very lately the practice was for every lesson and exercise to be taken to the private tutor in the first place, before it was considered ready for the regular master of the form. This system, absurd in principle, proved even worse in practice; the whole preparation of the lesson consisting too often of a hasty construe in the pupil-room; while the written exercises were submitted to the master of the form, after receiving the tutors' corrections; and, since even among masters there is not always an entire unwillingness to catch each other trifling, it was not uncommon for the former (if either ill-natured or over-fastidious) to slash away mercilessly at his colleague's emendations, ostensibly for the instruction, and certainly very much to the amusement of the boy.

At present, all the lower forms prepare their lessons and exercises in the pupil-room, under the tutor's eye, and with his discretionary help; only the original rough copies of the exercises, and not the corrected ones, being sent in to the form-master. Each tutor also reads with his pupils, two or three hours in the week, some book or subject not included in the regular school-work. He also prepares for confirmation; is supposed to take pains to know his pupils' characters, and to be ready to give advice; and in case of any serious complaint against a boy, the tutor would be consulted by the head-master as to his view of his pupil's general character before any severe punishment was inflicted. In these points the connection is found to be useful.

The hours of Harrow are not so early as at most public schools. The work of the day begins at 7.30, when the whole of the boys assemble in two divisions for "bills" and prayers. The lesson lasts until 8.30 nominally; but a boy seldom gets away much before nine. At nine, at all events, comes breakfast; of which the simpler materials only —tea or coffee, bread, milk, and butter—are supplied by the boarding-house; whatever accessories a modern schoolboy requires in the way of relishes being a matter of private account at the pastrycook's. Second "school," after more or less preparation, according to the boy's industry or idleness, begins at eleven and ends at twelve. Dinner comes at one, on a very liberal scale as to quality; indeed, it is questionable whether the present tendency, in some masters' houses, is not to rather too much indulgence on this head. Some years ago the system was more homely, and occasional complaints were made, but without much foundation. If the day be a whole school-day (Monday, Wednesday, or Friday), third school begins at 3 or 3.30, and lasts an hour. Fourth and last school follows after the interval of an hour, usually spent in preparation, and lasts until 6 or 6.30. On the alternate three days, which are

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half-holidays, there is no regular third or fourth lesson; but there is more work in the forenoon, and a part of the afternoon is employed in the correction of exercises. Thus the lower forms have on the average rather more than five hours' work *per diem* in school, and the time required for preparation out of school would occupy about two hours more—making the average day's work above seven hours. On Wednesdays and Fridays, which appear to be the *dies carbone notandi* with Harrovians, they have pretty nearly ten hours in the whole. This is plainly too much, and in most cases is corrected practically by the boys themselves, who almost necessarily shirk what they can of it. The higher forms, of course, are less tied to actual work in school, but not less is expected from them; and those who have any regard for school honours and position give even a larger proportion of their time than this. The composition alone, in the head-form, takes up many hours in the week, if carefully done: a Latin theme or translation (occasionally varied by an English essay, or translation into Greek); a copy of Latin verses—twenty-five the minimum received; and another either of Latin lyrics or of Greek iambics. It is therefore no unwise indulgence, but almost a necessary relaxation, if cricket and foot-ball matches are ever to be played, which gives one whole holiday instead of a half about once a-fortnight, which is understood as a substitute for the half-holidays which used to be given from time to time for university honours won by Harrovians. On the mornings of the saints' days there is chapel instead of first "school;" and on Sundays about two hours are employed in some theological reading.

Tea follows as soon as the boys return to their different houses after fourth lesson, or about six o'clock: the gates of each house are locked about dusk, the hour being altered from time to time according to the season. At nine there is a supper of cold meat, &c.; bed-time is ten; lights are out at 10.30, and all is soon quiet for the night. The discipline is too good to allow of the nocturnal escapades which took place in other days; and perhaps the day's work has been too hard to leave much relish for them. But there were sporting nights, within present memory, when a bagged cat was occasionally turned out in the dormitory, and hunted under and over the beds for an hour or so; and many an old Harrovian, now grown into a staid Paterfamilias, whom it would be very hard indeed to move from his chair after dinner farther than his drawing-room, could tell tales of dropping over the head-master's yard-wall on moonlight nights, and making forays into Lord Northwick's waters, where fish of fabulous size were reported to lie, and where smaller ones were occasionally caught; or of hiring some wretched horse and trap of Jem Martin, and driving out miles to breakfast in the dawn of a saint's-day morning, which less adventurous spirits devoted to extra sleep, and returning just in time to answer to their names at the nine o'clock bill;—expeditions whose main pleasures must have lain in their unlawfulness. The Martin family were celebrities of Harrow for at least two or three generations, and were purveyors-general to the school of all kinds of sporting apparatus, and other illegitimate or questionable luxuries. There was an old Dick Martin in Dr Heath's days—nearly a hundred years ago—who, amongst other ingenious speculations, sold to the new boys—always eager to invest their pocket-money—painted sparrows, which he called "cocky-olly birds." Dr Heath was quite aware of his character, and used annually to give out as a subject for Latin verses, "*Alphenus vafer,*" under which Horatian *alias* Mr Martin was well understood to be proposed for poetical treatment. Latin verse was not then so rare an accomplishment

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as now; and some of the wits of the school took great pleasure in setting forth, in very graphic style, classical enough even for Heath's critical ear, the queer dealings which went on in their old friend's establishment. Two junior branches, Jem and Jack, were equally well known in later days; they kept two or three wretched quadrupeds for hire, which occasionally figured in tandems; the only possible excitement in driving them consisting in the chance of a "double flogging"—the certain penalty of detection; they also dealt in birds (they are not accused of painting them—perhaps the art died with the father), dogs, ferrets, rats, and all manner of saleable vermin; kept badgers for gentlemen to try their dogs upon, and game-cocks for fighting, though the latter sport was not so popular as in the father's time. They had latterly a formidable rival in a Mrs W——, who had once seen more respectable days, and held a situation of some trust connected with the school, then tried the confectionery line, and finally took up the peculiar sporting business which, till then, the Martins had held exclusively. Her menagerie—so says a recent autobiography—was under her bed, where a badger, game-cocks, rats, &c., formed a more or less happy family: and the proprietress was accustomed to stand at the door, and invite the "young gentlemen" to "walk in and have a little pastime" on half-holidays.

The monitorial system, as it has been called—that is, the internal government of the school, out of school hours, by some of the elder and more responsible boys—has been the subject of so much discussion, that the briefest sketch of the school would be incomplete without some notice of it. This is no place to enter upon a defence of a system which has been attacked and defended a score of times with ability and pertinacity on both sides,—which has always been, in a greater or less degree, a vital principle in the constitution of all English public schools,—will certainly always continue to be so as long as such schools exist, and as certainly will always be loudly abused by a good many unruly boys and foolish parents. But at Harrow, especially, it was a part of Lyon's original constitution. He directed, as has been seen, that three monitors should from the first have authority to maintain discipline over their fellows. No doubt their powers and privileges and responsibilities have been modified from time to time, partly by the general habits of the age, partly by the character of successive head-masters; but when an unfortunate occurrence brought the whole system under discussion during Dr Vaughan's mastership, a good many writers and speakers seemed to regard the system as of foreign introduction—an adoption of Arnold's mode of government at Rugby. Nothing seems more unfair than to attribute to Dr Vaughan either the credit or discredit of such an introduction. No doubt, a pupil of a man like Arnold was likely to use this instrument of government in Arnold's spirit; but (as has been observed before in these pages) it was a similar popular mistake which ascribed to Arnold its introduction at Rugby. It had existed both at Rugby and at Winchester before Arnold himself was a schoolboy. As the moral character of public schools rose, this recognised aristocracy of the school came to exercise a more distinct moral influence; and when head-masters began to feel that they had to teach morality as well as Latin and Greek, monitors and præpostors began in their turn to take a higher view of their responsibilities. The monitorial system was the introduction of no particular head-master into any public school within living memory, though its actual working would necessarily take a colour in every school from the master for the time being.

There is no material difference between the powers and privileges

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of the monitors of Harrow and the prefects of Winchester or the præpostors of Rugby. They are expected to maintain the domestic discipline, as it may be termed, of the school; they are responsible for the good order and honourable conduct of their juniors, both within the walls of their several boarding-houses and on the playground; they are expected also to put down, as far as possible, bad language, bullying, and ungentlemanly habits of all kinds. To enforce their authority they have the power of setting punishments or impositions, and of personally correcting a delinquent with a cane within certain limits, which are pretty well understood and generally observed. Both as a support to their authority, and as a privilege to make their position the more desirable, they have the right of fagging; which, however, they share with the whole of the sixth form. The "shell" forms and all below are fags; but the boys of the third form (the lowest in the school) are by custom exempt, as being too young and too ignorant. By a custom of later date, any fag may claim exemption after three years' service. The fags are expected to "keep base" at foot-ball, and to stand out at cricket when the sixth are practising; but in these cases there is a very fair arrangement which seems peculiar to Harrow; two fags are appointed as "slave-drivers," who send down as many as are wanted on the ground in regular rotation, keeping a roster of their names. By a somewhat similar arrangement the fags at the foot-ball base are relieved every quarter of an hour, which prevents an undue share of work falling upon a few unpopular boys, as used to be too much the case in some other public schools. And in spite of "slave-drivers" and monitors, a fag's life at Harrow is a tolerably happy one. Like the Southern nigger, he is not half so much shocked at his condition as the good old ladies who overwhelm him with sympathy.

It has been seen that Lyon had limited the sports of his scholars to four kinds—tops, hand-balls, running, and archery. The first have long ceased to be recognised by public-school boys at Harrow or elsewhere; the second, in the improved form of racquets, flourishes still; foot-races have been lately revived as an important portion of the athletic games which now take place in the school annually; but archery, of which John Lyon made most account as physical training for English youth, after maintaining its ground at Harrow long after it had fallen out of use in other schools, came to an end there some ninety years ago. Lyon's ordinances required of every parent to furnish his son "at all times with bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting;" and the practice appears to have been vigorously kept up for nearly two hundred years. From time immemorial, a silver arrow was annually shot for by the best archers in the school, with a certain amount of pomp and ceremony, which latterly drew a good many visitors. The competitors were at first six, but increased to eight, and latterly to twelve. They shot in fancy dresses of satin, usually green and white, embroidered with gold, with green silk sashes and caps. The masters, in full academic costume, attended the contest, which took place at the Butts, a very picturesque spot on the left of the road entering Harrow from London. Steps cut in the grassy slope of a wooded knoll at the back formed the seats for the spectators — "worthy," said Dr Parr, "of a Roman amphitheatre;" but after the suppression of the archery practice, the hill was worked for brick-earth, and the site is now covered by houses. The rules of the contest are not very clearly handed down. The first who shot twelve times nearest the centre is said to have been the winner. Each hit within the inner circle was saluted with a fanfare of French horns—just as, at some modern

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archery meetings, a flourish of bugles is made to proclaim a gold. The winner was escorted home to the school in procession, and usually gave a ball in the schoolroom to the neighbouring families. It seems probable that the competitors, at least in later times, were only such as could afford the necessary expenses. In 1744, it is recorded that an Indian chief was present, who remarked that the boys shot well, but that he could have beaten them. Some Indian warriors are said also to have been among the spectators in 1755. In the present school library there is an old print of the contest, in one corner of which is a figure going off the ground with an arrow sticking in his face, to which he applies his hand. Tradition says it represents one Goding, a barber of Harrow, who was shot on one of these occasions, through his own or one of the archers' carelessness, either in the eye or the mouth—for on this point the authorities differ. It has been said that this unlucky accident led to the suppression of the custom. The expense of the costumes and entertainment is also said to have been the cause; but the real reason was, that the practice which the competitors required was found a serious interruption to the work of the school, and the shooting-day also brought down an influx of very undesirable company from London. For these reasons Dr Heath, immediately on his entrance into office in 1772, abolished the time-honoured festival, to the intense disgust, as might be concluded, of the then Harrovians; for schoolboys are essentially conservative. He had at first only suggested certain curtailments of the practice-days and other archers' privileges; whereupon the boys took huff, and declined to shoot at all. The last prize arrow, in 1771, was won by Lord Althorp, the second Earl Spencer. The only remaining trace of the ancient custom is in the two crossed arrows, the device still stamped upon all the school prize-books.*

As a substitute for the suppressed archery contest, Dr Heath introduced the "speech-days," which still continue to form the annual Harrow festival. Originally there were three; the first Thursdays in May, June, and July. The speakers were the ten monitors, who appeared on each of the three days, and six in rotation from the sixth form, who spoke each on one day only. Dr Longley reduced the speech-days to two, and Dr Wordsworth, in 1844, limited the performance, as it remains at present, to a single day in July. The old speech-bills (of which a collection, made by Dr Butler, may be seen in the school library) contain only selections from Greek and Latin orators or poets, with occasional scenes from Shakespeare; but in 1820, the successful compositions for the governors' prizes for Greek and Latin verse—then first given—were also recited by their authors, to which were added the English Essay and English Poem, given by Dr Vaughan as head-master in 1845, and since continued. But, with the exception of the English verse, which, like the Newdigate at Oxford, is always popular with the ladies, the prize compositions do not interest the audience like the dramatic scenes; and of late years the former have been judiciously curtailed in the recitation. The latter are sometimes admirably performed, and a good deal of pains is taken by the school tutors who have any histrionic taste in drilling their pupils;

* The arrows, grouped with a broken bow, first appear on some of the speech-bills, printed after the suppression of the shooting in 1771. They were first placed on the prize-books by Dr Butler, who also substituted the present motto of the school, "*Stet fortuna domus,*" for the original one, dating probably from Lyon's days, "*Donorum Dei dispensatio fidelis.*" The old red lion (probably the cognisance of Lyon) which held the weathercock on the old school, was taken down when the new speech-room was built, and carelessly destroyed.

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and though there exist dim traditions of wonderful speakers in old times (schoolboys are very much given to refer to earlier heroic ages, when "there were giants in the land"), yet those who had the good fortune to be present in 1862, and heard the well-earned applause which was brought down by the scenes from Sheridan's 'Critic,' from Molière, and from the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes; or again, in the present year, by the impersonations of *Bob Acres*, and *M. Jourdain* and his *Maitre de Philosophie*, in spite of the disadvantage of acting without scenery or costumes, will not think that Harrow speakers have degenerated. Of the advantage to the boys themselves of this annual exhibition there can be no doubt. To be early accustomed to face such an audience as is then gathered together, without nervousness or awkwardness, and to hear the sound of their own voices in public, is a portion of general education which English gentlemen very much require, and which, to judge from their ordinary public performances in the way of speech-making at maturer years, must have been very generally neglected. The future debater, or pleader, or preacher, or even the future country squire, may be thankful for any modicum of school-training which may save him from utter helplessness when he gets upon his legs before or after dinner.

There had been, in earlier days, under Thackeray's mastership, regular English plays acted by the boys on the last three nights before the Christmas holidays, the costumes being lent by Rich, the Covent Garden manager. Thackeray himself wrote some of the prologues, and the families of the town attended the performance. The plays or selections were usually of a serious cast; but when Tate Wilkinson, afterwards actor and manager, was a Harrow boy, boarding at Reeves's, the writing-master, he delighted the family circle there with his powers as a comic actor, which had already earned some applause amongst his father's friends in London. In consequence, Dr Thackeray was persuaded to allow 'The Provoked Husband,' in which Wilkinson made quite a sensation as *Lady Townly*. He next appeared as *Romeo*, in the garden scene, after some difficulty in finding a *Juliet*; Frederick Thackeray, the headmaster's son, who had supported him admirably as *Lord Townly*, declining to represent the fair Capulet, for which part another schoolfellow, Sir John Russiate, at last volunteered. But Harrow morality was scandalised, and the plays were from that time stopped.

The great game at Harrow, as at all public schools, is of course that which honest John Lyon had no prevision of, but which has now become an English institution—the noble science of Cricket. If he could have seen the Harrow eleven in their glory at Lord's, he might almost have forgiven the neglect of archery. If an old plate published in 1802 was taken from life, it was then played in the school court, with the *two* stumps and the old bludgeon-like bat; but the school gained a high reputation early in the history of the game. Long before the regular establishment of the public schools' matches, they had contests of their own with Eton. The first on record of which the score is preserved took place in 1805; but in this they were unfortunate, only scoring 55 and 65, while Eton made in their first innings 122—thus winning in a single innings by two runs. Lord Byron played in this match, but only contributed 7 and 2. No score appears to have been preserved from that date until 1818, when Harrow won, and again in 1822. In the year following a match was played at Oxford, which deserved a more special record than it seems to have obtained. The Harrovian undergraduates felt themselves strong enough to challenge the rest of the university, and the match came off on

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Bullingdon Common. In the single innings of Harrow, the two first who were sent to the wickets—Clutterbuck of Exeter College and Calvert of Merton—made up the score to 100, in those days a great innings of itself. Clutterbuck's was the first wicket to fall, for forty runs; and Harrow won the match in a single innings. Afterwards the school eleven appear to have fallen off; for in the next year Eton beat them in one innings, and repeated their victory for six years in succession. Then the fortune of the field was various until 1844-5-6, when the Etonians won each year without the trouble of a second innings. These reverses were compensated by a series of Harrow victories from 1851 to 1859; and on the whole, success has been so nearly balanced that the Eton men appear to have won 18 matches against 17 for Harrow. The four last years have shown excellent play on both sides, but owing to the length of the innings there has not been time (except in 1862, when Eton won) to play the matches out.

In 1825 the first match was played between Harrow and Winchester, on the Harrow ground; the two brothers Wordsworth—Charles of Harrow (afterwards second-master at Winchester), and Christopher of Winchester (afterwards head-master of Harrow)—being captains of their respective elevens. The Wickamites won easily, and for many years afterwards, whenever a match took place, which was only at intervals, seem to have been too strong for their opponents; but, on the whole, the honours have been pretty evenly divided.

The original cricket-ground was on Roxeth Green, or the Common, as it was called, but several acres of this were enclosed and made over to the school for playground about 1806. The great hero of early times seems to have been Godfrey Vigne, whose reputation (especially for wicket-keeping), great in his school-days, was kept up for many years at Harrow by the local matches in which he played there against the school eleven, and was maintained in the following generation by his son. The names of Nicholson, and Currer, and Broughton (who could cover three places in the field), of Davidson and Hankey, are well remembered still, though of a later date. But the play has probably continued steadily to improve at all points; the batting of the last generation could show no such scores as that of Daniel's 112 against Eton in 1860, or Fuller Maitland's 71 in 1862; and even such veteran critics as Mr F. Ponsonby and Mr R. Grimston—well-known and honoured faces amongst the lookers-on at the matches on the school ground—would allow that young bowlers like Lang and Plowden give the batsman quite enough to do to hold his own.

Foot-ball is played, of course, at Harrow, and played vigorously, though it does not form such a specialty as at Rugby. The actual personal encounters, individual and combined, which are the essence of the game, will always make it a favourite with English schoolboys. Its very dangers form its attraction in great measure; more than any other English sport, it is a mimicry of war:—though, after all, if the casualties of this last season are considered, cricket seems now the more dangerous of the two. But it is not given to every man to be a cricketer; whereas any fellow with a decent share of pluck can do something at foot-ball. As played at Harrow in former generations, it must have been a queer game. It was played on the gravel in the court which surrounded the old schoolhouse on three sides; so that the goals, instead of facing each other, were on a parallel line, with the building between, *round* which the ball had to be kicked. The gravel cut the leather case of the ball occasionally, as well as the hands and faces of those who scrambled over it in a "squash," as that close *mêlée* is called which Rugbymen know as a "scrum-

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mage," and Etonians as a "rooge;" but these marks of the combat were esteemed honourable scars, like the swordcuts on the face of a German student. But when the addition to the school-buildings filled up one side of the court, foot-ball was transferred to the cricket-ground, and underwent a considerable change in its character, which, no doubt, the ancient heroes of the gravelled arena pronounced to be for the worse. There is now a spacious piece of ground kept for the especial purpose, where as many as six separate games can be played at once, besides four smaller grounds belonging to different houses. The "big game," for those above fifteen, is managed by the monitors under very stringent regulations.

Hockey was long a favourite game at Harrow, as at most schools a century ago; it was then played in the street, to the considerable annoyance of the householders; perhaps for this reason, when the school increased in numbers, as well as from its really dangerous character, it was disused. Lord Byron, spite of his lameness, was an active hockey-player as well as cricketer. A few years back there was an attempt made to revive it, but it never became very popular; and the nature of the turf on which it was played (the street being out of the question) was not found well adapted to the game, owing to the subsoil being clay.

"Hare and Hounds" is another old school-sport which has gone out of favour of late years in most of our public schools (Rugby excepted), though in some it still survives under the name of a Paperchase; the scent by which the hares are traced being of a substantial kind, formed out of the leaves of dilapidated grammars and dictionaries torn up small by the fags for the purpose. But there was an ancient form of it at Harrow, so especially attractive as being pursued at unlawful hours and under unusual difficulties, that it deserves special mention. It went by the name of "Jack o' Lantern." About seven o'clock on winter evenings, when it was quite dark, the boys, by sufferance on the part of the authorities, were let out from their several boarding-houses into the fields below the school. A stout and active runner started in advance, carrying a lantern, by the light of which the rest pursued him in full cry. He showed or concealed his light from time to time, and a great point of the sport was to entice the hounds into some pool or muddy ditch (which "Jack" himself had carefully avoided) by showing the light exactly in a line on the other side. The destruction of clothes in consequence may be easily imagined; this, and the sufferings of the younger boys from bush and brier, through which they were "fagged" to follow, drew such energetic and repeated remonstrances from Dr Butler's housekeeper—the worthy Mrs O'Flaherty—that at last the Doctor stopped the custom altogether. This was, of course, bitterly resented by the boys as a breach of privilege, and every window in his house was broken on the following night; but the demonstration had no effect.

Butler did a good deal during his head-mastership to soften some of the barbarities of which Harrow had its full share in those days. For a short time after his coming he was unpopular, in consequence, with the ruder spirits who led the school; but as more civilised generations succeeded, this prejudice soon passed away. He abolished, amongst other old customs, certain rites and ceremonies which were used in celebrating a boy's remove from one form to the other in the lower part of the school. No such promotion was considered complete, so far as the boys were concerned, until the new member had been duly "pinched in"—remaining a certain fixed time in the play-room, during which all the fraternity exercised a right of pinching him, limited only by the tenderness of their dispositions or the strength of

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their fingers. There were generally some adepts in this torture, who knew, and taught others, the tenderest places and the most artistic mode of taking hold, and who carried this evil knowledge with them from form to form, to be practised on a succession of victims. The rites of initiation were completed by tossing in a blanket in the dormitory, and a certain number of bumps against the ceiling were required to make the ceremony valid. Both processes of torture were commonly borne with a good deal of heroism; but sometimes the younger boys were very much hurt and frightened by the tossing. Dr Butler, when he put a stop to these traditionary barbarisms, compromised the matter by giving the boys a supper at the "trials;" but for some time the blanket-tossing was carried on surreptitiously at night; and one boy is remembered to have taken refuge from his tormentors in the chimney, from which he was dragged covered with soot, and in such a state of frantic terror that fears were entertained even by the boys that he would lose his senses; and he was rescued from further persecution (not without a hard fight) by some of the more humane spirits amongst them. But there was another ancient custom which survived even after Butler's reign. There were in the head-master's house two public rooms for the use of his boarders—the hall and the play-room. The latter was open to all, but the hall was regarded as a sort of club-room, which no boy was allowed to enter, except at dinner and supper time, until he had become a member by being "rolled-in." Any one who desired the privilege of admission (and none below the upper fifth were eligible) gave in his name to the head-boy some days beforehand, in order that due preparations might be made for the inauguration. Immediately a certain number of rolls (*finds* they were called—etymology unknown) were ordered at the baker's, and were rebaked every morning until they were pretty nearly as hard as pebbles. At nine o'clock on the morning fixed for the rolling-in, the members of the hall ranged themselves on the long table which ran along one side of the room, each with his pile of these rolls before him, and a fag to pick them up. The candidate knelt, facing them, on a form close against the opposite wall, leaning upon a table in front of him, with his head resting upon his hands; so that, while the face was protected, the head itself formed a mark for the very peculiar missiles which were ready to be aimed at it. When all was ready, a time-keeper, watch in hand, gave the word "Now!" when fast and furiously—and very spitefully, if a boy was unpopular—the rolls were showered upon the devoted head for the space of one minute — neither more nor less. It was, as may be imagined, a very severe ordeal, the bruises being very painful for weeks afterwards. Some boys dreaded it so much as never to claim admission to the hall; but it was very seldom indeed that any one was known to flinch during the shower of rolls, after once taking up his position on the table.

Another practice in the school, of later date, would probably be now condemned as savouring too much of barbarity, though it did not arise from a mere wanton love of tormenting, like those just mentioned, but from a stern popular sense of justice. When a boy was known to have been guilty of any highly disgraceful conduct reflecting on the character of the school—stealing, for instance—he was subjected to a peculiar form of [illegible] law, called "Handing up." [illegible] monitors had satisfied themselves after careful inquiry [illegible] the accused, he was [illegible] fore an assembly [illegible] in Butler's Hall [illegible] from each monitor [illegible] of blows with [illegible] Several [illegible] was [illegible]

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the criminal, who would, in the worst cases, have been punished by expulsion if the charge had been brought before the head-master; and for that reason this rude democratic justice was winked at by the school authorities, who tacitly accepted it in place of taking any formal cognisance of the case.

It may readily be imagined that in those rude ages the time-honoured institution of Fagging was a very different thing from what it is now. The fags of those days would have laughed at what their modern successors call hardships. In truth, they were very little better than menial servants for some hours in the day. They had not only to prepare their masters' breakfasts, to make coffee, toast bread, go on errands, &c., as at present, but also to clean boots and shoes, and to brush clothes covered with mud from foot-ball, Jack-o'-Lantern chases, or even from actual hunting —for some ambitious sportsmen amongst the elder boys did now and then steal a day with the hounds, mounted on a miserable "screw" hired out by Jem Martin, the purveyor of all kinds of forbidden indulgences to the school. An unfortunate fag might often be heard brushing away at five o'clock on a December morning. Poker and tongs were unknown luxuries in the "play-room" at Butler's; and the junior fag, at the call of "*lag poker*," had to rush out in the cold to pull a hedge-stake of substantial dimensions from the nearest fence or faggot-stack. The demand was frequent, and often made in the mere wantonness of authority. But there were acts of positive tyranny practised far less justifiable than such service as this. Fags were sent out at night to fetch beer and other materials for surreptitious suppers; to do this, they had to scale the gate of their boarding-house, and the penalty, if caught by any of the masters, was invariably a flogging,—no boy daring to excuse himself by representing that he was a mere compulsory agent. One unlucky fag (a future "captain" of the school) remembers being caught twice in the same night, and receiving two separate floggings the next day. But this pretence of a rigid discipline, which was, in fact, the cruelest injustice, was more discreditable to the authorities of those days than to the boys who thus made others their scapegoats; for even in a well-remembered case, when a monitor voluntarily came forward to exculpate his fag, and offered to bear the punishment, his appeal was disregarded; yet it must have been perfectly within the knowledge of the masters that in very few cases were the victims the real offenders. But it was a system of pseudo-discipline by no means peculiar to Harrow; it was the age when, at most public schools, a false quantity invariably brought down a flogging, while a lie or an act of immorality escaped—when a head-master (not of Harrow) is said to have replied to a parent who remonstrated, that he had undertaken to teach his son Latin and Greek, but not morality. One does not wonder much that the boys of that day turned out more accurate scholars; but one does feel inclined to marvel that so many of them grew into honourable and upright men. But a public-school boy in those times could hardly fail to learn at least the Spartan virtue of endurance. Harrow fagging had no special reputation for cruelty; yet there are those living who can remember having been called out of their beds at night to have cold water poured down their backs,—for no special reason, but as a part of the hardening process considered good for fags generally; or to start from Leith's boarding-house in the dark, to go round the churchyard by the North Porch—"Bloody Porch," as it was called, from some obscure legend. Once a boy was sent upon this dreaded tour at night, when it so happened that there were a party concealed in the porch, watching the grave of a newly-buried relative



—for those were the days of resurrection-men: they mistook the unfortunate fag for a body-snatcher, and fired at him, wounding him slightly, and frightening him almost to death.

It is remarkable that Harrow should have been able to show three of the best private libraries in England,* and yet have so long continued unusually ill-provided with anything like a public library belonging to the school. The small room over the old school, already mentioned as the "monitors' library"—it is only open to them, and a key of it is their badge of office—contained but a limited collection of books, chiefly given by monitors on leaving the school. It has some few interesting relics of another kind; one of the old archery dresses of 1760,† a staff with a Runic inscription brought from Abyssinia by Bruce, Byron's school copy of Æschylus with notes in his handwriting, and other memorials of old Harrovians. But a splendid room has lately been built at an expense of above £4000, raised by subscription, as a testimonial to Dr Vaughan's work as head-master, which is to be known as the "Vaughan Library," and to be open to the hundred senior boys in the school. The first stone was laid by Lord Palmerston in July 1862, and on the speech-day in the present year it was formally opened. Contributions of books are already flowing in, and Harrow will soon have a school library worthy of its reputation.

Bathing was always, until very lately, practised under difficulties at Harrow. The common bathing-place, known as "Duck-puddle"—and by no means inappropriately so named—was a long piece of muddy water, varying from four to eight feet in depth. There, after it had been stirred up by all possible means into more of a puddle than usual, new boys were formally dipped. Yet in that miserable place, in 1826, the only son of Sir Charles Lemon was drowned, when he had been little more than a week at the school, having been seized with a fit while bathing. To avoid mixing in the general wash at Duck-puddle, many boys used to go out to the Brent at Perivale, or even as far as Ellestree reservoir, for bathing; and these were favourite expeditions on the mornings of saints' days. But Dr Vaughan had the old "puddle" lined with brick, and supplied with water by a steam-engine, to the great additional comfort of the bathers.

On the whole, if a boy is not happy at Harrow, it will be pretty sure to be in some way his own fault. Even the stranger, as he sits on "Byron's Stile" in the churchyard and looks down on that purely English home landscape, and hears the merry voices come up from cricket-field or racquet-court, may be excused if he almost wishes himself a schoolboy there. He has probably harder lessons to learn, harder fagging to go through, and less genial companionship, in the great school to which he is going back again, when his little holiday is over, by the next train, as he will whisper to himself, as he turns away, even if not himself a Harrovian, the wish of the scholar—"*Stet fortuna domus*

* Besides Dr Heath's, there was a very valuable one belonging to Henry Drury, formerly an assistant-master; he is the "Bibliomania." Mr James Edwards ("Rinaldo") [illegible] house, had also a large collection of rare and costly books, particular desire, in a coffin made out of some of his favourite

† Worn by Henry Read, and presented by his relative Vicar of Ashburnham.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART V.—CHAPTER XV.

It was mid-day, and more than twelve hours after he had left Carlingford, before Mr Wentworth reached the Rectory. He had snatched a few hours' sleep in London, where he was obliged to pause because of the trains, which did not correspond; and accordingly, though he was very anxious about Gerald, it was with a mien and gait very much like his usual appearance that he jumped out of the railway carriage at the little station which was on his father's property, and where everybody knew the Squire's son. Left in entire uncertainty as he was in respect to the trouble which had overtaken his brother, it was a little comfort to the Curate to find that everybody looked surprised to see him, and that nobody seemed to know of any cause demanding his presence. All was well at the Hall, so far as the station-master knew; and as for the Rector, he had no special place in the local report with which the handiest porter supplied "Mr Frank"—a blessed neglect, which was very consolatory to the heart of the anxious brother, to whom it became evident that nothing had happened, and who began to hope that Gerald's wife, who never was very wise, had been seized with some merely fantastic terror. With this hope he walked on briskly upon the familiar road to his brother's house, recovering his courage, and falling back upon his own thoughts; and at last, taking pleasure in the idea of telling all his troubles to Gerald, and getting strength and enlightenment from his advice. He had come quite into this view of the subject when he arrived at the Rectory, and saw the pretty old-fashioned house, with its high ivied garden-walls, and the famous cedar on the lawn, standing all secure and sweet in the early sunshine, like something too steadfast to be moved, as if sorrow or conflict could never enter there. Unconsciously to himself, the perfect tranquillity of everything altered the entire scope of Frank Wentworth's thoughts. He was no longer in anxiety about his brother. He was going to ask Gerald's advice upon his own troubles, and lay the difficulties and dangers of his position before the clear and lucid eyes of the best man he ever knew.

It shook him a little out of this position, however, to find himself admitted with a kind of scared expectation by Mrs Gerald Wentworth's maid, who made no exclamation of wonder at the sight of him, but opened the door in a troubled, stealthy way, strangely unlike the usual customs of the place. "Is my brother at home?" said the Curate, going in with a step that rang on the hall, and a voice that sounded into the house. He would have proceeded straight, as usual, to Gerald's study after this question, which was one of form merely, but for the disturbed looks of the woman, who put up her hand imploringly. "Oh hush! Mr Frank; hush! My mistress wants to see you first. She said I was to show you into her sitting-room," said the maid, half in a whisper, and led him hastily down a side-passage to a little out-of-the-way room, which he knew was where Louisa was wont to retire when she had her headaches, as was well known to all the house of Wentworth. The Curate went in with some impatience and some alarm to this retired apartment. His eyes, dazzled by the sunshine, could not penetrate at first the shadowy greenness of the room, which, what with the trees without and the Venetian blind within, was lost in a kind of twilight, grateful enough after a

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while, but bewildering at the first moment. Out of this darkness somebody rose as he entered, and walked into his arms with trembling eagerness. "Oh, Frank, I am so thankful you are come! now perhaps something may be done; for *you* always understood," said his little sister-in-law, reaching up to kiss him. She was a tiny little woman, with soft eyes and a tender little blooming face, which he had never before seen obscured by any cloud, or indeed moved by any particular sentiment. Now the little firmament was all overcast, and Louisa, it was evident, had been sitting in the shade of her drawn blinds, having a quiet cry, and going into all her grievances. To see such a serene creature all clouded over and full of tears, gave the Curate a distinct shock of alarm and anxiety. He led her back to her sofa, seeing clearer and clearer, as he watched her face, the plaintive lines of complaint, the heavy burden of trouble which she was about to cast on his shoulders. He grew more and more afraid as he looked at her. "Is Gerald ill?" he said, with a thrill of terror; but even this could scarcely account for the woeful look of all the accessories to the picture.

"Oh, Frank, I am so glad you are come," said Louisa through her tears. "I felt sure you would come when you got my letter. Your father thinks I make a fuss about nothing, and Cuthbert and Guy do nothing but laugh at me, as if they could possibly know; but you always understand me, Frank. I knew it was just as good as sending for a brother of my own; indeed better," said Mrs Wentworth, wiping her eyes; "for though Gerald is using me so badly, I would not expose him out of his own family, or have people making remarks—oh, not for the world!"

"Expose him!" said the Curate, with unutterable astonishment. "You don't mean to say you have any complaint to make about Gerald?" The idea was so preposterous that Frank Wentworth laughed; but it was not a laugh pleasant to hear.

"Oh, Frank, if you but knew all," said Louisa; "what I have had to put up with for months—all my best feelings outraged, and so many things to endure that were dreadful to think of. And I that was always brought up so differently; but now," cried the poor little woman, bursting into renewed tears, "it's come to such a pass that it can't be concealed any longer. I think it will break my heart; people will be sure to say I have been to blame; and how I am ever to hold up my head in society, and what is to be my name, and whether I am to be considered a widow——"

"A widow!" cried the Perpetual Curate, in utter consternation.

"Or worse," sobbed Gerald's poor little wife: "it feels like being divorced — as if one had done something wrong; and I am sure I never did anything to deserve it; but when your husband is a Romish priest," cried the afflicted woman, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "I would just ask anybody what are you? You can't be his wife, because he is not allowed to have any wife; and you can't go back to your maiden name because of the children; and how can you have any place in society? Oh, Frank, I think I shall go distracted," said poor Louisa; "it will feel as if one had done something wicked, and been put out of the pale. How can I be called Mrs Wentworth any more when my husband has left me? and even if he is a priest, and can't have any wife, still he will be alive, and I shall not have the satisfaction of being a widow even. I am sure I don't know what I say," she concluded, with a fresh outburst; "for to be a widow would be a poor satisfaction, and I don't know how I could ever, ever live without Gerald; but to feel as if you were an improper person, and all the children's prospects in life!—Oh,

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Frank!" cried the weeping Louisa, burying her face in her handkerchief, "I think I shall go distracted, and my heart will break."

To all this strange and unexpected revelation the startled Curate listened like a man in a dream. Possibly his sister-in-law's representation of this danger, as seen entirely from her own point of view, had a more alarming effect upon him than any other statement of the case. He could have gone into Gerald's difficulties with so much sympathy and fellow-feeling that the shock would have been trifling in comparison; and between Rome and the highest level of Anglicanism there was no such difference as to frighten the accustomed mind of the Curate of St Roque's. But, seen from Louisa's side, matters appeared very different: here the foundations of the earth were shaking, and life itself going to pieces; even the absurdity of her distress made the whole business more real; and the poor little woman, whose trouble was that she herself would neither be a wife nor a widow, had enough of truth on her side to unfold a miserable picture to the eyes of the anxious spectator. He did not know what answer to make to her; and perhaps it was a greater consolation to poor Louisa to be permitted to run on—

"And you know it never needed to have come to this if Gerald had been like other people," she said, drying her tears, and with a tone of remonstrance. "Of course it is a family living, and it is not likely his own father would have made any disturbance; and there is no other family in the parish but the Skipwiths, and they are great friends, and never would have said a word. He might have preached in six surplices if he had liked," cried poor Louisa—"who would have minded? And as for confession, and all that, I don't believe there is anybody in the world who had done any wrong that could have helped confessing to Gerald; he is so good—oh, Frank, you know he is so good!" said the exasperated little wife, overcome with fondness and admiration and impatience, "and there is nobody in the parish that I ever heard of that does not worship him; but when I tell him so, he never pays the least attention. And then Edward Plumstead and he go on talking about subscription, and signing articles, and nonsense, till they make my head swim. Nobody, I am sure, wants Gerald to subscribe or sign articles. I am sure I would subscribe any amount," cried the poor little woman, once more falling into tears—"a thousand pounds if I had it, Frank—only to make him hear reason; for why should he leave Wentworth where he can do what he likes, and nobody will interfere with him? The Bishop is an old friend of my father's, and I am sure he never would say anything; and as for candles and crosses and—anything he pleases, Frank——"

Here poor Louisa paused, and put her hand on his arm, and looked up wistfully into his face. She wanted to convince herself that she was right, and that the faltering dread she had behind all this, of something more mysterious than candles or crosses—something which she did not attempt to understand—was no real spectre after all. "Oh, Frank, I am sure I never would oppose him, nor your father, nor anybody; and why should he go and take some dreadful step, and upset everything?" said Mrs Wentworth. "Oh, Frank! we will not even have enough to live upon; and as for me, if Gerald leaves me, how shall I ever hold up my head again, or how will anybody know how to behave to me? I can't call myself Miss Leighton again, after being married so long; and if I am not his wife, what shall I be?" Her crying became hysterical as she came back to this point; and Mr Wentworth sat by her trying to soothe her, as wretched as herself.

"But I must see Gerald, Louisa," said the Curate; "he has never written to me about this. Perhaps things have not gone so far as you

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think; but as for the crosses and the candles, you know, and not being interfered with——"

"I would promise to do anything he likes," cried the weeping woman. "I never would worry him any more about anything. After aunt Leonora was here, perhaps I said things I should not have said; but, oh Frank, whatever he likes to do I am sure I will give in to it. I don't *really* mind seeing him preach in his surplice, only you know poor papa was so *very* Low-Church; and as for the candles, what are they to pleasing one's husband? Oh, Frank, if you would only tell him—I can't argue about things like a man—tell him nobody will ever interfere, and he shall do whatever he pleases. I trust to you to say *everything*," said the poor wife. "You can reason with him, and explain things. Nobody understands Gerald like you. You will not forsake me in my trouble, Frank? I thought immediately of you. I knew you could help us, if anybody could. You will tell him all I have said," she continued, rising as Mr Wentworth rose, and going after him to the door, to impress once more upon him the necessities of the case. "Oh, Frank, remember how much depends upon it!—everything in the world for me, and all the children's prospects in life; and he would be miserable himself if he were to leave us. You know he would?" said Louisa, looking anxiously into his face, and putting her hand on his arm. "Oh, Frank, you don't think Gerald could be happy without the children—and me?"

The terrible thought silenced her. She stopped crying, and a kind of tearless horror and dread came over her face. She was not very wise, but her heart was tender and full of love in its way. What if perhaps this life, which had gone so smoothly over her unthinking head without any complications, should turn out to be a lie, and her happiness a mere delusion? She could not have put her thought into words, but the doubt suddenly came over her, putting a stop to all her lamentations. If perhaps Gerald *could* be happy without the children and herself, what dreadful fiction had all her joy been built upon? Such an inarticulate terror seemed to stop the very beating of her heart. It was not a great calamity only, but an overthrowal of all confidence in life; and she shivered before it like a dumb creature, piteously beholding an approaching agony which it could not comprehend. The utterance of her distress was arrested upon her lips,—she looked up to her brother with an entreating look, so suddenly intensified and grown desperate that he was startled by it. It alarmed him so much that he turned again to lead her back to her sofa, wondering what momentary passion it could be which had woke such a sudden world of confused meaning in Louisa's eyes.

"You may be sure he could not," said the Curate, warmly. "Not happy, certainly; but to men like Gerald there are things in the world dearer than happiness," he said, after a little pause, with a sigh, wondering to himself whether, if Lucy Wodehouse were his, the dearest duty could make him consent to part with her. "If he thinks of such a step, he must think of it as of martyrdom—is that a comfort to you?" he continued, bending, in his pity and wonder, over the trembling wife, who burst forth into fresh tears as he spoke, and forgot her momentary horror.

"Oh, Frank, go and speak to him, and tell him how miserable I am, and what a dreadful thing it would be; tell him everything, Frank. Oh, don't leave him till you have persuaded him. Go, go; never mind me," cried Mrs Wentworth; and then she went to the door after him once more—"Don't say I sent for you. He—he might not be pleased," she said, in her faltering, eager voice; "and oh, Frank, consider how much hangs upon what you say." When he left

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her, Louisa stood at the door watching him as he went along the passage towards her husband's room. It was a forlorn hope; but still the unreasoning, uncomprehending heart took a little comfort from it. She watched his figure disappearing along the narrow passage with a thrill of mingled anxiety and hope; arguing with Gerald, though it was so ineffectual when she tried it, might still be of some avail in stronger hands. His brother understood him, and could talk to him better than anybody else could; and though she had never convinced anybody of anything all her life, Mrs Wentworth had an inalienable confidence in the effect of "being talked to." In the momentary stimulus she went back to her darkened room and drew up the blind, and went to work in a tremulous way; but as the slow time went on, and Frank did not return, poor Louisa's courage failed her; her fingers refused their office, and she began to imagine all sorts of things that might be going on in Gerald's study. Perhaps the argument might be going the wrong way; perhaps Gerald might be angry at his brother's interference; perhaps they might come to words—they who had been such good friends—and it would be her fault. She jumped up with her heart beating loud when she heard a door opened somewhere; but, when nobody came, grew sick and faint, and hid her face, in the impatience of her misery. Then the feeling grew upon her that those precious moments were decisive, and that she must make one last appeal, or her heart would burst. She tried to resist the impulse in a feeble way, but it was not her custom to resist impulses, and it got the better of her; and this was why poor Louisa rushed into the library, just as Frank thought he had made a little advance in his pleading, and scattered his eloquence to the winds with a set of dreadful arguments which were all her own.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Curate of St Roque's found his brother in his library, looking very much as he always looked at the first glance. But Gerald was not reading nor writing nor doing anything. He was seated in his usual chair, by his usual table, with all the ordinary things around; some manuscript — lying loosely about, and looking as if he had thrown down his pen in disgust, and pushed it away from him in the middle of a sentence—was on the table, and an open book on his other hand; but neither the book nor the MS. occupied him; he was sitting leaning his head in his hands, gazing blankly out through the window, as it appeared, at the cedar, which flung its serene shadow over the lawn outside. He jumped up at the sound of his brother's voice, but seemed to recall himself with a little difficulty even for that, and did not look much surprised to see him. In short, Frank read in Gerald's eyes that he would not at that moment have been surprised to see any one, and that, in his own consciousness, the emergency was great enough to justify any unlooked-for appearance, though it might be from heaven or from the grave.

"I am glad you have come," he said, after they had greeted each other, his mouth relaxing ever so slightly into the ghost of his old smile; "you and I always understood each other, and it appears I want interpretation now. And one interpretation supposes many," he said, with a gleam, half of pathos half of amusement, lighting up his face for a moment; "there is no such thing as accepting a simple version even of one man's thoughts. You have come at a very fit time, Frank—that is, for me."

"I am glad you think so," said

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the other brother; and then there was a pause, neither liking to enter upon the grand subject which stood between them.

"Have you seen Louisa?" said Gerald. He spoke like a man who was ill, in a preoccupied interrupted way. Like a sick man, he was occupied with himself, with the train of thought which was always going on in his mind whatever he might be doing, whether he was working or resting, alone or in company. For months back he had carried it with him everywhere. The cedar-tree outside, upon which his thoughtful eyes fell as he looked straight before him out of the library window, was all garlanded with the reasonings and questionings of this painful spring. To Frank's eyes, Gerald's attention was fixed upon the fluttering of a certain twig at the extremity of one of those broad solemn immovable branches. Gerald, however, saw not the twig, but one of his hardest difficulties, which was twined and twined in the most inextricable way round that little sombre cluster of spikes; and so kept looking out, not at the cedar, but at the whole confused yet distinct array of his own troubled thoughts.

"If you have seen Louisa, she has been talking to you, no doubt," he said, after another little pause, with again the glimmer of a smile. "We have fallen upon troubles, and we don't understand each other, Frank. That's all very natural; she does not see things from my point of view: I could not expect she should. If I could see from hers it might be easier for us all; but that is still less to be expected; and it is hard upon her, Frank—very hard," said Gerald, turning round in his old ingenuous way, with that faculty for seeing other people's difficulties which was so strong a point in his character. "She is called upon to make, after all, perhaps, the greater sacrifice of the two; and she does not see any duty in it—the reverse, indeed. She thinks it a sin. It is a strange view of life, to look at it from Louisa's point. Hers will be an unwilling, unintentional martyrdom; and it is hard to think I should take all the merit, and leave my poor little wife the suffering, without any compensation!" He began to walk up and down the room with uneasy steps, as if the thought was painful, and had to be got rid of by some sudden movement. "It must be that God reckons with women for what they have endured, as with men for what they have done," said Gerald. He spoke with a kind of grieved certainty, which made his brother feel, to start with, the hopelessness of all argument.

"But must this be? Is it necessary to take such a final, such a terrible step?" said the Perpetual Curate.

"I think so." Gerald went to the window, to resume his contemplation of the cedar, and stood there with his back turned to Frank and his eyes going slowly over all the long processes of his self-argument, laid up as they were upon those solemn levels of shadow. "Yes—you have gone so far with me; but I don't want to take you any farther, Frank. Perhaps, when I have reached the perfect peace to which I am looking forward, I may try to induce you to share it, but at present there are so many pricks of the flesh. You did not come to argue with me, did you?" and again the half-humorous gleam of old came over Gerald's face as he looked round. "Louisa believes in arguing," he said, as he came back to the table and took his seat again; "not that she has ever gained much by it, so far as I am aware. Poor girl! she talks and talks, and fancies she is persuading me; and all the time my heart is bleeding for her. There it is," he exclaimed, suddenly hiding his face in his hands. "This is what crushes one to think of. The rest is hard enough, Heaven knows—separation from my friends, giving up my own people, wounding and grieving, as I know I shall, everybody who loves me. I could

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bear that: but Louisa and her children—God help me, there's the sting!"

They were both men, and strong men, not likely to fall into any sentimental weakness; but something between a groan and sob wrung out of the heart of the elder brother at the thought of the terrible sacrifice before him, echoed with a hard sound of anguish into the quiet. It was very different from his wife's trembling, weeping, hoping agony; but it reduced the Curate more than ever to that position of spectator which he felt was so very far from the active part which his poor sister expected of him.

"I don't know by what steps you have reached this conclusion," said Frank Wentworth; "but even if you feel it your duty to give up the Anglican Church (in which, of course, I think you totally wrong," added the High Churchman in a parenthesis), "I cannot see why you are bound to abandon all duties whatever. I have not come to argue with you; I daresay poor Louisa may expect it of me, but I can't, and you know very well I can't. I should like to know how it has come about all the same; but one thing only, Gerald—a man may be a Christian without being a priest. Louisa——"

"Hush, I am a priest or nothing. I can't relinquish my life!" cried the elder brother, lifting his hands suddenly, as if to thrust away something which threatened him. Then he rose up again and went towards the window and his cedar, which stood dark in the sunshine, slightly fluttered at its extremities by the light summer-wind, but throwing glorious level lines of shadow, which the wind could not disturb, upon the grass. The limes near, and that one delicate feathery birch which was Mrs Wentworth's pride, had all some interest of their own on hand, and went on waving, rustling, coquetting with the breezes and the sunshine in a way which precluded any arbitrary line of shade. But the cedar stood immovable, like a verdant monument, sweeping its long level branches over the lawn, passive under the light, and indifferent, except at its very tops and edges, to the breeze. If there had been any human sentiment in that spectator of the ways of man, how it must have groaned and trembled under the pitiless weight of thoughts, the sad lines of discussion and argument and doubt, which were entangled in its branches! Gerald Wentworth went to his window to refer to it, as if it were a book in which all his contests had been recorded. The thrill of the air in it tingled through him as he stood looking out; and there, without looking at Frank, except now and then for a moment when he got excited with his subject, he went into the history of his struggle—a history not unprecedented or unparalleled, such as has been told to the world before now by men who have gone through it, in various shapes, with various amounts of sophistry and simplicity. But it is a different thing reading of such a conflict in a book, and hearing it from lips pallid with the meaning of the words they uttered, and a heart which was about to prove its sincerity by voluntary pangs more hard than death. Frank Wentworth listened to his brother with a great deal of agreement in what he said, and again with an acute perception of mistakes on Gerald's part, and vehement impulses of contradiction, to which, at the same time, it was impossible to give utterance; for there was something very solemn in the account he was giving of himself, as he stood with his face half turned to the anxious listener, leaning on the window, looking into the cedar. Gerald did not leave any room for argument or remonstrance; he told his brother how he had been led from one step to another, without any lingering touch of possibility in the narrative that he might be induced to retrace again that painful way. It was a path, once trode, never to be returned upon; and already he stood

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steadfast at the end, looking back mournfully, yet with a strange composure. It would be impossible to describe the mixture of love, admiration, impatience — even intolerance — which swelled through the mind of the spectator, as he looked on at this wonderful sight, nor how hard he found it to restrain the interruptions which rushed to his lips, the eager arguments which came upon him in a flood, all his own favourite fences against the overflow of the tide which ran in lawful bounds in his own mind, but which had inundated his brother's. But though it was next to impossible to keep silence, it was altogether impossible to break in upon Gerald's history of this great battle through which he had just come. He *had* come through it, it was plain ; the warfare was accomplished, the weapons hung up, the conflict over ; and nothing could be more apparent than that he had no intention of entering the battle-field again. When he had ended, there was another pause.

"I am not going to argue with you," said Frank Wentworth ; "I don't even need to tell you that I am grieved to the heart. It isn't so very many years ago," said the younger brother, almost too much touched by the recollection to preserve his composure, "since I took all my opinions from you ; and since the time came for independent action, I too have gone over all this ground. My conclusions have been very different from yours, Gerald. I see you are convinced, and I can say nothing ; but they do not convince me — you do not convince me, nor the sight of your faith, though that is the most touching of all arguments. Will you go back and go over it again ?" said the Curate, spurred, by a thought of poor Louisa, to contradict himself, while the words were still on his lips.

"No," said Gerald ; "it would be of no use, Frank. We should only grieve each other more."

"Then I give up that subject," said the younger brother ; "but there is one matter which I must go back to. You may go to Rome, and cease to be a priest of the Anglican Church ; but you cannot cease to be a man, to bear the weight of your natural duties. Don't turn away, but hear me. Gerald, Louisa ——"

"Don't say any more. Do you imagine I have not thought of that ?" said Gerald, once more, with a gesture of pain and something like terror ; "I have put my hand to the plough, and I cannot go back. If I am not a priest, I am nothing." But when he came to that point, his cedar-tree no longer gave him any assistance ; he came back to his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Louisa is your wife ; you are not like a man free from the bonds of nature," said the Curate of St Roque's. "It is not for me to speak of the love between you ; but I hold it, as the Scripture says, for a holy mystery, like the love of Christ for His church — the most sacred of all bonds," said the young man, with a certain touch of awe and emotion, as became a young man and a true lover. He made a little pause to regain command of himself before he continued, "And she is dependent on you — outwardly, for all the comfort of her life — and in her heart, for everything, Gerald. I do not comprehend what that duty is which could make you leave her, all helpless and tender, as you know her to be, upon the mercies of the world. She herself says" — and poor Louisa's complaint grew into pathos under the subliming force of her advocate's sympathy — "that she would be like a widow, and worse than a widow. I am not the man to bid you suppress your convictions because they will be your ruin, in the common sense of the word ; but, Gerald — your wife ——"

Gerald had bent his head down upon his clasped hands ; sometimes a great heave of his frame showed the last struggle that was going on within him — a struggle more painful, more profound, than anything

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that had gone before. And the voice of the Curate, who, like his brother, was nothing if not a priest, was choked and painful with the force of his emotion. He drew his breath hard between his words: it was not an argument, but an admonition; an appeal, not from a brother only, but from one who spoke with authority, as feeling himself accredited from God. He drew closer towards the voluntary martyr beside him, the humbleness of his reverential love for his elder brother mingling in that voice of the priest, which was natural to him, and which he did not scruple to adopt. "Gerald,—your wife," he said, in softened but firm tones, laying his hand on his brother's arm. And it was at this moment, when in his heart he felt that his influence might be of some avail, and when all the powers of his mind were gathering to bear upon this last experiment, that the door opened suddenly, and poor Louisa, all flushed and tearful, in womanish hot impatience and misery that knew no prudence, burst, without any warning, into the room.

"I can't bear it any longer," cried the poor wife. "I knew you were talking it all over, and deciding what it was to be; and when one's life is hanging on a chance, how can one keep quiet and not interfere? Oh, Gerald, Gerald! I have have been a true wife to you. I know I am not clever; but I would have died to do you any good. You are not going to forsake me!" cried poor Louisa, going up to him and putting her arms round him. "I said Frank was to tell you everything, but a man can never tell what is in a woman's heart. Oh, Gerald, why should you go and kill me! I will never oppose you any more; whatever you want, I will give into it as freely as if it were my own way. I will make that my own way, Gerald, if you will only listen to me. Whatever changes you please, oh Gerald, I will never say a word, nor your father, nor any one! If the Bishop should interfere, we would all stand up for you. There is not a soul in Wentworth to oppose—you know there is not. Put anything you please in the church—preach how you please—light the candles or anything. Gerald, you know it is true I am saying—— I am not trying to deceive you!" cried the poor soul, bewildered in her folly and her grief.

"No, Louisa, no—only you don't understand," said her husband, with a groan: he had raised his head, and was looking at her with a hopeless gleam of impatience in the pity and anguish of his eyes. He took her little hand and held it between his own, which were trembling with all this strain—her little tender helpless woman's hand, formed only for soft occupations and softer caresses; it was not a hand which could help a man in such an emergency—without any grasp in it to take hold upon him, or force of love to part—a clinging impotent hand, such as holds down, but cannot raise up. He held it in a close tremulous pressure, as she stood looking down upon him, questioning him with eager hopeful eyes, and taking comfort in her ignorance from his silence, and the way in which he held her. Poor Louisa concluded she was yet to win the day.

"I will turn Puseyite too," she said, with a strange little touch of attempted laughter. "I don't want to have any opinions different from my husband's; and you don't think your father is likely to do anything to drive you out of the Church? You have only given us a terrible fright, dear," she continued, beginning to tremble again, as he shook his head and turned away from her. "You did not really mean such a dreadful thing as sending *me* away. You could not do without me, Gerald—you know you could not." Her breath was getting short, her heart quickening in its throbs—the smile that was quivering on her face got no response from her husband's downcast eyes. And then poor Louisa lost all her courage; she threw herself down at his feet, kneeling to him. "Oh,

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Gerald, it is not because you want to get rid of me? You are not doing it for that? If you don't stay in the Rectory, we shall be ruined—we shall not have enough to eat! and the Rectory will go to Frank, and your children will be cast upon the world—and what, oh what is it for, unless it is to get rid of me?" cried Mrs Wentworth. "You could have as much freedom as you like here in your own living—nobody would ever interfere or say what are you doing? and the Bishop is papa's old friend. Oh, Gerald, be wise in time, and don't throw away all our happiness for a fancy. If it was anything that could not be arranged, I would not mind so much; but if we all promise to give in to you, and that you shall do what you please, and nobody will interfere, how can you have the heart to make us all so wretched? We will not even be respectable," said the weeping woman; "a family without any father, and a wife without her husband—and he living all the time! Oh, Gerald, though I think I surely might be considered as much as candles, have the altar covered with lights if you wish it; and if you never took off your surplice any more, I would never say a word. You can do all that and stay in the Rectory. You have not the heart—surely—surely you have not the heart—all for an idea of your own, to bring this terrible distress upon the children and me?"

"God help us all!" said Gerald, with a sigh of despair, as he lifted her up sobbing in a hysterical fit, and laid her on the sofa. He had to stand by her side for a long time holding her hand, and soothing her, with deeper and deeper shadows growing over his face. As for Frank, after pacing the room in great agitation for some time, after trying to interpose, and failing, he went away in a fever of impatience and distress into the garden, wondering whether he could ever find means to take up the broken thread, and urge again upon his brother the argument which, but for this fatal interruption, he thought might have moved him. But gathering thoughts came thick upon the Perpetual Curate. He did not go back to make another attempt, even when he knew by the sounds through the open windows that Louisa had been led to her own room up-stairs. He stood outside and looked at the troubled house, which seemed to stand so serene and secure in the sunshine. Who could have supposed that it was torn asunder in such a hopeless fashion? And Louisa's suggestion came into his mind, and drove him wild with a sense of horror and involuntary guilt, as though he had been conspiring against them. "The Rectory will go to Frank." Was it his fault that at that moment a vision of Lucy Wodehouse, sweet and strong and steadfast—a delicate, firm figure, on which a man could lean in his trouble—suddenly rose up before the Curate's eyes? Fair as the vision was, he would have banished it if he could, and hated himself for being capable of conjuring it up at such a time. Was it for him to profit by the great calamity which would make his brother's house desolate? He could not endure the thought, nor himself for finding it possible; and he was ashamed to look in Gerald's face with even the shadow of such an imagination on his own. He tapped at the library window after a while, and told his brother that he was going up to the Hall. Louisa had gone up-stairs, and her husband sat once more, vacant yet occupied, by his writing-table. "I will follow you presently," said Gerald. "Speak to my father without any hesitation, Frank; it is better to have it over while we are all together—for it must be concluded now." And the Curate saw in the shadow of the dim apartment that his brother lifted from the table the grand emblem of all anguish and victory, and pressed upon it his pale lips. The young man turned away with the shadow of that cross standing black between him and the

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sunshine. His heart ached at the sight of the symbol most sacred and most dear in the world. In an agony of grief and impatience he went away sadly through the familiar road to his father's house. Here had he to stand by and see this sacrifice accomplished. This was all that had come of his mission of consolation and help.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Curate of St Roque's went sadly along the road he knew so well from Wentworth Rectory to the Hall. There was scarcely a tree nor the turning of a hedgerow which had not its own individual memories to the son of the soil. Here he had come to meet Gerald returning from Eton—coming back from the university in later days. Here he had rushed down to the old Rector, his childless uncle, with the copy of the prize-list when his brother took his first-class. Gerald, and the family pride in him, was interwoven with the very path, and now—— The young man pressed on to the Hall with a certain bitter moisture stealing to the corner of his eye. He felt indignant and aggrieved in his love, not at Gerald, but at the causes which were conspiring to detach him from his natural sphere and duties. When he recollected how he had himself dallied with the same thoughts, he grew angry with his brother's nobleness and purity, which never could see less than its highest ideal soul in anything, and with a certain fierce fit of truth, glanced back at his own Easter lilies and choristers, feeling involuntarily that he would like to tear off the flowers and surplices and tread them under his feet. Why was it that he, an inferior man, should be able to confine himself to the mere accessories which pleased his fancy, and could judge and reject the dangerous principles beneath; while Gerald, the loftier, purer intelligence, should get so hopelessly lost in mazes of sophistry and false argument, to the peril of his work, his life, and all that he could ever know of happiness? Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the Perpetual Curate as he went rapidly through the winding country-road going "home." Perhaps he was wrong in thinking that Gerald was thus superior to himself; but the error was a generous one, and the Curate held it in simplicity and with all his heart.

Before he reached the house, he saw his father walking under the lime-trees, which formed a kind of lateral aisle to the great avenue, which was one of the boasts of the Wentworths. The Squire was like most squires of no particular character; a hale, ruddy, clear-complexioned, well-preserved man, looking his full age, but retaining all the vigour of his youth. He was not a man of any intellect to speak of, nor did he pretend to it; but he had that glimmering of sense which keeps many a stupid man straight, and a certain amount of natural sensibility and consideration for other people's feelings which made persons who knew no better give Mr Wentworth credit for tact, a quality unknown to him. He was walking slowly in a perplexed manner under the lime-trees. They were all in glorious blossom, filling the air with that mingled sense of fragrance and music which is the soul of the murmurous tree; but the short figure of the Squire, in his morning-coat, with his perplexed looks, was not at all an accessory in keeping with the scene. He was taking his walk in a subdued way, pondering something—and it puzzled him sorely in his straightforward, unprofound understanding. He shook his head sometimes as he went along, sad and perplexed and unsatisfactory, among his limes. He had got a note from Gerald that morning; and how his son could intend to give up living and station,

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and wife and children, for anything in heaven or earth, was more than the Squire could understand. He started very much when he heard Frank's voice calling to him. Frank, indeed, was said to be, if any one was, the Squire's weakness in the family; he was as clever as Gerald, and he had the practical sense which Mr Wentworth prized as knowing himself to possess it. If he could have wished for any one in the present emergency, it would have been Frank—and he turned round overjoyed.

"Frank, my boy, you're heartily welcome home!" he said, holding out his hand to him as became a British parent—"always welcome, but particularly just now. Where did you come from? how did you come? have you eaten anything this morning? it's close upon lunch, and we'll go in directly; but, my dear boy, wait here a moment, if you're not particularly hungry; I can't tell you how glad I am you're come. I'd rather see you than a hundred pound!"

When Frank had thanked him, and returned his greetings, and answered his questions (which the Squire had forgotten), and made his own inquiries, to which Mr Wentworth replied only by a hasty nod, and an "Oh yes, thank you, all well—all well," the two came to a momentary pause: they had nothing particular to add about their happiness in seeing each other; and as Frank wrote to his sisters pretty regularly, there was nothing to tell. They were quite free to plunge at once, as is to British relatives under the trying circumstances of a meeting a blessed possibility, into the first great subject which happened to be at hand.

"Have you heard anything about Gerald?" said Mr Wentworth, abruptly; "perhaps you called there on your way from the station? Gerald has got into a nice mess. He wrote to tell me about it, and I can't make head nor tail of it. Do you think he's a little touched here?" and the Squire tapped his own round forehead, with a troubled look: "there's no other explanation possible that I can see: a good living, a nice house, a wife that just suits him (and it's not everybody that would suit Gerald), and a lot of fine children—and he talks to me of giving up everything; as if a man could give up everything! It's all very well talking of self-renunciation, and so forth; and if it meant simply considering other people, and doing anything disagreeable for anybody's sake, I don't know a man more likely than my son Gerald. Your brother's a fine fellow, Frank—a noble sort of fellow, though he has his crotchets," said the father, with a touch of involuntary pathos; "but you don't mean to tell me that my son, a man like Gerald Wentworth, has a mind to throw away his position, and give up all the duties of his life? He can't do it, sir! I tell you it's impossible, and I won't believe it." Mr Wentworth drew up his shirt-collar, and kicked away a fallen branch with his foot, and looked insulted and angry. It was a dereliction of which he would not suppose the possibility of a Wentworth being guilty. It did not strike him as a conflict between belief and non-belief; but on the question of a man abandoning his post, whatever it might be, the head of the house held strong views.

"I agree it's impossible; but it looks as if it were true," said the Curate. "I don't understand it any more than you do; but I am afraid we shall have to address ourselves to the reality all the same. Gerald has made up his mind that the Church of Rome is the only true Church, and therefore he is in a false position in the Church of England: he can't remain a priest of the Anglican communion with such views, any more than a man could fight against his country, or in a wrong quarrel——"

"But, good heavens, sir!" said the Squire, interrupting him, "is it a time to inquire into the quarrel when you're on the ground? Will you tell me, sir, that my son Charley

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should have gone into the question between Russia and England when he was before Sebastopol—and deserted," said Mr Wentworth, with a snort of infinite scorn, "if he found the Czar had right on his side? God bless my soul! that's striking at the root of everything. As for the Church of Rome, it's Antichrist—why, every child in the village school could tell you that; and if Gerald entertains any such absurd ideas, the thing for him to do is to read up all that's been written on the subject, and get rid of his doubts as soon as possible. The short and the long of it is," said the troubled Squire, who found it much the easiest way to be angry, "that you ask me to believe that your brother Gerald is a fool and a coward; and I won't believe it, Frank, if you should preach to me for a year."

"And for my part, I would stake my life on his wisdom and his courage," said the Curate, with a little heat; "but that is not the question—he believes that truth and honour require him to leave his post. There is something more involved which we might yet prevent. I have been trying, but Louisa interrupted me—I don't know if you realise fully what he intends. Gerald cannot cease to be a priest—he will become a Catholic priest when he ceases to be Rector of Wentworth—and that implies——"

"God bless my soul!" cried the bewildered Squire—he was silent for a long time after he had uttered that benediction. He took out Gerald's letter and read it over while the two walked on in silence under the lime-trees, and the paper shook in his hands, notwithstanding all his steadiness. When he spoke again, it was only after two or three efforts to clear his voice. "I can't make out that he says *that*, Frank—I don't see that *that's* what he means," said Mr Wentworth, in a fainter tone than usual; and then he continued, with more agitation, "Louisa is a dear good soul, you know; but she's a bit of a fool, like most women. She always takes the worst view—if she can get a good cry out of anything, she will. It's she that's put this fancy into your head, eh? You don't say you had it from Gerald himself?—you don't mean to tell me that? By Jove, sir!—by heaven, sir!" cried the excited Squire, blazing up suddenly in a burst of passion, "he can't be any son of mine —— For any damnable Papistical madness to give up his wife! Why, God bless us, he was a man, wasn't he, before he became a priest? A priest! He's not a priest—he's a clergyman, and the Rector of Wentworth. I can't believe it—I won't believe it!" said the head of the house, with vehemence. "Tell me one of my sons is a sneak and a traitor!—and if you weren't another of my sons, sir, I'd knock you down for your pains." In the excitement of the moment Mr Wentworth came full force against a projecting branch which he did not see, as he spoke these words; but though the sudden blow half stunned him, he did not stop in his vehement contradiction. "It can't be. I tell you it can't—it shan't be, Frank!" cried the Squire. He would not pay any attention to the Curate's anxieties, or accept the arm Frank offered, though he could not deny feeling faint and giddy after the blow. It took away all the colour from his ruddy face, and left him pale, with a red welt across his forehead, and wonderfully unlike himself. "Confound it! I told Miles to look after that tree weeks ago. If he thinks I'll stand his carelessness, he's mistaken," said Mr Wentworth, by way of relieving himself. He was a man who always eased his mind by being angry with somebody when anything happened to put him out.

"My dear father," said the Curate as soon as it was practicable, "I want you to listen to me and help me; there's only one thing to be done that I can see. Gerald is in a state of high excitement, fit for any martyrdom. We can't keep him

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back from one sacrifice, but by all the force we can gather we must detain him from the other. He must be shown that he can't abandon his natural duties. He was a man before he was a priest, as you say; he can no more give up his duty to Louisa than he can give up his own life. It is going on a false idea altogether; but falsehood in anything except in argument could never be named or dreamed of in connection with Gerald," said his brother, with some emotion; "we all know that."

There was another pause of a few minutes, during which they walked on side by side without even the heart to look at each other. "If it had been Plumstead, or Hawtray, or any other fool," burst forth the Squire, after that interval, "but Gerald!" Plumstead was the husband of the eldest Miss Wentworth, and Hawtray was the Squire's sister's son, so the comparison was all in the family. "I suppose your aunt Leonora would say such a thing was sent to bring down my pride and keep me low," said Mr Wentworth, bitterly. "Jack being what he is, was it anything but natural that I should be proud of Gerald? There never was any evil in him, that I could see, from a child; but crotchety, always crotchety, Frank. I can see it now. It must have been their mother," said the Squire, meditatively; "she died very young, poor girl! her character was not formed. As for *your* dear mother, my boy, she was always equal to an emergency; she would have given us the best of advice, had she been spared to us this day. Mrs Wentworth is absorbed in her nursery, as is natural, and I should not care to consult her much on such a subject. But, Frank, whatever you can do or say, trust to me to back you out," said the anxious father of three families. "Your mother was the most sensible woman I ever knew," he continued, with a patriarchal composure. "Nobody could ever manage Jack and Gerald as she did. She'd have seen at a glance what to do now. As for Jack, he is no assistance to anybody; but I consider you very like your mother, Frank. If anybody can help Gerald, it will be you. He has got into some ridiculous complication, you know—that must be the explanation of it. You have only to talk to him, and clear up the whole affair," said the Squire, recovering himself a little. He believed in "talking to," like Louisa, and like most people who are utterly incapable of talking to any purpose. He took some courage from the thought, and recovered his colour a little. "There is the bell for luncheon, and I am very glad of it," he said; "a glass of sherry will set me all right. Don't say anything to alarm Mrs Wentworth. When Gerald comes, we'll retire to the library, and go into the matter calmly, and between us we will surely be able to convince him. I'll humour him, for my part, as far as my conscience will allow me. We must not give in to him, Frank. He will give it up if we show a very firm front and yield nothing?" said the Squire, looking with an unusually anxious eye in his son's face.

"For my part, I will not enter into the controversy between the Churches," said the Curate; "it is mere waste of time. I must confine myself to the one point. If he must forsake us, he must, and I can't stop him: but he must not forsake his wife."

"Tut—it's impossible!" said the Squire; "it's not to be thought of for a moment. You must have given undue importance to something that was said. Things will turn out better than you think." They were very nearly at the great entrance when these words were said, and Mr Wentworth took out his handkerchief and held it to his forehead to veil the mark, until he could explain it, from the anxious eye of his wife. "If the worst should come to the worst, as you seem to think," he said, with a

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kind of sigh, "I should at least be able to provide for you, Frank. Of course, the Rectory would go to you; and you don't seem to have much chance of Skelmersdale, so far as I can learn. Leonora's a very difficult person to deal with. God bless my soul!" exclaimed the Squire — "depend upon it, she has had something to do with this business of Gerald's. She's goaded him into it, with her Low-Church ways. She's put poor Louisa up to worrying him; there's where it is. I did not see how your brother could possibly have fallen into such a blunder of his own accord. But come to luncheon; you must be hungry. You will think the boys grown, Frank; and I must ask you what you think, when you have a little leisure, of Cuthbert and Guy."

So saying, the Squire led the way into the house; he had been much appalled by the first hint of this threatened calamity, and was seriously distressed and anxious still; but he was the father of many sons, and the misfortunes or blunders of one could not occupy all his heart. And even the Curate, as he followed his father into the house, felt that Louisa's words, so calmly repeated, "Of course, the Rectory will go to you," went tingling to his heart like an arrow, painfully recalling him, in the midst of his anxiety, to a sense of his own interests and cares. Gerald was coming up the avenue at the moment slowly, with all the feelings of a man going to the stake. He was looking at everything round as a dying man might, not knowing what terrible revolution of life might have happened before he saw them again—

"He looked on hill, and sea, and shore,
As he might never see them more."

Life was darkened over to his preoccupied eyes, and the composure of nature jarred upon him, as though it were carelessness and indifference to the fate which he felt to be coming in the air. He thought nothing less than that his father and brother were discussing him with hearts as heavy and clouded as his own; for even he, in all his tolerance and impartiality, did not make due account of the fact, that every man has his own concerns next to him, close enough to ameliorate and lighten the weight of his anxieties for others. The prospect was all gloom to Gerald, who was the sufferer; but the others found gleams of comfort in their own horizon, which threw reflected lights upon his; for perfect sympathy is not, except in dreams. There was quite a joyful little commotion at the luncheon table when Frank's arrival was discovered; and his sisters were kissing him, and his young brothers shaking his hand off, while Gerald came slowly up, with preoccupied, lingering steps, underneath the murmurous limes. All kinds of strange miseries were appearing to him as he pursued his way. Glimpses of scenes to come —a dark phantasmagoria of anticipated pain. He saw his wife and his children going away out of their happy house; he saw himself severed from all human ties, among alien faces and customs, working out a hard novitiate. What could he do? His heart, so long on the rack, was aching with dull throbs of anguish, but he did not see any way of escape. He was a priest by all the training, all the habits of his life; how could he give up that service to which he was called before everything, the most momentous work on earth? For ease, for happiness, for even sacred love, could he defraud God of the service he had vowed, and go back to secular work just at the moment when the true meaning of ecclesiastical work seemed dawning upon him? He had decided that question before, but it came back and back. His eyes were heavy with thought and conflict as he went up to his father's house. All this was wearing out his strength, and sapping his very life. The sooner it was over the better would it be for all.

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AMEN !—IN THE CATHEDRAL, ST ANDREWS.

HERE stood the altar in the ancient days,
And here, no priest, a stranger I, and lone,
Stand silent on the steps of mossy stone,
Ascended once with highest notes of praise.

All silent on the broken altar-stairs—
While through the vacant window the blue heaven
Looks wistful in, defrauded of the prayers
Once here in high response and answer given.

Oh, silent shrine, that knows no matin-song,
Nor voice of vespers through the falling dew!
Oh, silent heart, distraught with echoes long
Of the past prayers that find no voice in you!

Listen! for in the gales and in the tides
That sweep and echo round this northern shore,
One voice of old devotion evermore,
Priestlike, beside the fallen altar bides.

The great sea speaks and the wild winds reply,
They breathe their worship through the broken aisles;
Nor change the strain when lowers the wintry sky,
Nor when reluctant summer chides and smiles.

And thus through all the year they sigh and say—
Grave ministrants, answering in solemn strain
Depth unto depth :—Amen! Amen! Amen!
The burden of the night and of the day.

The storm's wild heart gives forth no sharper cry,
No warmer accents know the summer calm;
Monotonous from changeless sea and sky,
It swells and falls, an everlasting psalm.

Amen! Amen! Dumb on the altar-stairs
I kneel, nor dare take up a loftier part,
Knowing full well that in my speechless heart
The lauds are faint, and broken are the prayers.

Here once the glad Te Deum flung abroad
To heaven the music of its matchless song;
Here once the Miserere wailed to God,
Joy echoing sweet, and sorrow sobbing long.

But silent, silent now through ages drear,
In their old consecration standing dumb,
The holy walls rise sad to heaven, and hear
Through the long gloom those deeper voices come.

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Voices that know nor gladness nor lament—
 That thrill with no desire, nor conflict ken,
 But evermore, in one profound Amen,
To all God's will and all His ways consent.

And thou, still sphere, where once my altar rose—
 Where lights burnt bright, and sweet the Aves rang—
 Where youth, high priest of all glad mysteries, sang
Of joy miraculous and endless woes,—

Listen! for in the aching silence round,
 O'er the lost lilies and the dying lights,
The same deep voices, with an awful sound,
 Say their response through all the days and nights.

Here once the prayers were more than words could tell,
 Impatient wishes that besieged the sky;
Nor was there doubt of any miracle,
 Save that life's longings and its hopes could die.

But now, subdued by tedious toils and cares,
 Desire falls faint—hope falters on the strain;
 And Time and Nature with a deep Amen,
Fill up the breaks and echoes of old prayers.

Amen! Amen! No warmer voice of praise
 The ruined walls, the silent soul, may find;
 But oh, thou solemn sea and mournful wind,
Take up the burden of our elder days!—

Amen! Our hearts are hushed, we frame again
 No other gospel of fresh hopes in store,
But, weary of all tempests, join the strain
 That beats in grave accord on this stern shore.
 Amen! Amen! Amen!

M. O. W. O.

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GOLD AND SOCIAL POLITICS.

In the spring of 1854 there was discovered in Australia one of the richest "placers," or gold-beds, even of that most auriferous country. The spot was a deep ravine, formed by the Buckland River, enclosed by steep mountain-sides which excluded every breath of wind. It was autumn in Australia, though spring here. The air in the ravine was stagnant, and the scorching sun made it intensely hot during the day, while at night the temperature fell to a piercing cold; so that the sojourners in the ravine were alternately in an oven and an ice-house. Moreover, as the gold-beds lay in the channel of the river, the miners worked up to their waists in water. To this gold-field of surpassing richness hundreds of adventurers flocked in feverish haste; but disease, like the fabled dragons and griffins of old, kept horrid sentry over the buried treasures. A peculiar fever, of the typhoid character, was the natural denizen of the spot; besides which, the gold-seekers suffered severely from eye-blight, owing to the concentrated blaze of the sunshine reflected from the steep sides of the ravine, and moreover were at all times grievously tormented by clouds of flies. Bad diet and want of vegetables aggravated the diseases natural to the place and to the kind of work; and in the strangely interesting accounts which then reached us, we read of onions selling at six shillings a pound; and cabbages, which we buy here for a penny, were so precious that they were cut up and sold by weight—from half-a-crown to four shillings the pound being readily paid for them. Physic, or what passed for it, rose in price in a still more startling manner—Holloway's pills selling at one shilling each, or a guinea per box! It was a valley of death. "Constitutions that had borne the hardships of other fields broke down here," wrote an eyewitness of the scene; "and hundreds have perished, dying unattended and unknown. The little levels between the stream and the base of the mountain-wall, for ten miles along the valley, are so thickly studded with graves that the river appears to run through a churchyard." One new-comer, wiser than the rest, having counted eleven corpses carried past his tent during the dinner-hour of his first working day, and thinking that even gold may be purchased too dearly, left the place instantly. Many abandoned it after a somewhat longer trial. But the greater number, fascinated by the unusual richness of the gold-beds, remained in defiance of disease, and "took their chance,"—with what result the numerous graves of the valley testify to this day.

It was a scene "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Had some wandering spirit from another planet looked down upon that valley of death, or upon many other striking incidents of the gold-fever of the last dozen years; if he had seen men in myriads rushing across oceans and continents to the gold-fields of California and Australia, waste places in the uttermost parts of the earth; if he had beheld them toiling in the gulches of the mountains amidst all manner of hardships and disease, beset with extremes of weather, exhausting work, exorbitant prices, and lawless society, he must have said to himself, "Surely mankind have some mighty end in view, when so many myriads come here to toil and suffer with such feverish energy and extraordinary endurance." Yet the yellow substance which these crowds so eagerly seek after, what could it do for them? They could not eat it or drink it,—it was neither food, medicine, nor clothing: it was simply a metal of unusual weight and ductility, and exhibiting a yellow lustre.

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And were this wandering spirit to show a piece of the yellow metal to one of the natives of the country, and ask its use, the savage would tell him that it served to make rings for wearing in the nose and ears, or on other parts of the body, by way of ornament, but otherwise was of no account,—it could neither head an axe for him nor point a spear. In fine, were this planetary sage, following the track of the gold-ships, to proceed to Europe, and the abodes of civilisation, to see what is made of the metal which men seek for with so great eagerness, he would find that the getting of it is so expensive that (unlike iron and lead) it is of no use in the necessary commodities of life, and only figures as a costly means of ornament and decoration. He would find it, in fact—so far as the arts of life are concerned—closely allied in character to gems and precious stones, the exorbitant prices given for which show how much barbarism still lurks under the cloak of civilisation.

But this inquiring spirit would soon see also another side to the question. Were he to go into our banks, our marketplaces, our counting-houses, he would speedily comprehend the object for which we mortals seek gold, and prize it so much. If he were to visit the great monetary emporium in Threadneedle Street, with its busy throng of customers ceaselessly depositing or withdrawing the yellow metal, and thereafter were to watch for half an hour the gay crowds who go a-shopping in Regent Street, he would see that this metal is the recognised symbol of Property, into which we can convert our wealth, whether it be of land, houses, or merchandise, and store it up in little space, and reconvert it into any kind of property at pleasure. He would see, too, that by common consent nearly one-half of the entire civilised population of the earth take this view of the matter, and have made this yellow metal indispensable to them, by decreeing it to be the substance out of which shall be made the counters with which men buy and sell, and reckon up the gains of material existence. But what of the other half of the civilised world? Here the doubts of our planetary sage would begin anew: for he would see that this enthroning of gold as a special and almost sacred metal is, after all, a purely arbitrary proceeding, and that civilised mankind are divided on this question into two rival and hostile camps. Six hundred millions of the human race (constituting fully two-thirds of the civilised population of the globe), in China, India, and Japan, and in Asia generally, repudiate the peculiar value attached to the yellow metal by their Western brethren, and exalt a shining white metal into a like conventional importance. If gold reigns in the West, silver rules in the East. And what of that outer world, those regions beyond the pale of civilisation which still occupy so large a portion of the earth's surface? There, among the uncivilised races of the world—in Africa, in parts of America, and among the multitudinous islands of the Pacific—we find that the counters in which men condense their gains and carry on the commerce of life are little shells picked up on the sea-shore; or else, that counters are dispensed with altogether, and trade is managed by simple barter.

Barter is the fundamental basis of commercial transactions; bullion is an accessory—most convenient, but very costly. In countries which have not the advantage of wealth and civilisation, an ox is bartered for so many sheep, a gun for so many skins of the beaver or tusks of the elephant, &c. But, among wealthy and civilised nations, the consumers have so many and such various wants, and, owing to the division of labour, each worker produces so little that is of use to himself, that simple barter becomes too cumbrous a process in wholesale transactions, and utterly impracticable in shopping, and other forms

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of retail business. Civilisation, therefore, has to pay for the infinite luxuries of life and subdivision of labour, which are its boast and enjoyment, by introducing a class of objects—counters or "currency" —the only use of which is to facilitate the exchange of commodities in buying and selling; and, secondarily, by representing value in little bulk, to admit of the gains of life being reckoned and possessed in less cumbrous form than houses and land, herds of cattle, or ships and merchandise. It is a form of wealth established for the purpose of representing all the other forms; and which, intrinsically worthless of itself, derives its value from the other kinds of property of which it is the acknowledged representative. Gold and silver are the articles which civilised mankind have chosen as the prime materials out of which these counters of commerce and of life's gains shall be made. And in order to procure the material for these counters, hundreds of thousands of human beings proceed to the uttermost parts of the earth, encamp in the wilderness, and suffer in an aggravated form hardships, privations, and death,—toiling, as in that valley of the Buckland River, in pursuit of the yellow dross in which civilised man insists upon counting up his gains. The cost of their conveyance to the distant gold countries, the cost of their living in a region where everything is very dear, owing to the distance from which it must be brought, and the extra profit which is needed before men will go so far and suffer so much—these constitute the price which civilisation pays for its money-counters. It is a heavy price: and each ounce of gold represents so much labour withdrawn from agriculture and other industrial pursuits, which minister directly to the necessities and comforts of mankind.

The European nations are in the van of the world — they are the chiefs of civilisation; and if grand old Milton in his day spoke disdainfully of the pomp which delights in "*barbaric* pearl and gold," regarding it as a foible of the East, it is not to be thought that any sensible man of our day will ascribe the great value of gold to its mere attractiveness as an ornament. Doubtless it was its fitness for ornamentation which first, in the world's infancy, led men to attach value to gold. But this cause of the value of gold has long ago become quite subsidiary; indeed, it now only maintains itself in consequence of the metal having acquired a new and greater value from an entirely different source. To have imparted a conventional value to an article for the sake of making it a medium of exchange, would have been very difficult in early times (though it was accomplished at Carthage), and quite impossible beyond the limits of a single community. Instinctively, therefore, and doubtless unconsciously, Civilisation availed itself of the high value which earlier times had attached to gold as an ornament, as a basis for giving to that metal an equal value of a civilised and really useful kind. Civilisation found that gold, from its wide acceptance or negotiability, its scarcity, portability, and divisibility, would make an excellent material for supplying counters for trade; and these counters, of course, became thereafter condensed wealth —a convenient form in which wealth might be stored. The great value, therefore, now ascribed to gold, and which makes men seek for it all over the world, arises from the fact that it constitutes Money. But what is Money? What is the characteristic of this something which imparts a peculiar value to gold, and which disperses civilised mankind into the wildernesses of the world to search for the yellow metal? Every one knows that money is a good thing to have, and that there is no doing without it,—that it is used in buying and selling,—that men get it by giving in exchange for it labour or goods, and in exchange for it supply them-

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selves with the comforts or luxuries of life. But what constitutes Money? Is money, like the pearl and the diamond, and some other prized articles, a thing which man must necessarily take from the hand of Nature? Or can he not make it for himself? And if so, what conditions are necessary for its production and circulation? Of what substances can money be made? and how do these substances come to be recognised as symbols of value?

The currency of the world includes many kinds of money. Gold, silver, copper, iron, in coins or by weight—stamped leather, stamped paper, wooden tallies — shells of various kinds — pieces of silk, or strips of cotton-cloth, of a fixed size and quality—are, or have been, all in use among mankind as forms of currency, as convenient and negotiable forms or representatives of property. Many of these kinds of money are simultaneously in use in the same country. Gold, silver, copper, and stamped paper coexist as different forms of money in the currency of Europe and America; gold, silver, copper, and shells in India; silver, copper, and pieces of silk in China; copper, cotton-strips, shells, and the silver dollar in various parts of Africa. Sparta had a currency of iron,—Carthage of stamped leather, like our paper money,—China, under the dynasty of Kublai Khan, of paper money and stamped leather together.* There is ample variety in the substances out of which money is made,—metals, shells, cloth, leather, paper; and, moreover, every country shapes these substances, or such of them as it uses, in a different form from the others. What, then, is Money? We need not seek a definition in the intrinsic qualities of the substances out of which money is made; for there is not a single intrinsic quality which is common to them all. The generic quality which constitutes money is manifestly something extrinsic to these substances—some quality superimposed upon or attributed to them, or at least to the shape which they assume as currency.

If English merchants send out sovereigns to China, the Chinese will not receive these coins as money —nor any other kind of gold coins. Gold is not money in the Celestial Empire: one-third of the human race (nearly one-half of the civilised population of the globe) there refuse to accept the yellow metal as currency. In like manner, if the Chinese or Hindoo merchant were to send payment of a large sum in his silver coins to this country, it would be extremely embarrassing to the English merchant. Even if a man in this country seek to discharge a debt in our own silver coins, the creditor is entitled to refuse payment in such a form. Silver is not money—is not a legal tender—in this country, save to the extent of forty shillings. Above that amount, it is simply bullion: it is no more money than brass or tin or platinum is. Again, we laugh when a semi-civilised people propose to pay us for our manufactures in sea-shells, or some other form of non-metallic currency; but we find some of those people not less averse to receive our gold and silver coins which we regard as the perfection of currency. Barbarous tribes, again, will sell to us their produce for coloured glass beads and suchlike valueless trinkets, in preference to money or other

* Sir John Maundeville, speaking of the Emperor of China in the fourteenth century, says:—"This Emperour makethe no money but of lether emprented, or of papyre. And of that money is som of gretter prys, and som of lesse prys, after the diversitie of his statutes. And whan that money hathe ronne so longe that it begynnethe to waste, than men beren it to the Emperoures tresorye, and than thei taken newe money for the old. And that money gothe thorghe out all the contree, and thorghe out all his provynces. For there and beyond hem, thei make no money nouther of gold nor of sylver."—'Travels of Sir John Maundeville' (edit. 1839), p. 239.

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articles which in our estimation are infinitely more valuable. We see, then, that the substances which some nations, even though civilised, regard as the best, if not as the only standard form of money, other nations refuse to acknowledge or accept as money at all. Moreover, even when different nations use the same substance as money, it sometimes happens that they differ widely in the relative value which they attach to these substances.

A few years ago, when the trade with Japan was opened by Lord Elgin's mission, our merchants were surprised to find that the Japanese appraised gold and silver very differently from us; so that a sovereign, a napoleon, or any other piece of gold, whether in coin or as bullion, was esteemed by the Japanese equal to only about one-fourth of the quantity of silver which the same amount of gold represents in Europe. A not less curious monetary fact may be cited from China. Half-a-dozen kinds of silver coin are current at Shanghai—five kinds of the dollar and the Indian rupee; but a few years ago only one of these coins, the old Spanish Carolus dollar, was a legal tender. In consequence of this, although the intrinsic value of all the dollars was nearly alike, the old Carolus dollar (which is becoming scarce) was worth 7s., whereas the others were barely worth 5s. A difference of 40 per cent! The only reason for the preference was, that the Carolus dollar was the one which was best known to the Chinese merchants, and in which, accordingly, they had most confidence. This state of matters was remedied in the autumn of 1855, when, after duly assaying the different coins, the Chinese Superintendent of Customs published a proclamation informing the people of the true state of the case, and ordering that after a certain date all the six different coins should pass current, according to their respective intrinsic values, which he announced.

Such are some of the differences of value, and limitations of circulation, which Opinion, or Law as the expression of Opinion, imposes upon the various forms of money. But the case is wider than this. The States of Europe have in some respects almost become a commonwealth, but the currency of one state will not circulate in another. The English sovereign, indeed, is readily taken in payment in some parts of the Continent; but even it does not *circulate*—no more than napoleons will circulate in England. They are strange to the people, who are suspicious of them, and (as foreign coins are never a legal tender in any country) refuse to receive them as money. Still more so is this the case with paper money. Although the coins of one country will not circulate in another, gold and silver are recognised as the raw material of money all over Europe and America, and are valued accordingly; but paper money, out of its own country, may be said to carry no value at all. Bank of England notes, indeed, which have the same prestige over other kinds of paper money which the sovereign has over other coins, may be cashed without difficulty in Paris, and at no greater charge than is made for converting sovereigns or half-crowns into French money. Convince a Continental money-changer that the English bank-note is genuine, and he will give you cash for it as readily as for our metallic money: although, of course, there is this difference, that coins can be tested anywhere, whereas bank-notes cannot, and in foreign countries can only be received as genuine out of confidence in the person who presents or endorses them. But even in the same country there is often a limitation to the circulation of some kinds of money. The sovereign—though a legal tender, and (save in some sequestered parts of the Highlands) readily accepted when offered in payment—hardly circulates in Scotland,—the Scotch preferring paper money, as the best known to them, as in their opinion the more safe and convenient form of currency,

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and also as the cheapest. Scotch bank-notes, again, are not a legal tender in the other parts of the kingdom. In England, too, there are many provincial banks the notes of each of which circulate readily in the district where the issuing bank is situated, but are looked upon with suspicion elsewhere: they will not circulate widely, simply because they are a kind of money with which the public at large are not familiar, and in which, accordingly, they have not confidence.

Of all forms of money silver is the most widely recognised, and, therefore, holds the first place in the currency of the world. It is the standard money of China, with a population of 400,000,000, and of India, with a population of 160,000,000. It is also recognised as money all over Europe and America,—indeed, silver still constitutes the greater portion of the currency of the Continent; and in the outlying and half-barbarous parts of the world silver will be accepted where gold coins would be refused. Gold at present holds the second place in the currency of the world. But unless new silver-mines are found, the recent discovery of the gold deposits in California and Australia will, by making gold more abundant and more cheap, tend to wrest the supremacy from silver and give it to gold,—by inducing the European and American States to make all the necessary additions to the metallic portion of their currency in the latter metal. Next in amount of circulation to gold and silver money comes paper money. In this country, the paper money issued under legal restrictions by the banks amounts to about £40,000,000 sterling (the gold and silver money, whether in circulation or kept in reserve by the banks, amounting probably to more than twice as much). In France, although banking is much less developed than in this country, the amount of paper money is nearly as great as it is here. In Russia and Austria it is also very large—not owing to banking, which in both countries is still in its infancy, but owing to an actual dearth of the precious metals. Paper money has the widest range in value of all kinds of money. It is also the cheapest and most portable. You could carry twenty or thirty £1000 Bank of England notes in your waistcoat pocket; whereas it would take a couple of the strongest porters to carry the same amount in gold for a hundred yards. At the same time, as has been seen in Russia and Austria, you may have paper notes in circulation of as small amount as the smallest silver coin. The gamut of paper money, if we may so speak, goes far higher than that of gold money, and ranges down to the lowest reach of silver money. In fact, in the form of bills of exchange—which, however, are not a legal tender, and, therefore, not money in the strict sense of the word—paper money plays the most important part of all in carrying on the trade and commerce of the world. It may also be used as a substitute for all the other kinds of money — if under proper restrictions, with perfect safety and great economy. And in modern times it has always been had recourse to, with more or less prudence and advantage, by nations who in exceptional times find themselves in a temporary deficiency of metallic money.

Coming back, then, to our starting-point, "What is Money?" let us observe what is the one quality which all these kinds of money have in common, and which suffices to exalt each of them into a more or less widely recognised representative of wealth. Between gold, cowrie-shells, and paper, there is not a single point of resemblance. But the quality which gives to these and other substances their circulating power as money is one and the same: it is simply the agreement on the part of nations, or parts of nations, to recognise those substances, either of themselves or when presented in certain forms, as representatives of wealth. It is an

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agreement on the part of communities, or of large sections of the population of the globe, to regard these substances or articles as a medium in which wealth can be condensed, and to make of them counters with which the game of life may be carried on, and property be transmuted at pleasure from one form into any other. The quality which constitutes currency, therefore, is extrinsic to the material of which currency is made, and becomes imparted to any articles which a nation or nations may agree to recognise as tokens of value.

That paper notes or stamped leather possess no intrinsic value will be at once admitted; but, almost universally, it will be asserted that gold is money entirely because of its intrinsic value. Now — passing over the important fact that one-half of the civilised population of the globe do not attach to gold the value which we do—let us ask, How does gold acquire the peculiar value which we attach to it? It will be answered, "Owing to the great amount of labour required for its production." But how is it that so costly an amount of labour is devoted to its production? An article may be rare, yet valueless: it must be *scarce* before it becomes valuable. There are many things as difficult to find or produce as gold, which nevertheless are but little sought for, because for the finding or production of them no one will give sufficiently high wages. Before a thing can become valuable, there must not only be a difficulty in its production, but a great demand for it: because, unless there be a great demand for it, the price offered for it will be inadequate to induce men to encounter the difficulties or undergo the hardships inseparable from its production. What, then, causes the great demand for gold? *Because one-half the world requires it for currency.* And thus the circle of reasoning comes back to our starting position, that the peculiar value of gold arises from its having been so widely adopted as Money. Demonetise gold, and what would follow? Probably three-fourths of all the gold in use among mankind is employed as money; and if the Western world were, for the sake of uniformity, to adopt the currency of the East, and resolve that gold should not be received as money any longer, would not the value of gold fall immensely? The moment the news reached California and Australia, would not the mines be abandoned, and the workers betake themselves to other occupations, — feeling of a surety that, now gold was demonetised, the world had already more than enough of the yellow dross, and that henceforth no man would give a dollar for a whole ounce of it. Silver would be immensely increased in value, and gold would descend from its high estate to the rank of an ordinary metal. Thenceforth gold would only be used for ornaments, plate, and gilding—if, indeed, the comparative abundance of the metal for these purposes, owing to its demonetisation, would not make it too common to be a fitting ornament of the wealthy. It is the value, not the beauty, of the yellow metal that makes it so much prized nowadays in ornaments. It is not merely as barbaric toys and gewgaws that people wear it in chains and rings and other personal ornaments, and load their tables with it as plate; but because it is condensed wealth. It is the display of wealth which constitutes the chief charm of golden plate and ornaments; and if gold were no longer to be condensed wealth, but simply a metal like the others, we might safely reckon that its dethronement as money would tend rather to diminish than to increase the demand for it as an ornamental luxury.

Money is the expression of wealth —the voucher of accumulated gains —a "universal language" of property all over the civilised world. It is an *Open Sesame* which everywhere admits us into the enjoyment of other men's goods or labour. Unlike houses or horses or hounds, or food and clothing, or works of

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art, or articles of merchandise, money is of no use in itself—only as a means of getting other things. To borrow the language of the schoolmen, the value of money is *in posse*—that of other articles *in esse:* the one is merely potential, the other is essential. Money is a useless thing for ever doing useful things—a valueless thing for ever purchasing things of value. Like the electric fluid, money is undynamic when at rest: it is only when in motion, passing in purchase from one owner to another, that its great power is manifested. But that power, we repeat, is merely imputed to it, in order to facilitate the business of life: and if all the world could act together as easily as a single community can do, we might say of every form of money, "A breath can make it, as a breath has made." All the various forms of currency depend for their peculiar value simply upon Opinion, or conventional agreement; and their value is (chiefly in some cases, entirely in others) extrinsic, not intrinsic—a something imparted to them by the consent of the people among whom they circulate. In short, currency of every kind is essentially dependent upon credit—using that word in its amplest sense. Negotiability is the grand point—and that depends upon agreement. Accordingly, the more widely the credit of any coin or note is recognised, the more extensive will be its circulation, the greater its acceptability, and the higher its rank as a form of money.

These considerations, of course, render it doubtful whether mankind, are right in the value which they continue to attach to gold as the prime form of money. We shall leave Posterity, with its superior advantages, to answer that question: content to believe that, in the actual circumstances of the world, the monetary system which has been established could not have been very different from that which exists. High as is the price which civilisation pays for the convenience of money, the investment, on the whole, has been a good and profitable one. The invention of money lies at the base of all material civilisation. Division of labour is the grand characteristic of material civilisation; but there could not be any great subdivision of labour without money. Before the industrial classes of a community will devote themselves each to a separate pursuit, a means must have been found by which the produce of each is made readily exchangeable for the goods of any of the others. Money does this. A man who has only an ox to barter, will find it difficult to supply his wants. He will find it difficult to apportion it correctly among his various tradespeople—grocer, baker, tailor, shoemaker, landlord, &c.—even supposing that all these dealers need beef at once. But let him first convert the ox into money, and thereafter he can purchase all that he wants with rapidity and ease. Money is a reservoir of power, immediately available, and for any purpose. It is wealth condensed and mobilised. Its effective force is as much superior to an equal amount of property in other forms, as a mobilised and concentrated army is to an equally numerous crowd of common men. If there were no money—no conventional means of storing up accumulated gains in an instantaneously negotiable form—how long would be the time, and how cumbrous the preparations, requisite to prepare an expedition, to get up a railway company, or to accomplish any great project? What would require the co-operation of thousands, and consequently great preliminary delay, in times of pure barter, can with money be accomplished at once. Secure the aid of a single great capitalist, and forthwith the streams of power flow in all directions simultaneously, each becoming transmuted into different objects—labour, stores, implements, raw material, or directing genius. The conversion of power is direct and instantaneous. By means of money, human power can strike its *coups* on the instant. Prove an object desirable, an enter-

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prise profitable, and the man who holds his property in the form of money can accomplish the object or engage in the enterprise with the speed of the telegraph.

But the world-wide results of the invention of money in facilitating all the branches of human industry, and promoting friendly intercommunication between different nations and countries, will best appear in the next stage of our inquiry, which relates to the effects of the recent gold-discoveries on the world at large.

The first phenomenon attendant upon the gold-discoveries has been the great Emigration—the transfer of large masses of population from their old seats to new ones, —the vast and sudden spread of civilised mankind over the earth, making deserts and waste places to bloom, cities to rise amid the solitude, and seas, whose virgin waters had hardly been stirred by a single prow, to grow white with the sails of golden argosies. The regions where these gold-beds have been found were in the utmost ends of the earth—regions the most secluded, the most isolated from the seats of civilisation. California and the adjoining auriferous provinces of the Pacific, are separated from eastern America by an almost impassable and then unexplored chain of mountains and expanse of desert plains; yet no sooner was gold found in the Sacramento river than immigrants came pouring over the passes of the Rocky Mountains, voyaging in tedious and perilous course round Cape Horn, and rushing in such numbers across the Isthmus of Darien as to convert that neck of the New World into a highway between the two great oceans of the world. Australia was, if possible, a still more isolated quarter of the globe; and, if no new attraction had come into play, it would have remained for generations a slow-moving cityless country of pastoral settlers. But the attraction of gold has rapidly changed the scene, and opened a brilliant future for that vast island-continent, of whose glories we only see the beginning. Already the European race is making a new world for itself at the Antipodes. Nor do the triumphs of gold, as an agent affecting the destinies of the world, stop here. Hardly noticed as yet, but certain to attract another rush of emigration before long, is the auriferous region of Siberia, which Humboldt affirmed to stretch right across northern Asia, from the Ural Mountains to Kamtschatka and the bleak solitudes of "Oonalaska's shore." Here again is one of the vast solitudes of the earth; yet, ere many years have passed, we shall see the wizard Gold drawing all men after him, peopling with civilised men the heart of Upper Asia—establishing cities and peaceful communities where once roamed the ruthless cavalry of the Golden Horde — and bringing back mankind, after long and devious wanderings, to settle in maturity in the region that was the cradle of our race. The corresponding region of the New World—the American Siberia—the desolate zone which intervenes like an unbridged chasm between Canada and British Columbia, already begins to be affected from a similar cause; and the reported discovery of gold on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, on the head-waters of the Saskatchewan river, will mightily contribute to people that solitude also, and to extend British settlements in unbroken line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Lastly, but not less surely, the passion for gold will, at no distant time, carry bands of adventurers into the heart of Africa, that greatest waste place of the earth. If famous in old times as "the fierce mother of lions," Africa was not less famous as a gold-country; and we believe that the *auri sacra fames* will be the first agency that will give a great impulse to the invasion of that continent by the European race, and lead bands of daring adventurers up the watery highways of the Nile and the Niger

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to search the gold-beds of the interior, and pitch their tents beneath the shadowless Mountains of the Moon.

Such is the mighty influence which gold is exerting upon the condition of the earth. Let us now mark the chain of effects, and the nature of those effects, which the gold-discoveries are producing upon the condition of mankind. The demand for gold, as the prime material of money, is so great that the wages of the gold-diggers in California and Australia are, on the average, four times greater than the class of skilled workmen can make at home. In consequence they spend four times as much. In other words, for every £1 of goods which they consumed at home, they now consume £4. Their consuming power has been quadrupled, and the result is, that they give four times as much employment to other men. Hence, not only are these emigrants benefited by the gold-diggings, but the population which they have left at home is likewise benefited. Not only is the labour-market at home thinned, but there is more employment than before. The profits of the gold-diggers keep more ships on the sea, and give more employment to the producers alike of the luxuries and of the necessaries of life. Nor is this all. For not only is a new and lucrative trade created between the gold-countries and the old seats of civilisation, but commerce in all directions obtains a mighty impulse, increasing the area of Employment and the comforts of mankind all over the world.

These are happy effects of the gold-discoveries. And they are political as well as social. When nations are prosperous, they are contented. Suffering is the great parent of revolution. We believe that never yet was a country convulsed by political revolution, save where the outbreak had been preceded by a period of general distress. The distress, so widespread and apparently mysterious, which overspread our own country for twenty years before the passing of the Reform Bill, as well as for several years afterwards, was the agency which gave to that long crisis its exasperation and serious political perils; and (if this were the place for such a discussion) it could be shown that the most potent cause of that widespread distress was the continuously increasing scarcity of the precious metals, in consequence of the great decrease in the produce of the American mines. Now, happily, the position is reversed. Gold is abundant, wages are rising, employment has increased, and the people are contented. Nor is this benefit confined to our own country. All Europe feels the happy change, and especially France and Germany. Look at the state of Europe in 1820, 1830, and 1848, and in a lesser degree in the intervals of troubled peace which lay between those crises of discontent; and say whether the last ten years, in regard to political contentment, do not appear to belong to a wholly different epoch. The old seats of civilisation, which appeared to be sinking under the weight of overpopulation, were suddenly thinned of their swarms; room was made for a new growth of population, and that new increase is growing up under circumstances of unexampled prosperity. France under a military despotism has benefited in this respect (considering the lesser action of the gold-discoveries upon her) as much as England under freedom and free-trade. Let neither Government boast itself overmuch, and attribute to mere legislative measures a happy result, in which future ages will see clearly the merciful hand of overruling Providence. We are proud of our country and of our statesmen and of our Queen; but for the height of this great blessing let us give God the glory.

The remarkable increase which has of late years taken place in the commerce of the world is generally attributed to the adoption of the principles of free-trade in this

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country, and to the relaxation of tariffs which is now taking place abroad. Unquestionably there is truth in this view; but it is far from being the whole truth. Every great movement of mankind is due to a concurrence of influences, rather than to a single one. Whatever may have been the initial cause of the great increase of international trade during the last fifteen years (during which time our export-trade has *more than doubled*), it is important to observe that the commencement of the increase was contemporaneous with the discovery of the Californian gold-mines. That discovery at once, and even before its material effects began to operate, gave a moral impulse, an impulse of excitement and hope, to the trading world. And it is very evident that the great expansion of trade which has since occurred could not possibly have taken place if the new gold-mines had not been discovered. The most prominent feature of that expansion has been the increased trade between Europe and America on the one hand, and the East on the other. That trade has in all ages been a peculiar one. The constant absorption of the precious metals by the East has attracted attention, and given rise to much speculation, for at least a century and a half. The explanation is, that India and China have hitherto been non-importing countries. And to this day the exports from these countries are largely in excess of their imports. We yearly consume a large portion of their produce, while they take comparatively little of our goods. Such a trade can only be carried on when Europe possesses an abundant supply of the precious metals; and it could never have been carried on to the extent which we have witnessed of late years, if the new gold-mines had not rendered the precious metals in Europe not only abundant, but superabundant. In 1851, after free-trade had been for several years established in this country, and when the produce of the Californian gold-mines had just begun to operate, the exports of silver to the East from Great Britain and the Mediterranean ports only amounted to £1,716,000. But from that time our trade with the East increased rapidly, and the balance against us, which had to be paid in the precious metals, underwent a corresponding increase. So much so, that in the twelve years which have since elapsed, the balance of trade which we have paid to the East in the precious metals has amounted to about £120,000,000, showing an average of £10,000,000 a-year.* But for the new gold-mines such payments on our part would have been impossible; yet without such payments the trade could not have been carried on. Before the gold-discoveries came to our aid, to have attempted to export even half the present average amount of bullion to the East would have so tightened the money market (in other words, would have so reduced the amount of loanable money) as speedily to stop the trade. The rate of discount would have risen to such a height as to leave no adequate margin of profits on the articles exported: indeed we should have been fortunate if our whole trade had not been involved in the calamities of a monetary crisis. In present circumstances, on the contrary, this drain of bullion is of itself an advantage, and our increase of trade with the East, while adding to our wealth, is relieving Europe of a portion of the precious metals of which we have no need, and which it is advantageous to

* This year (owing partly to the cotton crisis), our trade with the East is assuming gigantic proportions. Our imports, during the first six months of 1863, from the East (including £8,000,000 from Egypt, but exclusive of Australia and the Mauritius) amount to upwards of £35,000,000, or more than a third of our whole imports during the six months, which amount to within a fraction of £100,000,000.

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get rid of. Had all this bullion remained in Europe, the value of gold would have already fallen greatly; in consequence, the mines would be less resorted to, emigration would be already declining, the expansion of commerce and increase of employment would be checked, and the prosperity of the Golden Age—instead of continuing, as we trust, for several generations —would be all over in a few years. The prosperity of the world depends upon the continuance of this drain of bullion to the East. Without it, the effect of the gold-discoveries would be but local and evanescent; with it, the whole world will be partakers of the blessing, — the Golden Age may last for a hundred years,—and, as the result of the ever-widening commerce, all nations both of East and West will be drawn together in bonds of mutual interest and sympathy, which will remain as a happy legacy after the Angel of Gold has again disappeared from the scene.

Such are the effects upon the world at large which the new gold-mines are producing, and are calculated to produce. They constitute the most powerful lever by the action of which the world can be moved, human progress hastened, and human prosperity increased. Let us now consider these gold-discoveries in another and narrower aspect. Let us ask, as a question of purely monetary science, what good do we derive from the new mines? It is obvious that an addition to the currency of a country is not necessarily a benefit. If the country be already adequately supplied with money, every addition is a positive loss. If the currency of a country be increased from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000, while the productions of that country and the demand for money remain as they were, the hundred millions will do no more than the fifty millions,—only, all prices, wages, rents, &c., will be doubled in amount. The prices which a farmer or manufacturer gets for his goods will be increased, but so also, and in similar proportion, will be the amount of his outlay in rents and taxes, &c. It is like adding equally to both sides of an equation. It would be a sheer waste of money. The labour which produced these extra fifty millions would be as much lost as if that amount of gold had been sunk in the sea. A case like this, however, never occurs in the actual world. It would only be possible if the country in question were absolutely isolated from the rest of the world,—and hardly even then: for the mere influx of increased supplies of gold is found to give an impulse of hopefulness and energy which of itself tends to create more trade, and consequently more need for money.

Any sudden derangement of prices, whether caused by a rise or by a fall in the value of the precious metals, is bad; for it involves a transference of wealth from one section of the community to another, without any fault on the one side or merit on the other. A farmer, for example, who has taken his farm on a twenty years' lease, at a time when the ordinary price of wheat is 60s. a quarter, would lose greatly if prices (owing to a change in the value of money) were suddenly to fall to 40s., and would gain greatly if they were to rise to 80s.; while the landlord would equally gain in the first event, and lose in the second. True, there would be no loss to the community at large; what one man lost another would gain: but it would be a taking from those who rightfully had, and giving to those who had no claim to get. Moreover, it generally happens (on the principle of "lightly come, lightly go") that those who get money in such a way squander it, or at least do not turn it to such good account as those to whom it belonged. So far as experience goes, however, it is doubtful whether any great change of value ever can take place suddenly. We think it cannot. It is as gradual operations that these altera-

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tions in the value of money fall to be regarded and discussed; and this limitation at once strips such movements of their necessarily injurious character. Nevertheless, at all times such movements exercise a mighty influence upon the fortunes of States, or of mankind at large; and their social effects vary immensely according as they are produced by a rise in the value of the precious metals, or by a fall.

During the last eighteen hundred years we have had experience of monetary changes of both kinds. For fifteen centuries after the Christian era, the precious metals became gradually more scarce; chiefly, doubtless, owing to the widening area of civilisation, and the consequent increase of trade. In the sixteenth century, a mighty change took place, owing to the enormous amount of the precious metals obtained by ruthless conquest in the New World, and by the discovery and working of the gold and silver mines in Peru and Mexico. Ere long, however, as population and trade increased, the opposite tendency again commenced; money gradually became scarce, and, despite the alleviation caused by the invention of banking and paper money, "hard times" set in, and were felt with especial intensity in the period between 1810 and 1840, after which latter year the produce of the Ural mines began to compensate in some degree the almost total stoppage of the working of the American mines. Once more a change has taken place, and the discovery of the rich mines of California, Columbia, and Australia has commenced a period when money will again become not only plentiful but redundant. It is important to note the social effects which take place during these different epochs.

In times like the present, when the value of the precious metals is falling, the effect of the change is to benefit the many at the expense of the few. Mortgages and all money-contracts which extend over a long period, are lessened in value; for in the course of twenty years, £1000 becomes worth no more than (say) £800 was at first. Such creditors, who are necessarily capitalists or wealthy men, lose, and their debtors gain. But it is on the Government expenditure of a country that the change is most felt. The pressure of the Government debt is lightened, and the taxation necessary to provide for it is virtually reduced. The same amount of taxation, indeed, may be raised, but that amount represents a much smaller value than before, and accordingly is less felt by the people. It is also to be remembered that a large portion of the Government expenditure in all countries, including Government salaries of all kinds, are fixed payments—money contracts which extend over a long period; and as these decline in value, the national burdens are lightened in this way also. Trade likewise increases, with the increased facilities for carrying it on which an abundance of the precious metals affords; and with more trade there is more employment, and consequently increased prosperity among the working classes. On the other hand, in periods when the precious metals are becoming scarce — in other words, when the value of money is rising—the opposite of all this takes place. Mortgages, long leaseholds, and money-contracts of all kinds, weigh more heavily upon those whom they affect; and the pressure of taxation—though no more taxes be raised than before—is seriously augmented. It was this pressure of Government taxation which wrought such havoc in Italy and some other provinces of the Roman empire under some of the emperors. The value of money was rising, yet the Imperial expenditure could not be reduced so as to comport with the altered state of affairs; and towns and provinces were called upon to pay their old amount of taxation, although the value of that amount had largely

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increased. Under the pressure of this taxation whole districts became depopulated, and large masses of the population became pauperised. Periods when the precious metals are becoming scarce are always times of more or less national distress and discontent. In modern times, when the people take part in the government, political discontent arises, and a cry is raised for retrenchment and reform. This was notably the case in our own country in the period between 1810 and 1830, though the cause was never suspected. Had the real source of the national distress been perceived, there would doubtless have been more moderation and discretion on the part of the people, and the crisis would certainly have been met by wiser measures on the part of the Government.

Now, the first effect of the recent gold-discoveries was to save us, and Europe at large, from the hard times which had been in operation, and which, but for these discoveries, must have gone on increasing in severity. Although the produce of the Ural mines, discovered in 1830, tended to check the increasing rise in the value of money, its counteracting effects would soon have wholly disappeared under the steady increase of population and trade. The recent enormous expansion of trade, indeed (as we have shown), could never have taken place at all, if no new mines had come into play; but even the ordinary increase of population and trade would soon have made money so scarce as to land the working-classes in this country, as well as in the States of the Continent, in no little distress, productive, it is to be feared, of great political discontent.

This has been the negative advantage of the new gold-discoveries upon the social condition of Europe. Their positive effects are not fully developed, but we already see enough of them to be able to appreciate their general character. By giving us an abundance of the precious metals wherewith to trade with those countries which will not accept payment for their goods in ours, the new gold-mines have given an immense facility to commerce, and consequently greatly increased the production of all articles suited for the foreign markets. And more commerce means more employment, more profits, more comfort. The trade with India and China is the one which has most benefited by this new facility; but even in our trade with the countries of Europe, the new gold-supplies have been of great advantage. The balance of trade between one country and another has always to be paid in the precious metals; and when these metals are scarce, every nation has to be careful lest the balance against it should necessitate a greater export of the precious metals than is compatible with its own monetary wants. For, as bitter experience has proved, even a temporary drain of the precious metals—a few months' absence of a few millions of gold—is sufficient to derange our whole currency, and to produce a diminution of credit, which causes a commercial crisis and paralysis of trade. So far, then, from thinking with M. Chevalier and Mr Cobden that the new gold-supplies will render commercial crises more frequent than before, we hold the very opposite opinion.

These benefits—alike the negative and the positive—arising from the gold-discoveries, are so manifest that no reasonable man can call them in question. It is considered doubtful, however, whether the new gold-supplies have as yet produced any alteration in the value of money, as indicated by a rise of prices. For our own part, we entertain no doubt that this change of value, though slight, is perceptible, and that the effects consequent upon such a change are already coming into play. Manufactures vary so much in the quantity produced, and in the cost of produc-

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tion, that the prices at which they sell constitute no sure basis for determining whether or not there has been a change in the value of money. The new materials of manufactures, and the staple articles of food, which cannot be so easily multiplied, will show it much sooner. But land, which is a fixed quantity, is always the first commodity to be affected by a change in the value of money; and although rent (owing to the normal increase of population and wealth) always tends to rise in an old and prosperous country like England, still the rise of rents in this country has recently been so great, rents (both of farms and of house-property) have taken so rapid a spring upwards, as cannot be adequately accounted for except on the supposition that money has sensibly fallen in value. It is in the great seats of industry and wealth — London, Paris, Glasgow, Liverpool, New York —that a rise of prices most quickly shows itself; but in these times of railway communication, the change soon extends to all parts of the country. Whether the value of money has been depreciated to the extent of 10 per cent, as Mr Jevons maintains, we cannot assert with much confidence in the correctness of our opinion.* But a change is perceptibly taking place; and it is all the better for us that the change is slow and gradual. At present we are experiencing all the advantages of an increase of the precious metals, with a minimum of disadvantages—in fact, with no perceptible drawback at all. In the fullest sense of the word we may be said to be *enjoying* a rise of prices: the rise is so gentle, and the benefits of the new gold-supplies so widespread and substantial.

Hitherto, at least, our fears have been disappointed, and our best hopes more than realised. A sudden change, even in a good direction, is an evil in monetary affairs. And such a change was fully expected and predicted by some of the best authorities in those matters. The circumstance which has falsified these predictions is of itself one of the happiest features of the times. The great increase of commerce which has taken place was not foreseen, nor its consequences calculated; yet it is to that increase that we owe our escape from a sudden change in the value of money. That increase has not only created more employment for money in Europe, but it has drained off the surplus of precious metals in payment of the large trade-balances which necessarily accumulate against us in the course of an extended commerce with the East. These trade-balances could not, it is true, be paid in gold — what the East wants, and will alone accept, is silver: but silver in sufficient amount was easily procured in Europe—especially from the currency of France, and its place was supplied by gold, of which we were obtaining such large supplies, and which is the superior metal of the two for coinage. Thus, as gold flows into Europe, silver flows out; and thus our increased commerce with the East proves to us a double blessing, — at once increasing employment, and averting any great change in the value of money. It is a waste-pipe by which nothing is wasted. It is a channel by which we not only rid ourselves of a surplus of the precious metals, but turn them to most profitable account.

Thus far, we believe, we have been treading upon firm ground.

* In India the influx of the precious metals has been followed by an extraordinary rise in prices. As one consequence of this, the Bombay Government has just appointed Commissioners to report on the subject, with a view to ascertain what addition must be made to the salary of Government officials. When so great a change in the value of money is taking place, we may congratulate ourselves that Lord Canning's hasty decree for the sale of waste lands and redemption of the land-tax was not adopted by the Home Government, and that the Perpetual Settlement as yet applies only to Lower Bengal.

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We have been dealing with facts,—the accuracy of which, no doubt, may be contested, but which we believe to be substantially correct. But the next step takes us beyond the region of certainty into the fields of speculation. The future is a mist, in which we may grope our way, but where there are no sure land-marks to guide us. In attempting to calculate the future effects of the new supplies of gold upon the value of money, the very first basis of the calculation is unascertainable. No one can form any well-founded estimate of the amount of the precious metals in use among mankind. Such estimates, indeed, have been hazarded, but it is mere guess-work. All that we can ascertain with even approximate accuracy is the amount of the addition to the precious metals which has taken place since the end of the fifteenth century. That amount is estimated by M. Chevalier at two thousand millions sterling (£2000,000,000). And, judging from the change of prices, this addition is said to have reduced the value of the precious metals to about one-sixth of what it was prior to the discovery of America. But a change of prices is, in this case, no safe test; for the coinage of almost every country in Europe has been altered since the end of the fifteenth century. The names of the coins may remain, but the amount of gold or silver which they contain has been altered. For example, in our own country, under Henry VII., the pound weight of gold was coined into £22, 10s. sterling, and the pound weight of silver into £1, 17s. 6d. But in the following reign, Henry VIII.'s (A.D. 1509-30), the coin was immensely reduced in value, so that at the end of his reign the pound weight of silver was coined into £7, 4s. In the reign of Elizabeth (1558-1603), the value of the coinage was raised again, so that the pound weight of gold was coined into £36 sterling, and the pound weight of silver into £3. Doubtless it was the influx of the precious metals from the New World that enabled Elizabeth to make this partial restoration of the coinage; nevertheless it is to be observed that the English coinage under Elizabeth fell short in the quantity of bullion which it contained of the same coins under Henry VII. by more than one-third; so that £36 sterling in the time of Elizabeth would buy no more wheat than £22, 10s. did in the time of her grandfather, although the purchasing power of gold was as great in the later period as in the earlier. Nor did the reduction of the value of the coinage end with Elizabeth. On the contrary, it has continued in steady process down to 1817; the pound weight of gold being now coined into £46, 14s. 6d. sterling, and the pound weight of silver into £3, 6s.; so that, supposing prices had remained *really* the same, yet in appearance they must have doubled since the end of the fifteenth century—£46 sterling at the present day containing no more gold than £22 did in the time of Henry VII. We think these facts throw doubt on the various estimates which have been founded upon the change of prices since the discovery of America. Indeed, it seems an extraordinary thing, if money really became so redundant during the last three centuries, that the English Government should have continued steadily reducing the value of our coins—trying to make the same amount of gold and silver go farther than before. The same process has taken place on a still greater scale in the coinage of France. And notwithstanding all this, currency became so scarce, that paper money was invented to supply the deficiency; and banking also was introduced as another means of economising the currency. These are facts which do not appear reconcilable with the current opinion as to the great depreciation which has taken place in the value of the precious metals; and whatever depreciation may actually have occurred must be ascribed not merely to the American mines, but also in some degree to the in-

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troduction of paper money, bank-checks, and commercial bills, by which so large a portion of mercantile transactions are now carried on.

Moreover, even if we could accept the current opinion as to the depreciation of the precious metals since the fifteenth century, it is of importance to observe, that we cannot safely infer from this that a similar addition to the stock of the precious metals, spread over a similar period, will now produce a similar effect. At the time of the discovery of America (in 1492), the greater portion of the traffic in Europe was conducted by simple barter. Rents and suchlike obligations, and to some extent even revenue, were then discharged by payments in kind. And the same process has continued in a lessening degree even in the most advanced countries of Europe almost to our own times. It is obvious that if this process of barter had still continued in use to the same extent as in 1492, the fall in the value of money would have been very much greater than it has been; and that the gradual supplanting of payments in kind by money-payments has tended to uphold the value of money by producing a wider demand for it. In fact, then, in judging of the future, we have to estimate not only the probable amount of the precious metals which will be thrown into the market within a given time, but also the probable increase in the demand for them. And this increased demand will depend upon three things—namely, upon the increase of population, upon the increase of trade (which implies increased production), and upon the extent to which the use of money will supplant the process of barter throughout the world. But these two latter elements may almost be considered as one, for they are to a great extent mutually dependent.

In forecasting the future, therefore, one has to deal with two distinct considerations. Firstly, the probable amount of the future supplies of the precious metals; and, secondly, the probable amount of the demand for them. Neither of these considerations, in the present state of our knowledge, lead us to any definite conclusions. If we could judge of the new mines by what has taken place in regard to the old ones, we should conclude that the new supplies of the precious metals will last for a very long time. The annual produce of the silver-mines of Potosi, which were first worked in 1545, amounted, at the end of the sixteenth century, to about £2,000,000; and though thereafter it began to decline, it still amounted at the end of the eighteenth century to about £800,000. These mines are all in a single mountain. The annual produce of the Mexican mines, some of which were worked before the end of the sixteenth century, continued to increase steadily, partly owing to the opening of new mines; so that the produce of the mines, which was only £1,800,000 at the commencement of the eighteenth century, rose to £6,400,000 in 1795, and continued at that amount till their working was stopped by the revolt of Mexico against Spain in 1810. But it is manifest that the case of these old mines is very different from that of the new ones. The new mines are worked by a vastly more numerous body of men than the old ones. Instead of a few gangs of labourers, we have a whole population at work. We have also mining apparatus of all kinds, which multiplies the power of the workers, and enables them to exhaust a vein or gold-bed much more rapidly and cheaply than they could otherwise do. And, lastly, our facilities of locomotion and knowledge of geology enable us to discover new mines much more easily and quickly than in former times. Hence we may infer that the mines at present in operation will be exhausted far more quickly than similar mines were when worked by the Spaniards. But this does not settle the question. Firstly, because we have no reliable infor-

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mation of the extent of the auriferous districts of California and Australia; though, so far as we can judge, these districts are immensely vaster than any which were known to the Spaniards. To all appearance, the present number of workers may find profitable employment in the auriferous districts of Australia, California, Oregon, and British Columbia, for a century to come. Moreover, there are other regions known to be rich in the precious metals—especially in the north-western provinces of Mexico, in South America,* and in Siberia—which, in all probability, will begin to be worked even before the present mines fail. In fact, the Siberian mines will be supplied with labour from an independent source—namely, from China—and will make no draft upon the labour market of Europe and America, which furnishes almost all the emigrants to the mines of California and Australia.

Of course, if the value of gold were to experience a great fall, such an event, whenever it occurred, would lessen the number of emigrants to the gold-fields, and the produce of the mines would decline. But as the wages of the gold-diggers are at least four times higher than the wages of skilled labourers in this country, the fall in the value of gold would require to be very great before it materially lessened the number of workers at the mines—especially as there is in every community a class of men to whom the excitement and gambling character of gold-seeking has a peculiar attraction. Indeed, M. Chevalier states that there are men who labour at gold-finding (witness the gold-washers of the Rhine), though they make only 15d. or 20d. a-day.

All present indications, however, are against the supposition that there will be any sudden fall in the value of gold. Demand will tread closely upon the heels of supply—if not actually keep pace with it. Apart from increase of population, which is facilitated by the means of emigration, there never was a time when the circumstances of mankind were so favourable for an increase in the demand for currency.† We stand on the threshold, indeed we have already entered the vestibule, of an epoch when commerce and international relations will obtain an expansion undreamt of before. During the last thirty years, steam-navigation and railways have given to mankind facilities of locomotion which have immensely extended the sphere of human action, and have made each man a denizen of the world rather than merely of his own country. And now Gold comes to give wings to these inventions, and to carry them, and commerce along with them, into every civilised region of the earth. The flood of the precious metals which came across the Atlantic in the sixteenth century was poured only into Europe—or, rather, merely into part of Europe—into Spain, France, England, Italy, and part of Germany.

* The silver mines of South America have as yet hardly begun to be worked. Major Rickards, inspector of mines in the Argentine Republic, in his newly published 'Mining Journey Across the Great Andes,' describes one silver-bearing district (eighteen leagues W.S.W. from San Juan), which extends over ninety miles in length. The quality of the ore, as proved by the analysis of 100 samples by Major Rickards, besides seven assays made in London, is remarkably fine; and of the abundance of the precious metal we may judge from the Major's statement, that within the space of 1000 yards square, "There are upwards of twenty mines open, on distinct veins, some of them enormously rich; and in every direction, for miles and miles in circumference, the hills are a perfect network of metallic veins,—yet I consider the district almost virgin."

† Besides the causes mentioned in the text for an increased absorption of the precious metals, we may also observe that the employment of gold in ornamentation and plate will experience a great increase: just as it decreases in times when gold is scarce, and is in unusual request in the form of money.

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But now the flood pours into every part of Europe and of America, and the surplus flows off rapidly to the other regions of the globe. Not even yet have the precious metals the whole world for a market—for a large portion of mankind, and notably the population of the African Continent, still remain in a state of barbarism which dispenses with the money required for international trade. But if we restrict our view merely to India and China, we find in the vast population of those countries, numbering nearly six hundred millions, a field for the absorption of the precious metals greater than all Europe presented in the sixteenth century. With India we may almost say that we had no commerce at all, till the new gold-mines gave us the means of prosecuting that commerce in earnest; and with the far vaster population of China our commerce is only in its infancy. We have been making railways in India, and we shall make many more; and every such enterprise sends the cost of it, in the form of specie, out of Europe to the scene of operations. Tea-planting, also, and many other kinds of investment opened to Europeans by the recent Act for the sale of waste lands, are attracting capital from this country to our empire in the East. And our native fellow-subjects in India, stimulated by the increase of employment, and by the contagion of English spirit and ideas, will soon follow in our path, and by their increased energy and trade will cause an increased absorption of the precious metals to supply their deficiency of currency. In China the field is still vaster; and in sober truth, it would require the imagination of a poet to do justice to the triumphs which there await civilisation. Amongst the Chinese, as much as amongst any nation in the world, the people are industrious, and every man is anxious to better his condition. Every man in these four hundred million souls has an eye to business, a love for trade; they but wait for the quickening touch of European energy and science to enter upon a new career of livelier and more expansive action. Before long, ere ten years are over, the ships of the West will be whitening with their sails or darkening with their smoke the broad stream of the Yangtse-kiang, one of the noblest river-highways in the world, and the great artery of China; and from its banks the commerce and money of Europe will penetrate into the heart of the Celestial Empire. At present, metallic money is very scarce in China—so much so that the opium-trade was opposed by the Imperial Government chiefly on account of the export of silver which it occasioned. Domestic trade is shackled by the cumbrous process of barter; and foreign trade on an extensive scale is impossible till the nation has provided itself with a larger stock of the precious metals. Australia, also, has to be provided with railways, spanning the island-continent from Melbourne and Sidney to the Gulf of Carpentaria; and South America is still an undeveloped continent. Or, turning from these wide fields for the absorption of the precious metals as money, and looking only at our own Continent, do we not find even here a growth of civilisation which will require no small amount of metallic currency to aid its development? In Germany, to this day, payments in kind are in use to a considerable extent. Austria, with her vast undeveloped resources, is also deficient in the sinews of trade. And the whole of Russia, with her sixty millions of people, is virtually an undeveloped region. All these countries have yet to provide themselves with an adequate metallic currency; and even in the most advanced countries, such as England and France, the increase of trade and employment will suffice to enable them to absorb some of the new supplies of gold without occasioning any rapid decline in the value of money.

We attach importance to these

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considerations as indicating that no great and sudden fall in the value of money is to be expected. But that a fall will come, steadily and surely, we firmly believe. Let it but be gradual and slow, and no well-wisher to humanity, and to the masses of our own people, will have reason to complain. We cannot expect to have the stimulus of the gold-discoveries, and the great facilities which they supply for an expansion of commerce, without experiencing an alteration in the value of money. A rise in the value of money crushes the many to the benefit of the few—and, speaking generally, the nonproducers at the expense of the producing classes. A fall in the value of money does the reverse: and now the bees are benefiting at the expense of the drones. The more slow and unfelt the change, the better. In truth, if a fall in the value of money be spread over a long period, the loss is little felt by any particular owner of money. Government stock, railway debentures, and suchlike investments, are constantly changing hands; and if their fall in value be gradual, the loss of each holder of them is merely fractional. Leases, in like manner, are being constantly renewed. And unless the change in the value of gold prove much more rapid than there is at present reason to expect, the hardships which the change will inflict on money-holders will not be greatly felt, and to a considerable extent will be avoidable. As a national concern, and as affecting the world at large, the new gold-supplies cannot but be regarded as a great benefit. By producing increased trade and employment, they are improving the condition of the masses of the population in every country which they affect;* and by breaking down the barriers of isolation, and drawing all nations into mutual relationship, they are elevating the condition of mankind at large, and speeding the progress of civilisation in every quarter of the globe.

Paper-money is the most civilised of all forms of currency, and we have no wish to see its sphere of operation diminished. It is a form of money which costs nothing, and which is perfectly adequate to constitute the domestic currency of a country. At present it is of no use in carrying on foreign trade,—except in the form of bills of exchange, which are not properly speaking money, because not a legal tender. In one respect, the use of paper-money will be checked, because the new supplies of gold will render further issues of notes by the banks unnecessary. But in another form we may expect it to extend. Bank-

* A volume of the 'Population Tables,' compiled from the English census returns of 1861, has just been published, which demonstrates very strikingly that the years subsequent to 1851 have been a time of social prosperity and comfort. From the statistics contained in this volume we learn, that while the increase of the entire population of England and Wales in the ten years 1851-1861 was below 12 per cent, and the increase in the total number of females was below 13 per cent, the increase in the number of wives was above 15 per cent. In 1851 there were 3,015,634 married women in England and Wales; in 1861 there were 3,488,952. The proportion of children to a marriage, and the increase of population, are greatly affected by the age at which marriage takes place; and it appears that early marriages, as always happens in times of prosperity, have been on the increase. The number of wives who were under 25 years of age when the census was taken in 1851 was 290,034; but in 1861 the number had risen to 350,919, an increase of more than a fifth. Marriages increased in the ten years, and celibacy declined. The adult bachelors, men of 20 and upwards, fell from being 30.28 per cent of all the adult males in 1851 to be only 27.67 per cent in 1861, and the adult spinsters from 28.32 per cent of all the adult females in 1851 to 26.72 per cent in 1861. Of the women of the age of 20 and upwards, therefore, 28 in every 100 were without husbands in 1851, not 27 in 100 in 1861. Or, taking none but persons in the prime of life, 20 and under 40 years of age, 45 in 100 of the men of this age were bachelors in 1851, but only 42 in 1861; and of the women 41 in 100 were spinsters in 1851, but only 39 in 1861.

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ing is being adopted every year more widely in Europe; and it is easy to see that a time is coming when bank-checks will gradually acquire an international value,—when a Bank of Europe will be established, whose notes will pass current with the banks of all countries, and which will be employed by these banks (as Bank of England notes are with us) in settling the balances due to one another.

Very probably, as an alteration in the value of money becomes apparent, the great capitalists and money-dealers will endeavour to place further restrictions upon the issue of paper-money by the banks, in order that an additional amount of sovereigns may be required to fill the vacuum, and consequently be absorbed without acting upon prices. Any such attempt ought to be strenuously resisted. There are forty millions sterling of bank-notes in use amongst us; and to replace these with gold would cost the country £40,000,000, besides at least £3,000,000 for loss of interest and tear-and-wear. It would be a backward step in civilisation, and also a sacrifice of the interests of the many for those of a few. Possibly—though we hardly think probably—an attempt will be made to alter the standard of value, so as to prevent any depreciation taking place in the value of consols—in other words, to prevent any lightening of the National Debt. We are surprised that M. Chevalier and Mr Cobden should have counselled such a course. It is now obvious that the change in the value of money will be far more gradual than these gentlemen anticipated, and that the circumstances will not be such as to justify any intervention on the part of the Government. But even if the change threatened to be great and rapid, it must be borne in mind that about one-half (£400,000,000), of the National Debt was contracted in a currency lower in value by 30 or 50 per cent than it became a few years afterwards, in consequence of the Bank Act of 1819. If, then, the holders of the Government Stock which represents the National Debt had their property increased from one-fourth to one-half within ten years, they have no reason to complain if, by the natural course of events, their property should become depreciated to a like extent by a far more gradual and protracted process.

We have already indicated very fully the many social benefits which the new supply of the precious metals is calculated to confer on the population of our own and of other countries. But there is one political consequence of the gold-discoveries which is deserving of especial notice. These gold-discoveries will, of themselves, produce an extension of the suffrage, on an important scale, and in as desirable a form as any Reform Bill could devise. If, as we believe, a rise of prices is in progress—producing alike a rise of wages and an increase of house-rents—it is easy to see that this change will elevate a new class into the possession of the franchise. We believe that houses which were rented at £8 in 1848, as a general rule, are now rented at £10, which secures the franchise for the occupiers; and this rise of rents, we believe, will steadily progress. Indeed, in an old and rich country like ours, where population, trade, and wealth are steadily increasing, there is a tendency even in ordinary times for rents to advance,—producing, of course, a corresponding extension of the franchise. Taking the case of England, in the nineteen years before the new gold-supplies came into play, we find (from Dod's 'Electoral Facts') that between 1832 and 1851 the registered electors for boroughs increased one-half, and those for counties more than one-third, while the total population increased less than one-third. The figures stand thus:—

	1832.	1851.
Registered electors (for both boroughs and counties),	619,213	874,191
Total population, ...	13,091,005	16,819,017

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These figures show that in England, in the nineteen years subsequent to the Reform Bill, the electors increased one-sixth faster than the population. The case of Ireland, owing to the great social and political changes which took place in that country in the same period, is valueless: nevertheless, as a matter of fact, we may state that between 1832 and 1851, while the population had decreased about one-seventh, the registered electors had more than doubled in number. Scotland in many respects furnishes a safer test than either England or Ireland, as there has been no disturbance as regards the increase of its population, and also inasmuch as it has no forty-shilling freehold franchise, by means of which factitious additions can be so easily made to the constituencies. And the statistics for Scotland show, that whereas population in the nineteen years subsequent to 1832 increased less than one-fourth, the electors increased more than one-half. The following are the figures:—

	1832.	1851.
Population, .	2,365,114	2,870,784
Electors, .	64,444	97,777

Here, then, we have a gradual and great extension of the franchise even in ordinary times. And even if no perceptible depreciation of money (*i. e.*, rise of prices and rents) were to take place in consequence of the vast increase of the precious metals, the immense increase of commerce, employment, and wealth, consequent upon the gold-discoveries, would of itself carry on this natural extension of the franchise in a double ratio. We think, then, that the small minority of "advanced" Liberals, who bewail the failure of Lord Russell's vast projects of Parliamentary Reform, may take comfort, seeing that, gradually and surely, a virtual lowering of the franchise is taking place sufficient to satisfy the desires even of the most ardent believer in the wisdom of the masses.

Halcyon periods of unbroken quiet and prosperity are of rare occurrence and of brief duration in the history of any country. There is always a shadow—always a drawback. Wars and calamities we may expect in the future, as we have met them in the past. Nevertheless there are times when the social condition of a people improves with a rapidity and to an extent which are exceptional in its history. Such a period, we believe, this country—and in some degree the whole civilised world—has now entered upon; and the chief agent (though of course not the only one) in producing this period of prosperity is the new and great supply of the precious metals, which enables every country to extend its foreign commerce to a degree impossible before, and, by means of that commerce, to obtain more employment for its people, and increased profits for its traders and capitalists. Every one has been surprised that so great a calamity as the Cotton Famine has weighed upon us so lightly; but if we look into the case thoughtfully, we shall see that the great mitigator of the calamity has been the increase of our trade with foreign countries, which but for the gold-discoveries we had not the means of carrying out. Providence sometimes sends hard times upon the world; now it sends prosperity,—a prosperity, indeed, not uncheckered, but apparently more full of promise and of social advantages than any which the world at large has yet witnessed.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XVIII.

Very little came, as was natural, of the talk in the library, to which the entire afternoon was devoted. The Squire, in his way, was as great an interruption to the arguments of the Curate as was poor Louisa in hers; and Gerald sat patiently to listen to his father's indignant monologue, broken as it was by Frank's more serious attacks. He was prepared for all they could say to him, and listened to it, sometimes with a kind of wondering smile, knowing well how much more strongly, backed by all his prejudices and interests, he had put the same arguments to himself. All this time nobody discussed the practicability of the matter much, nor what steps he meant to take: what immediately occupied both his father and brother was his determination itself, and the reasons which had led him to it, which the Squire, like Louisa, could not understand.

"If I had made myself disagreeable," said Mr Wentworth; "if I had remonstrated with him, as Leonora urged me to do; if I had put a stop to the surplice and so forth, and interfered with his decorations or his saints' days, or anything, it might have been comprehensible. But I never said a syllable on the subject. I give you my word, I never did. Why couldn't he have sent down for Louisa now, and dined at the Hall, as usual, when any of my sons come home? I suppose a man may change his religion, sir, without getting rid of his natural affections," said the Squire, gazing out with puzzled looks to watch Gerald going slowly down the avenue. "A man who talks of leaving his wife, and declines to dine at his father's house with his brothers and sisters, is a mystery I can't understand."

"I don't suppose he cares for a lively party like ours at this moment," said the Curate: "I don't take it as any sign of a want of affection for me."

The Squire puffed forth a large sigh of trouble and vexation as he came from the window. "If *I* were to give in to trouble when it appears, what would become of our lively party, I wonder?" he said. "I'm getting an old man, Frank; but there's not a young man in Christendom has more need to take

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care of himself, and preserve his health, than I have. I am very well, thank God, though I have had a touch of our Wentworth complaint—just one touch. My father had it ten years earlier in life, and lived to eighty, all the same; but that is an age I shall never see. Such worries as I have would kill any man. I've not spoken to anybody about it," said the Squire, hastily, "but Jack is going a terrible pace just now. I've had a good deal of bother about bills and things. He gets worse every year; and what would become of the girls and the little children if the estate were to come into Jack's hands, is a thought I don't like to dwell upon, Frank. I suppose he never writes to you?"

"Not for years past," said the Curate—"not since I was at Oxford. Where is he now?"

"Somewhere about town, I suppose," said the aggrieved father, "or wherever the greatest scamps collect when they go out of town—that's where he is. I could show you a little document or two, Frank—but no," said the Squire, shutting up a drawer which he had unlocked and partly opened, "I won't; you've enough on your mind with Gerald, and I told you I should be glad of your advice about Cuthbert and Guy."

Upon which the father and son plunged into family affairs. Cuthbert and Guy were the youngest of the Squire's middle family—a "lot" which included Frank and Charley and the three sisters, one of whom was married. The domestic relations of the Wentworths were complicated in this generation. Jack and Gerald were of the first marriage, a period in his history which Mr Wentworth himself had partly forgotten; and the troop of children at present in the Hall nursery were quite beyond the powers of any grown-up brother to recognise or identify. It was vaguely understood that "the girls" knew all the small fry by head and name, but even the Squire himself was apt to get puzzled. With such a household, and with an heir impending over his head like Jack, it may be supposed that Mr Wentworth's anxiety to get his younger boys disposed of was great. Cuthbert and Guy were arrows in the hand of the giant, but he had his quiver so full that the best thing he could do was to draw his bow and shoot them away into as distant and as fresh a sphere as possible. They were sworn companions and allies, but they were not clever, Mr Wentworth believed, and he was very glad to consult over New Zealand and Australia, and which was best, with their brother Frank.

"They are good boys," said their father, "but they have not any brains to speak of—not like Gerald and you,—though, after all, I begin to be doubtful what's the good of brains," added the Squire, disconsolately, "if this is all that comes of them. After building so much on Gerald for years, and feeling that one might live to see him a bishop—but, however, there's still *you* left; you're all right, Frank?"

"Oh yes, I am all right," said the Curate, with a sigh; "but neither Gerald nor I are the stuff that bishops are made of," he added, laughing. "I hope you don't dream of any such honour for me."

But the Squire was too much troubled in his mind for laughter. "Jack was always clever, too," he said, dolefully, "and little good has come of that. I hope he won't disgrace the family any more than he has done, in my time, Frank. You young fellows have all your life before you; but when a man comes to my age, and expects a little comfort, it's hard to be dragged into the mire after his children. I did my duty by Jack too—I can say that for myself. He had the same training as Gerald had—the same tutor at the University—everything just the same. How do you account for that, sir, you that are a philosopher?" said Mr

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Wentworth again, with a touch of irritation. "Own brothers both by father and mother; brought up in the same house, same school and college and everything; and all the time as different from each other as light and darkness. How do you account for that? Though, to be sure, here's Gerald taken to bad ways too. It must have been some weakness by their mother's side. Poor girl! she died too young to show it herself; but it's come out in her children," said the vexed Squire. "Though it's a poor sort of thing to blame them that are gone," he added, with penitence; and he got up and paced uneasily about the room. Who was there else to blame? Not himself, for he had done his duty by his boys. Mr Wentworth never was disturbed in mind, without, as his family were well aware, becoming excited in temper too; and the unexpected nature of the new trouble had somehow added a keener touch of exasperation to his perennial dissatisfaction with his heir. "If Jack had been the man he ought to have been, his advice might have done some good—for a clergyman naturally sees things in a different light from a man of the world," said the troubled father; and Frank perceived that he too shared in his father's displeasure, because he was not Jack, nor a man of the world; notwithstanding that, being Frank and a clergyman, he was acknowledged by public opinion to be the Squire's favourite in the family. Things continued in this uncomfortable state up to the dinner-hour, so that the Curate, even had his own feelings permitted it, had but little comfort in his home visit. At dinner Mr Wentworth did not eat, and awoke the anxiety of his wife, who drove the old gentleman into a state of desperation by inquiries after his health.

"Indeed, I wish you would remonstrate with your papa, Frank," said his stepmother, who was not a great deal older than the Curate. "After his attack he ought to be more careful. But he never takes the least trouble about himself, no more than if he were five-and-twenty. After getting such a knock on the forehead too; and you see he eats nothing. I shall be miserable if the doctor is not sent for to-night."

"Stuff!" cried the Squire, testily. "Perhaps you will speak to the cook about these messes she insists on sending up to disgust one, and leave me to take care of my own health. Don't touch that dish, Frank; it's poison. I am glad Gerald is not here: he'd think we never had a dinner without that confounded mixture. And then the wonder is that one can't eat!" said Mr Wentworth, in a tone which spread consternation round the table. Mrs Wentworth secretly put her handkerchief to her eyes behind the great cover, which had not yet been removed; and one of the girls dashed in violently to the rescue, of course making everything worse.

"Why did not Gerald and Louisa come to dinner?" cried the ignorant sister. "Surely, when they knew Frank had come, they would have liked to be here. How very odd it was of you not to ask them, papa! they always do come when anybody has arrived. Why aren't they here to night?"

"Because they don't choose to come," said the Squire, abruptly. "If Gerald has reasons for staying away from his father's house, what is that to you? Butterflies," said Mr Wentworth, looking at them in their pretty dresses, as they sat regarding him with dismay, "that don't understand any reason for doing anything except liking it or not liking it. I daresay by this time your sister knows better."

"My sister is married, papa," said Letty, with her saucy look.

"I advise you to get married too, and learn what life is like," said the savage Squire; and conversation visibly flagged after this effort. When the ladies got safely into the drawing-room, they gathered into a corner to consult over it. They

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were all naturally anxious about him after his "attack."

"Don't you remember he was just like this before it came on?" said Mrs Wentworth, nervously; "so cross, and finding fault with the made dishes. Don't you think I might send over a message to Dr Small—not to come on purpose, you know, but just as if it were a call in passing?"

But the girls both agreed this would make matters worse.

"It must be something about Jack," they both said in a breath, in a kind of awe of the elder brother, of whom they had a very imperfect knowledge. "And it seems we never are to have a chance of a word with Frank!" cried Letty, who was indignant and exasperated. But at least it was a consolation that "the boys" were no better off. All next day Cuthbert and Guy hung about in the vain hope of securing the company and attention of the visitor. He was at the Rectory the whole morning, sometimes with Gerald, sometimes with Louisa, as the scouts of the family, consisting of a variety of brothers, little and big, informed the anxious girls. And Louisa was seen to cry on one of these occasions; and Gerald looked cross, said one little spy, whereupon he had his ears boxed, and was dismissed from the service. "As if Gerald ever looked anything but a saint!" said the younger sister, who was an advanced Anglican. Letty, however, holding other views, confuted this opinion strongly: "When one thinks of a saint, it is aunt Leonora one thinks of," said this profane young woman. "I'll tell you what Gerald looks like—something just half-way between a conqueror and a martyr. I think of all the men I ever saw, he is my hero," said Letty, meditatively. The youngest Miss Wentworth was not exactly of this latter opinion, but she did not contradict her sister. They were kept in a state of watchfulness all day, but Frank's mission remained a mystery which they could not penetrate; and in the evening Gerald alone made his appearance at the hall to dinner, explaining that Louisa had a headache. Now Louisa's headaches were not unfrequent, but they were known to improve in the prospect of going out to dinner. On the whole, the matter was wrapt in obscurity, and the Wentworth household could not explain it. The sisters sat up brushing their hair, and looking very pretty in their dressing-gowns, with their bright locks (for the Wentworth hair was golden-brown of a Titian hue) over their shoulders, discussing the matter till it was long past midnight; but they could make nothing of it, and the only conclusion they came to was that their two clergyman brothers were occupied in negotiating with the Squire about some secret not known to the rest of the family, but most probably concerning Jack. Jack was almost unknown to his sisters, and awoke no very warm anxiety in their minds; so they went to sleep at last in tolerable quiet, concluding that whatever mystery there was concerned only the first-born and least loved of the house.

While the girls pursued these innocent deliberations, and reasoned themselves into conviction, the Squire too sat late—much later than usual. He had gone with Frank to the library, and sat there in a half-stupified quietness, which the Curate could not see without alarm, and from which he roused himself up now and then to wander off into talk, which always began with Gerald, and always came back to his own anxieties and his disappointed hopes in his eldest son. "If Jack had been the man he ought to have been, I'd have telegraphed for him, and he'd have managed it all," said the Squire, and then relapsed once more into silence. "For neither you nor I are men of the world, Frank," he would resume again, after a pause of half an hour, revealing pitifully how his mind laboured under the weight of this absorbing thought. The Curate sat up with him in the dimly-lighted library,

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feeling the silence and the darkness to his heart. He could not assist his father in those dim ranges of painful meditation. Grieved as he was, he could not venture to compare his own distress with the bitterness of the Squire, disappointed in all his hopes and in the pride of his heart; and then the young man saw compensations and heroisms in Gerald's case which were invisible to the unheroic eyes of Mr Wentworth, who looked at it entirely from a practical point of view, and regarded with keen mortification an event which would lay all the affairs of the Wentworths open to general discussion, and invite the eye of the world to a renewed examination of his domestic skeletons. Everything had been hushed and shut up in the Hall for at least an hour, when the Squire got up at last and lighted his candle, and held out his hand to his son—"This isn't a very cheerful visit for you, Frank," he said; "but we'll try again to-morrow, and have one other talk with Gerald. Couldn't you read up some books on the subject, or think of something new to say to him? God bless my soul! if I were as young and as much accustomed to talking as you are, I'd surely find out some argument," said the Squire, with a momentary spark of temper, which made his son feel more comfortable about him. "It's your business to convince a man when he's wrong. We'll try Gerald once more, and perhaps something may come of it; and as for Jack ——" Here the Squire paused, and shook his head, and let go his son's hand. "I suppose it's sitting up so late that makes one feel so cold and wretched, and as if one saw ghosts," said Mr Wentworth. "Don't stay here any longer, and take care of the candles. I ought to have been in bed two hours ago. Good-night."

And as he walked away, the Curate could not but observe what an aged figure it looked, moving with a certain caution to the door. The great library was so dim that the light of the candle which the Squire carried in his hand was necessary to reveal his figure clearly, and there was no mistaking his air of age and feebleness. The Curate's thoughts were not very agreeable when he was left by himself in the half-lighted room. His imagination jumped to a picture very possible, but grievous to think of—Jack seated in his father's place, and "the girls" and the little children turned out upon the world. In such a case, who would be their protector and natural guardian? Not Gerald, who was about to divest himself of ties still closer and more sacred. The Curate lit his candle too, and went hastily to his room, when that thought came upon him. There might be circumstances still more hopeless and appalling than the opposition of a rector or the want of a benefice. He preferred to return to his anxiety about Gerald, and to put away that thought, as he went hurriedly up-stairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The sum of it all is, that you won't hear any reason, Gerald," said the Squire. "What your brother says, and what I say, are nothing; your poor wife is nothing; and all a man's duties, sir, in life—all your responsibilities, everything that is considered most sacred——"

"You may say what you will to me, father," said Gerald. "I can't expect you should speak differently. But you may imagine I have looked at it in every possible light before I came to this resolution. A man does not decide easily when everything he prizes on earth is at stake. I cannot see with Frank's eyes, or with yours; according to the light God has given me, I must see with my own."

"But, God bless my soul! what do you mean by seeing with your own eyes?" said the Squire. "Don't you

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know that is a Protestant doctrine, sir? Do you think they'll let you see with any eyes but theirs when you get among a set of Papists? Instead of an easy-going bishop, and friendly fellows for brother clergymen, and parishioners that think everything that's good of you, how do you suppose you'll feel as an Englishman when you get into a dead Frenchified system, with everything going by rule and measure, and bound to believe just as you're told? It'll kill you, sir — that's what will be the end of it. If you are in your grave within the year, it will be no wonder to me."

"Amen!" said Gerald, softly. "If that is to be all, we will not quarrel with the result;" and he got up and went to the window, as if to look for his cedar, which was not there. Perhaps the absence of his silent referee gave him a kind of comfort, though at the same time it disappointed him in some fantastical way, for he turned with a curious look of relief and vexation to his brother. "We need not be always thinking of it, even if this were to be the end," he said. "Come down the avenue with me, Frank, and let us talk of something else. The girls will grumble, but they can have you later: come, I want to hear about yourself."

Unfortunately, the Squire got up when his sons did, which was by no means their intention; but Mr Wentworth was vexed and restless, and was not willing to let Gerald off so easily. If he were mad, at least he ought to be made duly wretched in his madness, Mr Wentworth thought; and he went out with them, and arrested the words on their lips. Somehow everything seemed to concur in hindering any appeal on the part of the Curate. And Gerald, like most imaginative men, had a power of dismissing his troubles after they had taken their will of him. It was he who took the conversation on himself when they went out of doors. Finding Frank slow in his report, Gerald went into all the country news for the instruction of his brother. He had been down to the very depths during the two previous days, and now he had come aloft again; for a man cannot be miserable every moment of his life, however heavy his burden may be. The "girls," whose anxieties had been much stimulated by the renewed conference held with closed doors in the library, stood watching them from one of the drawing-room windows. The boldest of the two had, indeed, got her hat to follow them, not comprehending why Frank should be monopolised for days together by anybody but herself, his favourite sister; but something in the aspect of the three men, when they first appeared under the lime-trees, had awed even the lively Letty out of her usual courage. "But Gerald is talking and laughing just as usual," she said, as she stood at the window dangling her hat in her hand— "more than usual, for he has been very glum all this spring. Poor fellow! I daresay Louisa worries him out of his life;" and with this easy conclusion the elder brother was dismissed by the girls. "Perhaps Frank is going to be married," said the other sister, who, under the lively spur of this idea, came back to the window to gaze at him again, and find out whether any intimation of this alarming possibility could be gathered from the fit of his long clerical coat, or his manner of walk, as he sauntered along under the limes. "As if a Perpetual Curate could marry!" said Letty, with scorn, who knew the world. As for little Janet, who was a tender-hearted little soul, she folded her two hands together, and looked at her brother's back with a great increase of interest. "If one loved him, one would not mind what he was," said the little maiden, who had been in some trouble herself, and understood about such matters. So the girls talked at their window, Mrs Wentworth being, as usual, occupied with her nursery, and nobody else at hand to teach them wisdom, and soon branched off into

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speculations about the post-bag, which was "due," and which, perhaps, was almost more interesting, to one of them at least, than even a brother who was going to be married.

In the mean time Gerald was talking of Plumstead and Hawtray, the brother-in-law and cousin, who were both clergymen in the same district, and about the people in the village whom they had known when they were boys, and who never grew any older. "There is old Kilweed, for example, who was Methuselah in those days—he's not eighty yet," he said, with a smile and a sigh; "it is we who grow older and come nearer to the winter and the sunset. My father even has come down a long way off the awful eminence on which I used to behold him: every year that falls on my head seems to take one off his: if we both live long enough, we shall feel like contemporaries by-and-by," said Gerald: "just now the advantage of years is all on my side; and you are my junior, sir." He was switching down the weeds among the grass with his cane as he spoke, like any schoolboy; the air, and perhaps a little excitement, had roused the blood to his cheek. He did not look the same man as the pale martyr in the library—not that he had any reason for appearing different, but only that inalienable poetic waywardness which kept him up through his trouble. As for Mr Wentworth, he resented the momentary brightening, which he took for levity.

"I thought we came out here to prolong our discussion," said the Squire. "I don't understand this light way of talking. If you mean what you've said, sir, I should never expect to see you smile more."

"The smiling makes little difference," said Gerald; but he stopped short in his talk, and there was a pause among them till the postboy came up to them with his bag, which Mr Wentworth, with much importance, paused to open. The young men, who had no special interest in its contents, went on. Perhaps the absence of their father was a relief to them. They were nearer to each other, understood each other better than he could do; and they quickened their pace insensibly as they began to talk. It is easy to imagine what kind of talk it was—entire sympathy, yet disagreement wide as the poles—here for a few steps side by side, there darting off at the most opposite tangent; but they had begun to warm to it, and to forget everything else, when a succession of lusty hollos from the Squire brought them suddenly to themselves, and to a dead stop. When they looked round, he was making up to them with choleric strides. "What the deuce do you mean, sir, by having telegrams sent here?" cried Mr Wentworth, pitching at his son Frank an ominous ugly envelope, in blue and red, such as the unsophisticated mind naturally trembles at. "Beg your pardon, Gerald; but I never can keep my temper when I see a telegraph. I daresay it's something about Charley," said the old man, in a slightly husky voice—"to make up to us for inventing troubles." The Squire was a good deal disturbed by the sight of that ill-omened message; and it was the better way, as he knew by experience, to throw his excitement into the shape of anger rather than that of grief.

"It's nothing about Charley," said Frank; and Mr Wentworth blew his nose violently and drew a long breath. "I don't understand it," said the Curate, who looked scared and pale; "it seems to be from Jack; though why *he* is in Carlingford, or what he has to do——"

"He's ill, sir, I suppose—dying; nothing else was to be looked for," said the Squire, and held out his hand, which trembled, for the telegram. "Stuff! why shouldn't I be able to bear it? Has he been any comfort to me? Can't you read it, one of you?" cried the old man.

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"'John Wentworth to the Reverend——'"

"God bless my soul! can't you come to what he says?"

"'Come back directly—you are wanted here; I am in trouble, as usual; and T. W——'"

Here the Squire paused and took a step backwards, and set himself against a tree. "The sun comes in one's eyes," he said, rather feebly. "There's something poisonous in the air to-day. Here's Gerald going out of the Church; and here's Frank in Jack's secrets, God forgive him! Lads, it seems you think I've had enough of this world's good. My heir's a swindling villain, and you know it; and here's Frank going the same road too."

The Squire did not hear the words that both the brothers addressed to him; he was unconscious of the Curate's disclaimer and eager explanation that he knew nothing about Jack, and could not understand his presence in Carlingford. The blow he had got the previous day had confused his brain outside, and these accumulated vexations had bewildered it within. "And I could have sworn by Frank!" said the old man, piteously, to himself, as he put up his hand unawares and tugged at the dainty starched cravat which was his pride. If they had not held him in their arms, he would have slid down at the foot of the tree, against which he had instinctively propped himself. The attack was less alarming to Gerald, who had seen it before, than to Frank, who had only heard of it; but the postboy was still within call, by good fortune, and was sent off for assistance. They carried him to the Hall, gasping for breath, and in a state of partial unconsciousness, but still feebly repeating those words which went to the Curate's heart—"I could have sworn by Frank!" The house was in a great fright and tumult, naturally, before they reached it, Mrs Wentworth fainting, the girls looking on in dismay, and the whole household moved to awe and alarm, knowing that one time or other Death would come so. As for the Curate of St Roque's, he had already made up his mind, with unexpected anguish, not only that his father was dying, but that his father would die under a fatal misconception about himself; and between this overwhelming thought, and the anxiety which nobody understood or could sympathise with respecting Jack's message, the young man was almost beside himself. He went away in utter despair from the anxious consultations of the family after the doctor had come, and kept walking up and down before the house, waiting to hear the worst, as he thought; but yet unable, even while his father lay dying, to keep from thinking what miserable chance, what folly or crime, had taken Jack to Carlingford, and what his brother could have to do with the owner of the initials named in his telegram. He was lost in this twofold trouble when Gerald came out to him with brightened looks.

"He is coming round, and the doctor says there is no immediate danger," said Gerald; "and it is only immediate danger one is afraid of. He was as well as ever last time in a day or two. It is the complaint of the Wentworths, you know—we all die of it; but, Frank, tell me what is this about Jack?"

"I know no more than you do," said the Curate, when he had recovered himself a little. "I must go back, not having done much good here, to see."

"And T. W——?" said Gerald. The elder brother looked at the younger suspiciously, as if he were afraid for him; and it was scarcely in human nature not to feel a momentary flash of resentment.

"I tell you I know nothing about it," said Frank, "except what is evident to any one, that Jack has gone to Carlingford in my absence, being in trouble somehow. I suppose he always is in trouble. I have not heard from him before since I

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went there; but as it don't seem I can be of any use here, as soon as my father is safe I will go back. Louisa imagined, you know——; but she was wrong."

"Yes," said Gerald, quietly. That subject was concluded, and there was no more to say.

The same evening, as the Squire continued to improve, and had been able to understand his energetic explanation that he was entirely ignorant of Jack's secrets, Frank Wentworth went back again with a very disturbed mind. He went into the Rectory as he passed down to the station, to say good-bye to Louisa, who was sitting in the drawing-room with her children round her, and her trouble considerably lightened, though there was no particular cause for it. Dressing for dinner had of itself a beneficial effect upon Louisa: she could not understand how a life could ever be changed which was so clearly ordained of Heaven; for if Gerald was not with her, what inducement could she possibly have to dress for dinner? and then what would be the good of all the pretty wardrobe with which Providence had endowed her? Must not Providence take care that its gifts were not thus wasted? So the world was once more set fast on its foundations, and the pillars of earth remained unshaken, when Frank glanced in on his way to the station to say good-bye.

"Don't be afraid, Louisa; I don't believe he would be allowed to do it," said the Curate, in her ear. "The Church of Rome does not go in the face of nature. She will not take him away from you. Keep your heart at ease as much as you can. Good-bye."

"You mean about Gerald. Oh, you don't *really* think he could ever have had the heart?" said Mrs Wentworth. "I am so sorry you are going away without any dinner or anything comfortable; and it was so good of you to come, and I feel so much better. I shall always be grateful to you, dear Frank, for showing Gerald his mistake; and tell dear aunt Dora I am so much obliged to her for thinking of the blanket for the bassinet. I am sure it will be lovely: Must you go?—good-bye. I am sure you have always been like my own brother—Frank, dear, good-bye. Come and kiss your dear uncle, children, and say good-bye."

This was how Louisa dismissed him after all his efforts on her behalf. The girls were waiting for him on the road, still full of anxiety to know why he had come so suddenly, and was going away so soon. "We have not had half a peep of you," said Letty; "and it is wicked of you not to tell us; as if anybody could sympathise like your sisters—your very own sisters, Frank," said the young lady, with a pressure of his arm. In such a mixed family the words meant something.

"We had made up our minds you had come to tell papa," said Janet, with her pretty shy look; "that was my guess—you might tell us her name, Frank."

"Whose name?" said the unfortunate Curate; and the dazzling vision of Lucy Wodehouse's face, which came upon him at the moment, was such, that the reluctant blood rose high in his cheeks—which, of course, the girls were quick enough to perceive.

"It *is* about some girl, after all," said Letty; "oh me! I did not think you had been like all the rest. I thought you had other things to think of. Janet may say what she likes—but I do think it's contemptible always to find out, when a man, who can do lots of things, is in trouble, that it's about some girl or other like one's self! I did not expect it of you, Frank—but all the same, tell us who she is?" said the favourite sister, clasping his arm confidentially, and dropping her voice.

"There is the train. Good-bye, girls, and be sure you write to me to-morrow how my father is," cried the Curate. He had taken his seat before they could ask any further questions, and in a minute or two more was dashing out of the little

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station, catching their smiles and adieus as he went, and, last of all, gazing out of the carriage-window for another look at Gerald, who stood, leaning on his stick, looking after the train, with the mist of preoccupation gathering again over his smiling eyes. The Curate went back to his corner after that, and lost himself in thoughts and anxieties still more painful. What had Jack to do in Carlingford? what connection had he with those initials, or how did he know their owner? All sorts of horrible fears came over the Curate of St Roque's. He had not seen his elder brother for years, and Jack's career was not one for any family to be proud of. Had he done something too terrible to be hidden—too clamorous to let his name drop out of remembrance, as was to be desired for the credit of the Wentworths? This speculation wield the night away but drearily, as the Perpetual Curate went back to the unknown tide of cares which had surged in his absence into his momentarily abandoned place.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr Wentworth got back to Carlingford by a happy concurrence of trains before the town had gone to sleep. It was summer, when the days are at the longest, and the twilight was just falling into night as he took his way through George Street. He went along the familiar street with a certain terror of looking into people's faces whom he met, and of asking questions such as was natural to a man who did not know whether something of public note might not have happened in his absence to call attention to his name. He imagined, indeed, that he did see a strange expression in the looks of the townsfolk he encountered on his way. He thought they looked at him askance as they made their salutations, and said something to each other after they passed, which, indeed, in several cases was true enough, though the cause was totally different from any suspected by Mr Wentworth; anxious to know, and yet unwilling to ask, it was with a certain relief that the Curate saw the light gleaming out from the open door of Elsworthy's shop as he approached. He went in and tossed down his travelling-bag on the counter, and threw himself on the solitary chair which stood outside for the accommodation of customers with a suppressed excitement, which made his question sound abrupt and significant to the ears of Elsworthy. "Has anything happened since I went away?" said Mr Wentworth, throwing a glance round the shop, which alarmed his faithful retainer. Somehow, though nothing was farther from his mind than little Rosa, or any thought of her, the Curate missed the pretty little figure at the first glance.

"Well—no, sir; not much as I've heard of," said Elsworthy, with a little confusion. He was tying up his newspapers as usual, but it did not require the touch of suspicion and anxiety which gave sharpness to the Curate's quick eyes to make it apparent that the cord was trembling in Mr Elsworthy's hand. "I hope you've had a pleasant journey, sir, and a comfortable visit — it's been but short — but we always miss you in Carlingford, Mr Wentworth, if it was only for a day."

"I'll take my paper," said the young man, who was not satisfied —"so there's no news, isn't there? —all well, and everything going as usual?" And the look which the suspicious Curate bent upon Mr Elsworthy made that virtuous individual, as he himself described it, "shake in his shoes."

"Much as usual, sir," said the frightened clerk,—"nothing new as I hear of but gossip, and that ain't a thing to interest a clergyman. There's always one report or another flying about, but them follies

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ain't for your hearing. Nothing more," continued Mr Elsworthy, conscious of guilt, and presenting a very tremulous countenance to the inspection of his suspicious auditor, "not if it was my last word—nothing but gossip, as you wouldn't care to hear."

"I might possibly care to hear if it concerned myself," said the Curate, "or anybody I am interested in," he added, after a little pause, with rather a forced smile—which convinced Mr Elsworthy that his clergyman had heard all about Rosa, and that the days of his own incumbency as clerk of St Roque's were numbered.

"Well, sir, if you did hear, it ain't no blame of mine," said the injured bookseller, "such a notion would never have come into my mind—no man, I make bold to say, is more particular about keeping to his own rank of life nor me. What you did, sir, you did out of the kindness of your heart, and I'd sooner sell up and go off to the end of the world than impose upon a gentleman. Her aunt's took her away," continued Mr Elsworthy, lowering his voice, and cautiously pointing to the back of the shop—"She'll not bother you no more."

"She?—who?" cried the Perpetual Curate, in sudden consternation. He was utterly bewildered by the introduction of a female actor into the little drama, and immediately ran over in his mind all the women he could think of who could, by any possibility, be involved in mysterious relations with his brother Jack.

"She's but a child," said Elsworthy, pathetically; "she don't know nothing about the ways o' this world. If she was a bit proud o' being noticed, there wasn't no harm in that. But seeing as there's nothing in this world that folks won't make a talk of when they've started, her aunt, as is very partic'lar, has took her away. Not as I'm meaning no reproach to you, Mr Wentworth; but she's a loss to us, is Rosa. She was a cheerful little thing, say the worst of her," said Mr Elsworthy; "going a-singing and a-chirruping out and in the shop; and I won't deny as the place looks desolate, now she's away. But that ain't neither here nor there. It was for her good, as my missis says. Most things as is unpleasant *is* sent for good, they tell me; and I wouldn't—not for any comfort to myself—have a talk got up about the clergyman——"

By this time Mr Wentworth had awakened to a sense of the real meaning of Elsworthy's talk. He sat upright on his chair, and looked into the face of the worthy shopkeeper until the poor man trembled. "A talk about the clergyman?" said the Curate. "About me, do you mean? and what has little Rosa to do with me? Have you gone crazy in Carlingford?—what is the meaning of it all?" He sat with his elbows on the counter, looking at his trembling adherent—looking through and through him, as Elsworthy said. "I should be glad of an explanation; what does it mean?" said Mr Wentworth, with a look which there was no evading; and the clerk of St Roque's cast an anxious glance round him for help. He would have accepted it from any quarter at that overwhelming moment; but there was not even an errand-boy to divert from him the Curate's terrible eyes.

"I—I don't know—I—can't tell how it got up," said the unhappy man, who had not even his "missis" in the parlour as a moral support. "One thing as I know is, it wasn't no blame o' mine. I as good as went down on my knees to them three respected ladies when they come to inquire. I said as it was kindness in you a-seeing of the child home, and didn't mean nothing more. I ask you, sir, what could I do?" cried Mr Elsworthy. "Folks in Carlingford will talk o' two straws if they're a-seen a-blowing up Grange Lane on the same breath o' wind. I couldn't do no more nor contradict it," cried Rosa's guardian, getting excited in his self-defence; "and to save your feelings, Mr Wentworth, and put it out o' folks's power to

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talk, the Missis has been and took her away."

"To save my feelings!" said the Curate, with a laugh of contempt and vexation and impatience which it was not pleasant to hear. At another moment an accusation so ridiculous would have troubled him very little; but just now, with a sudden gleam of insight, he saw all the complications which might spring out of it to confuse further the path which he already felt to be so burdened. "I'll tell you what, Elsworthy," said Mr Wentworth, "if you don't want to make me your enemy instead of your friend, you'll send for this child instantly, without a day's delay. Tell your wife that my orders are that she should come back directly. *My* feelings! do the people in Carlingford think me an idiot, I wonder?" said the Curate, walking up and down to relieve his mind.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Elsworthy, who thought some answer was required of him. To tell the truth, Rosa's uncle felt a little spiteful. He did not see matters in exactly the same light as Mr Wentworth did. At the bottom of his heart, after all, lay a thrill of awakened ambition. Kings and princes had been known to marry far out of their degree for the sake of a beautiful face; and why a Perpetual Curate should be so much more lofty in his sentiments, puzzled and irritated the clerk of St Roque's. "There ain't a worm but will turn when he's trod upon," said Mr Elsworthy to himself; and when his temper was roused, he became impertinent, according to the manner of his kind.

Mr Wentworth gave him a quick look, struck by the changed tone, but unable to make out whether it might not be stupidity. "You understand what I mean, Elsworthy," he said, with his loftiest air. "If Rosa does not return instantly, I shall be seriously offended. How you and your friends could be such utter idiots as to get up this ridiculous fiction, I can't conceive; but the sooner it's over the better. I expect to see her back to-morrow," said the Curate, taking up his bag and looking with an absolute despotism, which exasperated the man, in Elsworthy's face.

"You may be sure, sir, if she knows as you want to see her, she'll come," said the worm which had been trampled on; "and them as asks me why, am I to say it was the clergyman's orders?" said Elsworthy, looking up in his turn with a consciousness of power. "That means a deal, does that. I wouldn't take it upon me to say as much, not of myself; but if them's your orders, Mr Wentworth——"

"It appears to me, Elsworthy," said the Curate, who was inwardly in a towering passion, though outwardly calm enough, "either that you've been drinking, or that you mean to be impertinent—which is it?"

"Me!—drinking, sir?" cried the shopkeeper. "If I had been one as was given that way, I wouldn't have attended to your interests not as I have done. There ain't another man in Carlingford as has stood up for his clergyman as I have; and as for little Rosa, sir, most folks as had right notions would have inquired into that; but being as I trusted in you, I wasn't the one to make any talk. I've said to everybody as has asked me that there wasn't nothing in it but kindness. I don't say as I hadn't my own thoughts—for gentlemen don't go walking up Grange Lane with a pretty little creature like that all for nothing; but instead o' making anything of that, or leading of you on, or putting it in the child's head to give you encouragement, what was it I did but send her away afore you came home, that you mightn't be led into temptation! And instead of feelin' grateful, you say I've been drinking! It's a thing as I scorn to answer," said Mr Elsworthy; "there ain't no need to make any reply—all Carlingford knows *me;* but as for Rosa, if it is understood plain between us that it's your wish, I ain't the man to interfere," continued Rosa's guardian, with a

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smile which drove the Curate frantic; "but she hasn't got no father, poor thing, and it's my business to look after her; and I'll not bring her back, Mr Wentworth, unless it's understood between us plain."

Strong language, forcible but unclerical, was on the Curate's lips, and it was only with an effort that he restrained himself. "Look here, Elsworthy," he said; "it will be better for you not to exasperate me. You understand perfectly what I mean. I repeat, Rosa must come back, and that instantly. It is quite unnecessary to explain to you why I insist upon this, for you comprehend it. Pshaw! don't let us have any more of this absurdity," he exclaimed, impatiently. "No more, I tell you. Your wife is not such a fool. Let anybody who inquires about me understand that I have come back, and am quite able to account for all my actions," said the Curate, shouldering his bag. He was just about leaving the shop when Elsworthy rushed after him in an access of alarm and repentance.

"One moment, sir," cried the shopkeeper; "there ain't no offence, Mr Wentworth? I am sure there ain't nobody in Carlingford as means better, or would do as much for his clergyman. One moment, sir; there was one thing as I forgot to mention. Mr Wodehouse, sir, has been took bad. There was a message up a couple of hours ago to know when you was expected home. He's had a stroke, and they don't think as he'll get over it—being a man of a full 'abit of body," said Mr Elsworthy in haste, lest the Curate should break in on his unfinished speech, "makes it dangerous. I've had my fears this long time past."

"A stroke," said the Curate—"A fit, do you mean? When, and how? and, good heavens! to think that you have been wasting my time with rubbish, and knew this!" Mr Wentworth tossed down his travelling-bag again, and wiped his forehead nervously. He had forgotten his real anxiety in the irritation of the moment. Now it returned upon him with double force. "How did it come on?" he asked, "and when?" and stood waiting for the answer with a world of other questions, which he could not put to Elsworthy, hanging on his lips.

"I have a deal of respect for that family, sir," said Elsworthy; "they've had troubles as few folks in Carlingford know of. How close they have kep' things, to be sure!—but not so close as them that has good memories, and can put two and two together, couldn't call to mind. My opinion, sir, if you believe me," said the clerk of St Roque's, approaching close to the Curate's ear, "is, that it's something concerning the son."

"The son!" said Mr Wentworth, with a troubled look. Then, after a pause, he added quickly, as if his exclamation had been an oversight, "What son? has Mr Wodehouse a son?"

"To think as they should have been so close with the clergyman!" said Elsworthy innocently, "though he ain't no credit that they should talk of him. He's been gone out o' Carlingford nigh upon twenty year; but he ain't dead for all that; and I'm told as he's been seen about Grange Lane this last spring. I am one as hears all the talk that's a-going on, being, as you might say, in a public position of life. Such a thing mightn't maybe come to your ears, sir?" he continued, looking inquisitively in Mr Wentworth's face; "but wherever he is, you may be sure it's something about him as has brought on this attack on the old man. It was last night as he was took so bad, and a couple of hours ago a message came up. Miss Wodehouse (as is the nicest lady in Grange Lane, and a great friend to me) had took a panic, and she was a-crying for you, the man said, and wouldn't take no denial. If I had known where you was to be found, I'd have sent word."

"Send down my bag to my house," said the Curate, hastily interrupting him. "Good-night—don't forget what I said about the other matter." Mr Wentworth went

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out of the shop with a disagreeable impression that Elsworthy had been examining his face like an inquisitor, and was already forming conclusions from what he had seen there. He went away hurriedly, with a great many vague fears in his mind. Mr Wodehouse's sudden illness seemed to him a kind of repetition and echo of the Squire's, and in the troubled and uncertain state of his thoughts, he got to confusing them together in the centre of this whirl of unknown disaster and perplexity. Perhaps even thus it was not all bitterness to the young man to feel his family united with that of Lucy Wodehouse. He went down Grange Lane in the summer darkness under the faint stars, full of anxiety and alarm, yet not without a thrill in his heart, a sweeter under-current of conscious agitation in the knowledge that he was hastening to her presence. Sudden breaks in his thoughts revealed her, as if behind a curtain, rising to receive him, giving him her hand, meeting his look with her smile; so that, on the whole, neither Gerald's distress, nor Jack's alarming call, nor his father's attack, nor Mr Wodehouse's illness, nor the general atmosphere of vexation and trouble surrounding his way, could succeed in making the young man totally wretched. He had this little stronghold of his own to retire into. The world could not fall to pieces so long as he continued with eager steps to devour the road which led to Mr Wodehouse's garden-door.

Before he had reached that goal, however, he met a group who were evidently returning from some little dinner in Grange Lane. Mr Wentworth took off his hat hastily in recognition of Mrs Morgan, who was walking by her husband's side, with a bright-coloured hood over her head instead of a bonnet. The Curate, who was a man of taste, could not help observing, even in the darkness, and amid all his preoccupations, how utterly the cherry-coloured trimmings of her head-dress were out of accordance with the serious countenance of the Rector's wife, who was a little heated with her walk. She was a good woman, but she was not fair to look upon; and it occurred to Mr Wentworth to wonder if Lucy were to wait ten years for him, would the youthful grace dry and wither out of her like this! And then all at once another idea flashed upon his mind, without any wish of his. Like the unhappy lover in the ballad, he was suddenly aware of a temptation—

> "How there looked him in the face
> An angel beautiful and bright,
> And how he knew it was a fiend."

"Of course the Rectory will go to Frank." He could not tell why at that moment the words rang into his ear with such a penetrating sound. That he hated himself for being able to think of such a possibility made no difference. It came darting and tingling into his mind like one of those suggestions of blasphemy which the devils whispered in Christian's ear as he went through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He went on faster than ever to escape from it, scarcely observing that Mrs Morgan, instead of simply acknowledging his bow as she passed, stopped to shake hands and to say how glad she was he had come back again. He thought of it afterwards with wonder and a strange gratitude. The Rector's wife was not like the conventional type of a pitying angel; and even had she been so, he had not time to recognise her at that moment as he went struggling with his demons to Mr Wodehouse's green door.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the green door was opened, Mr Wentworth saw at a glance that there was agitation and trouble in the house. Lights were twinkling irregularly in the windows here and there, but the family apartment, the cheerful drawing-room, which generally threw its steady, cheer-

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ful blaze over the dark garden, shone but faintly with half-extinguished lights and undrawn curtains. It was evident at a glance that the room was deserted, and its usual occupants engaged elsewhere. "Master's very bad, sir," said the servant who opened the door; "the young ladies is both with him, and a hired nurse come in besides. The doctor don't seem to have no great hopes, but it will be a comfort to know as you have come back. Miss Wodehouse wanted you very bad an hour or two ago, for they thought as master was reviving, and could understand. I'll go and let them know you are here."

"Don't disturb them, unless I can be of use," said Mr Wentworth. The look of the house, and the atmosphere of distress and anxiety about it, chilled him suddenly. His visions and hopes seemed guilty and selfish as he went slowly up those familiar steps and into the house, over which the shadow of death seemed already lying. He went by himself into the forsaken drawing-room, where two neglected candles were burning feebly in a corner, and the wistful sky looking in as if to ask why the domestic temple was thus left open and uncared for. After the first moment he went hastily to the windows, and drew down the blinds in a kind of tender impatience. He could not bear that anything in the world, even her father's danger, should discompose the sweet, good order of the place where Lucy's image dwelt. There was her chair and her basket of work, and on the little table a book marked with pencil marks, such as youthful readers love to make; and by degrees that breath of Lucy lingering in the silent room overcame its dreariness, and the painful sense of desertion which had struck him at first. He hovered about that corner where her usual place was, feeling in his heart that Lucy in trouble was dearer, if possible, than Lucy in happiness, and hung over her chair, with a mixture of reverence and tenderness and yearning, which could never be expressed in words. It was the divinest phase of love which was in his mind at the moment; for he was not thinking of himself, but of her, and of how he could succour her, and comfort and interpose his own true heart and life between her and all trouble. It was at this moment that Lucy herself entered the room; she came in softly, and surprised him in the overflowing of his heart. She held out her hand to him as usual, and smiled, perhaps less brightly, but that of course arose from the circumstances of the house; and her voice was very measured and steady when she spoke, less variable than of old. What was it she said? Mr Wentworth unconsciously left the neighbourhood of that chair over which he had been bending, which, to tell the truth, he had leaned his head upon, loverlike, and perhaps even kissed for her sake, five minutes before, and grew red and grew pale with a strange revulsion and tumult of feeling. He could not tell what the difference was, or what it meant. He only felt in an instant, with a sense of the change that chilled him to the heart, as if somehow a wall of ice had risen between them. He could see her through that transparent veil, and hear her speak, and perceive the smile which cast no warmth of reflection on him; but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, everything in heaven and earth was changed. Lucy herself, to her own consciousness, trembled and faltered, and felt as if her voice and her looks must betray an amount of emotion which she would have died rather than show; but then Lucy had rehearsed this scene before, and knew all she intended by it; whereas upon the Curate, in his little flush and overflow of tenderness, it fell like a sudden earthquake, rending his fair edifice of happiness asunder, and casting him out into unexpected darkness. Sudden confusion, mortification, even a sense of injury and bitterness, came swelling over his heart as he set a chair for her as far away as possible from the corner in which he had been indulging such vain and unwarrantable dreams.

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"It happened yesterday," said Lucy; "we have not been quite able to discern what was the cause; at least *I* have not been able to find it out. The clerks at the office say it was something about—but that does not matter," she went on, with her sweet politeness: "you don't care for the details. I sometimes fancy Mary knows more than she tells me, and I think you are in her confidence, Mr Wentworth. But I am not going to ask you any questions. The doctors say he is not suffering so much as he seems to be. It is terrible to see him lie there not knowing any of us," said Lucy, with a tremble in her voice.

"But you thought him better some time ago?" said the Curate, whose words choked him, and who could not endure to speak.

"Yes, about six o'clock," said Lucy, "he tried to speak, and put Mary in a great fright, I cannot tell why. Would you be good enough, Mr Wentworth," she went on hastily, with a strange mixture of earnestness and coldness, "if you know of anything she is keeping secret, to bid her tell me? I am able to bear anything there may be to bear—surely as well as she is, who has had no trouble," said Lucy, softly; and for a moment she wavered in her fixed composure, and the wall of ice moved as if it might fall.

"Nor you?" said the Curate, bending anxiously forward to look into her eyes. He was inexpressibly moved and agitated by the inference, which perhaps no listener less intensely concerned would have drawn from what Lucy said. He could not bear that she should have any trouble which he might not do something to relieve her of.

"Oh, no, nor I," said Lucy, quickly, and in that moment the softening of tone disappeared entirely. "Mary will be pleased to see you, Mr Wentworth. I will go and relieve her presently. Papa is asleep just now, and I was downstairs giving some directions when you came in. I wanted to ask you to look after that poor woman at No. 10. She still keeps living on, and I have not been able to see her to-day. She misses me when I don't go," said Lucy, with a very little unconscious sigh. "Would you see her, please, to-morrow, if you have time?"

"Yes, certainly," said the Curate; and then there was a pause. "Is there nothing but this that you will let me do for you?" he asked, trusting to his looks to show the heart, which at this moment he was so much tempted to disclose to her, but dared not. And even in all her trouble Lucy was too much of a woman to neglect an opportunity so tempting.

"Thank you," she said. "Yes, there are those poor little Bertrams I was to have seen to-day—if you would be so very good as send some one to them." Lucy lifted her eyes only as she ended this little speech. She had meant it cruelly, to be sure, and the arrow had gone home; but when she met the look that was fixed on her after her little shaft was fired, Lucy's resolution faltered. The tears came rushing to her eyes so hot and rapid that she could not restrain them. Some trouble of her own gave poignancy to that outbreak of filial grief. "Papa is so very ill!" she said, with a sob, as a scalding drop fell upon her hand; and then got up suddenly, afraid of the consequences. But the Curate, mortified, wounded, and disheartened as he was, had no comprehension either of the bitterness or the relenting that was in Lucy's thoughts. Rosa Elsworthy did not so much as occur to him in all his confused wonderings. He went after her to the door, too much perplexed and distressed to be indignant, as his first impulse was. She turned half round, with a tremulous little inclination of her head, which was all the good-night she could venture on. But the young man was too much disturbed to permit this.

"You will give me your hand, surely," he said, taking it, and holding it fast—a hand so different from that weak woman's hand that clung to Gerald without any force to hold

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him, in Wentworth Rectory. Those reluctant fingers, so firm and so soft, which scorned any struggle to withdraw themselves, but remained passive in his with a more effectual protest still against his grasp, wrung the very heart of the Perpetual Curate. He let them go with a sigh of vexation and disappointment. "Since that is all I can do, I will do it," he said—"that or anything else." She had left him almost before the words were said; and it was in a very disconsolate mood that he turned back into the deserted drawing-room. To tell the truth, he forgot everything else for the moment, asking himself what it could mean; and walked about, stumbling over the chairs, feeling all his little edifice of personal consolation falling to the winds, and not caring much though everything else should follow. He was in this state of mind when Miss Wodehouse came to him, moving with noiseless steps, as everybody did in the stricken house.

"Oh, Mr Wentworth, I am so glad you have come," said that mild woman, holding out both her hands to him. She was too much agitated to say anything more. She was not equal to the emergency, or any emergency, but sank down on a chair, and relieved herself by tears, while the Curate stood anxiously by, waiting for what she had to say to him. "My father is very ill," she said, like Lucy, through her crying; "I don't know what good anybody can do; but thank God you've come home—now I shall feel I have somebody to apply to, whatever happens," said poor Miss Wodehouse, drying the eyes that were suffused again the next moment. Her helpless distress did not overwhelm the spectator, like Lucy's restrained trouble, but that was natural enough.

"Tell me about it," said Mr Wentworth; "the cause—can I guess at the cause? it is something about your——"

"Oh hush! don't say his name," cried Miss Wodehouse. "Yes, yes, what else could it be? Oh, Mr Wentworth, will you close the door, please, and see that there's no one about. I dare not speak to you till I am sure there's no one listening; not that I suspect anybody of listening," said the troubled woman; "but one never knows. I am afraid it is all my fault," she continued, getting up again suddenly to see that the windows were closed. "I ought to have sent him away, instead of putting my trouble upon you; and now he is in greater danger than ever. Oh, Mr Wentworth, I meant it for the best; and now, unless you can help us, I don't know what I am to do."

"I cannot help you unless you tell me what is wrong," said the Curate, making her sit down, and drawing a chair close to her. He took her hand, by way of compelling her attention—a fair, soft hand too, in its restless, anxious way. He held it in a brotherly grasp, trying to restore her to coherence, and induce her to speak.

"I don't know enough about business to tell you," she said. "He was in danger when I threw him upon your charity; and oh, Mr Wentworth, thank you, thank you a thousand times, for taking him in like a brother. If Lucy only knew! But I don't feel as if I dared to tell her—and yet I sometimes think I ought, for your—I mean for all our sakes. Yes, I will try to explain it if I can—but I can't; indeed I don't understand," cried the poor lady in despair. "It is something about a bill—it was something about a bill before; and I thought I could soften papa, and persuade him to be merciful; but it has all turned to greater wretchedness and misery. The first one was paid, you know, and I thought papa might relent;—but—don't cast us off, Mr Wentworth—don't go and denounce him; you might, but you will not. It would be justice, I acknowledge," cried the weeping woman; "but there is something higher than justice even in this world. You are younger than I am, and so is Lucy; but you

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are better than me, you young people, and you must be more merciful too. I have seen you going among the poor people and among the sick, and I could not have done it; and you won't forsake me — oh, Mr Wentworth, you won't forsake me, when you know that my trouble is greater than I can bear!"

"I will not forsake you," said the Curate; "but tell me what it is. I have been summoned to Carlingford by my brother, and I am bewildered and disturbed beyond what I can tell you——"

"By your brother?" said Miss Wodehouse, with her unfailing instinct of interest in other people. "I hope there is no trouble in your own family, Mr Wentworth. One gets so selfish when one is in great distress. I hope he is not ill. It sounds as if there was comfort in the very name of a brother," said the gentle woman, drying her tears, "and I hope it is so with you; but it isn't always so. I hope you will find he is better when you get home. I am very, very sorry to hear that you are in trouble too."

Mr Wentworth got up from his chair with a sigh of impatience. "Will nobody tell me what is the matter?" he said. "Mr Wodehouse is ill, and there is some mysterious cause for it; and you are miserable, and there is a cause for that too; and I am to do something to set things right without knowing what is wrong. Will you not tell me? What is it? Has your——"

"Oh, Mr Wentworth, don't say anybody's name—don't speak so loud. There may be a servant in the staircase or something," cried Miss Wodehouse. "I hear somebody coming now." She got up to listen, her sweet old face growing white with panic, and went a few steps towards the door, and then tottered into another chair, unable to command herself. A certain sick thrill of apprehension came over the Curate, too, as he hastened forward. He could not tell what he was afraid of, or whether it was only the accumulated agitation of the day that made him weak. Somebody was coming up the stairs, and towards this room, with a footstep more careless than those stealthy steps with which all the servants were stealing about the house. Whoever he was, he stopped at the door a moment, and then looked cautiously in. When he saw the figure of the Curate in the imperfect light, he withdrew his head again as if deliberating with himself, and then, with a sudden rush, came in, and shut the door after him. "Confound these servants, they're always prowling about the house," said the new-comer. He was an alarming apparition in his great beard and his shabbiness, and the fugitive look he had. "I couldn't help it," he broke forth, with a spontaneous burst of apology and self-defence. "I heard he was ill, and I couldn't keep quiet. How is he? You don't mean to say *that's* my fault. Molly, can't you speak to me? How could I tell I should find you and the parson alone here, and all safe? I might have been risking my—my—freedom—everything I care for; but when I heard he was ill, I couldn't stay quiet. Is he dying? —what's the matter? Molly, can't you speak?"

"Oh, Mr Wentworth, somebody will see him," cried Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands. "Oh Tom, Tom, how could you do it? Suppose somebody was to come in —John, or somebody. If you care for your own life, oh, go away, go away!"

"They can't touch my life," said the stranger, sullenly. "I daresay she doesn't know that. Nor the parson need not look superior—there are more people concerned than I; but if I've risked everything to hear, you may surely tell me how the old man is."

"If it was love that brought you," said poor Miss Wodehouse; "but oh, Tom, you know I can't believe that. He is very, very ill; and it is you that have done it," cried the mild woman, in a little gush of passion—"you whom he has for-

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given and forgiven till his heart is sick. Go away. I tell you, go away from the house that you have shamed. Oh, Mr Wentworth, take him away," she cried, turning to the Curate with clasped hands—"tell him to hide —to fly—or he'll be taken: he will not be forgiven this time; and if my father—if my dear father dies ——" But when she got so far her agitation interrupted her. She kept her eyes upon the door with a wild look of terror, and waved her helpless hands to warn the intruder away.

"If he dies, matters will be altered," said the stranger; "you and I might change places then, for that matter. I'm going away from Carlingford. I can't stay in such a wretched hole any longer. It's gout or something?" said the man, with a tone of nature breaking through his bravado—"it's not anything that has happened? Say so, and I'll never trouble you more."

"Oh, if Lucy were to see him!" said poor Miss Wodehouse. The words came unawares out of her heart without any thought; but the next thing of which she was conscious was that the Perpetual Curate had laid his hand on the stranger's arm, and was leading him reluctantly away. "I will tell you all you want to know," said Mr Wentworth, "but not here;" and with his hand upon the other's arm, moved him somehow with an irresistible command, half physical, half mental, to the door. Before Miss Wodehouse could say anything they were gone; before she could venture to draw that long-sighing breath of relief, she heard the door below close, and the retreating footsteps in the garden. But the sound, thankful though she was, moved her to another burst of bitter tears. "To think I should have to tell a stranger to take him away," she sobbed out of the anguish of her heart; and sat weeping over him with a relenting that wrung her tender spirit, without power to move till the servant came up with alarmed looks to ask if any one had come in in his absence. "Oh no; it was only Mr Wentworth—and a—gentleman who came to fetch him," said Miss Wodehouse. And she got up, trembling as she was, and told John he had better shut up the house and go to bed. "For I hope papa will have a better night, and we must not waste our strength," she said, with a kind of woeful smile, which was a wonder to John. He said Miss Wodehouse was a tender-hearted one, to be sure, when he went down-stairs; but that was no very novel piece of information to anybody there.

Meantime the Curate went down Grange Lane with that strange lodger of Mrs Hadwin's, who had broken thus into Miss Wodehouse's solitude. They did not say much to each other as they went sullenly side by side down the silent road; —for the stranger, whose feelings were not complicated by any very lively sense of gratitude, looked upon his companion as a kind of jailor, and had an unspeakable grudge against the man who exercised so calm an ascendancy over him; though to be sure it might have been difficult to resist the moral force of the Curate of St Roque's, who was three inches taller than himself, and had the unbroken vigour of youth and health to back him. As for Mr Wentworth, he went on without speaking, with a bitterness in his heart not to be expressed. His own personal stronghold of happiness and consolation had shattered in pieces in that evening's interview; and as he went to his own house he asked himself what he should find in it? This wretched man, with whose sins he had been hitherto but partially acquainted; and Jack, with whom the other had heaven knew what horrible connection. Should he find a den of thieves where he had left only high thoughts and lofty intentions? It was thus, after his three days' absence, that he returned home.

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OLD MAPS AND NEW.

THERE is a time for everything, it has been said; and certainly there are times and seasons for map-making. There are times when the geographical world stands still; when the boundaries of States show no change, and when man's knowledge of the configuration of seas and continents remains just as it was in the days of his fathers: so that the atlas upon which one was drilled at school remains good for topographical reference to the end of life. At other times, the map of last year becomes insufficient. War, commerce, and the spirit of adventure, are the great causes which antiquate existing maps, and call for new ones. And the greatest of these is war. During the great war which rolled over Europe from 1791 to 1815, the events of almost every year called for new maps. The boundaries of States fluttered to and fro: new kingdoms or republics appeared and disappeared: old States were disrupted and transformed: statesmen became chartographers; and, finally, a diplomatic conclave at Vienna, after much wrangling, issued a new and would-be stereotype edition of the map of Europe, which lasted quite as long as could have been expected. Map-making was not very quick-handed in those days. It could not turn out new maps brought up to the latest intelligence, with the rapidity of Wyld or Stanford; but still it laboured away, and toiled after the "Grand Armies" in their ever-shifting field of operations. Battles have no respect for existing copyrights: humble villages or streamlets, unheard of before, will sometimes connect their names with events decisive of the fortunes of a continent, and thereafter must appear in every atlas which would keep its place in the market. What endless issues of maps there were during the short war in the Crimea, until every hamlet and foot-road in that half-desert and very unimportant corner of the world became as well known to us as if it had been an English county. The same thing is going on now with respect to the seats of war in America; and although chartography cannot afford to be very minute when delineating such vast spaces as those in America, we are at least becoming acquainted with the leading features of an enormous region of which hitherto we have been content to remain in ignorance. As regards the details of a country, war unquestionably acts as a revelation; and we are convinced that our fathers came to know as much of Europe during the twenty-five years of the great war as they would ever have done in a century of stay-at-home life in a period of peace.

But if war be the great, as it certainly is the most sudden, disturber of maps—making old maps pass away and new ones become indispensable,—there are other agents of chartographic change of far more interest, and of superior importance, to the lasting welfare of mankind. War affects political boundaries, rather than our knowledge of geographical configuration. It is the minute details of a country, the leading features of which are already known to us, that a war calls into prominence,—details which, but for the war, we should not care to know. It neither reveals the course of rivers, nor makes us acquainted with new coasts, or the bearing of mountain-chains. It is to Commerce, following in the track of Adventure, that we owe the true march of Discovery and the spread of Civilisation over the face of the earth, which constitutes one of the grandest subjects of contemplation that can engage the attention of a thoughtful man.

That march of discovery—what is it but a gradual revelation to

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man of the aspect and character of the planet which he inhabits? It is synonymous with the growth of Science; it also rejoices and interests us like a revelation of Art. As the panorama of Earth expands before us from age to age, in its infinite grandeur and beauty, we feel as if watching the completion of some great picture divinely perfect. As adventurous explorers sail over the fields of ocean, rounding headlands, or steering up bays and gulfs, discovering new islands and continents,—or, crossing broad deserts and lofty mountain-chains, come upon regions unknown before, bit by bit the panorama of Nature approaches completion,—the contour of the grand whole comes out before us. We see the form and life of the earth displayed in its varied aspects of scenery, skies, climates—in its diverse peoples, animals, vegetation: a beautiful creation, inspiring humility as well as admiration, and proving that no human dogma of science, nor any single form of society or civilisation, can yet express or include the infinite varieties of life as it comes from God.

Every nation when it first begins to speculate on geographical matters, and to form surmises as to the nature of the earth, regards the world as a vast plain, of which its own country is the centre. And the regions which lie beyond its own immediate ken appear to it in the prismatic hues of imagination, and become an area which fancy instinctively fills with the mythical beings and utopias believed in by the nation. Thus, the Greeks of Homer's time, whose actual knowledge extended no further than the shores of Egypt and Asia Minor, filled the outlying regions with "hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire;" with happy isles beyond the western ocean; with a race of supremely wise, happy, and long-lived mortals in the hyperborean regions; with isles of the Sirens; with Olympus itself, the abode of the gods; and with the Elysian Fields, a terrestrial paradise for departed heroes. Encircling the world-plain flows the ocean, from which the sun rises and into which it sets. And with some nations, as the Scandinavians and Hindoos, while their own country forms the centre, with the abode of the gods (Midgard or Meru) forming the highest point, other worlds separated by seas were supposed to lie around in concentric circles—ideal regions which embodied the dreams and superstitions of the national mind. It was an age of dreams, when poets could make of the earth what they pleased; peopling its surface with their fancies, girdling it with ocean-rivers or *flammantia mœnia*, and resting it on the shoulders of a giant or the back of an elephant. We may pass over that period as too initiatory to furnish a point of contrast.

In order to see clearly the great change that has gradually taken place in our knowledge of the globe, and the successive phases of that change, we must go back to a starting-point upwards of two thousand years ago. At that time the only maritime peoples that had yet arisen were the Egyptians, and still more the Phœnicians, with their offspring at Carthage. The conquering power of Rome, carrying Discovery, in the track of the Legions, into inland countries, supplemented the earlier work of maritime exploration, and completed the geographical knowledge of the Ancients, such as it is represented in our maps of the *Orbis Veteribus Notus*. It is little more than the Mediterranean world that there appears to us. The basin of that great inland sea forms the centre of the geographical picture, with Africa merely bordering its southern shores,—with Asia represented only by its south-western quarter, the countries lying south of a line drawn from the Black Sea to the Indus,—and with Europe depicted to the extent of about one-half its area, south of a line drawn from the Forth or Tay across the continent

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by the Carpathian mountains to the Black Sea. Hardly one-twelfth part of the land-surface of the globe was then known in any degree to the dominant race of the world. But still, the era of discovery had commenced: the spirit of commercial adventure and of martial enterprise had begun to carry men into comparatively distant regions. Traversing the Mediterranean, and sailing boldly into the stormy waters of the Atlantic, the Phœnicians had skirted the western coasts of Spain and France, had landed in the south of Ireland, and had discovered and worked the tin mines of Cornwall. How far they had sailed southwards along the western shores of Africa, and whether the lost island of Atlantis was wholly fable, or was a legend which had its origin in an accidental and momentary discovery of the Azores, or even of the American continent, it is impossible to say. It seems indubitable, however—despite the scepticism of the late Sir G. C. Lewis—that the navy of the Pharaohs, manned by Phœnicians, once circumnavigated the African continent, about 600 B. C. Setting out from the Red Sea, they reached Egypt again by the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean in the third year, having wintered on the African coast, where they sowed and gathered in the harvest to replenish their stores. The fact which Herodotus records, that they declared that, while sailing round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand—a statement of which he cautiously remarks that it "does not appear credible"—stamps the narrative as genuine: for, however improbable such a statement appeared in those days, we know it to be a correct description of what occurs to a ship sailing westwards south of the equator. The conquests of Alexander greatly expanded the geography of the Greeks, extending their knowledge over Persia, Bactria, and the north-western districts of India; and his fleet under Nearchus skirted the Asiatic coast from the mouth of the Indus to the head of the Persian Gulf.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that all the ground gone over by these adventurous expeditions became thenceforth known as permanent additions to geographical science. When the Phœnician admiral of Pharaoh Necho reported his tale of circumnavigation at the court of Thebes or Memphis, it would be listened to as a strange story which could have no result. It seems to have made less impression on men's minds than the marvellous tales of the Ethiopians whose heads grew under their shoulders, or of the wondrous wisdom and longevity of the fabled Hyperboreans. Nations in those days did not compare notes together, nor add their separate experiences to the common stock of knowledge. Even in the most advanced country, not more than a few scores of persons were in a position to acquire a knowledge of general geography, or had any motive to attain or preserve it. Doubtless there were maps in those times, and maps must have multiplied after Rome became an empire. But at the epoch of which we now speak—two thousand years ago—if any Roman, Egyptian, or Phœnician had attempted to gather together the common stock of geographical knowledge, he could not have depicted even the limited section of the earth's surface which is presented in the *Orbis Veteribus Notus:* and the fabled "ocean-stream" of Homer would still have been made to wind round the narrow area which seemed to him all the habitable globe.

The Roman world had nearly attained its full limits in the time of Augustus: and we have to wait for seven centuries before the rise of a new Power brought with it a further expansion of geographical knowledge. The Arabians, who so suddenly extended their dominion from the Atlantic to the Indus, became venturous explorers of the Eastern Seas, sailed round the peninsulas of India and Siam, and traded even

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with the far-distant ports of China. They also carried their flag southwards along the eastern coast of Africa, but the uninviting nature of that coast, where not even a germ of civilisation has ever taken root, rendered their discoveries in that quarter, whatever they may have been, unrecorded in history. The Arabians, as a Mediterranean power, were closely connected with the States of Europe, and their discoveries became additions to the geographical knowledge of the Western nations. Still we must guard against the error of attributing to that epoch in any degree the rapidity of transmission and general diffusion of knowledge which characterise the present age. If a new country were discovered nowadays, the news would be spread over Europe and North America with a rapidity of transmission that might be called instantaneous: and it would not only be known to men of science, but every school atlas would forthwith represent the new found land. It was far otherwise in the eighth century of our era. The traders of Europe were wholly cut off from the Eastern Seas, and the knowledge of those Arabian voyages was probably unknown, as it would be uncared for, until several centuries after. In truth, in the eighth century, maritime enterprise and discovery on the part of the European nations had made no progress in advance of what had been accomplished more than a thousand years before by the Phœnicians. Spain and Portugal were still in their infancy, too much engaged on land in struggling with the superior power of the Moors, to have any energies to spare for the sea. While the Arabians, unknown to what we may call the European public, were carrying maritime discovery all along the southern and far up the eastern shores of Asia; the venturous Scandinavians, equally unknown to, or unthought of by, other peoples, traversed the northern waters of the Atlantic, discovering the Faro Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, and at the close of the tenth century discovered, landed, and even settled upon the north-eastern shores of the New World.

The New World was thus reached by Europeans — not driven to its shores by tempest, but sailing in the spirit of adventure—five centuries before Columbus set sail from Spain. How, then, was it that the first discovery should be so noiseless and so resultless, while the second made a sensation such as never had been in the world before? The answer must be, chiefly because the Scandinavians were less advanced in knowledge than the Spaniards were five centuries afterwards, and saw nothing wonderful in finding land where they did. Rovers of the sea by taste and by profession, they must sail somewhere, and it seemed to them only natural that here and there they should come upon land. Nor was the portion of the American coast which they discovered so inviting as to create for it any enthusiasm; for although they called one part by the attractive name of "Vineland," a much larger portion was bleak, snow-clad, or stony, and in the more favoured spots the primeval forests came down to the beach, overshadowing the land with verdurous gloom. The world was five centuries older in the time of Columbus, which makes a great difference. Besides, a passion and an idea, both impelling to maritime exploration, had then seized and filled the minds of men in Europe—in consequence of an important accession of geographical knowledge which we have still to mention.

The Mongol power, which rose into sudden greatness under Zengis Khan and his immediate successors, spread the terror of its arms right athwart the Old World from the frontiers of Germany to Pekin,—thus forming a parallel zone of empire lying to the north of the Arabian, but spreading further

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to the east and less to the west than the empire of the Caliphs. Russia in the west, China in the east, fell under the onset of those barbarian horsemen of the Asiatic steppes; and the sack of Bagdad on the Tigris, and Delhi on the Jumna, each the seat of a great empire, marked the southern boundary of their conquests. Had the Mongols been a civilised Power, one consequence of their widely-extended dominion would have been to bring the East and the West together in knowledge of each other. Europe would have come to know not only the physical and geographical features of the little known region of Central Asia, but also of the countries still further east. But the Mongols, though producing one or two really great men, were barbarians, who cared nothing for the spread of knowledge, and, so far as they themselves were concerned, the world of the West would have remained as limited in ethnic and geographical knowledge as before. It seems reserved for the European race alone to be the discoverers and great teachers of the world: it is in them that the divine thirst for knowledge is most deeply felt, and it is they who give to discoveries their greatest value by contributing them to the common stock of knowledge. Now, one of this curious and adventurous race did what the Mongols would never have done, and proclaimed to Europe the discoveries which had been made in the far east of Asia. Starting from the northern corner of the Black Sea, crossing the Caspian, and thence marching over the vast plains and sterile mountain-ranges of Central Asia, Marco Polo, the Venetian, followed the Mongols in their conquering track into Pekin; and in him, for the first time, the European mind came in contact with an empire, a people, and a civilisation of which it had never dreamt, but whose greatness did not fail to make a profound impression upon the imagination of the West. If we consider that the Chinese empire was then at the zenith of its prosperity, and that though it has since increased in population, it has diminished in all that makes the moral, social, and political greatness of a people, we shall see that the Europe of the thirteenth century might well be amazed on suddenly hearing of so vast an empire and so extraordinary a people at the further end of the Asiatic continent—separated from them, too, by so many thousand miles of impassable country that the new and strange empire seemed almost as inaccessible as if it belonged to another world. Marco Polo reached Pekin in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and returned by sea—coasting the shores of China, Siam, and India, to the Persian Gulf—before the century closed. The tale of his travels, and especially of the wonderful empire of Cathay, electrified all the minds that were awake in that somnolent age of Europe. And the great question with the adventurous spirits and monarchs was, How to reach that wonderful empire and carry on commerce with its fabulously wealthy Court and people? Across Asia, as Marco Polo had gone, no merchant could go. The distance was enormous, the country impracticable, and all the way beset by nomadic tribes to whom the plunder of caravans was fair spoil. Nor was it easy to go thither seaward, by the route which the Venetian had taken on his way back, and which had been followed for four centuries by the Arab traders. Europe had been fighting the Saracens in Syria and in Egypt; and now the Turks came to establish themselves in Constantinople, with a powerful navy on the Mediterranean: so that if Western Europe sighed for the riches of Cathay, it must go seek them by another route than through Syria or Egypt. Either the African coast must be navigated far southward into strange latitudes, in the

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hope that it might be rounded, and a way thus found to India and the East; or else the Indies and Cathay must be reached by sailing due westward across the Atlantic.

The closing years of the fifteenth century solved these questions, and inaugurated an epoch of discovery far surpassing any which the world had witnessed, or could possibly witness again. The wildest imaginations of men were outstripped by the facts then accomplished. And if we reflect upon the ignorance, inevitable at that epoch, which not only hid from men's minds the real configuration of the earth, but enveloped the unknown outlying regions in mystery and terrors, we cannot prize too highly the intellectual daring, and the moral as well as physical courage, which carried the great navigators of those days into and through their adventurous careers. Men who knew not yet one-half of the globe could not possibly tell how strange and startling might be the conditions and inhabitants of the other half which remained unexplored. But they ventured, and succeeded. The little kingdom of Portugal took the start of all Europe in this organised career of maritime adventure. Bent upon finding a route to the Indies, Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, first carried his king's flag into the South African seas. Passing the Cape de Verde Islands, the furthest point of previous discovery, Diaz rounded the western shoulder of Africa, and sailed eastward into the Bight of Benin—which doubtless seemed to him at first to offer a route to the Indies; but, finding that the continent once more stretched southwards, he boldly crossed the Line, and continued to hug the unhealthy and uninviting coast until he fairly reached the southern extremity of the African continent. This was his limit; he did not pass onward and find the route for which he had been so boldly seeking. But if Diaz, reluctantly content with his achievements, recoiled before the perils of the "Cape of Storms," Vasco di Gama completed the work so ably advanced by his countrymen. No longer following the coast, from Cape Verde he steered straight into the open sea towards the furthest point reached by his predecessor; and, doubling the Cape, sailed northward again along the eastern side of the African continent till he reached the northern portion already explored by the Arabian traders, and thence sailed boldly across the open ocean eastward, till he reached the southern part of the Indian peninsula. Africa, so long the continent of mystery, was now in its outlines brought within the ken of human knowledge. A great triumph had been achieved; a continent stretching far south of the equator had been circumnavigated; a road had been opened for commerce with the Indies, and European trading settlements soon began to dot the shores of the Indian Ocean. But it was the outline only of Africa that was thus revealed. Except a few districts on its Mediterranean borders, the vast expanse of this most uninviting of continents remained as unknown as it was in the days of the Pharaohs. Its exploration has been left as an arduous task to the adventurous travellers of the present century.

Before the African Cape was actually doubled—in the few years that intervened between the voyages of Diaz and Vasco di Gama—another and more startling discovery had revealed in an opposite direction a New World. Columbus is the greatest of all names in the illustrious annals of discovery. It is the greatest, not only for what he accomplished, but for the intellectual genius which inspired his efforts, and for the unwavering faith and unfaltering moral courage with which he adhered to and carried out his designs. It was not chance that led him to the discovery of America. He did not know, indeed, that he should find a New World—he did not know that a separate

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continent intervened between him and the Indies and Cathay; but he felt assured that land was there, in the waste of waters beyond the setting sun, and that he could reach it by sailing round the world's side. We may laugh now at the terror of his crews, who imagined they were sailing as it were down-hill round the world, and should never be able to sail back; but it was a terror not confined to uneducated men in the year of grace 1492, when Christopher Columbus set sail from the port of Palos, and boldly steered into the untraversed wastes of the "sea of gloom," as the Arabs were accustomed to call the Atlantic. Fine weather, the winds, and the currents of the great deep, singularly favoured his first voyage, and sped him on his course. But his crews took alarm at every unusual occurrence; the very favours of nature became to them a source of disquiet. But their Chief was equal to every emergency. When his crews, seeing the wind blow constantly from the east, feared that it would be impossible for them to sail back to Spain, Columbus told them that he would find another course where westerly winds prevailed. When the extraordinary "grassy sea," the far-spreading fields of sea-weed in the middle of the Atlantic, was reached, and the sailors imagined they were come to the end of the world — to that morass or liquid medley of the elements of which the ancients had reported,—Columbus ordered the sounding-line to be constantly used, and thus convinced his crews that, beneath the green vegetable covering, the waters were everywhere unfathomable. Even though the crews at length lost all heart, and loudly demanded to turn back, some of the more unruly conspiring to take his life, Columbus managed to keep them to his purpose till he reached his goal. The waters became less deep—the wind became changeable, as is usual in the vicinity of islands and mountains; singing-birds came on board; and a branch of a tree in blossom, and a thorny shrub with berries on it, came floating on the waves, and testified that land was near. The water, too, became less salt, and the air soft and fragrant. At length, on an evening ever memorable, when the sun had once more sunk beneath the waves, as Columbus took his station on the poop, and his eye ranged along the now dark horizon, suddenly he saw a light glimmer in the distance: once and again it reappeared to the eyes of Pedro Gutierrez and others, whom he summoned to confirm his vision; and then, though darkness resumed its reign, Columbus knew that the long-wished-for land was there, and that it was inhabited.

Vast and altogether unparalleled as were the discoveries made by the mariners of Portugal and Spain, the rapidity with which they were accomplished is hardly less remarkable. They were all comprised in half the lifetime of a single generation. Dating from 1492, thirty-five years sufficed to circumnavigate Africa; to discover the New World of America, and sail all round it, from the mouth of the St Lawrence by Cape Horn to Lower California; to open two routes by sea to the Indies, and finally to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. Before the fifteenth century had closed, Cabot, sailing due west from the English Channel, had rediscovered Northern America, coasting the continent from Newfoundland to Chesapeake Bay; Pinzon, Amerigo Vespucci, and Cabral, crossing the Line, had explored Southern America as far as Brazil. Solis, in 1516, carried discovery to the mouth of the La Plata; and then Magellan, whose name ranks second only to that of Columbus—a native of Portugal, but sailing in a Spanish ship—coasted the inhospitable shores of Patagonia, pushed onward through the rocky straits of Tierra del Fuego,

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and found before him the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

> "He was the first that ever burst
> Into that lonely sea."

And steering fearlessly to the north-west, over the solitudes of that vastest of oceans, he recrossed the Line, and arrived amidst the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago. Here he met his death; but under his lieutenants, who proved themselves worthy of such a chief, his ship was safely carried home—sailing from the Sunda Islands straight across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Spain. He was the first to circumnavigate the globe.

Very different has been the fate of the continents thus for the first time discovered or circumnavigated. Although known to the leading races of mankind from the beginning of history, Africa remained unsettled and unexplored, save on the strip of land that borders on the Red Sea, and the plains that lie along the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Even when the navies of Europe, following in the wake of Vasco di Gama, began to wend their way along its shores, no one cared to explore its vast interior, or even to examine minutely its coasts. All that they cared to know of it was how to get round it. It remains the waste place of the world to the present hour. But the moment the New World was heard of, Europe was astir with excitement, and men rushed to it from all quarters. Columbus believed that he had reached the vicinity of the great empires of Cathay and Cipango—names synonymous to the ears of Europe with marvellous wealth. He fancied, too, that up in the high lands of the interior might still be found the site of long-lost Paradise! It was an epoch of extraordinary enthusiasm and excitement. Eldorados were in all men's thoughts, before ever they saw, or fancied they saw, them in the newly-found regions. Religion was not wanting to impel them onwards; for in those times the crusading spirit was not extinct, and if they could no longer rescue the Holy Sepulchre, they could at least make proselytes of the heathen of the New World. To sprinkle a people with water in those days seemed sufficient to make a nation of Christians. But far above religion, and above the spirit of adventure, rose the passion for gold and for silver—with which metals the New World teemed abundantly, and which brought as great misery and ruin upon the native American world as if some curse of extermination had been passed on it from on high. If we glory in the genius and gallantry by which the New World was discovered and explored and conquered, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty of Spain, there is assuredly no part of history before which we stand so abashed and humiliated as before that which records the results of European intrusion into the continents of America. Before the coming of the Spaniards, we see two great *foyers* of civilisation in the New World—one in Central America, with the inferior but more warlike Aztec civilisation adjoining it on the north; the other in Peru, gradually extending its mild and ameliorating influence over all the regions around, incorporating tribe after tribe of barbarous population under its well-ordered rule. In a few generations more, these separate seats of American civilisation, gradually extending their limits, would have come into contact, and a new impulse would thereby have been given to their development. Except in the matter of religion, it may be doubted whether those native civilisations of America fell much short of that which prevailed amongst their destroyers; and as regards perfection of administration, and the material comforts of the people, there was no state in Europe which could be compared with the empire of the Incas. But in less than forty years

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from the landing of Columbus on the mainland, those lights were rudely extinguished, and the American continent relapsed into darkness. The Spaniards put out the eyes of the New World. The empires of Peru and Mexico fell,—their civilisation disappeared and was forgotten,—the very races of the continent have almost died out beneath the cruelty and maladministration of their conquerors. We remember reading an account of the discovery of an ancient Etrurian sepulchre, wherein a figure was seen sitting attired in the strange royalty of a remote past: everything was perfect as in life; but no sooner did the discoverers too rashly enter, than the figure and throne and stately adjuncts suddenly crumbled into dust,—leaving absolutely nothing behind by which a conception of the strange vision could be preserved. Even so fared it with the old royalties and civilisations of America.

We need not prosecute further the interesting tale of discovery. We need not follow Juan da Fuca in his voyage northwards along the Californian coast to Vancouver Island,—nor Behring in his explorations in the North Pacific, which discovered the straits that separate Asia from America,—nor Deschnew and others who explored the Arctic coast of Siberia from the east,—nor Barentz and Willoughby, who reached Nova Zembla from the west,—nor Baffin and Hudson, who explored the Greenland coast and the icy inlets of North-western America: nor need we describe the voyages of Tasman, La Perouse, and, greatest of them all, our own Cook, amid the countless islands and vast watery solitudes of the Pacific. The work of these men was to fill in important details of the great Cosmic picture. But we behold in them the spirit of discovery pure and simple, and that love of seeing strange lands, which in other fields has become more prevalent than ever in recent times, producing the noble gallantry and self-sacrifice of Franklin and the other explorers of the Arctic regions. In our own time we see the energies of discovery chiefly directed to the interior of the African continent. From the north, across the stony plateau of the rainless Zahara—from the west, up the Niger—from the south, over the broad hunting-plains adjoining the Cape—from the east, up the Zambesi river and over the mountain-range of Zanzibar,—adventurous travellers have penetrated into the swampy but luxuriant interior. A European has hoisted his sail on Lake Tchad, in the heart of the continent. By his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, Captain Speke has associated his name with the greatest triumph of geographical adventure in our age; and in his more recent journey, accompanied by Captain Grant, he has at length solved the oldest of the world's mysteries, and has beheld the head-waters of the Nile issuing from their lake-fountains beneath the equator, and within the shadow of the Lunar Mountains. The slow but steady progress of Russia in the East is bringing into view the zone of Central Asia—the vast steppes intersected by mountain-chains, which were the cradle of the barbaric races who again and again have overflowed the dominions of civilisation,—and is seating a European Power upon the eastern shores of Asia. More remarkable still is the spread of our own British race—peopling the North American continent to the shores of the Pacific, conquering India, colonising Australia and New Zealand, and forming settlements along the coasts of China and in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The European race—the *audax Japeti genus*—now not only circumnavigates the globe as an ordinary operation of commerce, but, spreading its settlements eastwards and westwards at once, the offspring of England are actually meeting from the opposite sides of the globe, and exchange their greetings across the Pacific seas. The

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journeyings and expansion of the White race are not yet over. Supplanting inferior races, they will yet multiply in the regions of the Pacific as they have done in America. They will yet overlay the whole world, as other and inferior tribes of mankind have done before them. What the world will be then, in those latter days, it surpasses imagination to conceive. But already we begin to see the approach of a time when everywhere over the face of the earth there will be intelligent observers of Nature, and enlightened worshippers of her Divine Maker.

It is curious to mark the change in the aspect of the earth's surface which has been gradually produced by the spread of the civilised races of mankind. The vast forests which once overspread Europe have almost disappeared, — over an immense area of the New World, especially in its northern half, a similar clearance of the "forest primeval" has taken place; and in the two great empire-regions of Asia, India and China, extensive districts once covered by continuous woods have been denuded of their natural covering and given to the sun. The cereals — the tiny stalks of wheat and rice and maize — have replaced the giant trunks of the forest. A corresponding change has taken place in the fauna of the world. The wild animals which tenanted with undisputed sway the woody surface of the earth, have been thinned or exterminated by the spread of later-come man. The bear, the wolf, the buffalo, lions, elephants, tigers, have been driven in fast-decreasing numbers into the waste corners of the continents: and the sheep, the ox, and the horse have been carried along with civilised man in his wanderings to occupy in more useful fashion the ground vacated by the feræ. All the wild animals which we have named, and many more, once roamed over the forest-clad surface of Europe, at a time when man had already appeared on the scene: yet so thoroughly, and for so long a period, have some of those wild animals been exterminated, and the country been rendered unsuitable for their existence, that it seems almost incredible that they should once have abounded in our continent. Civilised man has revolutionised the original fauna and flora of the earth. Under his transplanting hand, the domesticated animals now multiply and cover the earth in regions where originally they were unknown. To Australia especially we have given a fauna entirely new, transported from the opposite side of the world; and we are even importing the singing-birds of our northern woodlands into the forests of the Antipodes. The world as it existed before man appeared on the scene, would hardly recognise itself in the strangely altered aspect which it now presents. Trees and plants, birds and beasts, even the fishes of the river, have been transported hither and thither, till we can hardly tell where they came from at first: and later generations in some countries will come to regard as aboriginal a fauna and flora created in that locality by the arbitrary agency of men of our own times. And while we thus spread and shift to and fro the living occupants of the earth's surface, whether animal or vegetable, we at the same time gather together specimens of them all, from the most distant corners of the globe, and tend and preserve them as a study for the wise, and as an amusement for the thoughtless. Our zoological and botanical gardens exhibit, in a few acres of ground, an epitome of the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the world. We are coming to know the Earth in its fulness: and physical science already aspires in many of its branches to the character of universality.

Rightly viewed, it is still only an aspiration. But at least a beginning has been made. Humboldt, the greatest traveller and cosmographer of our times, has accomplished more than any man in the

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great work of displaying as a connected and harmonious whole the varied aspects, configuration, and physical phenomena of the globe. In his case we behold that rare union of lofty intellect and length of days which is essential to the accomplishment of great results in any work of literature which deals with either physical or historical science as a whole. In his 'Cosmos' and other works he has laid the foundation, and made a noble beginning, for a science of the physical universe, which succeeding ages will slowly carry forward. What is dark to us, will be plain to future generations; yet will their relative success only bring them into view of new mysteries and flaws of knowledge, of which we of the present day hardly dream. Karl Ritter is the other illustrious name which meets us in this department of science. His great work on "Geography in connection with the nature and history of Mankind," entitles him to be called the creator of scientic geography. No longer limiting the *rôle* of Geography to the gathering of isolated facts, and to presenting topographical descriptions, without deducing from them an import, he aimed at exhibiting everywhere the natural and intimate relation which exists between the earth and its inhabitants—making of Geography, in some degree, a physiology of the earth. Thus he too, like Humboldt, aspired to give to his work that character of universality which is becoming the feature of all the greatest scientific works of our age —which the educated public of all countries now most ardently craves, and which, though supremely difficult to accomplish, the vast expansion of knowledge in recent times renders in some degree attainable.

The last stage of knowledge is a map. The best way to clear up one's ideas on any subject, and the only way by which they can be generally diffused, is to reduce them to writing; but it is a vast stride beyond this to set them forth in a map. A map is as it were a pictorial algebra of knowledge. In the present day, the greatest triumph of science is to assume a popular form, and to communicate its facts in the mode most intelligible and attractive to the general public. Not only in physical, but in historical science, and in many other departments of knowledge, we have maps—in which, with various degrees of success, the accumulated facts are set forth visibly in little space, communicating, as it were instantaneously, knowledge which otherwise could only be attained by the perusal of a hundred volumes.

Looking first at works of simple geography, we may well admire the perfection to which the science and art of map-making has attained. From the time when the great conqueror, Sesostris, recorded the journeyings and campaigns of his victorious army in maps—of which he gave copies, says Eustathius, not only to the Egyptians, but to the Scythians also, to their great astonishment,—chartography has advanced slowly from age to age. The first attempt to determine the position of places and countries was by means of climate, as represented by the animals of the region: the limits of the torrid zone, for example, being marked by the delineation of negroes, and animals of large size, like the elephant and rhinoceros. The ancient Egyptians and Babylonians, however, invented a method of determining the latitudes of places — in other words, their distance from the equator— by observing the length of their longest and shortest days: which they did by erecting a gnomon upon a horizontal plan, and then measuring the length and shortness of the shadow, compared with the height of the gnomon. In the fourth century before Christ, the famous school of Alexandria gave a new impetus to geographical science. Timocharis and Aristillus (295 B.C.) established the position of certain stars, according to their

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longitude and latitude : by-and-by these calculations were transferred to the ecliptic : and finally, by an easy transition, Hipparchus determined the different points of the earth also according to their latitude and longitude, and thereby gave a solid basis to geography by uniting it to the unchanging data of astronomy. But even Ptolemy the geographer (who was not a king of Egypt, as many fancy him to have been), who lived in the second century after Christ, though he no longer believed that the earth was a plane, still adhered to the notion that it was the centre of the solar system, and that the sun and planets circled round it—an error which was not challenged till the day of Galileo. Coming down to less distant times, the famous chart of Mercator, published at Cologne in 1569, suffices to show what mighty changes alike in our knowledge of the earth and in the art of map-making have been accomplished since then. It was he—Gerard Mercator—who first demonstrated in his edition of Ptolemy the errors of the ancient system of geography, and introduced the modern mode of projecting maps. Modern geography dates from his time, and it is one of the honours of the Emperor Charles V. that he was a patron of this chartographic reformer. Coronelli and Mérian of Basle ably followed in his steps ; and Sanson in France (geographer to the King), Blaeum in Holland (a pupil of Tycho Brahe), and Buraeus in Sweden, still further advanced the science by attending to the details of maps,—for till their time little regard was paid to the exact distance between one place and another. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, by which time the greater part of the earth's surface had been explored, even the externals of maps became less bizarre ; and although mountain-chains were still represented by a series of isolated cocked hats, marine monsters, dolphins, and flying-fish are no longer seen disporting themselves among the islands which they are large enough to swallow. At length, towards the middle of last century, appeared two men—D'Anville and Busching — who may be styled the creators of scientific geography. D'Anville consecrated a long and tranquil life to the work of replacing the erroneous systems of former times by more accurate conceptions ; and his vast erudition and sound criticism gained for him the appellation of the French Ptolemy. He reformed mathematical geography. Busching devoted himself chiefly to historical geography, and the actual state of empires and nations. He had one advantage over D'Anville, in his knowledge of modern languages—an acquirement absolutely indispensable to a geographer of the highest class. Soon afterwards, our own Arrowsmith (the first of the name) distinguished himself by the excellence of his numerous maps ; and he has had a worthy successor in the Arrowsmith of the present day, whose works would have entitled him to a still higher rank if they were not somewhat disfigured owing to his inadequate knowledge of foreign languages.

At the present time, Berghaus of Potsdam, Kiepert of Berlin, and Stielet of Gotha, ably maintain the reputation of Germany in chartographic science ; Brué, Lapie, Dufour, and Malte-Brun the younger, with less originality, support the reputation of France. The Government maps of France are admirable, but all those which are the result of private enterprise are very indifferent. In our own country, Mr A. Keith Johnston holds a most distinguished place, and is a worthy rival of the most eminent chartographers of the Continent. His erudition is great, and could only have been acquired by an early concentration of his abilities upon the work which was to be the labour and honour of his life. A map, we have said, is the last stage of all knowledge : and this single expression implies how much toil and talent are requisite to make a good chartographer. Putting out

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of account his numerous lesser works, let any man of ordinary reflection turn over the pages of the 'Royal Atlas'* and the 'Physical Atlas,'† and he will not fail to be impressed with the magnitude of the labour, and the scientific and artistic ability requisite to their construction. Not hundreds but thousands of volumes and charts must have been carefully studied and compared in order to acquire the immense stock of knowledge which meets the eye in these beautiful maps. A good map is at once book and picture: and Mr Keith Johnston's maps come up to this high standard in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. Instead of the quaint sights which used to meet the eyes of our forefathers — instead of mountain-chains represented by cocked hats or molehills—towns and villages by church-like buildings, each covering an area of 50 or 60 miles—forests represented by trees each bigger than a town—rivers all running in straight courses, marked by double lines like roads, and as thick at the source as at the mouth,—instead of these things, we have now a mode of delineation at once scientifically correct and artistically beautiful. It is a difficult matter to increase the information contained in a map without producing confusion,—as may be illustrated by the "confusion worse confounded" into which the French topographical engineers, despite their great experience, fell in their first attempt to make a reduced copy of the great trigonometrical survey of France. But owing to the elaborate thought which Mr Johnston has given to chartography, combined with his fine taste, the very additional information which is crowded into his maps is so presented as to add beauty to the surface delineated. It was a happy device of his own, we believe, to colour all portions of the map which represent water—lakes, rivers, seas, and their names—in blue: a system which at once increases the distinctness, and enhances the pictorial effect of maps. Necessity, with him, has been the mother of many happy inventions. He has crowded an immense number of names of places into his maps, yet has ingeniously escaped confusion, and produced a pleasing effect, by employing varieties of clear type, by which the relative importance of towns, &c., is shown at a glance—aided also by the varying forms of the town-mark, which is round, square, or otherwise, according to the size and character of the place represented.

The 'Royal Atlas' represents the simple geography of the globe, and the kingdoms and other political areas into which it is divided. The 'Physical Atlas' completes the picture, and exhibits the varying configuration of the earth's surface, and the general phenomena both of land and sea. By an ingenious adaptation of lines and colours, we behold exhibited in clear relief the mountain-systems, the high table-lands, the low-lying plains, the great river-basins, the different areas of volcanic action, and the portions of each continent which are drained by one or other of the great oceans. The world of waters is similarly analysed. The ocean-currents, the natural highways of the deep, are clearly depicted — with the trade-winds — the equatorial belt of the great calm, bordered on either side by the region of the typhoons and other tropical hurricanes, with their circling courses from east to west, or from west to east, according as

* 'The Royal Atlas of Modern Geography.' In a Series of entirely Original and Authentic Maps. By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., Author of the 'Physical Atlas,' &c. With a complete Index of easy reference to each Map, comprising nearly 150,000 Places contained in this Atlas. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

† 'The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena.' By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E., &c., Geographer to the Queen for Scotland. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

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they lie to the north or south of the Line. In other plates we find the climate of the earth depicted: one map showing us, by the isothermal lines, the amount of heat and cold which pertains to each part of the earth's surface; and another, the relative amount of rain which falls in different parts of the world, as well as the rainless districts. Then also we have the vegetable productions of each country shown—the region of the cereals, of the cotton-plant, of tobacco, sugar-cane, palm-tree, &c.; and also the distribution of the leading species of the animal kingdom. Lastly, we have a map of the various races of men; and another, in which the population of the globe is exhibited in accordance with its various forms of religion. Thus, far more fully than we can describe, the leading phenomena of the globe are set before us at a glance — with a distinctness that leaves nothing to be desired, and with a pictorial effect that hitherto has been unattained.

M. de Plessis, in the preface to his New Geography, printed at Amsterdam in 1700, makes merry at the expense of the errors in geography committed by public men. Among others he tells us of an English ambassador who was at the Court of Rome in 1343, at the time when M. Bethancourt, a Frenchman, discovered the Canaries, then called, in memory of the classic legends, the "Fortunate Islands:" and Pope Clement VI. having made a grant of them under that name to the Count de Clermont—a prince of the blood-royal of France and Spain — the English ambassador, thinking there were no other fortunate islands but those of Great Britain, left Rome in disgust, and hastened to acquaint his King that the Pope had given away his dominions! He is equally merry at the expense of his own countrymen, and tells us that some of them, when they heard of a war about the *Pont Euxine*, wondered that one or other of the contending parties had not broken it down—fancying it was a bridge. Others, he says, when they heard of the Morea, took it to be the country of the Moors; others, again, when the talk of the day was about Genoa and Lucca, took these places for rich Italian ladies. He even mentions some others who wrote of ships sailing from the Caspian to the Euxine Sea, in utter ignorance of the fact that these seas have no communication with one another, and that there is a chain of mountains between them—a story that is more than equalled in later times by a wiseacre of our own Government, who, long after Bass Strait was discovered (1798), when a colonial officer wrote home urging the necessity of having a better means of communication between Australia and Van Diemen's Land, replied by asking, "Why not build a bridge?" And so imperfect was the chartography even of our own isles a few years ago, that we remember the astonishment produced by a paper read before the Royal Society of Scotland, by the late Mr Galbraith, in which that accomplished mathematician demonstrated that the charts of the Firth of Clyde were so erroneous that a ship which steered according to them would, at a certain part, have to pass over dry land! "Geography," said Burke, "is an earthly subject, but a heavenly study." It is now studied so widely, and comparatively so well, that errors like any of those above mentioned are out of date. But after all, we of the present day are no exception to the general rule that, in science, each generation laughs at its predecessor. We make merry with the ancients, and even with our medieval ancestors, for their systems of geography and bizarre beliefs; but terrestrial science still has oddities, if not monstrosities, enough to give ample verge for the ridicule of future times.

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TONY BUTLER.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.—IN LONDON.

SEEKING one's fortune is a very gambling sort of affair. It is leaving so much to chance—trusting so implicitly to what is called "luck," that it makes all individual exertion a merely secondary process—a kind of "auxiliary screw" to aid the gale of Fortune. It was pretty much in this spirit that Tony Butler arrived in London, nor did the aspect of that mighty sea of humanity serve to increase his sense of self-reliance. It was not merely his loneliness that he felt in that great crowd, but it was his utter inutility—his actual worthlessness — to all others. If the gamester's sentiment, to try his luck, was in his heart, it was the spirit of a very poor gambler, who had but one "throw" to risk on fortune; and thus thinking he set out for Downing Street.

If he was somewhat disappointed in the tumble-down ruinous old mass of building which held the state secrets of the empire, he was not the less awe-struck as he found himself at the threshold where the great men who guide empires were accustomed to pass in. With a bold effort he swung back the glass door of the inner hall and found himself in presence of a very well-whiskered, imposing-looking man, who, seated indolently in a deep arm-chair, was busily engaged in reading the 'Times.' A glance over the top of the paper was sufficient to assure this great official that it was not necessary to interrupt his perusal of the news on the stranger's account, and so he read on undisturbed.

"I have a letter here for Sir Harry Elphinstone," began Tony; "can I deliver it to him?"

"You can leave it in that rack yonder," said the other, pointing to a glass-case attached to the wall.

"But I wish to give it myself —with my own hand."

"Sir Harry comes down to the office at five, and, if your name is down for an audience, will see you after six."

"And if it is not down?"

"He won't see you, that's all." There was an impatience about the last words that implied he had lost his place in the newspaper, and wished to be rid of his interrogator.

"And if I leave my letter here, when shall I call for the answer?" asked Tony, diffidently.

"Any time from this to this day six weeks," said the other, with a wave of the hand to imply the audience was ended.

"What if I were to try his private residence?" said Tony.

"Eighty-one Park Lane," said the other aloud, while he mumbled over to himself the last line he had read, to recall his thoughts to the passage.

"You advise me then to go there?"

"Always cutting down, always slicing off something!" muttered the other, with his eyes on the paper. "'For the port-collector of Halliholulu three hundred and twenty pounds. Mr Scrudge moved as amendment that the vote be reduced by the sum of seventy-four pounds eighteen and sevenpence, being the amount of the collector's salary for the period of his absence from his post during the prevalence of the yellow fever on the coast. The honourable member knew a gentleman, whose name he was unwilling to mention publicly, but would have much pleasure in communicating confidentially to any honourable gentleman at either side of the House, who had passed several days at Haccamana, and never was

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attacked by any form of yellow fever.' That was a home thrust, eh?" cried the reader, addressing Tony. "Not such an easy thing to answer old Scrudge there?"

"I'm a poor opinion on such matters," said Tony, with humility; "but pray tell me, if I were to call at Park Lane——"

The remainder of his question was interrupted by the sudden start to his legs of the austere porter, as an effeminate-looking young man, with his hat set on one side, and a glass to his eye, swung wide the door, and walked up to the letter-rack.

"Only these, Willis?" said he, taking some half-dozen letters of various sizes.

"And this, sir," said the porter, handing him Tony's letter; "but the young man thinks he'd like to have it back;" while he added, in a low but very significant tone—"He's going to Park Lane with it himself."

The young gentleman turned round at this, and took a very leisurely survey of the man who contemplated a step of such rare audacity.

"He's from Ireland, Mr Damer," whispered the porter, with a half-kindly impulse to make an apology for such ignorance.

Mr Damer smiled faintly, and gave a little nod, as though to say that the explanation was sufficient; and again turned towards Tony.

"I take it that you know Sir Harry Elphinstone?" asked he.

"I never saw him; but he knew my father very well, and he'll remember my name."

"Knew your father! and in what capacity, may I ask?"

"In what capacity!" repeated Tony, almost fiercely.

"Yes; I mean, as what—on what relations did they stand to each other?"

"As schoolfellows at Westminster, where he fagged to my father; in the Grenadier Guards afterwards, where they served together; and, last of all, as correspondents, which they were for many years."

"Ah, yes," sighed the other, as though he had read the whole story, and a very painful story too, of change of fortune and ruined condition. "But still," continued he, "I'd scarcely advise your going to Park Lane. He don't like it. None of them like it!"

"Don't they?" said Tony, not even vaguely guessing at whose prejudices he was hinting, but feeling bound to say something.

"No, they don't," rejoined Mr Damer, in a half-confidential way. "There is such a deal of it—fellows who were in the same 'eleven' at Oxford, or widows of tutors, or parties who wrote books—I think they are the worst, but all are bores, immense bores! You want to get something, don't you?"

Tony smiled, as much at the oddity of the question, as in acquiescence.

"I ask," said the other, "because you'll have to come to me; I'm private secretary, and I give away nearly all the office patronage. Come up-stairs;" and with this he led the way up a very dirty staircase to a still dirtier corridor, off which a variety of offices opened, the open doors of which displayed the officials in all forms and attitudes of idleness—some asleep, some reading newspapers, some at luncheon—and two were sparring with boxing-gloves.

"Sir Harry writes the whole night through," said Mr Damer, "that's the reason these fellows have their own time of it now;" and with this bit of apology he ushered Tony into a small but comfortably-furnished room, with a great coal-fire in the grate, though the day was a sultry one in autumn.

Mr Skeffington Damer's first care was to present himself before a looking-glass, and arrange his hair, his whiskers, and his cravat; having done which he told Tony to be seated, and threw himself into a most comfortably padded arm-chair, with a writing-desk appended to one side of it.

"I may as well open your letter. It's not marked private, eh?"

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"Not marked private," said Tony, "but its contents are strictly confidential."

"But it will be in the waste-paper basket to-morrow morning, for all that," said Damer, with a pitying compassion for the other's innocence. "What is it you are looking for—what sort of thing?"

"I scarcely know, because I'm fit for so little; they tell me the colonies, Australia or New Zealand, are the places for fellows like me."

"Don't believe a word of it," cried Damer, energetically. "A man with any 'go' in him can do fifty thousand times better at home. You go some thousand miles away—for what? to crush quartz, or hammer limestone, or pump water, or carry mud in baskets, at a dollar, two dollars, five dollars, if you like, a-day, in a country where Dillon, one of our fellows that's under-secretary there, writes me word he paid thirty shillings for a pot of Yarmouth bloaters. It's a rank humbug all that about the colonies—take my word for it!"

"But what is there to be done at home, at least by one like *me*?"

"Scores of things: go on the Exchange—go in for a rise, go in for a fall. Take Peruvian Twelves—they're splendid—or Montezuman mining scrip. I did a little in Guatemalas last week, and I expect a capital return by next settling-day. If you think all this too gambling, get named Director of a company. There's the patent phosphorus blacking, will give fifty pounds for a respectable chairman; or write a novel, that's the easiest thing in life, and pays wonderfully,—Herd and Dashen give a thousand down, and double the money for each edition; and it's a fellow's own fault if it ain't a success. Then there's patent medicine and scene-painting—any one can paint a scene, all done with a great brush—this fashion; and you get up to fifteen, ay, twenty pounds a-week. By the way, are you active?"

"Tolerably so. Why do you ask?" said Tony, smiling at the impetuous incoherence of the other's talk.

"Just hold up this newspaper—so—not so high—there. Don't move; a very little to the right." So saying Mr Damer took three sofa-cushions, and placed them in a line on the floor; and then, taking off his coat and waistcoat, retired to a distant corner of the room. "Be steady, now; don't move," cried he; and then, with a brisk run, he dashed forward, and leaped head-foremost through the extended newspaper, but with so vigorous a spring as to alight on the floor a considerable distance in advance of the cushions, so that he arose with a bump on his forehead, and his nose bleeding.

"Admirably done! splendidly done!" cried Tony, anxious to cover the disaster by a well-timed applause.

"I never got so much as a scratch before," said Damer, as he proceeded to sponge his face. "I've done the clock and the coach-window at the Adelphi, and they all thought it was Salter. I could have five pounds a-night and a free benefit. Is it growing black around the eye? I hope it's not growing black around the eye?"

"Let me bathe it for you. By the way, have you any one here could manage to get you a little newly-baked dough? That's the boxers' remedy for a bruise. If I knew where to go, I'd fetch it myself."

Damer looked up from his bathing proceedings, and stared at the good-natured readiness of one so willing to oblige as not to think of the ridicule that might attach to his kindness. "My servant will go for it," said he; "just pull that bell, will you, and I'll send him. Is not it strange how I could have done this?" continued he, still bent on explaining away his failure; "what a nose I shall have to-morrow! Eh, what's that? It's Sir Harry's bell ringing away furiously! Was there ever the like of this! The only day he should have come for the last eight months!" The bell now continued to ring vio-

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lently, and Damer had nothing for it but to huddle on his coat and rush away to answer the summons.

Though not more than ten minutes absent, Tony thought the time very long; in reality, he felt anxious about the poor fellow, and eager to know that his disaster had not led to disgrace.

"Never so much as noticed it," said Damer—"was so full of other matters. I suspect," added he, in a lower tone—"I suspect we are going out."

"Out where?" asked Tony, with simplicity.

"Out of office, out of power," replied the other, half-testily; then added, in a more conciliatory voice, "I'll tell you why I think so. He began filling up all the things that are vacant. I have just named two colonial secretaries, a chief-justice, an auditor-general, and an inspector of convicts. I thought of that for *you*, and handed him your letter; but before he broke the seal he had filled up the place."

"So, then, he has read the letter?"

"Yes, he read it twice; and when I told him you were here in waiting, he said, 'Tell him not to go; I'll see him.'"

The thought of presenting himself bodily before the great man made Tony feel nervous and uncomfortable; and, after a few moments of fidgety uneasiness, he said—"What sort of person is he? what is he like?"

"Well," said Damer, who now stood over a basin, sponging his eye with cold water, "he's shy—very shy—but you'd never guess it; for he has a bold abrupt sort of way with him; and he constantly answers his own questions, and if the replies displease him, he grows irritable. You've seen men like that?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"Then it's downright impossible to say when he's in good humour with one, for he'll stop short in a laugh and give you such a pull up!"

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Tony.

"*I* can manage him! They say in the office I'm the only fellow that ever could manage him. There goes his bell—that's for you; wait here, however, till I come back."

Damer hurried away, but was back in a moment, and beckoned to Tony to follow him, which he did in a state of flurry and anxiety that a real peril would never have caused him.

Tony found himself standing in the minister's presence, where he remained for full a couple of minutes before the great man lifted his head and ceased writing. "Sit down," was the first salutation; and as he took a chair, he had time to remark the stern but handsome features of a large man somewhat past the prime of life, and showing in the lines of his face traces of dissipation as well as of labour.

"Are you the son of Watty Butler?" asked he, as he wheeled his chair from the table and confronted Tony.

"My father's name was Walter, sir," replied Tony, not altogether without resenting this tone of alluding to him.

"Walter! nothing of the kind; nobody ever called him anything but Watty, or Wat Tartar, in the regiment. Poor Watty! you are very like him—not so large—not so tall."

"The same height to a hair, sir."

"Don't tell me; Watty was an inch and half over you, and much broader in the chest. I think I ought to know; he has thrown me scores of times, wrestling, and I suspect it would puzzle *you* to do it."

Tony's face flushed; he made no answer, but in his heart of hearts he'd like to have had a trial.

Perhaps the great man expected some confirmation of his opinion, or perhaps he had his own doubts about its soundness; but whatever the reason, his voice was more peevish as he said, "I have read your mother's note, but for the life of me I cannot see what it points to. What has become of your father's fortune? he had something, surely."

"Yes, sir, he had a younger son's

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portion, but he risked it in a speculation—some mines in Canada—and lost it."

"Ay, and 'dipped' it too by extravagance! There's no need to tell me how he lived; there wasn't so wasteful a fellow in the regiment; he'd have exactly what he pleased, and spend how he liked. And what has it come to? ay, that's what I ask—what has it come to? His wife comes here with this petition—for it is a petition—asking—I'll be shot if I know what she asks."

"Then I'll tell you," burst in Tony; "she asks the old brother-officer of her husband—the man who in his letters called himself his brother—to befriend his son, and there's nothing like a petition in the whole of it."

"What! what! what! This is something I'm not accustomed to! You want to make friends, young man, and you must not begin by outraging the very few who might chance to be well disposed towards you."

Tony stood abashed and overwhelmed, his cheeks on fire with shame, but he never uttered a word.

"I have very little patronage," said Sir Harry, drawing himself up and speaking in a cold, measured tone; "the colonies appoint their own officials, with a very few exceptions. I could make you a Bishop or an Attorney-General, but I couldn't make you a Tide-waiter! What can you do? Do you write a good hand?"

"No, sir; it is legible, that's all."

"And, of course, you know nothing of French or German?"

"A little French; not a word of German, sir."

"I'd be surprised if you did. It is always when a fellow has utterly neglected his education that he comes to a government for a place. The belief apparently is, that the State supports a large institution of incapables, eh?"

"Perhaps there is that impression abroad," said Tony, defiantly.

"Well, sir, the impression, as you phrase it, is unfounded, I can affirm. I have already declared it in the House, that there is not a Government in Europe more ably, more honestly, or more zealously served than our own. We may not have the spirit of discipline of the French, or the bureaucracy of the Prussian; but we have a class of officials proud of the departments they administer; and, let me tell you, it's no small matter—very keen after retiring pensions."

Either Sir Harry thought he had said a smart thing, or that the theme suggested something that tickled his fancy, for he smiled pleasantly now on Tony, and looked far better tempered than before. Indeed, Tony laughed at the abrupt peroration, and that laugh did him no disservice.

"Well, now, Butler, what are we to do with you?" resumed the minister, good-humouredly. "It's not easy to find the right thing, but I'll talk it over with Damer. Give him your address, and drop in upon him occasionally—not too often, but now and then, so that he shouldn't forget you. Meanwhile, brush up your French and Italian. I'm glad you know Italian."

"But I do not, sir; not a syllable of the language."

"Oh, it was German, then; don't interrupt me. Indeed, let me take the occasion to impress upon you that you have this great fault of manners—a fault, I have remarked, prevalent among Irishmen, and which renders them excessively troublesome in the House, and brings them frequently under the reproof of the Speaker. If you read the newspapers you will have seen this yourself."

Second to a censure of himself, the severest thing for poor Tony to endure was any sneer at his countrymen; but he made a great effort to remain patient, and did not utter a word.

"Mind," resumed the minister, "don't misunderstand me. I do not say that your countrymen are deficient in quickness and a certain ready-witted way of meeting emer-

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gencies. Yes, they have that as well as some other qualities of the same order, but these things won't make statesmen. This was an old battle-ground between your father and myself thirty years ago. Strange to think I should have to fight over the same question with his son now."

Tony did not exactly perceive what was his share in the conflict, but he still kept silence.

"Your father was a clever fellow, too, and he had a brother—a much cleverer, by the way—there's the man to serve you—Sir Omerod Butler. He's alive, I know, for I saw his pension certificate not a week ago. Have you written to him?"

"No, sir. My father and my uncle were not on speaking terms for years, and it is not likely I would appeal to Sir Omerod for assistance."

"The quarrel, or coolness, or whatever it was, might have been the fault of your father."

"No, sir, it was not."

"Well, with that I have no concern. All that I know is, your uncle is a man of a certain influence—at least with his own party—which is not ours. He is, besides, rich; an old bachelor, too, if I'm not mistaken; and so, it might be worth the while of a young fellow who has his way to make in life to compromise a little of his family pride."

"I don't think so; I won't do it," broke in Tony, hotly. "If you have no other counsel to give me than one you never would have given to my father, all I have to say is, I wish I had spared myself the trouble, and my poor mother the cost, of this journey."

If the great man's wrath was moved by the insolent boldness of the first part of this speech, the vibrating voice and the emotion that accompanied the last words touched him, and, going over to where the young man stood, he laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said, "You'll have to keep this warm temper of yours in more subjection, Butler, if you want to get on in life. The advice I gave you was very worldly, perhaps; but when you live to be my age, such will be the temper in which you'll come to consider most things. And, after all," said he, with a smile, "you're only the more like your father for it! Go away, now; look up your decimals, your school classics, and such-like, to be ready for the Civil Service people, and come back here in a week or so—let Damer know where to find you," were the last words, as Tony retired and left the room.

"Well, what success?" cried Damer, as Tony entered his room.

"I can scarcely tell you, but this is what took place;" and he recounted, as well as memory would serve him, all that had happened.

"Then it's all right—you are quite safe," said Damer.

"I don't see that, particularly as there remains this examination."

"Humbug, nothing but humbug! They only pluck the 'swells,' the fellows who have taken a double-first at Oxford. No, no, you're as safe as a church; you'll get—let me see what it will be—you'll get the Postmastership of the Bahamas; or be Deputy Coal-meter at St Helena; or who knows if he'll not give you that thing he exchanged for t'other day with F. O. It's a Consul's place, at Trincolopolis. It was Cole of the Blues had it, and he died; and there are four widows of his now claiming the pension. Yes, that's where you'll go, rely on't. There's the bell again. Write your address large, very large, on that sheet of paper, and I'll send you word when there's anything up."

CHAPTER VI.—DOLLY STEWART.

Tony's first care, when he got back to his hotel, was to write to his mother. He knew how great her impatience would be to hear

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of him, and it was a sort of comfort to himself, in his loneliness, to sit down and pour out his hopes and his anxieties before one who loved him. He told her of his meeting with the minister, and by way of encouragement mentioned what Damer had pronounced upon that event. Nor did he forget to say how grateful he felt to Damer, who, "after all, with his fine-gentleman airs and graces, might readily have turned a cold shoulder to a rough-looking fellow like me."

Poor Tony! in his friendlessness he was very grateful for very little. Nor is there anything which is more characteristic of destitution than this sentiment. It is as with the schoolboy, who deems himself rich with a half-crown!

Tony would have liked much to make some inquiry about the family at the Abbey; whether any one had come to ask after or look for him; whether Mrs Trafford had sent down any books for his mother's reading, or any fresh flowers—the only present which the widow could be persuaded to accept; but he was afraid to touch on a theme that had so many painful memories to himself. Ah, what happy days he had passed there! what a bright dream it all appeared now to look back on! The long rides along the shore, with Alice for his companion, more free to talk with him, less reserved than Isabella; and who could, on the pretext of her own experiences of life—she was a widow of two-and-twenty—caution him against so many pitfalls, and guard him against so many deceits of the world. It was in this same quality of widow, too, that she could go out to sail with him alone, making long excursions along the coast, diving into bays, and landing on strange islands, giving them curious names as they went, and fancying that they were new voyagers on unknown seas.

Were such days ever to come back again? No, he knew they could not. They never do come back, even to the luckiest of us; and how far less would be our enjoyment of them if we but knew that each fleeting moment could never be reacted! "I wonder, is Alice lonely? Does she miss me? Isabella will not care so much. She has books and her drawing, and she is so self-dependent; but Alice, whose cry was, 'Where's Tony?' till it became a jest against her in the house. Oh, if she but knew how I envy the dog that lies at her feet, and that can look up into her soft blue eyes, and wonder what she is thinking of! Well, Alice, it has come at last. Here is the day you so long predicted. I have set out to seek my fortune, but where is the high heart and the bold spirit you promised me? I have no doubt," cried he, as he paced his room impatiently, "there are plenty who would say, it is the life of luxurious indolence and splendour that I am sorrowing after—that it is to be a fancied great man—to have horses to ride, and servants to wait on me, and my every wish gratified,—it is all this I am regretting. But *I* know better! I'd be as poor as ever I was, and consent never to be better, if she'd just let me see her, and be with her, and love her, to my own heart, without ever telling her. And now the day has come that makes all these bygones!"

It was with a choking feeling in his throat almost hysterical that he went down-stairs and into the street to try and walk off his gloomy humour. The great city was now before him—a very wide and a very noisy world—with abundance to interest and attract him, had his mind been less intent on his own future fortunes; but he felt that every hour he was away from his poor mother was a pang, and every shilling he should spend would be a privation to her. Heaven only could tell by what thrift and care and time she had laid by the few pounds he had carried away to pay his journey! As his eye fell upon the tempting objects of the shop-windows, every moment displaying something he would have liked to have brought

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back to her—that nice warm shawl—that pretty clock for her mantelpiece—that little vase for her flowers; how he despised himself for his poverty, and how meanly he thought of a condition that made him a burden where he ought to have been a benefit. Nor was the thought the less bitter that it reminded him of the wide space that separated him from her he had dared to love! "It comes to this," cried he bitterly to himself, "that I have no right to be here; no right to do anything, or think of anything that I have done. Of the thousands that pass me, there is not, perhaps, one the world has not more need of than of me! Is there even one of all this mighty million that would have a kind word for me, if they knew the heavy heart that was weighing me down?" At this minute he suddenly thought of Dolly Stewart, the Doctor's daughter, whose address he had carefully taken down from his mother, at Mr Alexander M'Gruder's, 4 Inverness Terrace, Richmond.

It would be a real pleasure to see Dolly's good-humoured face, and hear her merry voice, instead of those heavy looks and busy faces that addled and confused him; and so, as much to fill up his time as to spare his purse, he set out to walk to Richmond.

With whatever gloom and depression he began his journey, his spirits rose as he gained the outskirts of the town, and rose higher and higher as he felt the cheering breezes and the perfumed air that swept over the rich meadows at either side of him. It was, besides, such a luxuriant aspect of country as he had never before seen nor imagined—fields cultivated like gardens, trim hedgerows, ornamental trees, picturesque villas on every hand. How beautiful it all seemed, and how happy! Was not Dolly a lucky girl to have her lot thrown in such a paradise? How enjoyable she must find it all!—she whose good spirits knew always how "to take the most out of" whatever was pleasant. How he pictured her delight in a scene of such loveliness!

"That's Inverness Terrace yonder," said a policeman, of whom he inquired the way—"that range of small houses you see there," and he pointed to a trim-looking row of cottage-houses on a sort of artificial embankment which elevated them above the surrounding buildings, and gave a view of the Thames as it wound through the rich meadows beneath. They were neat with that English neatness which at once pleases and shocks a foreign eye—the trim propriety that loves comfort, but has no heart for beauty. Thus each was like his neighbour: the very jalousies were painted the same colour; and every ranunculus in one garden had his brother in the next. No. 4 was soon found, and Tony rang the bell and inquired for Miss Stewart.

"She's in the school-room with the young ladies," said the woman-servant; "but if you'll step in and tell me your name, I'll send her to you."

"Just say that I have come from her own neighbourhood; or, better, say Mr Tony Butler would be glad to see her." He had scarcely been a moment in the neat but formal-looking front parlour, when a very tall, thin, somewhat severe-looking lady—not old, nor yet young—entered, and, without any salutation, said, "You asked for Miss Stewart, sir—are you a relative of hers?"

"No, madam. My mother and Miss Stewart's father are neighbours and very old friends; and being by accident in London, I desired to see her, and bring back news of her to the Doctor."

"At her father's request, of course?"

"No, madam; I cannot say so, for I left home suddenly, and had no time to tell him of my journey."

"Nor any letter from him?"

"None, madam."

The thin lady pursed up her parched lips, and bent her keen, cold eyes on the youth, who really felt his cheek grow hot under the

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scrutiny. He knew that his confession did not serve to confirm his position; and he heartily wished himself out of the house again.

"I think, then, sir," said she, coldly, "it will serve every purpose if I inform *you*, that Miss Stewart is well; and if I tell *her*, that you were kind enough to call and ask after her."

"I'm sure you are right, madam," said he hurriedly, moving towards the door, for already he felt as if the ground was on fire beneath him —"quite right; and I'll tell the Doctor that though I didn't see Miss Dora, she was in good health, and very happy."

"I didn't say anything about her happiness that I remember, sir; but as I see her now passing the door, I may leave that matter to come from her own lips. Miss Stewart," cried she, louder, "there is a gentleman here, who has come to inquire after you." A very pale but nicely-featured young girl, wearing a cap—her hair had been lately cut short in a fever—entered the room, and, with a sudden flush that made her positively handsome, held out her hand to young Butler, saying, "Oh, Tony, I never expected to see you here! how are all at home?"

Too much shocked at the change in her appearance to speak, Tony could only mumble out a few broken words about her father.

"Yes," cried she, eagerly, "his last letter says that he rides old Dobbin about just as well as ever; perhaps it is, says he, that having both of us grown old together, we bear our years with more tolerance to each other; but won't you sit down, Tony? you're not going away till I have talked a little with you."

"Is the music lesson finished, Miss Stewart?" asked the thin lady, sternly.

"Yes, ma'am, we have done everything but sacred history."

"Everything but the one important task, you might have said, Miss Stewart; but, perhaps, you are not now exactly in the temperament to resume teaching for to-day; and, as this young gentleman's mission is apparently to report, not only on your health, but your happiness, I shall leave you a quarter of an hour to give him his instructions."

"I hate that woman," muttered Tony, as the door closed after her.

"No, Tony, she's not unkind; but she doesn't exactly see the world the way you and I used long ago. What a great big man you have grown!"

"And what a fine tall girl, you! And I used to call you a stump."

"Ay, there were few compliments wasted between us in those days; but weren't they happy!"

"Do you remember them all, Dolly?"

"Every one of them—the climbing the big cherry-tree the day the branch broke, and we both fell into the melon-bed; the hunting for eels under the stones in the river—wasn't that rare sport? and going out to sea in that leaky little boat, that I'd not have courage to cross the Thames in now!—oh, Tony, tell me, you never were so jolly since?"

"I don't think I was; and what's worse, Dolly, I doubt if I ever shall be."

The tone of deep despondency of these words went to her heart, and her lip trembled as she said—

"Have you had any bad news of late? is there anything gone wrong with you?"

"No, Dolly, nothing new, nothing strange, nothing beyond the fact, that I have been staring at, though I did not see it, three years back, that I am a great hulking idle dog, of no earthly use to himself or to anybody else. However, I *have* opened my eyes to it at last, and here I am, come to seek my fortune, as we used to say long ago, which, after all, seems a far nicer thing in a fairy book than when reduced to a fact."

Dolly gave a little short cough, to cover a faint sigh which escaped her, for she, too, knew something about seeking her fortune, and that the search was not always a success.

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"And what are you thinking of doing, Tony?" asked she, eagerly.

"Like all lazy good-for-nothings, I begin by begging; that is to say, I have been to a great man this morning who knew my father, to ask him to give me something—to make me something."

"A soldier, I suppose?"

"No; mother won't listen to that. She's so indignant about the way they treated my poor father about that good-service pension—one of a race that has been pouring out their blood like water for three centuries back—that she says she'd not let me accept a commission if it were offered to me, without it came coupled with a full apology for the wrong done my father; and as I am too old for the navy, and too ignorant for most other things, it will push all the great man's ingenuity very close to find out the corner to suit me."

"They talk a deal about Australia, Tony; and, indeed, I sometimes think I'd like to go there myself. I read in the 'Times' t'other day that a dairymaid got as much as forty-six pounds a-year and her board; only fancy, forty-six pounds a-year! Do you know," added she, in a cautious whisper, "I have only eighteen pounds here, and was in rare luck too, they say, to get it."

"What if we were to set out together, Dolly?" said he, laughing; but a deep scarlet flush covered her face, and though she tried to laugh too, she had to turn her head away, for the tears were in her eyes.

"But how could *you* turn dairymaid, Dolly?" cried he, half reproachfully.

"Just as well, or rather better, than *you* turn shepherd or gold-digger. As to mere labour, it would be nothing; as to any loss of condition, I'd not feel it, and therefore not suffer it."

"Oh, I have no snobbery myself about working with my hands," added he, hastily; "heaven help me if I had, for my head wouldn't keep me; but a girl's bringing-up is so different from a boy's; she oughtn't to do anything menial out of her own home."

"We ought all of us just to do our best, Tony, and what leaves us less of a burden to others—that's my reading of it; and when we do that we'll have a quiet conscience, and that's something that many a rich man couldn't buy with all his money."

"I think it's the time for the children's dinner, Miss Stewart," said the grim lady, entering. "I am sorry it should cut short an interview so interesting."

A half-angry reply rose to Tony's lips, when a look from Dora stopped him, and he stammered out—

"May I call and see you again before I go back?"

"When *do* you go back, young gentleman?" asked the thin lady.

"That's more than I can tell. This week if I can; next week if I must."

"If you'll write me a line then, and say what day it would be your convenience to come down here, I will reply, and state whether it will be Miss Stewart's and mine to receive you."

"Come at all events," said Dora, in a low voice, as they shook hands and parted.

"Poor Dolly!" muttered he, as he went his way towards town. "What between the pale cheeks, and the cropped hair, and the odious cap, I'd never have known her!" He suddenly heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and turning he saw her running towards him at full speed.

"You had forgotten your cane, Tony," said she, half breathless, "and I knew it was an old favourite of yours, and you'd be sorry to think it was lost. Tell me one thing," cried she, and her cheek flushed even a deeper hue than the exercise had given it, "could you—would you be a clerk—in a merchant's office, I mean?"

"Why do you ask me, Dolly?" said he, for her eager and anxious face directed all his solicitude from himself to her.

"If you only would, and could,

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Tony," continued she, "write. No; make papa write me a line to say so. There, I have no time for more; I have already done enough to secure me a rare lesson when I get back. Don't come here again."

She was gone before he could answer her; and with a heavier heart, and a very puzzled head, he resumed his road to London, "Don't come here again" ringing in his head as he went.

CHAPTER VII.—LYLE ABBEY AND ITS GUESTS.

The company at Lyle Abbey saw very little of Maitland for some days after his arrival: he never appeared of a morning, he only once came down to dinner; his pretext was indifferent health, and Mark showed a disposition to quarrel with any one who disputed it. Not, indeed, that the squirearchy then present were at all disposed to regret Maitland's absence. They would infinitely rather have discussed his peculiarities in secret committee than meet himself in open debate. It was not very easy to say why they did not like him, but such was the fact. It was not that he overbore them by any species of assumption; he neither took on him airs of superior station nor of superior knowledge; he was neither insolent nor haughty; nor was he even, what sometimes is not less resented, careless and indifferent. His manner was a sort of middle term between popularity-seeking and inattention. The most marked trait in it was one common enough in persons who have lived much on the Continent—a great preference for the society of ladies, making him almost ignore or avoid the presence of the men around him. Not that Maitland was what is called *petit maître;* there was not any of that flippant prettiness which is supposed to have its fascination for the sex; he was quiet without any touch of over-seriousness, very respectful, and, at the same time, with an insinuated friendliness as though the person he talked to was one selected for especial cordiality; and there was a sort of tender languor, too, about him, that implied some secret care in his heart, of which each who listened to his conversation was sure to fancy that she was, one day, to become the chosen depositary.

"Do you know, Bella," said Mrs Trafford, as they sat together at the fire in her dressing-room, "I shall end by half-liking him."

"I haven't got that far, Alice, though I own that I am less in dread of him than I was. His superiority is not so crushing as I feared it might be; and, certainly, if he be the Admirable Crichton Mark pretends he is, he takes every possible pains to avoid all display of it."

"There may be some impertinence in that," said the other. "Did you remark how he was a week here before he as much as owned he knew anything of music, and listened to our weary little ballads every evening without a word? and last night, out of pure caprice, as it seemed, he sits down, and sings song after song of Verdi's difficult music, with a tenor that reminds one of Mario."

"And which has quite convinced old Mrs Maxwell that he is a professional, or, as she called it, 'a singing man.'"

"She would call him a sketching man, if she saw the caricature he made of herself in the pony carriage, which he tore up the moment he showed to me."

"One thing is clear, Alice—he means that we should like him; but he is too clever to set about it in any vulgar spirit of captivation."

"That is, he seeks regard for personal qualities rather more than admiration for his high gifts of intellect. Well, up to this, it is his cleverness that I like."

"What puzzles me is why he ever came here. He is asked about everywhere, has all manner of great

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houses open to him, and stores of fine people, of whose intimacy you can see he is proud, and yet he comes down to a dull country place in a dull county; and, stranger than all, he seems to like it."

"John Hunter says it is debt," said Mrs Trafford.

"Mark Fortescue hints that a rich and handsome widow has something to say to it."

"Paul M'Clintock declares that he saw your picture by Ary Scheffer in the Exhibition, and fell madly in love with it, Bella."

"And old Colonel Orde says that he is intriguing to get in for the borough of Coleraine; that he saw him in the garden t'other morning with a list of the electors in his hand."

"My conjecture is, that he is intolerably bored everywhere, and came down here to try the effects of a new mode of the infliction that he had never experienced before. What else would explain a project I heard him arrange for this morning,—a walk with Beck Graham!"

"Yes, I was in the window when he asked her where she usually went in those wanderings over the fern hills, with that great umbrella; and she told him to visit an old lady—a Mrs Butler—who had been a dear friend of her mother's; and then he said, 'I wish you'd take me with you. I have a positive weakness for old ladies;' and so the bargain was struck, that they were to go to the cottage to-day together."

"Beck, of course, fancying that it means a distinct avowal of attention to herself."

"And her sister, Sally, very fully persuaded that Maitland is a suitor for her hand, and cunningly securing Beck's good offices before he risks a declaration."

"Sally already believes that Mark is what she calls 'landed;' and she gave me some pretty broad hints about the insufferable pretensions of younger sons, to which class she consigns him."

"And Beck told me yesterday, in confidence, that Tony had been sent away from home by his mother, as the last resource against the consequences of his fatal passion for her."

"Poor Tony," sighed the young widow, "he never thought of her."

"Did he tell you as much, Alice?" said her sister, slyly.

"No, dear; it is the one subject—I mean love in any shape—that we never discussed. The poor boy confessed to me all his griefs about his purposeless, idle life, his mother's straitened fortune, and his uncle's heartless indifference; everything, in short, that lay heavily on his heart."

"Everything but the heaviest, Alice," said the other, smiling.

"Well, if he had opened that sorrow, I'd have heard him without anger; I'd have honestly told him it was a very vain and fruitless pursuit. But still my own heart would have declared to me, that a young fellow is all the better for some romance of this kind—that it elevates motives and dignifies actions, and, not least of all advantages, makes him very uncompanionable for creatures of mere dissipation and excess."

"But that, of course, you were merely objective the while—the source from which so many admirable results were to issue, and never so much as disturbed by the breath of his attachment. Isn't that so?"

"I'd have said, You're a very silly boy if you imagine that anything can come of all this."

"And if he were to ask for the reason, and say, Alice, are you not your own mistress—rich—free to do whatever you incline to do? Why should you call me a fool for loving you?"

"Take my word for it, Bella, he'll never risk the answer he'd be sure to meet to such a speech," said the other, haughtily; and Isabella, who felt a sort of awe of her sister at certain moments, desisted from the theme. "Look! yonder they go, Maitland and Rebecca, not exactly arm-in-arm, but with bent-down

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heads, and that propinquity that implies close converse."

"I declare I feel quite jealous—I mean on your account, Bella," said Mrs Trafford.

"Never mind *my* interests in the matter, Alice," said she, reddening; "it is a matter of the most complete indifference to me with whom he walks or talks. Mr Norman Maitland is not to me one whit more of consequence than is Tony Butler to my sister."

"That's a confession, Bella—a confession wrung out of a hasty moment; for Tony certainly likes *me*, and *I* know it."

"Well, then, the cases are not similar, for Mr Maitland does not care for me; or if he does, I don't know it, nor do I want to know it."

"Come, darling, put on your shawl, and let us have a breezy walk on the cliffs before the day darkens; neither of these gentlemen are worth the slightest estrangement between such sisters as we are. Whether Tony likes me or not, don't steal him from me, and I'll promise you to be just as loyal with regard to the other. How I'd like to know what they are talking of there!"

As it is not impossible the reader may in some slight degree participate in the fair widow's sentiment, we mean to take up the conversation just as it reached the time in which the remark was applied to it. Miss Becky Graham was giving her companion a sketchy description of all the persons then at the Abbey, not taking any especial care to be epigrammatic or picturesque, but to be literal and truthful.

"Mrs Maxwell—an old horror—tolerated just because she owns Tilney Park, and can leave it to whom she likes; and the Lyles hope it will fall to Mark, or possibly to Bella. They stand to win on either."

"And which is the favourite?" asked Maitland, with a faint smile.

"You'd like to think Isabella," said Miss Becky, with a sharp piercing glance to read his thoughts at an unguarded moment, if he had such, "but she is not. Old aunt Maxwell—she's as much your aunt as theirs—detests girls, and has, I actually believe, thoughts of marrying again. By the way, you said you wanted money—why not 'go in' there? eight thousand a-year in land, real estate, and a fine old house with some great timber around it."

"I want to pay my old debts, not incur new ones, my dear Miss Graham."

"I'm not your dear Miss Graham—I'm Beck, or Becky, or I'm Miss Rebecca Graham, if you want to be respectful. But what do you say to the Maxwell handicap? I could do you a good turn there: she lets me say what I please to her."

"I'd rather you'd give me that privilege with yourself, charming Rebecca."

"Don't, I say; don't try that tiresome old dodge of mock flattery. I'm not charming, any more than you are honest or straightforward. Let us be on the square—do you understand that? of course you do. Whom shall I trot out next for you?—for the whole lot shall be disposed of without any reserve. Will you have Sir Arthur, with his tiresome Indian stories, enhanced to himself by all the lacs of rupees that are associated with them? Will you have the gay widow, who married for pique, and inherited a great fortune by a blunder? Will you have Isabella, who is angling for a coronet, but would not refuse *you* if you are rich enough? Will you have that very light dragoon, who thinks 'ours' the standard for manners in Europe?—or the two elder brothers, grey-headed, pale-faced, husky-voiced civil servants, working hard to make a fortune in advance of a liver complaint? Say the 'number,' and the animal shall be led out for inspection."

"After all, it is scarcely fair in me to ask it, for I don't come as a buyer."

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"Well, if you have a taste for that sort of thing—are we out of sight of the windows?—if so, let me have a cigarette like that you have there. I haven't smoked for five months. Oh! isn't it a pleasure?"

"Tell me about Mrs Butler—who is she?"

"She is Mrs Butler: and her husband, when he was alive, was Colonel Butler, militarily known as Wat Tartar; he was a terrible pipeclay; and her son Tony is the factotum at the Abbey; or rather he was, till Mark told him to shave a poodle, or singe a pony, or paint a wheelbarrow—I forget; but I know it was something he had done once out of good-humour, and the hussar creature fancied he'd make him do it again through an indignity."

"And he—I mean Butler—stands upon being a gentleman?"

"I should think he does; is not his birth good?"

"Certainly; the Butlers are of an old stock."

"They talk of an uncle, Sir Ramrod—it isn't Ramrod, but it's like it—a tiresome old fellow, who was envoy at Naples, and who married, I believe, a ballet-dancer, and who might leave Tony all his fortune, if he liked—which he doesn't."

"Having no family of his own?" asked Maitland, as he puffed his cigar.

"None; but that doesn't matter, for he has turned Jesuit, and will leave everything to the sacred something or other in Rome. I've heard all that from old Widow Butler, who has a perfect passion for talking of her amiable brother-in-law, as she calls him. She hates him—always did hate him—and taught Tony to hate him; and with all that it was only yesterday she said to me that perhaps she was not fully justified in sending back unopened two letters he had written to her—one after the loss of some Canadian bonds of hers, which got rumoured abroad in the newspapers; the other was on Tony's coming of age; and she said, 'Becky, I begin to suspect that I had no right to carry my own unforgiveness to the extent of an injury to my boy—tell me what you would do.'"

"And what was your answer?"

"I'd have made it up with the old swell. I'd say, Is not this boy more to you than all those long-petticoated tonsured humbugs, who can always cheat some one or other out of an inheritance? I'd say, Look at him, and you'll fancy it's Walter telling you that he forgives you."

"If he be like most of his order, Miss Becky, he'd only smile at your appeal," said Maitland, coldly.

"Well, I'd not let it be laughing matter with him, I can tell you; stupid wills are broken every day of the week, and I don't think the Jesuits are in such favour in England that a jury would decide for them against an English youth of the kith and kin of the testator."

"You speak cleverly, Miss Graham, and you show that you know all the value that attaches to popular sympathy in the age we live in."

"And don't you agree with me?"

"Ah, there's a deal to be said on each side."

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't say it. There—no—more to the left—there, where you see the blue smoke rising over the rocks—there stands the widow's cottage. I don't know how she endures the loneliness of it. Could *you* face such a life?"

"A double solitude—what the French call an '*egoisme à deux*'—is not so insupportable. In fact, it all depends upon 'the partner with whom we share our isolation.'" He threw a tone of half tenderness into the words that made them very significant, and Rebecca gave him one of her quick sudden glances with which she often read a secret motive. This time, however, she failed. There was nothing in that sallow but handsome face that revealed a clue to anything.

"I'll have to ask Mrs Butler's leave before I present you," said she, suddenly.

"Of course, I'll await her permission."

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"The chances are she'll say no; indeed, it is all but certain she will."

"Then I must resign myself to patience and a cigar till you come out again," said he, calmly.

"Shall I say that there's any reason for your visit? Do you know any Butlers, or have you any relationship, real or pretended, with the family, that would make a pretext for coming to see her?"

Had Miss Graham only glanced as keenly at Maitland's features now as she had a few moments back, she might have seen a faint—a very faint flush cross his cheek, and then give way to a deep paleness. "No," said he, coldly, "I cannot pretend the shadow of a claim to her acquaintance, and I can scarcely presume to ask you to present me as a friend of your own, except in the common acceptation given to the word."

"Oh, I'll do that readily enough. Bless your heart, if there was anything to be gained by it I'd call you my cousin, and address you as Norman all the time of the visit."

"If you but knew how the familiarity would flatter me, particularly were I to return it!"

"And call *me* Becky—I hope! Well, you *are* a cool hand!"

"My friends are in the habit of amusing themselves with my diffidence and my timidity."

"They must be very ill off for a pastime, then. I used to think Mark Lyle bad enough, but his is a blushing bashfulness compared to yours."

"You only see me in my struggle to overcome a natural defect, Miss Graham—just as a coward assumes the bully to conceal his poltroonery; you regard in me the mock audacity that strives to shroud a most painful modesty."

She looked full at him for an instant, and then burst into a loud and joyful fit of laughter, in which he joined without the faintest show of displeasure. "Well, I believe you are good-tempered," said she, frankly.

"The best in the world; I am very seldom angry; I never bear malice."

"Have you any other good qualities?" asked she, with a slight mockery in her voice.

"Yes—many: I am trustful to the verge of credulity; I am generous to the limits of extravagance; I am unswerving in my friendships, and without the taint of a single selfishness in all my nature."

"How nice that is! or how nice it must be!"

"I could grow eloquent over my gifts, if it were not that my bashfulness might embarrass me."

"Have you any faults?"

"I don't think so; at least I can't recall any."

"Nor failings?"

"Failings! perhaps," said he, dubiously; "but they are, after all, mere weaknesses,—such as a liking for splendour—a love of luxury generally—a taste for profusion, a sort of regal profusion, in daily life, which occasionally jars with my circumstances, making me, not irritable—I am never irritable—but low-spirited and depressed."

"Then, from what you have told me, I think I'd better say to Mrs Butler that there's an angel waiting outside who is most anxious to make her acquaintance."

"Do so; and add, that he'll fold his wings, and sit on this stone, till you come to fetch him."

"*Au revoir*, Gabriel, then," said she, passing in at the wicket, and taking her way through the little garden.

Maitland sat discussing in his own mind the problem how far Alcibiades was right or wrong in endeavouring to divert the world from any criticism of himself by a certain alteration in his dog's tail, rather opining that in our day, at least, the wiser course would have been to avoid all comment whatsoever,—the imputation of an eccentricity being only second to the accusation of a crime. With the Greeks of that day the false scent was probably a success; with the English

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of ours, the real wisdom is not to be hunted. "Oh, if it were all to be done again, how very differently I should do it!"

"Indeed, and in what respect?" said a voice behind his shoulder. He looked up and saw Beck Graham gazing on him with something of interest in her expression. "How so?" cried she again. Not in the slightest degree discomposed or flurried, he lay lazily back on the sward, and, drawing his hand over his eyes to shade them from the sun, said, in a half-languid weary tone, "If it were to do again, I'd go in for happiness."

"What do you mean by happiness?"

"What we all mean by it: an organised selfishness, that draws a close cordon round our home, and takes care to keep out, so far as possible, duns, bores, fevers, and fashionable acquaintances. By the way, is your visit ended, or will she see me?"

"Not to-day. She hopes to-morrow to be able. She asks if you are of the Maitlands of Gillie—Gillie, not 'Crankie,' but a sound like it—and if your mother's name was Janet."

"And I trust, from the little you know of me, you assured her it could not," said he, calmly.

"Well, I said that I knew no more of your family than all the rest of us up at the Abbey, who have been sifting all the Maitlands in the three kingdoms, in the hope of finding you."

"How flattering! and, at the same time, how vain a labour! The name came to me with some fortune. I took it as I'd have taken a more ill-sounding one, for money! Who wouldn't be baptised in bank stock? I hope it's not on the plea of my mother being Janet, that she consents to receive me?"

"She hopes you are Lady Janet's son, and that you have the Maitland eyes, which it seems are dark, and a something in their manner which she assures me was especially captivating."

"And for which, I trust, you vouched?"

"Yes. I said you were a clever sort of person, that could do a number of things well, and that I for one didn't quarrel with your vanity or conceit, but thought them rather good fun."

"So they are! and we'll laugh at them together," said he, rising, and preparing to set out. "What a blessing to find one that really understands me! I wish to heaven that you were not engaged!"

"And who says I am?" cried she, almost fiercely.

"Did I dream it? Who knows? The fact is, my dear Miss Becky, we do talk with such a rare freedom to each other, it is pardonable to mix up one's reveries with his actual information. How do you call that ruin yonder?"

"Dunluce."

"And that great bluff beyond it?"

"Fairhead."

"I'll take a long walk to-morrow, and visit that part of the coast."

"You are forgetting you are to call on Mrs Butler."

"So I was. At what hour are we to be here?"

"There is no question of 'we' in the matter; your modesty must make its advances alone."

"You are not angry with me, carissima Rebecca?"

"Don't think that a familiarity is less a liberty because it is dressed in a foreign tongue."

"But it would 'out;' the expression forced itself from my lips in spite of me, just as some of the sharp things you have been saying to me were perfectly irrepressible."

"I suspect you like this sort of sparring?"

"Delight in it."

"So do I. There's only one condition I make: whenever you mean to take off the gloves, and intend to hit out hard, that you'll say so before. Is that agreed?"

"It's a bargain."

She held out her hand frankly, and he took it as cordially; and in

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a hearty squeeze the compact was ratified.

"Shall I tell you," said she, as they drew nigh the Abbey, "that you are a great puzzle to us all here? We none of us can guess how so great a person as yourself should condescend to come down to such an out-o'-the-world spot, and waste his fascinations on such dull company."

"Your explanation, I'll wager, was the true one: let me hear it."

"I called it eccentricity; the oddity of a man who had traded so long in oddity that he grew to be inexplicable, even to himself, and that an Irish country house was one of the few things you had not 'done,' and that you were determined to 'do' it."

"There was that, and something more," said Maitland, thoughtfully.

"The 'something more' being, I take it, the whole secret."

"As you read me like a book, Miss Rebecca, all I ask is, that you'll shut the volume when you've done with it, and not talk over it with your literary friends."

"It is not my way," said she, half pettishly; and they reached the door as she spoke.

CHAPTER VIII.—SOME EXPLANATIONS.

If there was anything strange or inexplicable in the appearance of one of Maitland's pretensions in an unfrequented and obscure part of the world — if there was matter in it to puzzle the wise heads of squires, and make country intelligences look confused, there is no earthly reason why any mystification should be practised with our reader. He at least is under our guidance, and to him we impart whatever is known to ourselves. For a variety of reasons, some of which this history later on will disclose—others, the less imminent, we are free now to avow—Mr Norman Maitland had latterly addressed much of his mind to the political intrigues of a foreign country: that country was Naples. He had known it—we are not free to say how, at this place — from his childhood; he knew its people in every rank and class; he knew its dialect in all its idioms. He could talk the slang of the lazzaroni, and the wild *patois* of Calabria, just as fluently as that composite language which the King Ferdinand used, and which was a blending of the vulgarisms of the Chiaja with the Frenchified chit-chat of the Court.

There were events happening in Italy which, though not for the moment involving the question of Naples, suggested to the wiser heads in that country the sense of a coming peril. We cannot, at this place, explain how or why Maitland should have been a sharer in these deeds; it is enough to say that he was one of a little knot who had free access to the palace, and enjoyed constant intercourse with the King—free to tell him of all that went on in his brilliant capital of vice and levity—to narrate its duels, its defalcations, its intrigues, its family scandals and domestic disgraces—to talk of anything and everything but one; —not a word on politics was to escape them; never in the most remote way was a syllable to drop of either what was happening in the State, or what comments the French or English press might pass on it. No allusion was to escape on questions of government, nor the name of a minister to be spoken, except he were the hero of some notorious scandal. All these precautions could not stifle fear. The menials had seen the handwriting on the wall before Belshazzar's eyes had fallen on it. The men who stood near the throne saw that it rocked already. There was but one theme within the palace—the fidelity of the army; and every rude passage between the soldiery and the people seemed to testify to that faithfulness. Amongst those who were supposed to enjoy the

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sovereign confidence—for none, in reality, possessed it—was the Count Caffarelli, a man of very high family and large fortune, and, though not in the slightest degree tinctured with Liberalism in politics, one of the very few Neapolitan nobles who either understood the drift, or estimated the force, of the party of action. He foresaw the coming struggle, and boded ill of its result. With Mr Maitland he lived in closest intimacy. The Italian, though older than the Englishman, had been his companion in years of dissipation. In every capital of Europe these two men had left traditions of extravagance and excess. They had an easy access to the highest circles in every city, and it was their pleasure to mix in all, even to the lowest. Between them there had grown what, between such men, represented a strong friendship—that is, either would readily have staked his life or his fortune; in other words, have fought a duel, or paid the play-debts of the other. Each knew the exact rules of honour which guided the conduct of the other, and knew besides that no other principles than these held any sway or influence over him.

Caffarelli saw that the Bourbon throne was in danger, and with it the fortunes of all who adhered to the dynasty. If all his prejudices and sympathies were with monarchy, these would not have prevented him from making terms with the revolution, if he thought the revolution could be trusted; but this was precisely what he did not, could not, believe. "Ceux qui sont Bleus restent Bleus," said the first Napoleon; and so Caffarelli assured himself that a "canaille" always would be a canaille. Philip Egalité was a case in point of what came of such concessions; therefore he decided it was better to stand by the monarchy, and that real policy consisted in providing that there should be a monarchy to stand by.

To play that mock game of popularity, the being cheered by the lazzaroni, was the extent of toleration to which the King could be persuaded. Indeed, he thought these *vivas* the hearty outburst of a fervent and affectionate loyalty, and many of his ministers appeared to concur with him. Caffarelli, who was Master of the Horse, deemed otherwise, and confessed to Maitland that, though assassination was cheap enough in the quarter of Santa Lucia, there was a most indiscriminating indifference as to who might be the victim, and that the old Marquess di Montanara, the Prefect of the Palace, would not cost a "carlino" more than the veriest follower of Mazzini.

Both Caffarelli and Maitland enjoyed secret sources of information. They were members of that strange league which has a link in every grade and class of Neapolitan society, and makes the very highest in station the confidant and the accomplice of the most degraded and the meanest. This sect, called La Camorra, was originally a mere system of organised extortion, driving, by force of menace, an impost on every trade and occupation, and exacting its dues by means of agents well known to be capable of the greatest crimes. Caffarelli, who had long employed its services to assist him in his intrigues or accomplish his vengeances, was a splendid contributor to its resources. He was rich and munificent; he loved profusion, but he adored it when it could be made the mainspring of some dark and mysterious machinery. Though the Camorra was not in the remotest degree political, Caffarelli learned, through its agency, that the revolutionary party were hourly gaining strength and courage. They saw the growing discontent that spread abroad about the ruling dynasty, and they knew how little favour would be shown the Bourbons by the Western Powers, whose counsels had been so flatly rejected, and whose warnings despised. They felt that their hour was approaching, and

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that Northern Italy would soon hasten to their aid if the work of overthrow were once fairly begun. Their only doubts were, lest the success, when achieved, should have won nothing for them. It may be as in Forty-eight, said they; we may drive the King out of Naples, as we drove the Austrians out of Milan, and after all only be conquering a larger kingdom for the House of Savoy. Hence they hesitated and held back; nor were their fears causeless. For what had revolution poured forth its blood like water in Paris? to raise up the despotism of the Second Empire!

Caffarelli was in possession of all this; he knew what they hoped, and wished, and feared. The Camorra itself numbered many professed revolutionists ("Reds," as they liked to be called) in its sect, but was itself untinctured by politics. The wily Count thought that it was a pity so good an organisation should be wasted on mere extortion and robbery. There were higher crimes they might attain to, and grander interests they might subserve. Never, perhaps, was the world of Europe so much in the hands of a few powerful men. Withdraw from it, say half-a-dozen—one could name them at once—and what a change might come over the Continent! Caffarelli was no assassin; but there are men, and he was one of them, that can trifle with great crimes, just as children play with fire; who can jest with them, laugh at them, and sport with them, till, out of mere familiarity, they forgot the horror they should inspire and the penalty they enforce. He had known Orsini intimately, and liked him; nor did he talk of his memory with less affection that he had died beneath the guillotine. He would not himself engage in a crime that would dishonour his name; but he knew there were a great number of people in the world who could no more be punctilious about honour than about the linen they wore—fellows who walked in rags and dined off garlic. Why should they stick at trifles? *They* had no noble escutcheons to be tarnished, no splendid names, no high lineage to be disgraced. In fact there were crimes that became them, just as certain forms of labour suited them. They worked with their hands in each case. Amongst the Camorra he knew many such. The difficulty was to bring the power of the sect to bear upon the questions that engaged him. It would not have been difficult to make them revolutionists—the one word pillage would have sufficed for that; the puzzle was how to make them royalists. Mere pay would not do. These fellows had got a taste for irregular gain. To expect to win them over by pay, or retain them by discipline, was to hope to convert a poacher by inviting him to a battue. Caffarelli had revolved the matter very long and carefully; he had talked it over scores of times with Maitland. They agreed that the Camorra had great capabilities, if one only could use them. Through the members of that league in the army they had learned that the troops, the long-vaunted reliance of the monarchy, could not be trusted. Many regiments were ready to take arms with the Reds; many more would disband and return to their homes. As for the navy, they declared there was not one ship's company would stand by the Sovereign. The most well-affected would be neutral; none save the foreign legions would fight for the King. The question then was, to reinforce these, and at once—a matter far more difficult than it used to be. Switzerland would no longer permit this recruitment. Austria would give none but her criminals. America, it was said, abounded in ardent adventurous spirits, that would readily risk life in pursuit of fortune; but then the cause was not one which, by any ingenuity, could be made to seem that of liberty. Nothing then remained but Ireland. There there was bravery and poverty both.

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Thousands, who had no fears and very little food, ready for any enterprise, but far readier for one which could be dignified as being the battle of the Truth and the cause of the Holy Father.

An Irish legion, some five or six thousand devout Catholics and valiant soldiers, was a project that the Minister of War at once embraced. His Excellency saw Maitland on it, and talked over the whole plan. Maitland was himself to direct all its operations. Caffarelli would correspond with him from Naples, and, in case of any complication or difficulty, shroud the Minister from attack. Ample funds would be provided. The men could be engaged as labourers upon some great public work, and forwarded in small drafts to a convenient port. Arms could be easily procured from Liege. Officers could be readily obtained, either Irish, or Poles or Hungarians who could speak English. In a word, all the details had been well discussed and considered, and Maitland, on arriving in London, had again talked over the project with wise and crafty heads, whose prudent counsels showed him how little fit he was personally to negotiate directly with the Irish peasant, and how imperative above all things it was to depute this part of his task to some clever native, capable of employing the subordinates he needed. "Hide yourself," said they, "in some out-of-the-way spot in Wales or Scotland; even the far north of Ireland will do; remain anywhere near enough to have frequent communication with your agent, but neither be seen nor known in the plot yourself. Your English talk and your English accent would destroy more confidence than your English gold would buy."

Such an agent was soon found—a man admirably adapted in many respects for the station. He had been an adventurer all his life;—served with the French in Austria, and the Austrians in the Banat; held an independent command of Turks during the Crimean war; besides episodically having "done a little," as he called it, on the Indian frontier with the Yankees; and served on the staff of Rosas at La Plata;—all his great and varied experiences tending to one solitary conviction, that no real success was ever to be attained in anything except by means of Irishmen; nor could order, peace, and loyalty be ever established anywhere without their assistance. If he was one of the bravest men living, he was one of the most pushing and impertinent! he would have maintained a point of law against the Lord Chancellor, and contested tactics with a Marshal of France. He thought himself the ornament of any society he entered, and his vanity, in matters of intellect, was only surpassed by his personal conceit. And now one word as to his appearance. With the aid of cleverly constructed boots he stood five feet four, but was squarely, stoutly built, broad in the chest, and very bow-legged; his head was large, and seemed larger from a mass of fiery red hair, of which he was immensely vain as the true Celtic colour; he wore great whiskers, a mustache, and chin tuft; but the flaming hue of these seemed actually tamed and toned down beside his eyes, which resembled two flaring carbuncles. They were the most excitable, quarrelsome, restless pair of orbs that ever beamed in a human head. They twinkled and sparkled with an incessant mischief, and they darted such insolent glances right and left, as seemed to say, "Is there any one present who will presume to contradict me?"

His boundless self-conceit would have been droll if it had not been so offensive. His theory was this: all men detested him; all women adored him. Europe had done little better than intrigue for the last quarter of a century what country could secure his services. As for the insolent things he had said to kings and emperors, and the soft speeches that empresses and queens had made to himself, they would

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fill a volume. Believe him, and he had been on terms of more than intimacy in every royal palace of the Continent. Show the slightest semblance of doubt in him, and the chances were that he'd have had you "out" in the morning.

Amongst his self-delusions, it was one to believe that his voice and accent were peculiarly insinuating. There was, it is true, a certain slippery insincerity about them, but the vulgarity was the chief characteristic; and his brogue was that of Leinster, which, even to Irish ears, is insufferable.

Such was, in brief, the gentleman who called himself Major M'Caskey, Knight-Commander of various orders, and C.S. in the Pope's Household—which, interpreted, means Cameriere Secreto—a something which corresponds to gentleman in waiting. Maitland and he had never met. They had corresponded freely, and the letters of the Major had by no means made a favourable impression upon Maitland, who had more than once forwarded extracts from them to the committees in London, pettishly asking, "if something better could not be found than the writer of this rubbish." And yet, for the work before him, "the writer of this rubbish" was a most competent hand. He knew his countrymen well—knew how to approach them by those mingled appeals to their love of adventure and love of gain—their passion for fighting, for carelessness, for disorder; and, above all, that wide uncertainty as to what is to come, which is to an Irishman's nature the most irresistible of all seductions. The Major had established committees—in other words, recruiting depots—in several county towns; had named a considerable number of petty officers; and was only waiting Maitland's orders whether or not he should propose the expedition to adventurous but out-at-elbows young fellows of a superior station—the class from which officers might be taken. We have now said enough of him and the project that engaged him to admit of our presenting him to our readers in one of his brief epistles. It was dated

"Castle Durrow, *August* —, —.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report for your information that I yesterday enrolled in this town and neighbourhood eighteen fine fellows for H.N.M. Two of them are returned convicts, and three more are bound over to come up for sentence at a future assizes, and one whom I have named a corporal is the notorious Hayes, who shot Captain Macan on the fair green at Ballinasloe. So you see there's little fear that they'll want to come back here when once they have attained to the style and dignity of Neapolitan citizens. Bounty is higher here by from sixteen to twenty shillings than in Meath; indeed, fellows who can handle a gun, or are any ways ready with a weapon, can always command a job from one of the secret clubs; and my experiences (wide as most men's) lead me entirely to the selection of those who have shown any aptitude for active service. I want your permission and instruction to engage some young gentlemen of family and station, for the which I must necessarily be provided with means of entertainment. 'Tafel Gelt is nicht Teufel's Gelt,' says the Austrian adage; and I believe a very moderate outlay, assisted by my own humble gifts of persuasion, will suffice. 'Séduction de M'Caskey,' was a proverb in the 8th Voltigeurs. You may ask a certain high personage in France, who it was that told him not to despair on a particular evening at Strasbourg. A hundred pounds—better if a hundred and fifty—would be useful. The medals of His Holiness have done well, but I only distribute them in the lower ranks. Some titles would be very advisable if I am to deal with the higher class. Herewith you have a muster-roll of what has been done in two counties; and I say it without fear, not a man in the three

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kingdoms could have accomplished it but Miles M'C. Marmont could plan, but not execute; Massena execute, but not organise; Soult could do none but the last. It is no vanity makes me declare that I combine all the three qualities. You see me now 'organising;' in a few days you shall judge of me in the field; and, later on, if my convictions do not deceive me, in the higher sphere of directing the great operations of an army. I place these words in your hands that they may be on record. If M'Caskey falls, it is a great destiny cut off; but posterity will see that he died in the full conviction of his genius. I have drawn on you for thirty-eight, ten, and six; and to-morrow will draw again for seventy-four, fifteen.

"Your note has just come. I am forced to say that its tone is not that to which, in the sphere I have moved, I have been accustomed. If I am to regard you as my superior officer, duty cries, Submit. If you be simply a civilian, no matter how exalted, I ask explanation. The dinner at the Dawson Arms *was* necessary; the champagne was *not* excessive; none of the company were really drunk before ten o'clock; and the destruction of the furniture was a 'plaisanterie' of a young gentleman from Louth who was going into holy orders, and might most probably not have another such spree in all his life again. Are you satisfied? If not, tell me what and where any other satisfaction may meet your wishes. You say, Let us meet. I reply, Yes, in any way you desire. You have not answered my demand—it was demand, not request—to be Count M'Caskey. I have written to Count Caffarelli on the subject, and have thoughts of addressing the King. Don't talk to me of decorations. I have no room for them on the breast of my coat. I am forced to say these things to you, for I cannot persuade myself that you really know or understand the man you correspond with. After all, it took Radetzky a year, and Omar Pasha seventeen months, to arrive at that knowledge which my impatience, unjustly, perhaps, complains that you have not attained to. Yet I feel we shall like each other; and were it not like precipitancy, I'd say, Believe me, dear Maitland, very faithfully your friend,

"Miles M'Caskey."

The answer to this was very brief, and ran thus—

"Lyle Abbey, *August.*

"Sir,—You will come to Coleraine, and await my orders there—the first of which will be, to take no liberties of any kind with your obedient servant,

"Norman Maitland.

"Major M'Caskey,
"The Dawson Arms, Castle Durrow.

"*P.S.*—Avoid all English acquaintances on your road. Give yourself out to be a foreigner, and speak as little as possible."

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DUCAL DARMSTADT.

A LETTER.

My Dear Irenæus,—Once upon a time a professor at a German university was examining his class in theology. He asked one of the students whether Adam ought to be regarded as an historical or a mythological personage. The student, thinking to please his Neologian instructor, answered boldly, "A mythological." But, instead of being praised, he was reproved for his dogmatism in giving so positive an answer to what ought to remain, according to the view of the professor, an open question. Well, it is so long since I have seen you, or heard of or from you, that the question, at first no bigger than a man's hand, is beginning to overcloud my mind—*videlicet*, the momentous question as to whether Irenæus is to be looked upon as a man or a myth. Perhaps Bishop Colenso is to blame for my nascent scepticism with regard to your existence, which, while dangerous speculations were confined to Germany, I never doubted, even in Germany. Can it be that the arithmetical Bishop who "lisped in numbers—for the numbers came" until the Book of Numbers itself was encroached upon by his calculations—has shaken my faith in a friend whom I used to consider a man of substance in every sense of the word, warm of pocket and heart, strong of nerve and muscle, strong in head, even though once, like John Bright, a rather headstrong and inconsistent Man of Peace? But, to tell you the truth, I have not yet read Colenso, as I have a general dislike to figures, which, indeed, I acquired at college, from my early acquaintance with them in the shape of sums-total difficult to discharge. Perhaps the reason of my doubts is rather to be sought for in the fact that I have gone to live in the very dreamiest town of dreamy Deutschland, and that, when your figure rises to my mind's eye, I do not know whether it is an image of reality or a spectre projected by fancy, as shadowy as that framed by Professor Pepper at the Polytechnic. However, be you man or Myth, you still wear

> "Such a questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee,"

as well as the rather clumsy medium of the Thurn and Taxis post will allow me.

You seem to ask me what kind of place the second home of our beloved Queen's second daughter is—one of those questions so commonly asked, as easy to ask as difficult to answer. At all events, I cannot do it in one breath. Seen from Ludwig's Oak, which is a high point some five miles off, Darmstadt is rather like Jerusalem, because that large dome of the Catholic Church, which is its principal object, brings strongly to mind the Mosque of Omar. If the population of Frankfort could be transferred to Darmstadt, the name of the New Jerusalem, which the Free city on the Main is known by among the few Christians who inhabit it, would even better suit the town on the Darm.

The busy and impertinent Frankfurters say that the grass may not only be seen, but heard to grow in the streets of Darmstadt, even by one less acute of hearing than that Heimdal, the porter of the northern gods. I should not think the worse of Darmstadt if this were true.

Of all the organs of sense there is none which is more bullied and tyrannised over than the poor human ear. One may shut one's eyes to noxious sights, withdraw from unsavoury smells, or stop the nostril with thumb and forefinger; one may abstain from touching the

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"puzzle-monkey" trees which infest life's path, from tasting Dead Sea apples; but the poor ear is ever naked, and, like our first parents, most painfully conscious of the fact. For not only is it always open to receive the vibrations of the divinest music, "the song of birds, the voice of girls," and so on, but it is exposed without protection to shocks arising from the grinding of waggons, the shrieks of railway-whistles, the yells of drunkards, the brayings of donkeys, human and bestial, the wailings of urchins, the sawings and hammerings of building operations, the ringing of door-bells, the enmity of dogs, the courtship of cats, and the worse than cat-music of the streets!—sounds all of them which stretch the brain on the rack, nip like an east wind the buds of thought, and take the bloom off my letters to thee, O Irenæus! Well may Mr Carlyle bless the inmates of a model prison for the uninterrupted leisure and golden silence secured to them by law! Alas! this is too good even for quiet Darmstadt.

Yet Darmstadt is quiet—as quiet as Versailles, of which the view towards the Schloss from the railway station reminds the newly-arrived traveller, who, at whatever time he arrives, as in the Land of the Lotos, seems to find it "always afternoon;" and if he comes from Frankfort, he feels a pleasant change from the dusty whirl of the Anlage to the quiet gardens that lie between Darmstadt and the pine-wood. And the quiet of Darmstadt seems to spring not from neglect or solitude so much as from the self-respect of a little town which knows itself to be the residence of its Prince. The very houses seem drilled into decorum, and to know their places as well as the troops in parade. In the old time, before railways were, Darmstadt must have been nearly the quietest place in the known world. It stands on a sandy clearing, at the threshold of that enormous woodland district which is said to extend, with scarcely a break, from the Rhine to the Black Sea. Shielding it from the flying sands of the Rhine plain is a vast dark curtain of pine-forest, intersected in every direction by straight vistas, which decrease to the vanishing point. This pine-forest enables the inhabitants of the town to lose their way in a few minutes in a fragrant labyrinth, floored by an immense Persian carpet of the softest moss, like an enormous dusky withdrawing-room. In the nearest part of this wood pleasant winding paths have been formed, and are kept up by the liberality of one of those little compact hereditary governments, now going so fast out of fashion, which are not too proud to provide for the innocent pleasures of their subjects, or to share them with them. When Germany has succeeded, according to the aspirations of her democrats, in establishing through her length and breadth a Chinese centralisation, as France has, such merry and wise little capitals as Darmstadt will become impossible. It ought to be a caution to Germany to look at the railway map of France, and see how Paris sits like a huge spider in the midst of a radiating web of lines, sucking all the life and blood and civilisation out of the provincial towns into her conceited and over-gorged self. Darmstadt is still a place where a modest man may walk and gossip, and look about him, without being crunched against the side of the way by Plutus in his Juggurnaut car—a privilege which in England and France seems only attainable by shunning all human society. Is he fond of pleasure? a theatre is provided for him by the Grand-Ducal bounty, of which the entrance-payment is merely nominal, in comparison with the prices of such entertainments in London or Paris. Is he socially inclined? there are *tables-d'hôte*, where he may dine at less than the price of the sulky joint-dinner at our clubs; and then the casino for coffee and a cigar. Is he bookish? the obliging sovereign

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places a most excellent library at his disposal, and allows him to read there in peace, or take the books out as he likes, only requiring a receipt at his hands. Is he fond of walks and liberty? there are boundless woods for him to range in without let or hindrance. Of rides? there are endless avenues, where the hardest-mouthed animal might be cured of running away. Of longer excursions? there is a railway station at his door, ready to take him at a moderate price to the ends of the earth. Is his religion Anglican? the pretty Grand-Ducal chapel is lent him to say his prayers in. Catholic? he has the benefit of a simply grand church, with good music, in an echoing area, surrounded internally by columns, although externally it may wear the form of a great circus; and if he likes, he may listen to eloquent Lutheran sermons, and combine church-going with a lesson in German.

Let me suppose you dropt at the Darmstadt station. You look down a long straight street, which opens into squares at the end, and is closed by the Schloss, which here is appropriately so called, as shutting the view. That Rhine Street would be all the better for two rows of trees, and if asphalte were substituted for the rough pitching stones; still it is a handsome street, and looks as if it led into a much grander city. The first opening to the right is the Neckar Street, at right angles to it. This is continued into the straight Heidelberg road, until the finely-shaped hill on which the castle of Frankenstein stands shuts the view.

Before you come to the Schloss, you see in the middle of the Louisen Platz a column of pinkish sandstone one hundred and thirty-four feet high, surmounted by a bronze colossus of Ludwig I., looking like some epicurean St Simeon Stylites. I would hardly advise so portly a being as yourself to mount that column; in fact, without a guide I doubt if you would find out how it is to be done. For there is no visible door. Yet there are people on the top. How did they get there? Will you give it up? They stooped to conquer. By descending that unambitious trap-door, which looks like some contrivance connected with the gas, they rose to the top of the column like bathers who had taken a header. But the air within is close, and the spiral staircase being dark, a lantern, which smells of foul oil, must be carried to the top. Yet the view rewards the trouble, especially that in the direction of the Rhine, where the Rhein Strasse is continued through the pine-forest in a long avenue, fringed with pleasant limes and chestnuts, which comes to a point in the distance, and merges into the blue hills about Oppenheim, on the other side of the Rhine. Taking this pillar as the central point, let us look each way, and note the features of Darmstadt; not that all of them are to be seen at once, for some are hidden by foreground buildings. Looking towards the Rhine, a pleasant public garden runs along the course of the railroad, fragrant in spring with a thousand blossoms. On the further side of this extends to the pine-woods the parade-ground, probably one of the finest in Europe, so extensive in one part that the farthest artillery-butts look quite small in the distance — a place where a great army might manœuvre with ease, and where the exercising troops look very picturesque against the dark background of pines. Turning the radius of our circle to the left, we come to a square by the Neckar gate. In the middle of it is a figure of a wild German (probably Arminius), with a horned helmet, and no other drapery but an enormous shield. It stands enshrined in a niche, in a structure something like the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. This is a trophy commemorative of the deeds of prowess of the Darmstadt army. Unfortunately they were all enacted on the wrong side, when Napoleon I. won his battles against

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Germany by help of the blood and steel of her sons. Such names as Talavera and Fuentes d'Onor in the list of battles recall more vividly the glories of the little band that fought against them under the other Great Captain of the age. Here the hill rises to the long Wilhelminen Strasse, where are pleasant houses and gardens, amongst them the somewhat inadequate residence of the husband of the Princess Alice of England. I am happy to see, however, that their Royal Highnesses will soon be better lodged, as their new palace is fast approaching completion. That round Catholic church, which is so conspicuous an object in this street, was suggested by the Pantheon at Rome, and built by Moller in 1827. At the end of this long street is the village suburb of Bessungen, which is older than the town itself; and in the midst of it the Herrengarten, a pleasure-garden of the Grand Duke's, open to the public, containing a glorious conservatory filled at the spring season with piles of blossom. The lime-avenues here make a pleasant lounge in summer; and in the month of May the most conspicuous objects are some huge lilacs, looking like haystacks of dark purple flowers. Here is to be seen a mound erected by Frederick the Great to the memory of the Landgravine Henriette Caroline, mother of the wife of Frederick-William the Second of Prussia, "*fœmina sexu, ingenio vir.*" Still turning to the left against the course of the sun, we come to the cemetery, and, farther on, to the original town or nucleus of Darmstadt, with little crooked dirty streets, between which and the column before mentioned stands the Schloss, mostly built in the early part of the last century, with Flemish gables, high roofs, and an abundance of lightning-conductors. In the tower is a pretty chime of bells, which plays every hour. In the ditch by the gate, opening on the market-place, is kept a solitary bear, who is grown so fat as seldom to think it worth while to climb his pole. In the wing of the palace above his den are the library and museum. The library has two hundred thousand volumes and many curiosities, especially specimens of the earliest printing, and from its general arrangements, and the obliging attentions of the librarians, may be said to be one of the most available in Europe for a student's purposes. The same staircase leads to the museum and picture-gallery. The first room entered displays an imposing collection of Roman and other antiquities. Amongst the former are remarkable a fine mosaic dug up at Vilbel under the Taunus, and amongst the lesser objects a particularly beautiful votive hand of bronze. The collection of ancient armour is a most abundant one, and those curious in modern artillery may see how, in the earliest times, the latest improvements, such as the revolving principle and rifling seem to have suggested themselves, and to have been given up again as impracticable. The last room is filled with valuable copperplate engravings and drawings by old and modern masters. Of this whole collection Goethe writes in 1814: —"It is not too much to say that masterpieces of art, and curiosities of all epochs and countries, are to be met with here. Vases and urns of every style; drinking-vessels, some of a sportive character; bronzes of all ages, amongst which the admiration is excited by the most precious candelabra, and brazen lamps with several wicks; reliquaries of the oldest Byzantine period of metal and enamel, those of ivory somewhat later in date; ecclesiastical utensils of every kind; invaluable drawings by the greatest masters; ancient as well as modern Chinese and Japanese fabrics; services of glass, precious in material, form, and delicacy of workmanship."

The Museum of Natural History is particularly rich in its geological department, containing the skeletons of a mastodon and primeval

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elephant; and the legions of stuffed animals are special objects of interest to the country visitors, from the huge black elephant down to those elephantine and dragon-like beetles, which would almost tempt one to think that the Spirit of Evil had a hand in the creation of the tropical fauna. To the refined world the picture-gallery will be found a still more interesting lounge. It is especially rich in works of the Netherlands school. Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Teniers, Holbein, and Rubens, are fairly represented, the latter being great in a large picture of Nymphs and Satyrs. Amongst the Italians, Titian, or one of the best of his pupils, is conspicuous with his beautiful nude figure of the Sleeping Venus. Domenichino contributes a David and Nathan, in which David, like Adam in the Barberini Palace at Rome, wears the expression of a vetturino detected in cheating his fare. King Raphael himself gives a St Michael and a St John. The works of the Spanish masters are rarer, but amongst them appears the glorious name of Velasquez. Amongst the pictures of the moderns figure works of Achenbach and Lessing; and one of the fairest landscapes is a picture in which the principal object is the mountain Melibocus in the Bergstrasse, by Lucas, an artist living in Darmstadt. Curious rather than beautiful is a highly imaginative view of Darmstadt with the surrounding country, taken from the Schloss, in which the costumes of the people and soldiers in fools' caps are to be referred to the very beginning of the eighteenth century. The gallery of sculpture above is filled with casts only; but in the rooms of antiquities below are several ancient statues in marble of a small size. Emerging from an arch of the Palace, we come upon the fine area where the Theatre stands. This is a classical building, as a theatre ought to be, saving the presence of Mr Scott, with Corinthian pillars in front, and standing on plenty of ground behind, to give room for the stowing of the mysterious paraphernalia of the drama. The interior area is commodious and tasteful in its ornamentation, and the prices of admission are moderate, the chief part of the expense being borne by the very popular Grand Duke, whose private boxes fairly occupy a corresponding space. I hope at a future day to be able to tell you more about the drama at Darmstadt; and as I know little about it yet, I should be sorry to pass a premature judgment regarding it. The band is very good. The decorations and scenes are masterpieces of art in their kind, and no trouble or cost has been spared to make the spectacle as imposing as possible. But many would claim a higher level of acting and singing. Of the muses, the one most worshipped in this temple is certainly Terpsichore; and the eye of the beholder is dazzled by the "many twinkling feet" of nymphs of the ballet, in the absence of stars of the first magnitude. My greatest treat was to hear Herr Wachtel (by interpretation, Mr Quail) singing in the piece written for him, the 'Postilion of Longjumeau.' He is a tenor of wonderful flexibility of voice, and his throat promises to become to him a portable California. He is said to have been originally a coachman, which enables him to crack a whip on the stage with wonderful ease and effect. But his permanent engagements are elsewhere. Gonnod's ambitious opera, the 'Queen of Sheba,' during its oftenrepeated and costly representations in the course of the past season, has been a hebdomadal apple of Tantalus to the English residents at Darmstadt, whom the Germans, though they go themselves, will not allow to visit the theatre on Sundays, notwithstanding that it has been sophistically submitted that the subject is Scriptural, and that the play partakes of the nature of a medieval mystery. That the 'Queen of Sheba' has fill-

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ed the house to overflowing on so many evenings, especially with Frankfort excursionists, is undeniable; and it is equally undeniable that its stage-effects are surprising, and suggest wonderful mechanical ingenuity, especially the bursting of the mould of the brazen sea of Adoniram, in which the whole scenery tumbles about the ears of the Queen of Sheba; and there is such an immense amount of coloured fire about, that it is a constant matter of wonder that the theatre escapes destruction. But musical judges shake their heads about the music, which appears to have the roar without the harmony of Tannhaüser, and to include no simple melodies which the ear will carry away. And the incidents are absurd: the betrothal of Solomon with the Queen, her jilting him for the wonderful heathen artificer, her putting him to sleep that she may steal the ring that binds her, the treachery of Adoniram's underlings, springing from no apparent cause but a sort of Chartist love of strikes, and evidently got up on purpose to destroy the masterwork of his life, and dispose of him by assassination in the Vale of Kedron, that he may have an apotheosis in a Hall of the Genie or Gin-palace at the end:—all this shows so entire an enslavement of the main purpose of a drama to subordinate accessories, that the popularity of the piece does no credit to public taste. The theatre should speak principally to the mind through the channel of the ear, and such flagrant effects are better produced in the open air by a grand display of fireworks. It is more excusable that an untrue artistic instinct should reign in theatres which are dependent on public patronage alone for support, and where it is necessary to throw sops to the many-headed monster in the galleries to keep it in good-humour. I have certainly not seen enough yet of the spirit of the Darmstadt drama to judge of its prevailing character, but still should apprehend that as Greece had only one Athens, so Germany has only one Weimar. In summer the theatre closes, and the company follows the Grand Duke to Mainz. Its absence is the less regretable that close beside it exists a splendid concert-hall in the shape of the palace-garden, its songsters not being metaphorical but literal nightingales. However, the birds are valued, and protected by law, as if the spirit of Jenny Lind had passed into their little bodies. There is a fine of many florins for murdering them, and a tax of five for keeping one in a cage. They hop about tamely, and even impudently, almost within reach of the hand, and sing so loud in your ears, especially in the lime-avenue, that conversation must be interrupted. The frogs and the ducks act as musical foils to them; and on the little lake, with its pretty central island, swim a pair of self-conscious swans, looking especially well as they float double, "swan and shadow," in the gloom of the tree-reflections. Surely the swan is silent in spite of the poets, because its every movement is the very soul of music! From the pleasant mound in the corner of the garden, across the vast old imperial hunting-forest of Dreieichenhain, the tower of Frankfort Cathedral may be descried in the distance, and behind it a long range of mountains, beginning with the Taunus to the right, with its triple summits, and continued in gentle waves into the Niederwald and the Soonwald above Bingen, for the interval produced by the gorge of the Rhine is not seen. Behind this range the summer sun sets in all his glory. And now that we have wheeled round the town and met the sun, allow me a word about the environs. The pleasantest spot most easily accessible is the Ludwig's-höhe; the first summit of a range of wooded hills which suggest the Odenwald which lies behind them. Here, under the shadow of a maple, you may sip your coffee and look on the north-western landscape, while an opening in

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the trees at a short distance reveals the beautiful pyramidal promontory of Melibocus continued into the heights of Frankenstein, and underneath the plain of the Rhine, with silver glimpses of water among vast stretches of dark pine woods. Farther on is the Herr-Gottsberg, where there is a strangely-formed granite boulder, supposed by antiquaries to have been used in the worship of the sun in early German or Celtic times—a pleasant bowery elevation, where the woods obstruct the view. Through the woods in this region a straight cut up hill and down, called the Kirchschneise (because in a direct line with Bessungen church), leads to the village of Traisa, a quiet place in the Odenwald, famous for pancakes ; and to the right of this an eminence is gained, called Ludwig's Eiche, which of all in the neighbourhood of Darmstadt commands the most extensive panorama. Nearer the town, more to the east, and beyond the remains of the medieval walls, is a huge tank of fresh water called the Great Woogt, in which there are conveniences for bathing. It is fed by a brook, which may be that which gives its name to the town. And recent discoverers have surmised that the Great Woogt bears the same relation to the Darm which the Victoria Nyanza does to the Nile. But the truth is, I have never been able exactly to identify the river on which Darmstadt stands. It may be here, or it may be represented by a lazy little rivulet in the Schloss-Garten. Topographers have had the same difficulty about the Ilissus in Attica ; and with regard to the famous Styx in Peloponnesus, a traveller remarked that there was just water enough in it to swear by, and yet we know that an oath by it was binding on the gods. So let it be enough that Darmstadt, or Darmundestadt, as it was anciently called, takes its name from the Darm. The general absence of water has been often deplored, but perhaps it may be the cause of the absence of fog at Darmstadt, and of that peculiar brilliancy of the air in which the Darmstädters rejoice, like the sons of Erechtheus in the Greek dramatist, "ever walking delicately through the most resplendent æther." They had once a narrow escape of having the Rhine brought to their doors, as the offer of cutting a canal was made by the French refugees of the Edict of Nantes, whom, nevertheless, the authorities, from a Lutheran prejudice against Calvinism, ordered to "move on" to Frankfort and Offenbach. The most beautiful trees in the neighbourhood are seen by making an excursion to the Fasaneric, which is entered by the Dieburg road. Here the Grand Duke has what the Greeks called a paradise, or preserve for wild boar and deer. A little way into the forest there is an obelisk to the memory of a man famous in forest-management, and near this a picture of the present Emperor of Russia, when Grand Duke, shooting from a box at a wild pig. It is slanderously surmised that the grand-ducal gun was sufficiently disrespectful to miss fire on the occasion. From the forester's house, where is the best coffee in Germany, it is a sight to go at sunset, and see the wild swine fed. The visitor mounts in a box, which renders him secure and comparatively invisible. The attendant scatters a sackful of acorns in a circle, like a necromancer summoning spirits of darkness, and like spirits they come at the appointed hour without being called. First two hungry black sows with large families of red little ones, begin to munch the acorns; these are panic-stricken and fall back, surmising the presence of a stranger. The little pigs, or "frischlinge," are ordered to stand at a respectful distance till the prudent mothers have reconnoitred thoroughly, grunting, sniffing, and snuffing all round. They are not yet quite satisfied with the safety of matters. Next appear in the gloom a few of the gentlemen, looking black and ghostly, and moving about with the speed of

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hares; but on this occasion there is a want of confidence, since some mischievous wag, a week before, had shut the slide of one of the pens when all the young ones, who were fed separately, were in it, and frightened them so that they had not forgotten the occurrence. At last, as soon as the stranger departs, the whole herd of fifty or a hundred come down with a great rush and rustling of leaves, and demolish the acorns at their leisure. Half-way to Dieburg, about two miles farther on, is a solitary forest-house called Einsiedel, or the Hermitage, where cider is to be had, and the feeding of swine may also be witnessed by the curious. The hunting-seat attached to this park, called Kranichstein, was honoured by a private visit of our Queen this summer, when her daughter was residing there. In it is to be seen a famous collection of stags' horns. On the whole, there are few towns of the size of Darmstadt—for it now counts its 30,000 inhabitants—where so much wild freedom may be enjoyed in the immediate neighbourhood; and the scenery is by no means contemptible, if, like Heidelberg, it does not possess that "fatal gift of beauty" which leads to inevitable spoliation and ruin, sooner or later. Some say that the railway tunnel has so sapped the foundations of Heidelberg Castle that the safety of that superb structure is seriously compromised. And now for a bit of history.

The present town of Darmstadt may be seen at a glance to be chiefly modern; the remains of the old village (for it was little more) are modestly concealed by the Schloss. First, it must be observed that the inhabitants of Hesse Darmstadt do not pretend to be descended from the formidable Chatti, who gave the Romans so much trouble, and whose sons and daughters are probably still to be found in the northern part of the grand-duchy and Electoral Hesse. When the migrations of tribes ceased, the country stood somewhere about the boundary-line of the Franks and Alemans. To judge by costume, the people of the Odenwald are of Alemannian rather than of Frankish origin. In Franconia, the red kerchief round the head, which is also a French peasant fashion, is prevalent, while the Odenwald women keep their back hair in prim caps, black or white, according as their religion is Catholic or Protestant. However, it is certain that a tribe called the Vangiones, whose chief town was Worms, occupied the country once, and they probably never entirely disappeared. The beginnings of the family of the Grand Duke must be looked for in Thuringia.

About the time when the Emperor Henry III. succeeded his father Conrad, of the Frankish race came a relative of the Empress Gisela to Thuringia, in mourning for his family. He was of the blood of Charles Martel, whose descendants, since 989, had been persecuted by the house of Hugh Capet. The name of this refugee from France was Ludwig-with-the-Beard. He inhabited the Castle of Schaumburg, and died at Mainz in 1056. Under the first Landgrave, Ludwig the Salian, the famous Wartburg by Eisenach was built, and he was also the founder of the Abbey of Reinhardsbrunn, near Gotha, where he died in 1123. Count Ludwig was created Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia by the Emperor Lothar of Saxony, who succeeded Henry IV.; and he was thenceforth enrolled among the princes of the empire. The next famous Landgrave is Ludwig "der Eiserne." He was made Landgrave by Conrad III., the first of the Hohenstaufens; and he married Jutta, the sister of Frederic Barbarossa. His surname, which corresponds to Ironsides, is variously accounted for; some say it arose from his always wearing armour, some from his sternness, in punishing, by yoking to ploughs, the nobles who oppressed the people. In his time the turbulent Mainzers slew their archbishop, and he joined Frederic

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I. in inflicting a punishment, by which Mainz lost all its liberties. His son, Ludwig III., joined Barbarossa in that crusade in which the Red-beard Emperor was said to have been drowned in the river Selep, and died himself in the island of Cyprus; being succeeded by his younger brother, Hermann I., under whose auspices the famous contest of the singers was held in the Wartburg. In his time Upper Hesse was sadly infested by the Archbishops of Cologne and Mainz, who burnt Grünberg and Marburg. His eldest son, Ludwig IV., the Virtuous, was the husband of the famous Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. Five years after his marriage he went for a crusade, and died in Otranto 1228. Elizabeth was canonised by the Pope in 1236, because of miraculous cures said to have been worked at her grave at Marburg. Her confessor, Conrad, distinguished himself by burning heretics and throwing their ashes into the Ketzerbach; and he attempted to introduce an inquisition into Germany, but became at length the just victim of popular indignation.

Elizabeth's son, Hermann, dying by poison, was succeeded by his uncle, Heinrich Raspe. This Landgrave supported the Emperor Frederic II. in his struggles with the popes, and was named Reichverweser, or Steward of the Empire, when the Emperor went to live in Italy. Subsequently the Pope encouraged Heinrich Raspe to be a pretender for the Empire, promising him 2500 marks in silver, by which he got the soubriquet of the "Pfaffen-könig," or Priest's King. On his dying childless, all the Hessian land devolved on Sophia of Brabant, daughter of St Elizabeth, who came to Hesse with Henry the Child.

After this ensues a wild and complex period, which we may clear at a bound. In 1483, by the marriage of Anna, daughter of Philip, last Count of Katzenellenbogen, with Henry II., Philip's lands fell to Hesse, and the lion rampant became the cognisance of the Landgraves. From 1509 to 1569 ruled Philip the Magnanimous, whose statue, beside that of his son, George I., the founder of the grand-ducal family, stands in the area hard by the Darmstadt theatre. He was declared of age at fourteen by the Emperor, on account of his precocious wisdom, and was a most energetic ruler, greatly patronising Luther and the Reformation. In 1796, troublous times overtook the Landgraves, as the French were pressing on the Rhine; and in 1806 that Confederation of the Rhine was formed which pealed the knell of German unity. Napoleon forced the Landgrave to march against Austria with Bavaria and Wurtemberg, which he erected into kingdoms, while he constituted Baden and Darmstadt into Grand Duchies. In 1813, however, we find Prince Emil of Hesse serving with distinction against the French in the Liberation War, having first served with them in Russia. And at the present moment Darmstadt is repenting to some purpose of her former French sympathies, not exactly in sackloth and ashes, but in red, and white and red, white and gold banners, garlands hung to the houses, and all those outward symbols of festive joy, in the art of displaying which the continentals are so decidedly our superiors. Sunday, October 18, is the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig! At the Congress of Vienna, in 1816, Hesse-Homburg was divided off, and Ludwig I. took the title of "Grossherzog von Hessen und bei Rhein," which is the present style. This Grand Duke, in the course of his life, greatly increased and beautified the town of Darmstadt, and increased its population from 7000 to 20,000. Darmstadt is first named in a register of the convent Lorsch, as a village from which one Count Sigebold paid five shillings yearly to the convent: it is spoken of as situated in the country of Bessungen. It was made a town in 1330, under the Counts of Kat-

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zenellenbogen. In 1403, under the Katzenellenbogens, Darmstadt was the scene of a famous tournament, or rather faction-fight, which grew out of one supposed to have taken place where the theatre now stands. A quarrel arose between the Frankish and Hessian societies, in consequence of a dispute at Werthheim, in which the Frank knights taunted the Hessians with living "by the stirrup," and the Hessians the Franks with soiling their fingers by trade. They appeared in force at a festival at Darmstadt and fought it out, there being 140 Hessians and 120 Franks present. The number of the slain is recorded in an old doggrel—

"Zu Darmstadt in den Schranken
Blieben 9 Hessen und 17 Franken."

There was a strange tax recorded as connected with the fortress of Frankenstein, which overlooks the Darmstadt land. It was called the Eselsleben, or "Ass-lease." The lords of Frankenstein had to keep, for the benefit of the town, a perpetual donkey, which was used for the punishment of wives who beat their husbands, by making them ride the ass through the town, the husbands leading. The last recorded occasion of this usage was in 1587. In 1538, the ladies of Darmstadt, who seem to have been of a very Amazonian spirit, had several rides of the kind. Few legends connected with Darmstadt in early times have been preserved. But two of its gates appear to have been haunted by frightful ghosts, which may have had their origin in the natural terrors of the surrounding woodland, in which wild beasts, as testified by the names of places, appear to have abounded. The last bear is said to have been killed by Philip the Magnanimous. I have not been able to ascertain whether the fat specimen in the Schlossgraten was descended from him, but he may have been placed there to commemorate the event, as the bears who are kept at Berne to immortalise the founder of the city. At present Darmstadt seems flourishing and prosperous, to judge by the new houses which are rising. As a power, it furnishes to the Confederation a respectable military contingent, and its troops are second to none in Germany in precision of drill and martial bearing. Their uniform closely resembles that of the Prussians. The Grand Duchy will become still more important by the accession of Homburg on the demise of the present Landgrave.—And now, Irenæus, man or myth, I have the honour "to recommend myself to you," being always, though absent, your friend,

TLEPOLEMUS.

P.S.—I have just saved myself by the skin of my teeth from omitting to mention what is about the most really curious thing in Darmstadt—that is, an avenue leading from the Neckar Gate into the road to Escholbrücken. It is composed of trees which appear to have been originally Scotch firs, and, from the extraordinary way in which they are bent and contorted, is called the Crooked Alley. These trees are very old and very stout. In the sun they have the effect of pythons and boa-constrictors rooted in the earth, in mortal torment; but in the moonlight they look about as ghastly and ghostly as can be conceived, and suggest a lane of chimeras dire, to pass down which would require no small pluck in an imaginative constitution. Doubtless this peculiar growth is the result of artificial tampering with the trees, but how or when this took place I have not been able to ascertain.

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THE FALL OF KING OTHO.

THE superscription of the laws and ordinances of the king selected by Great Britain, France, and Russia, to rule over the Greeks in 1832, was, Otho, by the grace of God, Basileus of Greece; and Basileus having been the title of the Byzantine emperors, Queen Amalia, reasoning somewhat after the fashion of the King of Prussia, concluded that the title conferred on its possessor a divine right to reign at Constantinople. This delusion of Miss Bremer's Semiramis—which is certainly not more absurd than some of the delusions of her royal brother of Berlin—exercised no inconsiderable influence on the policy of the Court of Athens for the last fifteen years, and must not be overlooked by those who desire to understand Greek politics.

Whether Basileus be translated king or emperor, the long reign of King Otho is a curious political phenomenon. He was undoubtedly, for many years, one of the most popular sovereigns in Europe, and no king received from his subjects more frequently warm demonstrations of loyalty. When he travelled in Greece, his progress was a triumphal procession; and when he returned to his capital, he was received with spontaneous rejoicings. Even fortune seemed never to weary of according him unmerited favours. He maintained a degree of importance in the international system of Europe, which neither his talents, his power, nor the deeds and virtues of his subjects, entitled him to occupy; until at last his long career of prosperity made him forget the warning of Solon, that no king can be sure of a continuance of fortune's favours until death has barred the gates of the royal palace against the visits of misfortune.

Yet, though Otho sat on what appeared to be a secure throne, he looked out from his easy seat over a troubled kingdom. The great majority of his subjects lived in a state of extreme insecurity. Insurrections and revolts followed in a long series during his reign, and brigands were almost as regular in their visits to the peasants as taxgatherers to the shopkeepers. So that when Otho was most popular, some signs were always visible that there was no sympathy between the feelings of his people and the action of his Government. The rural population was in a state of repulsive barbarism, and they had no prospect of bettering their condition or improving their minds. Yet with all their ignorance, they were disorderly and discontented; for tradition taught them that their forefathers, who had cultivated the same fields, had been richer and happier. They expected that a Christian king would remove the evils they attributed to Turkish oppression; and when years rolled on without a restoration of the golden age, they gave ear to their priests, and partly believed that an Orthodox king could alone lessen their misery, which they were told could only be accomplished by solving the Eastern question, whatever might be the meaning of that phrase. The rural population of Greece has always waged an active social warfare with its rulers. Klephts fought against the Sultan; brigands continued the contest with King Otho. Crime was nourished by the barbarous condition of the population; and, as the Government made no effort to improve the country, King Otho was at last held responsible for the continuance of evils which the Greeks had themselves the power of removing.

When Greece received a king from the three protecting Powers, no country in Europe seemed so sure of a peaceful future. The expulsion of the Turks put the inha-

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bitants in possession of an immense extent of fertile land. Peace was secured by the naval and military forces of England, France, and Russia, so that the Greek kingdom was inviolable, and the Greeks were free to direct their whole energy, and the Government all its resources, to bringing the national lands under cultivation, improving the means of communication, and opening new markets for the increased produce of the country. Greece might without any difficulty have rivalled in the East the prosperity which America was enjoying in the West. It is melancholy to observe that with these advantages the progress of Greece has hardly exceeded that of Turkey. Thirty years ago, the Christians in the Sultan's dominions were eager to emigrate, and a wise disposal of the national lands might have attracted to Greece a stream of emigration not less fertilising than that which has flowed from Ireland to the United States. But the opportunity was lost; and for the last ten years a current of emigration has been setting in steadily from Greece to Turkey.

King Otho has been described in the history of the Greek Revolution as a man of weak character and not of a generous disposition; yet, with all his deficiencies, he governed Greece as an absolute monarch for ten years (1833 to 1843), supported only by a few thousand Bavarian troops and a few score of German officials. During this period of foreign domination, the seeds were sown of a crop of discontent that has produced much rank and noisome vegetation.

A part of the blame which attaches to the misgovernment of Greece during the first ten years of King Otho's reign must be charged to the account of the three protecting Powers. They promised the Greeks a constitutional government, and they neglected to compel the king they placed on the throne to fulfil their promise. After they had induced the King of Bavaria to record a solemn engagement that his son should govern as a constitutional king, they left Otho and the Greeks to settle how the promise was to be kept.* Oblivion of royal promises has been a vice of kings since the year 1815, which threatens to render monarchies elective. Times are sadly changed since the day when honour, if it fled from among the people, could find a dwelling-place with kings. The age of truth has galloped off after the age of chivalry, and it has knocked the crowns off several royal heads in its headlong flight. If, however, the three Powers were careless of their duty, they were extremely liberal of their money. They furnished the Greek Government with a loan of £2,400,000, in order that every obstacle to the good government of the country might be immediately removed, and that measures might be instantly adopted for improving the condition of the people, and rendering the national lands a source of industry, revenue, and increased population.

Bavarian statesmen, as regents and ministers, governed Greece from 1833 to 1837; but from 1838 the Prime Minister of King Otho was always a Greek, and the leading men of Greece are as much responsible as the King for the misgovernment which produced the Revolution in 1843.†

* Compare the proclamation of the three Powers, annex D. to the protocol of 26th April 1832, and the letter of Baron Gise, Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Greek Government, 31st July 1832.

† In an article in our September Number, 1843, 'The Bankruptcy of Greece,' we gave an account of the circumstances which presaged a revolution; and a fortnight after our publication Greece became a constitutional kingdom. The events of the Revolution are narrated in our June Number, 1844. Since that time we have described the state of Greece at different periods—in May 1850, in an article entitled 'Greece Again,' and in October 1854, 'King Otho and his Classic Kingdom.' In May 1861, under the heading, 'The Euthanasia of the Ottoman Empire,' we noticed

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On the 30th March 1844, King Otho took an oath to govern according to the provisions of a very democratic constitution; and even his enemies must own that, whether he has kept his oath inviolate or not, he has not committed such gross perjury as the senators and deputies who received from that constitution a share of the legislative power. He strained the constitution to extend his authority, but they violated the constitution to increase their salaries: thus the people had none in whom they could repose trust; and when the necessity of improvement was generally felt, a second revolution was inevitable. The arrangements adopted in 1844 have developed two features in the political system of Greece, which, when carried to excess, are destructive of all good government — bureaucratism and democracy. These two principles have reigned despotically, and King Otho has only acted as their prime minister.

Bureaucratism, or the principle of governing a country by paid officials, was personified in the Gerousia, or Senate, whose constitution exhibits a strong example of the influence of red-tape. It was considered necessary to establish two Chambers in Greece, and as it was impossible to find anything resembling an aristocracy, veteran officials were selected to fill the place of peers. It was a blunder which enriched red-tapists; but it was strange to see a body, whose value could only arise from its independence, composed entirely of the most dependent men in the country. The King names the senators; and had King Otho been intrusted with unrestricted selection, he would have felt that his own reputation was concerned in the choice, and some men of independence would, in all probability, have entered the Senate. But the constitution of Greece restricts the choice of senators to men who have filled certain official situations, and who have attained the age of forty. Thus the slaves of red-tape could alone enter the Senate of Greece, and the purchase-money with which they paid their entrance-tickets was servility. The Senate soon became an hospital for political incapables who had distinguished themselves by devotion to the Court, or who had gained the favour of some foreign minister in favour with the Court.

The only living Greek who can pretend to rank as a statesman is Alexander Mavrocordatos, who was called, during the Greek Revolution, Prince Mavrocordatos. His services, his talents, and his position, confer on him a degree of personal influence, that elevates him too high to allow of his being dependent either on the Court or the minister of the day. Mavrocordatos was consequently too independent to be one of King Otho's senators, and his absence from the roll certainly proved his worth. Some of the best men in Greece were undoubtedly excluded from the Senate, though everybody acquainted with its composition knows that it includes many of the worst. Such a body was sure to bring evil on the King; for in ordinary times it deceived him by a false display of devotion, and in troublous times its composition rendered it utterly disconnected with public opinion, ignorant of the feelings of the people, and unable to speak truth to the King.

The democracy which characterises the existing political organisation of Greece is more dangerous to liberty than bureaucratism. It is embodied in its most vicious form in the Chamber of Deputies, which is probably the representative body that is regarded with least respect by the nation which it pretends to represent. The members are elected by universal suffrage and ballot, according to the provisions of the

the principal obstacles to the improvement of agriculture and the increase of population, in Greece as well as Turkey.

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constitution, but practically by intimidation and fraud. Supposing that in some conditions of society which may arise at some future period in man's history, universal suffrage and vote by ballot may be wise institutions, it is certain they are inapplicable to the present state of Greece, where they have produced much evil. In order to increase the power of democracy, and destroy every influence derived from moral feelings and local wellbeing, Greece has been divided into large electoral districts, so that neither the rural population nor the inhabitants of the towns can make sure of returning any man in whom they have confidence. This manner of dividing the country enables Government officials to control the elections. Democracy is always jealous of local institutions, and usually hates the honest communal magistrate more than the venal deputy.

Universal suffrage enabled the agents of the central administration to swamp the legitimate influence of the municipalities; or, in case of active opposition on the part of some man of high local reputation, to overpower his supporters by the violence of itinerant mobs.

And while universal suffrage allowed the agents of the central administration to employ intimidation unchecked, the ballot placed in their hands the means of deciding elections by fraud. It is notorious that the ballot-boxes were filled with voting-papers before the elections commenced; and it has happened that, on a scrutiny, more votes have been given for the ministerial candidate than there were voters in the electoral district. A single instance will prove the overwhelming power which universal suffrage and the ballot place in the hands of the central Government in Greece. In the autumn of 1860, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved, and both King Otho and Queen Amalia declared, with a *naïveté* which was anything but constitutional, that they expected all their devoted subjects to exclude every member who had voted against the Ministry from the new Chamber. The royal wish decided the result of the elections, and about sixty members, forming a majority of the Chamber, lost their seats.

King Otho has been generally regarded as the most incapable prince of his time. We do not consider this estimation of his ability to be quite correct. It is true that his intellectual faculties moved slowly, that his feelings were torpid, and that his range of ideas was extremely limited; but he possessed considerable cunning, and his position gave him facilities for observing many phases of human weakness and vice, which he did not entirely neglect. No man knew all the leading men at Athens better, and perhaps no one despised them so thoroughly. Had he not conducted himself with some sagacity and prudence, as well as vulpine cunning, he must have made shipwreck of his fortune long ago, among the quicksands of villany which obstruct every course in Greek politics. But, as we have said already, fortune favoured him greatly. It is asserted that his father, King Louis of Bavaria, vainly tried to force him to resign his crown in 1835. The Emperor Nicholas, or at least the agents of Russia in the Emperor's name, attempted to dethrone him in 1843. Lord Palmerston endeavoured more than once to give him lessons on constitutional government, and his Lordship failed signally. M. Guizot, on the other hand, offered in 1842 to teach him how to govern without a constitution, and he was even more unsuccessful than Lord Palmerston; for while he was trying to make Otho a *doctrinaire*, the Greeks forced his Majesty to declare himself a constitutionalist. The late Lord Lyons fought harder to humble King Otho than he fought afterwards to humble the Emperor Nicholas; but though he won glory by using his great guns in the Black Sea, he often came to grief with his diplomatic artillery on the blacker sea of Athenian politics. Sir Thomas

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Wyse, who was sent to succeed Sir Edmund Lyons, and try whether conciliation would persuade King Otho to listen to reason, was as unsuccessful as his predecessor. Then came the episode of Don Pacifico; and, for the first time, fortune warned Otho that she was not his wife, and did not therefore feel disposed to accompany him on all solemn occasions. The conclusion of Don Pacifico's affair, and its influence on King Otho's position, have been so generally overlooked, that we think it deserves to be noticed. The English, French, and Greek Governments have all agreed, though for totally different reasons, to desire that the affair should be completely forgotten. Frenchmen indeed gabble about Pacifico as they sing about Malbrook,—without the smallest suspicion of the facts connected with these names.

All Europe exclaimed against the injustice of Lord Palmerston when Sir William Parker was sent to settle accounts with King Otho. The foreign diplomatist at Athens protested, and France offered her mediation. The Greek Government was counselled by prudent friends to pay no attention to diplomatic cackle, but to pay all the demands of the British Government under protest, and revenge itself by abusing Lord Palmerston as England's attorney for the rest of his life. In an evil hour for the gratification of his revenge, King Otho accepted the good offices of France, and he soon found reason to exclaim, "Save me from my friend M. Thouvenel; I could easily have beat Palmerston!" France acted rashly in offering her mediation; but her good offices were honestly exerted. She decided against King Otho, and compelled him to pay, without leaving him at liberty to declaim against the injustice of England's exactions. He owed it to the good offices of France that he was obliged to confess in a convention, with due diplomatic formality, that whether Don Pacifico had been guilty of attempting extortion or not, the King of Greece had certainly been guilty of trying to defraud Don Pacifico; and this result neither the diplomacy of Sir Thomas Wyse, nor the fleet of Sir William Parker, could have obtained without M. Thouvenel's assistance.

The Russian war was the next great event in Otho's reign. The enthusiasm of the Greeks for Orthodoxy, their hatred of the Turks, their avidity for more national lands as an element of jobbing, and their faith in the realisation of their "grand idea," by the establishment of King Otho and Queen Amalia on the throne of Constantinople, rendered them then absolutely frantic. They invaded Turkey, and filled the heart of Otho with ambition. The King declared that he would lead his people to conquest, and his people boasted that they would go before their King. A magnificent tent was set up in the outer garden of the palace, and camp equipage was ordered to enable the royal pair to take the field. The prisons of Chalcis and Patras were opened, and bands of Christian brigands, under Greek Generals, poured into Thessaly and Epirus. Nothing but the infamous misconduct of the invaders prevented this movement from becoming extremely dangerous to Turkey and embarrassing to the Allies. The Turkish fortresses on the frontier were almost without garrisons, for the Sultan trusted to the good faith of a German King and to the guarantee of the protecting Powers, who were bound to enforce neutrality. A very little vigour would have placed the Greeks in possession of Previsa, Arta, Domoko, and Volo; but the apostles of Greek liberty and of the grand idea turned aside from the Turkish fortresses, and fell on the property of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, from whom they carried off upwards of 20,000 sheep and 5000 oxen, which were sent across the frontier, and sold in Greece to encourage patriotism. This treatment of Orthodox Chris-

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tians soon put an end to the progress of the grand idea. The Greeks in Thessaly and Epirus took up arms, or were supplied with them by the Turks, and, with the assistance of a few troops sent from Constantinople, drove King Otho's brigands back into the Greek kingdom.

In the mean time, England and France found it necessary to occupy the Piræus, in order to enforce neutrality. Athens was overawed by the presence of 2000 French and 1000 English troops, who remained from May 1854 until peace was signed with Russia in 1856. Though this occupation displeased the Greeks, annoyed King Otho, and irritated Queen Amalia, it proved ultimately extremely useful to Greece, by stimulating improvement in many ways. The Allies found the Piræus at their arrival a straggling village, in which the spaces marked on the plan in the possession of the Demarch were turned into areas for shooting rubbish. The French soldiers, with their usual intelligent activity, cleared the streets, and turned a large open space, which had long been impassable from the filth with which it was encumbered, into a handsome public garden.

During all the time the Allies remained in Greece the King and Queen refused to visit the Piræus. They turned their back on nations engaged in upholding the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and consoled themselves in their seclusion by reviling shopkeeping England and democratic France. But when at last the fleets of the Allies were seen from the windows of the royal palace standing towards Hydra before a northern breeze, with the rear division of the army of occupation on board, the restless Queen urged her solid husband to mount on horseback, and the royal pair rode down to the Piræus to rejoice the hearts of their subjects by a sight of their countenances. They expected to be greeted with enthusiasm, but they found their loyal subjects too much occupied with their grief for the loss of good customers to be able to think of politics and princes. The landlords were shutting up their empty houses, the shopkeepers were taking stock of the goods they had now a prospect of keeping long in store, the boatmen were hauling up their useless boats on the deserted beach; and when the people were summoned by their magistrates to welcome their sovereign, they only replied "*avrion*," "let it be to-morrow;" and the royal party moved about unheeded. The magistrates did their best to give their King a triumphal reception; but they planted a dagger in his breast by carrying him to the improvements of the French, and dwelling with ill-timed enthusiasm on the industry of the French conscripts, who had formed a beautiful garden in an arid soil. They forced even the dull mind of Otho to contrast the doings of 2000 French soldiers in eighteen months with the performances of his own army of 10,000 men during twenty-three years. Queen Amalia returned to Athens in a state of fiery indignation, revolving in her mind plans for eclipsing the exploits of the French Admiral. The glories of Tinan would not allow her to sleep. She soon found that Greece could not assist her. Neither King Otho's army nor his civil establishments contained an engineer who could be intrusted with the simplest undertaking. Political intrigue had diverted all the talent of the Greeks from the cultivation of useful knowledge. In this dilemma Queen Amalia had the good sense to apply to France for an engineer, since she had seen practical proof that Frenchmen did their work well. M. Daniel was sent to Athens with a company of workmen by the French Government; and he soon converted the new town in the vicinity of the royal palace from a place where a man could not venture out of his house after dark without danger of breaking his neck, into a sightly

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town. If the Greeks show as much intelligence in profiting by the example of M. Daniel as their Queen did in profiting by the example of Admiral Tinan, it is possible that Minerva may not be driven from the Acropolis by bad smells. The belt of offensive matter in the wrong place, which renders all approach to the Acropolis from the side of the city of Athens disgusting, may be replaced by a garden more luxuriant than that of the Gauls at the Piræus; and the filthy streets in the old town may be so much improved as to admit of the Athenians visiting all the splendid monuments of ancient art in their city without offence to their sense of decency, which certainly is not now the case, at least as regards strangers.

The indifference of the people in Greece to picturesque ornament, the aversion of the rural population to trees, and the opposition of the Greek Government to all works of public utility, astonish travellers. In the year 1833 the Bavarians published a royal ordinance, commanding the construction of about 800 miles of common road, in order to connect the principal towns with one another and with the sea-coast. Thirty years have elapsed since the publication of that ordinance, and not more roads have been yet constructed by the Greeks than ought to have been constructed with the assistance of the Allied loan in a single year. The Greek army consists of 10,000 men, taken, like the French army, from the body of the population by conscription. It ought, therefore, like the French army, to contribute some labour to works of public utility in return for the labour which it withdraws from the production of national wealth. But, unfortunately, no man has appeared in Greece with talents for administration in military affairs coequal with that which M. von Maurer displayed in organising the judicial branch. The Greek army never received a complete organisation. The officers think of nothing but promotion. The soldiers, when they are in the provinces, do little but steal fowls, and in the capital they make themselves remarkable chiefly by marching through the streets in groups, linked arm in arm, bawling love-songs through their noses at all hours of the day and night. The history of the Greek army during the last thirty years would form a severe satire on the Greek kingdom.

For some time after the termination of the Russian war brigandage desolated Greece. A memoir which the Greek Government communicated to the European Courts, for the express purpose of recounting all the benefits that had been conferred on Greece by the Bavarian dynasty, presents a faithful and terrible picture of the anarchy that existed in the agricultural districts during the period when the administration of King Otho was most popular. The memoir states that the Greek army consisted of ten thousand men, and that its only destination was to support the Government of the King by its valour (*par sa bravoure*), yet it recounts facts which prove that its valour was as insufficient to maintain order as its activity to make roads. We are informed that, during the first three months of the year 1856, about one hundred brigands were brought to trial, and it is well known that the greater part of these brigands were captured by the peasantry and not by the valour of the ten thousand men called the Greek army. Of the brigands tried at the commencement of 1856, thirty were condemned to death, and executed before the memoir was written, nine were condemned to hard labour for life, twelve to hard labour for terms of years, twenty-five to imprisonment, and twenty-three were acquitted. The memoir then proceeds to make the extraordinary statement, that brigandage had ceased to exist in Greece for several months, *except in Attica and Bœotia.* This statement caused severe comments. Some persons thought

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that, in making the statement, the Greek Government only displayed its usual indifference to truth; but others accepted it as proof that the Government hoped to be able to prevent the foreign ministers at Athens from hearing any details of what happened at a distance, though it could not conceal the atrocities that were frequently committed in the vicinity of the capital. There were many also who shook their heads, and observed that, if the fact were really as stated, and that brigandage had ceased in the rugged mountains of Laconia and Etolia, while it still flourished in Attica, there could be no stronger confirmation of the belief current among the people of Athens, that the Attic brigands found protectors in King Otho's palace, and among Greek ministers, colleagues of the author of the memoir.

Nothing is more strange than the favour with which klephts and brigands are regarded by the Greeks; and it is impossible not to see that there is as strong a connection between crimes and politics in Greece as in Southern Italy. We have before us, as we write these lines, an Athenian newspaper, dated 17th September 1863, filled with bitter complaints of the sufferings of the Attic peasantry during last summer; but it declares that the extortions of the military sent to pursue the brigands far exceeded the robberies of the brigands themselves; and this has been the case all over the Greek kingdom for many years. The criminal statistics of Greece, even without the robberies of the soldiers, would prove, if they were accurately compiled, that in no country in Europe are life and property so insecure. Publicity must be the first step towards improvement.

In the year 1858, King Otho completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and no sovereign in Europe at that time seemed to be seated more securely on his throne. The Emperors of Austria and Russia sent special missions to congratulate him; and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria visited his brother's Court on this joyful occasion, in hopes, it was said, of being recognised as heir-presumptive to the Greek crown, in virtue of the eighth article of the treaty of 1832, and the supplementary convention of 1833. Rumour proclaimed that the able lawyer but luckless regent, M. Von Maurer, by whom he was accompanied, had persuaded him that the Greeks would be induced by his august presence, and Maurer's diplomatic skill, to waive the question of Orthodoxy during his life. The fortieth article of the Greek constitution of 1844 having annulled all the rights of succession under the previous treaties, unless the successor embraced the Orthodox Eastern Church, and this article having been ratified by treaty in 1852, Prince Adalbert, like the other princes of the Bavarian dynasty, had lost all his rights, unless he submitted to rebaptism by immersion. He soon found that neither his brother nor Queen Amalia had the slightest wish to see a recognised successor to their throne, and that the Greeks were determined not to make the smallest concession on the article of Orthodoxy to a Bavarian prince, and insisted on making barrel-baptism a public ceremony.

The position of King Otho was so favourable that the delighted diplomatists were in the habit of repeating, with a degree of enthusiasm rarely caused by anything but the taste of good wine or skilful cookery, *La Cour est devenue maîtresse de la situation*, which was translated by a sarcastic Englishman who was asked what they meant, "The Queen is in the kitchen eating bread and honey;" and it hardly admitted of any more reasonable interpretation. Yet, while servility was increasing in Phanariot and official circles, the people who lived beyond the influence of places and pensions were beginning to talk independently. The example of the French was not entirely lost. Some works of public utility were executed, and

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many were projected. The canal of the Euripus was opened for steam navigation. A canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, and a railway from Athens to the Piræus, were proposed. Measures were adopted for establishing a Greek steam navigation company, which, like everything Greek, was to eclipse everything barbarian, and, by means of the superior knowledge of the Levant trade possessed by Greek merchants, and the superior economy of Greek management, was to carry off all the freights and passengers from the steamers of Austrian Lloyds and the Messageries Imperiales. This Greek steam company has since been established, and very grossly mismanaged. Projects for draining Lake Copais, Lake Pheneus, Lake Stymphalus, and other lakes and marshes with less classic names, were announced as schemes, whose execution would confer honour on foreign capitalists. It was proved, at least in the advertisements inserted by the Greek Government in the 'Times,' that thousands of fertile acres remained uncultivated in the Greek kingdom, which would afford profitable investment for English capital; but it was not explained why the Greek capitalists of Constantinople, Odessa, Vienna, Marseilles, and London, obstinately refused to invest one drachma in the schemes which foreigners were invited to patronise.

The necessity of constructing roads, quays, and aqueducts, establishing ferries, and protecting the woods in the country from conflagrations, was now felt. The people were eager to see some improvement in the state of agriculture; but they had been taught for so many years not to move without the commands of the central Government that they were helpless, and called on King Otho to make their fields fertile, to lower the expense of transport, and to create a constant demand for labour. It was a matter of reproach to the Government that no regular communications existed with some of the wealthiest and most populous islands of the Archipelago. The Greek navy had for many years consisted of fifteen to twenty vessels; and yet these vessels, which could not be considered as men-of-war, were never employed as regular packets, and only visited the Greek islands to carry away the produce of the taxes, and transport the money to the central treasury. The discontent of the islanders of Andros and Santorin was increased by seeing frigates sent to Marseilles to transport the furniture of the royal palace, and to Alexandria to bring palm-trees for Queen Amalia's garden.

The Greek navy was manned by about five hundred sailors, and the navy list was burdened with upwards of four hundred officers. It had once been a terror to the Ottoman fleet; it was now an object of ridicule both to Turks and Egyptians. The Sultan had established an arsenal in which engineers and mechanicians were educated, while King Otho was obliged to employ foreigners. It was once our fortune to make a passage in a small steamer belonging to the Ottoman navy, with a crew consisting entirely of Turks. Some part of the engine broke in a heavy swell off Samos, and we were compelled to seek shelter in the *boghaz*, where, as soon as we were anchored in smooth water, the Turkish engineers plied their forges and their files most actively, until in a few hours all the damage we had received was repaired, and we resumed our voyage. On visiting Greece shortly after, we found that the arsenal of Poros could not have turned out a Greek engineer capable of doing the same work at sea; and that, with a host of admirals and post-captains, and with a dozen naval men who have been ministers of the marine, King Otho was compelled to employ foreigners as chief engineers and mechanicians in all his steamers. The Greeks, nevertheless, pay the greatest attention to scholastic learning, though they are extremely deficient

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in all scientific knowledge of practical value. The negro proverb, "Much book, little know," is illustrated by the society of modern Greece. The Government is compelled to seek assistance from foreigners in the execution of the simplest engineering and mechanical works. Bavarians made a few roads and bridges. The streets and quays of the Piræus were the work of French soldiers; the canal of the Euripus, the drawbridge at Chalcis, and the improvements effected by Queen Amalia at Athens, were due to French engineers. Yet crowds of young Greeks have been educated in France at the public expense, who, after their return to Greece, have received large salaries and high rank. The streets of Athens are filled with men who can write books, and who wear handsome uniforms.

We have already mentioned that, in the autumn of 1860, King Otho dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, as a punishment for refusing to elect as its Speaker the candidate recommended by the Court, and that the employment of Government influence excluded from the new Chamber above sixty deputies who had formed the majority. During the elections, itinerant mobs, headed by gendarmes in uniform, moved about at signals from the central Government to intimidate opponents; and officials secured the return of the Government candidates, by filling the ballot-boxes with voting-papers. The country was in such a state of moral paralysis, that no political principle was at issue in these elections. The contests over all Greece were nothing but personal struggles to gain the high pay and profitable patronage which Greek deputies enjoy; and in these contests the names of Otho and Amalia were employed to influence votes, and were bandied about in most unbecoming ways, both by the Court faction and by its opponents. The Court candidates boasted of their devotion to the King and Queen, and of their intense admiration for the glories of Marathon. Their opponents spoke also of their devotion to the King and Queen, but they were louder and longer in expressing their enthusiasm for the *grand* idea, and they rivalled the Courtiers in their intense admiration for the glories of Marathon. In general the people kept aloof, and displayed an ominous indifference to all eloquence, even relating to the grand idea. The nation considered that it was insulted by the conduct of the Government, and the first movement of the ground-swell of popular indignation was visible to careful observers, "heaving in dark and sullen undulation," to borrow Lord Byron's imitation of Homer's

'Ως δ' ὁτε πορφύρῃ πελαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῳ, &c.

If great names alone could have given strength to a Ministry, no Cabinet ought to have been more powerful than King Otho's when he met his new Chamber on 27th February 1861. The son of Andreas Miaoules, the honest, stout-hearted Admiral, was President of the Council; the son of the heroic Markos Botzares was Minister of War; and the son of the President George Konduriottes was Minister of Foreign Affairs.* Nor was talent wanting in the Cabinet. Potles, the Minister of Justice, was reputed to be a good lawyer; and Simos, the Minister of Finance, was a man of acknowledged ability, though he had stained his personal reputation by deserting the English party, in spite of the warning fate of preceding renegades. But great names and considerable talents could not save this Ministry from the contempt which it merited by its shameful

* It is curious to observe that these three leading members of the Ministry were Albanians, of the pure Skipetar race, without any admixture of Greek blood either by the father's or mother's side. So much for the glories of Marathon and the Hellenism of the modern Greek kingdom!

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servility and unconstitutional proceedings; and King Otho was never so coldly received as he was at the opening of his Parliament in 1861. The deputies themselves appeared to be ashamed of their position; but they were only the more resolved to indemnify themselves for their disgrace by appropriating the public money as an anodyne to their feelings; and they accordingly lost no time in rewarding the imaginary services of themselves, their fathers, and their fathers-in-law during the war with the Turks forty years ago.

The Greeks, though sulky, appeared to be so tranquilly disposed, that King Otho visited Germany during the summer. While he was absent Queen Amalia acted as regent, expecting to enjoy the popularity which had attended her exercise of the same authority on former occasions. But everything was now going wrong; public opinion was vitiated; treacherous conspiracies were formed, and cowardly crimes were spoken of without abhorrence. On the 18th September an attempt was made to assassinate the Queen-Regent by Aristides Dosios, a youth of eighteen, son of a man who had recently held a considerable official appointment in King Otho's service, and who was connected with several of the Phanariot families, who unite place-hunting at Athens with the cultivation of the grand idea. Queen Amalia was returning from her evening ride, attended by her usual suite and escort of gendarmes. The cavalcade had passed the King's stables (since converted into loopholed barracks for the artillery), and was turning into the square before the royal palace. For some time previous a haggard youth was seen hanging about the corner where a gun was planted which fired shells into the palace during the civil war in June last, when the son of Admiral Kanares was killed. The youth stepped forward and fired a pistol at the Queen while she turned her horse to canter up the ascent to the palace. The ball whistled past the Queen's ear, but she showed no sign of agitation, though she expressed her astonishment. And when her attendants seized the assassin, she treated his crime as an unfortunate accident, and expressed her fear that the folly of the young man had brought him into serious trouble. The criminal is said to have declared that, by murdering the Queen, he expected to afford the patriots in Greece time to take effectual measures for preventing the return of King Otho to Athens. A Government devoted to revolutionary principles and to the grand idea might then have been firmly established. The instinct of right, which is rarely wanting in the hearts of the people, caused a strong revulsion of public opinion in Queen Amalia's favour, and the demonstrations of sympathy which she received for a few weeks persuaded her that she had regained all her former popularity, and was again the beloved Queen of the Greeks.

The King soon returned, and it was then impossible to conceal the rapidly-increasing aversion with which his person and the Bavarian dynasty were regarded. Those classes which had hitherto feared anarchy more than they had desired improvement were now disposed to risk everything to bring about a change. Some persons who have not had an opportunity of watching the progress of opinion have supposed that the dethronement of King Otho was the result of a successful conspiracy, directed by a revolutionary party, and not the gradual outbreak of a nation's feelings. We shall, therefore, pass in review the principal causes of the aversion with which his Government was regarded at this time, and enumerate some of the rivulets of discontent, which, meeting all together, suddenly swelled into an irresistible revolutionary torrent.

King Otho made immobility the principle of his government. The Greeks were impelled towards pro-

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gress by forces which were every day gaining increased strength. The system of King Otho embraced Turkish taxation, Phanariot intrigue, lavish expenditure on officials, extreme avarice in national improvements, spies, brigandage, and barbarous agriculture. The people demanded improvement in the financial system, reduction of the public expenditure, extension of useful public works, and reform in every branch of the royal administration. The King and his people were therefore in direct opposition, and the overwhelming power of the central administration convinced the people that no improvement was attainable unless by means of a revolution. The first step to improvement was to dethrone King Otho.

The only class in Greece which had any interest in supporting the principle of immobility was the Orthodox clergy, and that was precisely the class which was most perseveringly hostile to King Otho's Government. The Greek clergy never forgot that the revolution against the Sultan was an Orthodox movement, planned originally to increase the power of the Eastern Orthodox Church ; and since the year 1821 the priesthood has never ceased declaring that the wrath of heaven will not be appeased, nor can the Greek Revolution be considered as completely successful, until an Orthodox king shall reign over the Greeks. In Western Europe we allow our political opinions to exercise such entire domination over our ecclesiastical feelings, that we are apt to underrate the great influence exercised by Orthodox prejudices in the East.

Numerous ecclesiastical conspiracies against King Otho attest the power of the clergy and its hostility to a heterodox sovereign. It may not be superfluous to remind our readers of some of these clerical intrigues. An Orthodox society called "the Phœnix" attempted a revolution in the time of the Bavarian regency, and the celebrated klepht, Theodore Kolokotrones, was condemned to death for his share in this plot, but pardoned by King Otho on his majority. A Philorthodox society was formed to dethrone Otho, because he was a Catholic, as early as 1838. It included in its ranks many of the members of the old Philiké Hetairia and many Capodistrians of the Phœnix. Affiliated societies were formed in many parts of the Sultan's dominions, in the Ionian Islands, and in Russia. The general plan of all these societies was to make Orthodoxy their guide in politics, and to insure the support of Russia by acting everywhere in the strictest conformity with her diplomacy. The great influence which the Philorthodox society had acquired at Athens was discovered by accident ; and King Otho never felt greater alarm than when he learned that M. Glarakes, who was high in his confidence, and at the time his minister of foreign affairs and of the royal household, was a leading member of a society which there was no doubt dabbled in treason, and whose members were in constant secret communication with the Russian ambassador. All Greece was amazed to hear that M. Glarakes had been suddenly dismissed from office ; and many courtiers at Athens were confounded to see King Otho smiling graciously when he met Sir Edmund Lyons, and to hear his Hellenic Majesty speaking well of Lord Palmerston.

The Russian Court was so convinced of the powerful political influence of Philorthodox feelings, that it gave active encouragement to the party which effected the constitutional revolution in 1843, under the persuasion that the first movement of the nation would be to choose an Orthodox king. And the Emperor Nicholas never pardoned M. Katacazy, his minister in Greece, for permitting Sir Edmund Lyons to convert what Russia intended for an Orthodox into a constitutional revolution.

Both in 1843 and 1862 Russia

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miscalculated the strength of Orthodox prejudices and ecclesiastical influence on the population of liberated Greece. Even the protean diplomacy of St Petersburg lagged behind the age on this important section of Eastern policy. The political power of the clergy has been decreased by the revolution of 1843, but the influence of Orthodoxy, in so far as it represents nationality in the mind of the Greeks, has been rather increased by the habit it has acquired of acting openly. It has been unceasingly employed to persuade a large portion of the nation that the reign of a Catholic king at Athens was an insuperable obstacle to the success of the grand idea at Constantinople. A Greek empire can only be re-established by an Orthodox emperor.

Next to his immobility, the most general cause of hostility to King Otho was his want of sympathy with the desire for education which pervades every class of society in Greece. He had no love of ancient art, and no taste for Greek literature; he cared as little for a tragedy of Sophocles as for his father's verses, and he made no effort to encourage either art or learning as a means of gaining popularity. His mind was so small that he could not take a decided interest in anything but Court parade and diplomatic intrigue. He was therefore regarded with as much animosity by schoolmasters as by priests; and it is probable that had these two influential classes felt more brotherly love, and acted together in their opposition to the Government, they might either have shortened his reign or forced him to change his policy many years ago.

The Greeks became slowly, but at last universally, convinced that King Otho was at heart systematically opposed to both the intellectual and material improvement of the country. They were unjust to their poor King, who acted only on the royal instincts of German sovereigns; but his conduct tended on several occasions to nourish the suspicions of his subjects. For a time he opposed the foundation of a university at Athens; and the university which the servility of the Greek professors termed the Othonian, was founded in despite of the royal opposition by a national impulse that made the Philorthodox and Liberal parties act together, as in 1843 and 1862. Large subscriptions were obtained both from Greeks and Philhellenes; but when the subscription-list was sent to the German counts and barons who filled the offices of Marshal of the Palace and Master of the Ceremonies, and who received large salaries from the Greek treasury, these great officers of the royal household put down their names for smaller sums than were contributed by most of the Athenian shopkeepers. This illiberality, which was probably only Bavarian meanness, was mistaken by the Greeks for a deliberate insult to the nation; and though the King endeavoured to efface the memory of his early opposition by liberal grants of public money, he could only gain over servile professors by pensions and favours, while the majority of the literary classes remained always his enemies.

The destruction of local institutions, and the over-centralisation that prevails in the public administration, have rendered the Greeks so helpless that they look to their Government for every improvement. One consequence of this helplessness has been, that King Otho has in his own person paid the penalty of paralysing the national vigour, by being held responsible for the neglect of many things which it was the duty of the people to perform without any assistance from the central Government. The King was expected to improve agriculture, establish manufactures, make labour abundant, keep wages at the same time high, and make masters, servants, and Government officials all honest men. Public opinion pronounced that he neglected his duties; for when something was at-

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tempted in the way of public improvement, when a road was formed in the vicinity of the capital, when a shrubbery was planted round the royal palace, and when a farm was established, the people spoke of the Queen's drive, the Queen's garden, and the Queen's farm, as if she had been the reigning sovereign of Greece. Nobody thought of attributing a good work to King Otho.

It was impossible for taxpayers not to see that the revenues of Greece were shamefully wasted in jobbing and corruption ; and it was natural that they should feel some irritation when years slipped away and no measures were taken to advance the material prosperity of their country. The number of officers in the army and navy was constantly increased, and the army and navy were becoming more inefficient. Every public office was filled with supernumerary officials, who were idle and often corrupt. The central administration was dishonoured by venality and peculation, and brigandage desolated the rural districts. The people were told by the idle and highly-paid officials that Greece was lightly taxed, because statistics proved that the public treasury only received about 15s. a-head from every Greek, while every Englishman paid £2, 15s. ; but in spite of this statistical demonstration, the Greeks understood perfectly that they were the highest taxed people in Europe. They had quite sufficient instinctive knowledge of political economy to observe, that in no other Christian country did the amount of taxation levied on the agricultural population tend so directly to impede the increase of national wealth and to check the demand for labour.

We must now notice two collateral causes that tended to weaken King Otho's position and strengthen the revolutionary feeling of his subjects. These were, the question of the succession, and the grand idea.

The question of the succession to the throne of Greece was both doubtful and open. The Court of Bavaria and Queen Amalia differed in opinion on this important subject. Nobody could say with certainty who was the lawful claimant, or who was likely to be the real successor. The treaty relative to the sovereignty of Greece, signed at London on the 7th May 1832, declared, that "in the event of the decease of King Otho without direct and lawful issue, the crown of Greece should pass to his younger brothers and their direct and lawful descendants and heirs in the order of primogeniture." But the 40th article of the constitution of Greece, adopted in 1844, declared, "that every successor to the throne of Greece must profess the religion of the Orthodox Eastern Church." A decree of the National Assembly, ratified by the King, conferred the regency on Queen Amalia during her widowhood, in the event of the minority of the Orthodox successor. These two provisions were embodied in a treaty signed by Great Britain, France, Russia, Bavaria, and Greece, at London, 20th November 1852.

A question arose concerning the interpretation of the 40th article of the constitution. The Court of Bavaria argued that it was competent for the Bavarian prince who should become entitled to the succession to embrace the Orthodox faith when the crown descended to him by the death of King Otho. Every man of honour, and especially a member of a family distinguished like the royal family of Bavaria for its devotion to Catholicism, felt extremely averse to undergo the offensive ceremony of a second baptism, which the Greeks consider necessary to efface the stain of heresy, and secure the admission of a Catholic or a Protestant into the Orthodox Eastern Church. Now, for a Bavarian prince to have lived for many years as a baptised heretic without being able to conceal either the stain of heresy or apostacy under royal robes, would have fixed indelible disgrace on the house of Wittels-

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pach. According to the religion and morality of the royal family of Bavaria, the royal mantle could alone conceal the infamy of apostacy.

The Greeks argued differently. They urged, that unless the successor to the throne entered the Orthodox Eastern Church before the succession was opened to him by the decease of King Otho, he would not be entitled to claim the throne; for the 40th article declares that the successor must profess the Orthodox faith; and if no successor professing the Orthodox faith existed at the time of King Otho's decease, then the Greek throne would be vacant, and a national assembly must be convoked, according to special provisions laid down in the constitution, to elect a king. The Bavarian Court, which appears to have been cursed with judicial blindness on every subject connected with Greek politics, as a punishment for violating its promise to give the Greeks a constitution in 1833, trusted that it would be able to secure the ultimate acceptance of its own interpretation of the 40th article of the Greek constitution by the protecting Powers. It counted apparently too much on the political influence of Austria and the Catholicism of France, and too little on the strength of public opinion in Greece. King Otho had naturally no great desire to acknowledge a successor with whom his Orthodox subjects could carry on Orthodox intrigues. Queen Amalia had the good sense to perceive that the Greek interpretation of the 40th article was sure to be successful, as it was supported by the Greeks and the Russian Court. Her view was just, but her conduct was imprudent. She ought to have abstained from action. Had she survived her husband, her position as regent would have rendered her the arbitress of the question; but her impatience led her into seeking to determine who was to be the successor during her husband's life. The enemies of the Bavarian dynasty were always eager to raise discussions on this subject; for there was never any sympathy between the Greeks and the Bavarians. The Queen's friends, the Russian party, the Philorthodox, and the votaries of the grand idea,—all insisted that the recognition of an Orthodox successor was absolutely necessary to preserve tranquillity, though there can be no doubt that their real object in raising the question was to prepare the minds of the people for a revolution. A Queen's candidate for the throne was repeatedly brought forward, and it was always asserted that this candidate was sure of Russian support. The rumours generally pointed out some member of the grand-ducal house of Oldenburg, who, it was said, had no objections to an immediate second baptism. The question of the succession divided the Greek Court into two factions, and popular opinion imagined that it occupied the thoughts of the King and Queen as much as it did the tongues of Athenian politicians. Idle tales were frequently current, which, though probably invented by the revolutionary party, possessed some degree of political significance, from the pleasure with which they were repeated and listened to in all classes of society. The Greeks were eventually taught to believe that the three protecting Powers were not disinclined to the exclusion of the Bavarian dynasty from the throne of Greece. The treaty stipulations of 1832 having been annulled by the constitution, the only right to the crown rested on a parliamentary title; and the inference was drawn that one revolution having confiscated the pretensions of the dynasty, a second might expel King Otho from the throne, and the three protecting Powers would look with as much indifference on the one revolution as they had on the other, and extend their protection rather to the country than to the King. Modern political history, as it presents itself to the minds of the Eastern nations, proves

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that all the states of Europe are tending to adopt a semi-elective form of government; and certainly there seems to be a strong disposition on the part of the enlightened classes to qualify the hereditary rights of feudal and divine-right royalty by a controlling power of election. Little did Queen Amalia suspect that the palace intrigues in which she indulged from mere want of rational occupation and intellectual society, were aiding a great revolutionary movement; and even the Russian and Orthodox parties were not aware that the revolution which they were labouring to produce was foreseen by a party which was ready to annihilate their influence, and place another heterodox king on the throne of Greece by the unanimous voice of the nation.

The discordance in the views of Queen Amalia and the Bavarian Court on the question of the succession was considered at Athens to be the cause of a certain degree of uneasiness in the position of the two last Bavarian ministers at the Greek Court, which was, however, in all probability, greatly magnified by the *cancans* of disappointed phanariot place-hunters who sought unsuccessfully for Bavarian patronage. Still, whether the Greeks were right or wrong, they persisted in the belief that there was little unity in the policy of the Greek Court on this important question; and they were fond of repeating with a sneer, "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand."

We said that "the grand idea" was King Otho's second collateral difficulty at this period. The success of the Allies in the Crimea produced a marked change in the opinions of the Greeks concerning the feasibility of their projects for overthrowing the Ottoman Empire. They have always been disposed to regard success as the true touch-stone of political wisdom; and the manner in which the British Government expelled the Russians from the Isle of Serpents, repressed the attempted encroachments of Russia, and upheld the integrity of the Ottoman Empire since 1856, has convinced them that the grand idea must for the present be laid aside, since it can no longer find an efficient protector in the Czar of Moscovy. We must not, however, allow ourselves to be deceived by appearances; and though the grand idea is no longer a watchword on every tongue, we must not forget that it is an article of faith that remains concealed somewhere in every heart. Even the smooth-tongued diplomatists and ministers who desire to hold office in the Cabinet of George I., King of the Greeks, cannot be safely trusted on this subject under any guarantee but their impotency. In order to prove the power of this national feeling, which undoubtedly has its foundation in noble sentiments, we must recall to the recollection of our readers the conduct of the Greeks residing in England during the Crimean war. In their enthusiasm for Russia they forgot their duty to England; and in their hostility to the British Government they outbrighted Mr Bright. We do not recall this unpleasant circumstance in order to cast the slightest doubt on the sincerity of their late demonstrations of affection to Great Britain; for we know well that Russia was the object of their adoration in 1854, principally because she was expected to prove an instrument for realising the grand idea, and consequently, the loss of her power put an end to their enthusiasm. But their conduct on that occasion reveals the strength of their attachment to the grand idea, and the violence of their national passions when a chance of attacking Turkey is offered. The intoxication produced by these Hellenic gases impelled Greek merchants living under the protection of the British Government to make a display of their joy at our early disasters in the Crimea, which was so unseemly as to draw from the daily press the observation, "that contempt for

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their weakness alone prevented Englishmen from feeling indignation at their insolence and ingratitude."

The total defeat of the bandits who were let loose on Turkey from the prisons of Greece, and of the volunteers who were fitted out by King Otho, the misapplication of the money subscribed in every mercantile colony of Greeks over all Europe, and the diminution of the influence of Russia in the Levant, caused a modification of public opinion. The fall of Sebastopol put an end to all hope of seeing a Greek emperor enthroned at Constantinople for the present. The ease with which the Turks had driven the Greek troops back over the frontier proved that the Greek kingdom was not yet strong enough to conquer Thessaly and Epirus, even when the Sultan was obliged to send all his regular army to the banks of the Danube. The subjects of King Otho were forced to consider the exiguity of their own resources with enlarged experience, and to reflect on the fearful calamities which the power of the Ottoman Empire might inflict on the Greek kingdom, if the protection of the three powers were for a moment withdrawn. The Greeks had hitherto supported King Otho because he aided the propagation of the grand idea, and because he hated England, the only firm supporter of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. They had applauded his most unprincipled conduct; they had assisted him in wasting the revenues of the kingdom in maintaining a useless army and an inefficient navy, in keeping up an expensive court and diplomatic body, merely because they were persuaded that this extravagant expenditure facilitated the success of their designs against Turkey. But they were now unable to conceal from themselves that the last few years had effected a great change in the relative power of the Ottoman Empire and the Greek kingdom. Both countries have devoted all their care to developing the system of centralisation. In Turkey that system is the vivifying principle of the Sultan's power; it is the life-blood of the Ottoman Empire. In Greece, on the contrary, it paralyses the energy of the nation, and is a cause of weakness to the Government.

When a nation wishes to reform its ways, and feels the reproaches of its own conscience, its first step is generally, not to consider what measure of reform it would be prudent to adopt without delay, but to seek for peace of mind by selecting a scape-goat to be sent out into the wilderness with all the transgressions of the people upon its head. The Greeks acted after this fashion, and selected King Otho as their scape-goat. On his head they placed all their shortcomings, the venality of their deputies, the jobbing of their senators, and the dishonesty of their public servants. He was rendered personally responsible for nineteen years of constitutional government, as well as for ten years of absolute administration. The Greeks pretended that they had always panted to do good, and that the King had driven them with his royal sceptre to do evil. Their former love of Otho was changed into intense hatred. They prayed for a Vitellius, and would have rejoiced to see Byzantium a free city.

Such was the state of national feeling in 1862.

No king ever surrounded himself, habitually and of set purpose, with such incapable men as King Otho; yet even his unworthy counsellors warned him that public opinion required some concessions. At last he was persuaded to yield to the demands of the nation; but, with the cunning which forms a curious feature in his dull intellect, he framed a plan to palter with his people in a double sense; to keep the word of promise to their ear and break it to their hope.

In January 1862 he sent for Admiral Kanares to form a ministry. Konstantine Kanares is the

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hero of the Greek Revolution, and his name will live for ever in Greek history. Three thousand Turks perished by his hand, and fleets fled before the little brig in which he sailed. His fire-ship will shine through all time in a blaze of glory. But Kanares, with all this greatness, is no more fit to be a prime minister than to be a lord chancellor; and Otho knew this and resolved to profit by it. Kanares was a senator, and as a senator he had kept aloof from court corruption. The simplicity of his life made him the idol of the people. As he was a man without education, he was obliged to place himself under the guidance of others in ministerial business; and, before King Otho sent for Kanares, his majesty had taken care, by intrigues and promises, to prevent the ablest senators and deputies from joining the proposed ministry. When, therefore, Kanares applied to Bulgares, and other men of influence, he was met by direct refusals, and he was, consequently, compelled to address himself to men of less authority. These men, to make sure of getting the complete direction of public affairs into their hands, persuaded the Admiral that a constitutional King must reign, and not govern; which, of course, to an ignorant man like Kanares, meant nothing but that the prime minister was to be the real king, and that Otho was only to act the part of king at court ceremonies. The extreme absurdity of the phrase, in the political condition of Greece, probably never occurred to Kanares; it did strike him, as it did every body else, that the only change which would be produced by adopting this principle would be, that Greece, instead of being governed by the *camarilla* of King Otho, would be governed by the *camarilla* of Admiral Kanares.

At the first audience, Kanares presented to his Majesty a memoir, drawn up by one of his political assistants, describing the measures which the Prime Minister considered as indispensable; and the King, having perused the Memoir, consented, at a subsequent audience, to allow Kanares to form his Cabinet, for the purpose of carrying the measures it proposed into immediate execution. The Memoir was an able document; and the measures it proposed were well suited to avert the evils which threatened both the King and the country. It embraced nine heads:

1. The formation of a cabinet by a prime minister, who was to be really, and not as hitherto, only nominally, intrusted with the government of the country.

2. The free action of the cabinet, which should possess the power of proposing any measure to the King. His Majesty being expected to adopt the measure after a reasonable interval for consideration, or else to dismiss the ministry; and not, as had been usually the practice, to leave important questions in suspense for indefinite periods, or make arrangements for their curtailment with individual ministers, without the knowledge of the prime minister.

3. The dismissal of the *camarilla* (ἀνακτοβούλιον), which was said to consist of Mr Wendland, the King's private secretary, the *avlarch*, or master of the ceremonies, the *stavlarch*, or master of the horse, and one or two favourite officials and courtiers. To this council all public laws and administrative measures were submitted, and its influence rendered the nominal ministers of the crown little more than under secretaries.

4. That the members of the royal household should be expressly prohibited from visiting the senators and deputies, for the purpose of influencing their votes by promising places, pensions, and settlement of old claims for past services, of which every public man in Greece appears to have an inexhaustible store. The avlarch and stavlarch were both accused of exercising this influence habitually.

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5. The immediate dissolution of the existing chamber of deputies, whose election had produced, as we have already mentioned, great discontent; and the free election of a new chamber under a law of election which Kanares engaged to submit to his Majesty for approval within eight days. Many persons considered that Kanares committed a serious error in not making the dissolution of this unpopular chamber a preliminary step to his acceptance of office.

6. The reform of the Senate, which had recently been rendered contemptible by the intrusion of a batch of eighteen officials, whose names were unknown to the public before their nomination.

7. The formation of a National Guard on the Swiss model, for the purpose of relieving the agricultural classes from the burden of the conscription, and the country from the enormous military expenditure, which rendered internal improvement impossible.

8. The equitable application of the laws relating to the press.

9. The restoration of public credit, by greater economy in the public expenditure, and the adoption of a better system of finance.

There can be no doubt that King Otho read this Memoir with amazement and indignation. He regarded it as an attempt to unking him; and he preferred being dethroned by a revolution to deliberately dethroning himself. He therefore engaged in his contest with Kanares as in a struggle for his crown, and all his faculties were sharpened by personal hatred. He had no fear of the old bruloteer, for he knew that it was as difficult to burn corruption out of Greek politicians as to set fire to the Thames. Corruption paralysed the minister who proposed reform, and supported the King who defended an existing system.

As soon as Kanares was authorised to form his ministry on the principles of the Memoir, he presented to the King a list of the members of the Cabinet. The King was prepared by the intrigues of the camarilla to give battle on the personal question.

The leading members of the opposition, Bulgares, Christides, and their friends, had been induced to decline entering the ministry, except on conditions which would have rendered the Memoir a nullity. Kanares was, therefore, compelled to seek for less influential colleagues, and he was not happy in his choice. The King saw that his plot had succeeded, and seized his advantage with promptitude. Copies of the list of ministers were dispersed among the people, and the names caused shouts of derision among the excited patriots and noisy students of the Othonian University, who had crowded the square before the palace for forty-eight hours. The recoil of public opinion was instantaneous; and Kanares from a hero became a scape-goat. The end of this political negotiation formed a severe satire on the state of society, as well as on the character of the leading public men: but there was no visible remedy; students were silent, and all the patriotic crowds melted away, each man walking home grievously disappointed, in a frame of mind thoroughly revolutionary.

The King appeared to be what the French call "master of the situation;" and he immediately ordered a written communication to be placed in the hands of Kanares, informing him that the persons proposed as members of the Cabinet were so unsuited to the exigencies of public affairs, that his Majesty found it necessary to thank the Admiral for his exertions, and relieve him from the task of forming a ministry. The populace received the news with delight, and King Otho became the hero of the hour. The Greeks, who take an exquisite pleasure in looking on at any intellectual contest, were astonished, and consequently doubly delighted, at the

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cleverness with which their stolid King had won, when he had all the odds against him. They enjoyed seeing the game well played to such a degree, that they overlooked the result and forgot that their country must pay the stakes. King Otho and Queen Amalia rode out of their palace that evening amidst the acclamations of admiring crowds. The popularity they had enjoyed during the Crimean war was restored; and the royal pair flattered themselves that they listened to the shouts of a devoted nation, when they were really hearing nothing more than the applause of the amused spectators at a political comedy.

If Kanares had possessed either political tact or judgment, he might have converted his personal defeat into a national victory, and not only have regained all his former popularity, but have acquired as great a name for his services to his country in politics as in war. The people were not aware of the existence of the Memoir; they supposed that his contest with the court was like every ministerial contest of which they had heard since Greece became a constitutional kingdom, a struggle between individuals for place, salary, and patronage. Kanares, therefore, owed it to himself to publish his Memoir, in order that his countrymen might see what he really proposed to do for their benefit. He ought also to have announced publicly, that he was ready, as a senator and a citizen, to support any ministry that might be formed on the principles which he had stated in his Memoir, and to which, as he might have informed the public, King Otho had given his approbation. A very little skill was required to transfer his contest with the court from the question of a few insignificant names, which the world would have forgotten before the end of the week, into a question concerning the practical application of the administrative principles which would render Greece truly a constitutional monarchy. Had Kanares done this, he would have compelled King Otho to change his policy; and Kanares would have done it had his camarilla been composed of honest men; but, if report speak truly, either King Otho or his majesty's camarilla gained over the most influential advisers of the Admiral, to prevent the publication by hopes of official employment. The report shows the estimation in which the Greeks hold the honour of their politicians.

Even before the Kanares affair, plots and conspiracies among those who had often received unmerited favours from King Otho revealed the political and military disorganisation of the Greek Kingdom. Among other plots, a conspiracy of the officers of the army was discovered, which had for its object the dethronement of the King, and several of the conspirators were tried and condemned to imprisonment. Some were confined in the fortress of Nauplia; and other officers who were suspected of participation in the conspiracy were ordered to remain there under military inspection. The Greek army had fallen into a state of anarchy; every officer who was not allowed to reside at the capital with a supplement of pay, and every private who was forced to do regular duty, considered that he had wrongs to avenge. Personal gratitude to the King and military honour were alike forgotten. In an ill-governed country, doubtless, treachery must be; but, as Milton says of tyranny, "to the traitor thereby no excuse."

On the 13th February 1862 the garrison of Nauplia, which consisted of 900 men, broke out into open rebellion. The leaders of the revolt issued proclamations calling on the people to take up arms in defence of their liberty; but the names of the conspirators inspired no confidence, and the movement was generally ascribed to avidity for military promotion, not to love of constitutional liberty. The gen-

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eral feeling of Greece disowned this military revolt, and the government took prompt measures to suppress it. Troops were assembled to besiege Nauplia, which is the principal fortress in Greece, and a place of considerable strength. The King harangued the royal army at the Isthmus of Corinth. The composition of this force revealed the fact that even the Government was aware of the utter disorganisation of the regular troops, and distrusted their loyalty at this crisis. Palikari generals were allowed to muster undisciplined bands, armed with flint guns; and the abbot of the great monastery of Salamis, a clerical Ajax, was allowed to place himself at the head of a body of armed peasants. The generals in fustinello served as spies on the colonels in uniform, and the monk in arms as a spy on the other military spies. About 3000 royalists — infantry, cavalry, artillery, and banditti—entered the plain of Argos; while other troops spread themselves over the country, plundering the peasantry who had refused to join the rebels.

Both Greece and King Otho were fortunate in having a foreign officer who could be intrusted with the command of the royal army without awakening new jealousies. General Hahn, a Swiss Philhellene, had served Greece for thirty-five years, and was more completely free from party ties than any officer in the service. A soldier, a gentleman, and an upright man, he possessed both the character and the influence necessary for repressing the intrigues of the military courtiers, who sought to make the civil war a pretext for wreaking personal vengeance on their political opponents or private enemies.

The insurgents abandoned Argos, and confined their defence to the outworks of Nauplia; but their operations were conducted with very little military skill. Their troops were disorganised; and the leaders of the insurrection were unable to establish discipline, and induce their soldiers to construct a few works which would have rendered the approach to the place extremely difficult and probably impossible to the royal force. On the 13th March all the outworks were taken by assault, and though some young officers and soldiers among the rebels displayed courage in defending their posts, the defence was, on the whole, but feeble. Colonel Koronaios, one of the leaders of the insurrection, was wounded and taken prisoner in an ill-judged and ill-executed flank attack.

Some revolutionary movements arising out of the revolt at Nauplia, but not immediately connected with it, ought to have convinced the Government that anarchy was near at hand. Syra is the principal mercantile town in Greece, the inhabitants are the most industrious, and the municipal administration is the most enterprising and least dishonest. A few officers and soldiers who happened to be stationed there, seeing the general dissatisfaction felt at the measures of the Government, formed a plot for putting an end to the civil war at Nauplia, and changing the system of administration at Athens. They seized a steamer in the port, and went off to Thermia (Kythnos) where several members of the opposition, who had been arrested without any legal warrant, were detained as prisoners. It was proposed to carry these exiles to Nauplia, and it was hoped that with their assistance the insurgents would soon be able to march to Athens. Unfortunately for themselves, the insurgents from Syra trifled away their time, while King Otho and his ministers acted with the energy of men who saw that their lives and fortunes were at stake. The Greek frigate steamed out of the Piræus in a few hours with two companies of infantry on board, and caught the rebels lingering at Thermia. Two or three young officers were shot down by the royal troops in a merciless and,

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it is said, in a treacherous manner. Another abortive attempt at insurrection was made at the same time at Chalcis on the Euripus, but the few troops in garrison there remained firm in their allegiance.

The victory of the royalists before Nauplia on the 13th March shut up the rebels closely within the walls, and rendered their cause desperate. Dissensions broke out among the leaders; but the younger officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, continued for some time to reject all proposals for capitulation. Slowly and reluctantly King Otho was persuaded to grant a comprehensive amnesty to the rebels; but though he was warned even by some of his courtiers that his own troops would not allow him to punish many of the insurgents, his Majesty made his concessions so ungraciously that his amnesty was received with distrust. The worst of all treason now prevailed among the Greeks; nobody believed the word of the King. More confidence was placed in the honour of General Hahn; and by his prudence a capitulation was at last concluded, on condition that all the officers and men who refused to accept the amnesty should be allowed to quit Greece. A petition was addressed to the English and French ministers at Athens, with the consent of the Greek Government, in which the insurgents who determined to go into exile prayed the ministers to send ships of war to Nauplia, in order to transport them to Smyrna. Two signatures attached to this petition were qualified in a singular manner. To the name of General Tzokris, a Palikari general who had joined the insurrection, but who was suspected of treachery, the words, "admitted into our ranks from a feeling of pity," are added; and Captain Grivas wrote after his name, "abandoned by all my comrades, I find myself compelled to pass on myself a sentence of eternal banishment, and, blushing to bear henceforth the name of Greek, I renounce from this moment my hellenic nationality." To palliate this nonsense, we must not omit to notice that the modern Greeks love bombast dearly, and this energetic expression of youthful enthusiasm is an interesting trait in the character of a man, who has since become one of the most influential members of the National Assembly which elected Prince George of Denmark to be King of the Greeks, and who was joined with Kanares in the commission deputed to offer him the crown.

The number of exiles amounted to about 220, and of these upwards of 200 prayed to be embarked under the English flag, and were received on board H.M.S. Pelican. The remainder embarked in a French corvette. They quitted Nauplia on the 19th April 1862, and on the following day the royal troops took possession of the fortress; but there was little joy in Greece on account of this victory. Everybody expected a new civil war during the coming winter. The political instincts of King Otho have been on many occasions similar to those of the populace in the United States. Whenever he had a domestic difficulty, he talked of invading Turkey. Thessaly was his Canada. A ministerial paper which announced the glorious success of King Otho's army over the bravest rebels who had ever fought for a bad cause, and who might have changed the face of the East if their valour had been employed in propagating the grand idea, contained an article headed, "The triumph of the Union Party in the Ionian Islands, and of the Radicals at Zante." Loyalty to King Otho was supposed to demand hatred to England. Little did the King suspect that, when he was endeavouring to excite hostility to Turkey and animosity against England as an anodyne to domestic griefs, his own expulsion from the throne was so soon to insure the union of the Ionian Islands, raise England to the highest pitch of popularity, and consign hostility

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to Turkey to oblivion, in the determination to place domestic liberty on a secure foundation. The same paper contained a third article which ought to have awakened melancholy presentiments in the heart of every Greek. It was headed, "The hatred of the Bulgarians to the Greek Race." That hatred has endured a thousand years; it more than once brought the Byzantine empire to the brink of destruction; and it is likely to exercise quite as much influence on the solution of the Eastern question as the grand idea.

The fall of Nauplia had not completely restored the confidence of King Otho, when great fear fell on the Court of Athens. The death of Sir Thomas Wyse, and the state of disorganisation in the Government of Greece, induced the British Government to send Mr Elliot to Athens on a special mission. The name of Elliot was unmusical to Bavarian ears as being associated with the disasters of King Otho's near connections—the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. So, when the stout Bavarian equerry, who took care of the royal stud, heard the news, he shook his head, and declared that (whatever the master of the horse might think, who, though he might be a statesman, knew nothing of horses) he, the equerry, was persuaded that Lord Palmerston must have had intentions. To his mind the name of Elliot presaged the fall of another royal dynasty, and when he was reminded of the extreme improbability of one Elliot dethroning two kings, he could receive no consolation even from the doctrine of chances.

Mr Elliot arrived on the 13th of May, and partly, perhaps, on account of his terrible name, and partly because his conduct proved to be unexpectedly conciliatory, he escaped the usual fate of British ministers at the Greek court, and was not insulted either by King Otho or Queen Amalia. But his mission failed to produce any good effect. King Otho would neither dissolve his hated chamber, nor make an effort to avert a revolution which the ill-suppressed indignation of his subjects rendered every hour more inevitable. In July, Mr Elliot departed. Rumours of plots and conspiracies increased; and the camarilla alone was blind to signs of discontent which were observed by every passing traveller.

A solemn warning that an outbreak would take place in a few days at last reached the Greek court from Corfu; but Queen Amalia mocked at the possibility of England informing the King of any real danger. Her view of the matter was that *la perfide Albion* wished to frighten King Otho into adopting liberal measures by discovering a mare's nest. Mr Scarlett, the new minister, finding that it would be useless to combat this delusion, could only contemplate with astonishment the departure of the King from Athens after the warning he had received.

King Otho and Queen Amalia left the palace, to which they never were to return, on the 13th October 1862; and on the same day the garrison of Vonitza, a miserable Venetian fort on the Gulf of Arta, revolted. Queen Amalia had been so firmly persuaded of her own popularity that, before quitting Athens, she purchased a quantity of jewellery to distribute among her loving subjects; and so completely were the Greeks subservient to the officials of the central administration, that the royal travellers were received at every place they visited with the usual demonstrations of loyalty. But the revolt in Acarnania soon became a revolution. On the 20th October a provisional government was formed at Patras; and on the night of the 22d the troops at Athens left their barracks, each man carrying twenty round of ball cartridge in his belt. Before midnight, Milton's pandemonium, with its "shouts that tore hell's concave," must have been

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a quiet meeting compared to the yells, the singing through the nose, the whistling of balls, the incessant fire of musketry, and the clattering of broken tiles, that rang through every street in Athens. Several persons were killed, and many were wounded, during the anarchy that prevailed for two days. During the din a few young patriots and discarded ministers of King Otho assembled in conclave and formed a provisional government. Everybody was aware that the nation had one great object in view—to drive King Otho from the throne: so the throne of Greece was declared vacant, and a national assembly was convoked to elect a new King, and organise a better system of administration.

As soon as King Otho heard that the thunderstorm had broken over his capital, he hastened back. He then recollected that Mr Scarlett had spoken words of truth to an unwilling ear, and he formed a resolution, which he fortunately had no opportunity of breaking, but which, as King, he certainly would not have kept, of following the advice of the British minister on his return to Athens. When it was announced to the raging populace and self-disbanded troops that the frigate which bore aloft the royal standard was approaching the shores of Attica, an infuriated armed mob streamed down to the Piræus. The commandant, an officer who felt some gratitude for a few slight favours he had received from the court, was murdered by his own soldiers for proposing to receive the King, and his mutilated body was dragged through the streets, and cast into the sea. Thousands of armed men lined the shore, and guarded the entrance into the port. In a short time the crew of the frigate declared in favour of the provisional government; and there was nothing left for their majesties but to place themselves under the protection of the three Powers, who, thirty years ago, had conferred the crown of Greece on the Bavarian dynasty. They were reminded of their declaration, "that the election of King Otho had been made in virtue of a formal authorisation on the part of the Greek nation, and that the three Courts are all strictly obliged and firmly resolved to maintain it," and the fulfilment of that declaration was now claimed; but King Otho found that the hour when that resolution could have been carried into effect had long passed away. His Majesty had annulled the obligation on the part of the protecting Powers, when he repudiated their promise that the Greeks should be governed constitutionally; and he had not himself fulfilled any of the obligations in favour of the Allies imposed on the Government of Greece by the Treaty of 1832. King Otho was therefore forced to quit his kingdom; and as he preferred departing in an English ship, H.M.S. Scylla conveyed him to Venice, which he selected as his landing-place.

A summary account of the revolution was given in a clever caricature. A mixed multitude of Greeks, in all the variety of costumes in which they delight to attract public admiration, from the white kilt and embroidered jacket of the courier of the *Hotel d'Angleterre* to the sky-blue coat and large epaulets of the general officer, was represented on the shores of Attica, making grotesque demonstrations of their revolutionary ardour; while King Otho, clad in his snow-white fustinello, was springing from the Greek frigate to the deck of the Scylla. Hard by, on the deck of an Austrian corvette, stood the Bavarian minister looking on with a melancholy mien, and exclaiming, despairingly,

> "Quo tendis inertem
> Rex periture fugam?
> Incidis in Scyllam cupiens evitare Charybdim."

And so exit the Bavarian dynasty from Greece.

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HAWTHORNE ON ENGLAND.

FORTUNATELY for us, only the best of American literature ever secures a footing among us. There is a vast quantity of what passes for very fine writing in the States, which it would be worth nobody's while to republish here. But when an American's claim to whisper in the world's ear is once established, his Transatlantic birth seems to affect favourably for him his English audience; so that when he comes among us he is already naturalised, and, uniting the claims of a distinguished foreign guest with those of an illustrious denizen, he receives far more honour than would be bestowed on a native writer of equal merit and celebrity. His foreign extraction, his different breeding, and the union of the strange and familiar in his language and ideas, are what probably confers on his companionship, in the estimation of our social epicures, all the superiority of flavour which game possesses over poultry.

It is many years now since the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne was inscribed among those English worthies of the time, whom Britannia delighteth to honour. Everybody who could pretend to a taste capable of discerning a flavour more delicate than that of the red-herrings and devilled bones so agreeable to the popular palate, perceived and commended the strange, wild, simple charm of this writer's genius. A still more select body of admirers — among whom we do not claim to be admitted —were enraptured with characteristics which, whether blemishes or additional charms, are doubtless inherent, and elements of his individuality, and without which the image of his mind could not be projected truly on the disc of literature—to wit, a certain mysticism and mistiness; mysticism, in dimly showing us strange and indistinct corners of our moral world, where the objects are so faintly defined that, like shapes in the glowing coals, they admit of as many interpretations as there are lively fancies in the interpreters; and mistiness, in a wilful incompleteness of incident, and refusal to explain the various hints and other devices by which curiosity has been stimulated, for the purpose of aiding the general moonlight effect. All these are peculiarities which his readers will recognise as distinctive of him, whether they like them or not; and another characteristic, which can scarcely, perhaps, be called a peculiarity, is an inclination to paint obliquities of character. His fondness for the analysis of the moral and mental framework of humanity is evidently absorbing; and as our greatest anatomists are much more apt to accumulate in their museums the deviations and fantasies into which nature has strayed in diversifying the human form, the giants and curious abortions, inseparable twins, and two-headed bodies, than more commonplace if more comfortable tenements of clay; so Hawthorne seems especially to delight in displaying moral twists rather curious than delightful to contemplate. And, along with these, coexist in his pictures highly idealised and sublimated personages — singular, not so much for unusual gifts as for freedom from defects, and perfect with a negative perfection. Anybody who has read his latest novel, 'The Romance of Monte Beni,' will recognise most of these elements and types—the mystical, in the character of Donatello, with his strange gifts, his more than semi-supernatural origin, and his metaphysical transformation; the misty, in the obscurity of the influences which surround Miriam, and which are never explained; the sublimated being, in the girl-

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painter Hilda ; while, for specimens of studies more curious than pleasant, we would take Clifford of 'The House of the Seven Gables,' old Roger Chillingworth of 'The Scarlet Letter,' and Zenobia and other personages of 'The Blithedale Romance.' But however diverse and seemingly unreconcilable his characters, he always manages to surround them with an atmosphere in which they can live and act together harmoniously for the ends of the work, as fairies and classic personages and absurd mechanics all unite in producing the gracefully grotesque effect of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The strangest circumstance of all is, that, whatever the obscurity of incident or mistiness of plot, there is perfect limpidity in the language ; so that the vague effects are produced rather by strange associations than by blurring or confusion, as the shadows of the sky mix with the roots and pebbles in the dark depths of a pellucid fountain.

But it would be unfair and untrue to leave the inference possible, that all the main characteristics of his style were summed up in calling it a clear and harmonious rendering of strange combinations of ideas. For he has a singular power and felicity of observation, the power being shown in the ease and certainty with which he grasps and plays with a subject, the felicity in the faculty of selection which unconsciously winnows what he wants to describe of all its chaff and commonplace investiture. And when his genius takes this direction, the results, conveyed in his clear excellent form of expression, are such as to recall the simple yet subtle charm with which Addison and Goldsmith and Irving wrought. As a specimen of this style, we specially remember the account of the old custom-house which forms the introduction to 'The Scarlet Letter,' and is a charming piece of old-world painting. And, lastly, he has a gentle yet spirited humour, never better displayed than in 'The Celestial Railway,' that happy sketch of modern 'Pilgrim's Progress,' showing the changes which have taken place since Bunyan's time in the mode of journeying towards the Shining City ; where the pilgrims are passengers, and the journey is made by train from the City of Destruction—Apollyon, the ancient foe of wayfarers, having taken the office of stoker, and every facility being given for observing the humours and temptations of Vanity Fair ; while the travellers, far from bearing, like poor Christian, their burdens painfully on their backs, see them safely consigned to the luggage-van, with a promise (admirable stroke of humour !) that all shall be punctually given back to the owners at the end of the journey.

All of us form, almost unconsciously, an idea of the personal character of a writer with whose works we are familiar, when his walk in literature is, like Hawthorne's, such as to admit of the display of individuality ; and few have impressed their audience with a more distinct stamp of their personality than this author. We think of him as a man unusually shy and reserved, both because he habitually prefers to draw on imagination and on a narrow circle of reality for his subjects, rather than to look abroad on the actual world ; and because an acquaintance with that world could only be maintained at the expense of that delicate bloom and wild fragrance which are the chief among his charms. Dreamy he must be, listless of aim, as seeing little to allure him in the ordinary material objects of men, and given to look at common things in an uncommon light, which transfigures and even sometimes distorts them ; yet capable of the shrewd glance that penetrates into surrounding realities, and saves him from being a visionary. But, above all, whatever else he might turn out to be, we should have predicted that he was eminently, with all his shyness and reserve, a gentle and a genial man.

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For, while he is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law;—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free; so that we know not what degree of iniquity a character must attain to, absolutely to deprive it of his sympathy. Looking thus on the tragic parts of his subject, he prefers, in treating of simple and common matters, to regard them in their graceful and sunny aspect. His sharpest satire is kindlier than the geniality of a really sarcastic man; and for mere weaknesses which do not amount to vice — indolence, vagabondism, and suchlike—he does not conceal his partiality. Kindly, clear, picturesque, graceful, quaint—such are the epithets which define his path in literature.

When, therefore, a work from his pen was announced, giving England the specially genial title of 'Our Old Home,' we might well expect to see ourselves, if shrewdly, yet favourably and indulgently depicted. For was not he the man who, in his Romance of 'Monte Beni,' had painted the perishing splendours of Rome so truthfully and with such art, that those who have not beheld them may almost fancy that they have, while those already familiar with them feel their influence more keenly than before in reading his descriptions? And would not he, so skilful to observe and depict the magnificent ruins which were no more to him than to the rest of the world, be unfailing to perceive and to describe the grandeurs of the land which was the old home of his countrymen? That imagination which evidently delights to expatiate in the past, and which could scarce get elbow-room in the narrow bounds of American History, would find here fresh fields and pastures new. The expansive cordiality which could include the old Puritans, the modern men of Massachusetts, and the cosmopolitan population of Rome, might surely find in the varieties of English life ample matter for its widest embrace. Here, we might have felt assured, was no Yankee come among us laden with all the prejudices of his nation, the exaggeration of which, by present circumstances, amounts almost to insanity —no brazen shouter for subjugation, nor extermination, nor devastation — no rabid denouncer of English sympathies with rebels, nor threatening claimant of English sympathies with Federals; here was no Frenchman about to jabber, for the benefit of other Frenchmen, nonsense about the Lord Mayor and Sir Peel; but a kindly philosopher who, setting aside, as foreign to his nature and his purpose, those matters which make up the subject of our own local politics—condition of the poor, parish unions, and so forth—would turn upon us a shrewd mild eye, lit with the deep inward light of imagination, sparkling with the play of pleasant fancy, and give us a representation of ourselves which, if it should show us as less agreeable than we had hoped, would leave us nothing to object to, and, if it should raise us in our own estimation, would do so on some grounds better than conceit.

With such expectations then it was that we opened the book, and found that, whatever its merits, we had to lament the loss of something still better, as was apparent from the following extract :—

"I once hoped, indeed, that so slight a work would not be all that I might write. These and other sketches, with which, in a somewhat rougher form than I have given them here, my journal was copiously filled, were intended for the side-scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornment of a work of fiction of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, and into

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which I ambitiously proposed to convey more of various modes of truth than I could have grasped by a direct effort. Of course, I should not mention this abortive project, only that it has been utterly thrown aside, and will never now be accomplished. The Present, the Immediate, the Actual, has proved too potent for me. It takes away not only my scanty faculty, but even my desire for imaginative composition, and leaves me sadly content to scatter a thousand peaceful fantasies upon the hurricane that is sweeping us all along with it, possibly, into a limbo where our nation and its polity may be as literally the fragments of a shattered dream as my unwritten Romance. But I have far better hopes for our dear country; and for my individual share of the catastrophe I afflict myself little, or not at all, and shall easily find room for the abortive work on a certain ideal shelf, where are reposited many other shadowy volumes of mine, more in number, and very much superior in quality, to those which I have succeeded in rendering actual."

What pleasant possibilities were blighted when so pregnant a thought miscarried! A romance of ancient English life by Hawthorne—there would indeed be something which would insure the despatch of millions of orders to Mr Mudie and his congeners. Would he have selected a period near our own into which to work the details he had acquired among us? Probably his taste for the antique would draw him farther back. The wigged and sworded gallants of the days of the Georges—"the tea-cup times of hood and hoop, or while the patch was worn"—days of Johnson and the, to him, more congenial Goldsmith—how familiarly would he have entered on the scene, and paced it like a man in his own domain! Or would he step back a century, and show us the Roundhead fathers of his Boston Puritans in full conflict with the Cavaliers? Or yet back again, over the boundary of an age, into the times of Elizabeth and her splendid group of subject worthies? Having no ground given to us on which to build a reply, we are compelled, instead of lamenting one lost romance, to mourn for a whole series of irrecoverable novels, ranging through our history from the Tudors down to Victoria.

Closing our eyes after reading the foregoing passage of his book, we tried to imagine what could be the unfortunate circumstances in the American troubles which had so disconcerted him, and robbed both America and England of what might have been a common possession. Was he disturbed at seeing those nearest to him, in his own country, joining in some of the frenzied dances of the hour? Were his dearest friends performing fetish ceremonies at the shrine of some monstrous idol? Had anybody in whom he felt special interest become an apostle of Abolition and Extermination. Was some nephew or cousin serving under Blenker or Turchin? Thoughts, all of them, which might well disturb the equanimity of a kindly and sensitive nature.

Resuming the book, we were somewhat startled at the next paragraph, which stands thus:—

"To return to these poor Sketches: some of my friends have told me that they evince an asperity of sentiment towards the English people which I ought not to feel, and which it is highly inexpedient to express. The charge surprises me, because, if it be true, I have written from a shallower mood than I supposed. I seldom came into personal relations with an Englishman without beginning to like him, and feeling my favourable impression wax stronger with the progress of the acquaintance. I never stood in an English crowd without being conscious of hereditary sympathies. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that an American is continually thrown upon his national antagonism by some acrid quality in the moral atmosphere of England. These people think so loftily of themselves, and so contemptuously of everybody else, that it requires more generosity than I possess to keep always in perfectly good-humour with them."

At this last sentence we paused, and turned back, that we might be quite sure what country he was

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speaking of, and, finding it was our own, we went on :—

"Jotting down the little acrimonies of the moment in my journal, and transferring them thence (when they happened to be tolerably well expressed) to these pages, it is very possible that I may have said things which a profound observer of national character would hesitate to sanction, though never any, I verily believe, that had not more or less of truth. If they be true, there is no reason in the world why they should not be said. Not an Englishman of them all ever spared America for courtesy's sake or kindness; nor, in my opinion, would it contribute in the least to our mutual advantage and comfort if we were to besmear one another all over with butter and honey. At any rate, we must not judge of an Englishman's susceptibilities by our own, which, likewise, I trust, are of a far less sensitive texture than formerly."

Asperities and little acrimonies of Nathaniel Hawthorne! It seemed a contradiction in terms. It was like talking of the asperity of a July evening, the acrimony of a bubbling fountain. We thought it might be either an intentional jesting with his own mild nature, or a delusion such as an ultra good-natured man might chance to fall into. But presently we underwent a new shock at finding him talking politics something in the style of a New York paper. The friend he addresses in his preface is the ex-President, General Franklin Pierce; and he tells him that the presidential chair, when he filled it, was "the most august position in the world." This was not exactly what we looked for from Hawthorne in the preface to a book about England; but still, august positions are matters of fancy rather than of fact, and why should not a man of genius have his phantasy on the subject? Next he goes on to say, "I need no assurance that you continue faithful for ever to that grand idea of an irrevocable Union, which, as you once told me, was the earliest that your brave father taught you." We thought it might have occurred to a philosophic mind, that what might have been a grand idea and a wise lesson in the days of Franklin Pierce's father, might not be either so grand or so wise in the days of Franklin Pierce himself; at any rate, there was something ominous in the conjunction of these political sentiments with the promise that we should not be besmeared with butter and honey. Still, even if, instead of those unctuous substances, our bones were to be grilled with pepper and vinegar, we yet hoped that the sharp and stinging condiments would be of prime quality, in which case, perhaps, we might not have much reason to complain, after all.

Towards the beginning of his first chapter, he tells us that "after all these bloody wars and vindictive animosities, we have still an unspeakable yearning towards England." This looked like promise of that honey which he had threatened to withhold; but a few sentences on, we read—"It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-sagacity, invariably blind of one eye and often distorted of the other, that characterise this strange people" (ourselves), "to compel us to be a great nation in our own right," &c. Compendiously truculent this for a genial observer of English character. Afterwards we learn that "John Bull has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw." Such is the pleasing personage—with the additional accomplishment of being blind on one eye and unable to see with the other—that has stamped himself on Mr Hawthorne's receptive faculties as the typical Englishman. "Nobody," we also learn, "is so humane as John Bull, when his benevolent propensities are to be gratified by finding fault with his neighbour." After this, it is

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almost unnecessary to tell us, as he does—"The English character, as I conceive it, is by no means a very lofty one."

With regard to our personal appearance, we are told—"If you make an Englishman smart (unless he be a very exceptional one, of whom I have seen few), you make him a monster; his best aspect is that of ponderous respectability." These peculiarities, personal and moral, he attributes to the quantities of beef and beer with which we mottle our faces and muddle our wits. Beer, he says, is mother's milk to an Englishman, who has not the cruelty to deny even a pauper his daily allowance of the liquor. Of Leigh Hunt we hear:—"There was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically. Beef, ale, or stout, brandy or port wine, entered not at all into his composition." And again:—"No Briton ever enters that apartment" (the Painted Hall at Greenwich) "without feeling the beef and ale of his composition stirred to its very depths." Nevertheless, Mr Hawthorne admits that, in sacrificing our intellects and personal appearance at the shrine of the British Bacchus, we are not entirely without excuse, for he confesses to an inclination to join in the worship:—"John Barleycorn has given his very heart to this admirable liquor," says he of a particular beverage. "It is a superior kind of ale—the Prince of Ales—with a richer flavour and a mightier spirit than you can find elsewhere in this weary world."

Whether it be that Nathaniel loved our British beer, not wisely, but too well, and has found that it permanently disagrees with him; or whether the British beef has destroyed his digestion, and left his liver hopelessly deranged, we know not; but the same dyspeptic way of viewing things English accompanies him into all scenes, and was evidently habitual while he was a dweller in our tents. Of our women he says:—"I desire above all things to be courteous; but since the plain truth must be told, the soil and climate of England produce female beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit; and though admirable specimens of both are to be met with, they are the hothouse ameliorations of refined society, and apt, moreover, to relapse into the coarseness of the original stock. The men are manlike, but the women are not beautiful, though the female Bull be well enough adapted to the male." And, lest we should draw any small comfort from the comparison with fruit, as some of us occasionally pique ourselves on our plums and pears, he says, "For my part, I never ate an English fruit, raised in the open air, that could compare in flavour with a Yankee turnip."

This, our readers will say, is not exactly good-natured; and certainly it would seem that the author whom we endeavoured to characterise at the beginning of this paper must either be very much changed, or must else have formerly succeeded very well in hiding his true character under a benignant mask. We should hesitate even now to call Nathaniel Hawthorne a sour-tempered or ill-natured man; but it is certain that, in the present case, his good-nature has taken the unfortunate form of perpetual carping and much virulence. The change in him, if change there be, must be owing probably to some sense of injury received at our hands, either personal or national. Now, as we have said, distinguished Americans have little reason to complain of their reception here, and we cannot suppose that so general a favourite as Mr Hawthorne has been treated less kindly than others. We rather believe that the sense of injury under which he seems to labour is national, because the feeling, as we very well know, is general among Americans, and because passages in his book seem to tell us so. For instance, after calling the land of conscriptions and of arbitrary imprisonments "the blessed shores of Freedom," he says:—"Methinks

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the true patriots and martyr-spirits of the whole world should have been conscious of a pang near the heart, when a deadly blow was aimed at the vitality of a country which they have felt to be their own in the last resort." "It would be delightful," he says, in mentioning the Thames Tunnel, "to clap up all the enemies of our peace and Union in the dark together, and there let them abide, listening to the monotonous roll of the river above their heads, or perhaps in a state of miraculously suspended animation, until—be it after months, years, or centuries—when the turmoil shall all be over, the Wrong washed away in blood (since that must needs be the cleansing fluid), and the Right firmly rooted in the soil which that blood will have enriched, they might crawl forth again and catch a single glimpse at their redeemed country, and feel it to be a better land than they deserve, and die!"

From these extracts, coupled with the language quoted from the preface, we infer that Mr Hawthorne shares, in far greater degree than we could possibly have anticipated in a man of his character, the prejudices and animosities which now make up the political creed of Federal Americans. He evidently thinks that the vitality of his country depends on the existence of the Union and the Federal system. As these were superadded on a very tolerable system of State sovereignty, which existed before, and which might be expected to survive them, that appears to be but a feeble vitality which a Massachusetts man, for instance, attributes to his State, in considering that its existence depends on that of the Federal system. To us it appears that, if this unwieldy and aggressive Union were permanently subdivided — nay, more, that if, in the formation of a new union, New England should be, as has been threatened, "left outside in the cold"—that cluster of States might still maintain a very respectable existence, and flourish in spite of the imaginary calamity. Boston would, we imagine, still be a great city and a great port. Speeches would still be made in Faneuil Hall, though the subjects would be different. The citizens would still live in luxury and the country people in plenty, and they might still offer (perhaps with better grace than now) hospitality to refugees seeking a land of freedom. But the Unionists prefer to assume that, with the Federal system, the States that compose it will fade like an unsubstantial pageant — nay, we fancy that they even expect the great globe itself to dissolve, incapable of surviving such a catastrophe. We infer also from the passage in which the Wrong and the Right are dignified with capital letters, that Mr Hawthorne is an Abolitionist, and perhaps, we might even suspect, an exterminator also, from the following hint, "If General M'Clellan could but have shut his left eye, the right one would long ago have guided us into Richmond." The left eye of this little parable means, we imagine, the humanity which prevented the most respectable of the Federals from entertaining the policy of attempting to add a servile insurrection to the calamities of the South. But we are the less surprised at Mr Hawthorne's sentiments, because one of the most wonderful problems of this war has been to ascertain what so many intellectual and polished Americans can find to excite them to a point far beyond enthusiasm, in the maintenance of a system which floods the land with corruption for the sake of elevating a nonentity to the Presidency.

That Mr Hawthorne has an eye for the abuses of this system, when they come directly to his notice, is evident from the following passage :—

"An appointment of whatever grade, in the diplomatic or consular service of America, is too often what the English call a 'job;' that is to say, it is made on private and personal grounds, with-

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out a paramount eye to the public good or the gentleman's especial fitness for the position. It is not too much to say (of course allowing for a brilliant exception here and there), that an American never is thoroughly qualified for a foreign post, nor has time to make himself so, before the revolution of the political wheel discards him from his office. Our country wrongs itself by permitting such a system of unsuitable appointments, and, still more, of removals for no cause, just when the incumbent might be beginning to ripen into usefulness. Mere ignorance of official detail is of comparatively small moment; though it is considered indispensable, I presume, that a man in any private capacity shall be thoroughly acquainted with the machinery and operation of his business, and shall not necessarily lose his position on having attained such knowledge. But there are so many more important things to be thought of, in the qualifications of a foreign resident, that his technical dexterity or clumsiness is hardly worth mentioning.

"One great part of a consul's duty, for example, should consist in building up for himself a recognised position in the society where he resides, so that his local influence might be felt in behalf of his own country, and, so far as they are compatible (as they generally are to the utmost extent), for the interests of both nations. The foreign city should know that it has a permanent inhabitant and a hearty well-wisher in him. There are many conjunctures (and one of them is now upon us) where a long-established, honoured, and trusted American citizen, holding a public position under our Government in such a town as Liverpool, might go far towards swaying and directing the sympathies of the inhabitants. He might throw his own weight into the balance against mischief-makers; he might have set his foot on the first little spark of malignant purpose, which the next wind may blow into a national war. But we wilfully give up all advantages of this kind. The position is totally beyond the attainment of an American; there to-day, bristling all over with the porcupine quills of our Republic, and gone to-morrow, just as he is becoming sensible of the broader and more generous patriotism which might almost amalgamate with that of England, without losing an atom of its native force and flavour. In the changes that appear to await us, and some of which, at least, can hardly fail to be for good, let us hope for a reform in this matter."

However, having, as we think, pointed out the grounds of Mr Hawthorne's animus towards us, we need not dwell longer on the not agreeable subject. We must count it as another misfortune inflicted on us by the American war, that, besides depriving us of his romance, it has prejudiced him into such opinions as we have quoted. Still we may draw some comfort from the fact, that our optical powers will not be materially affected by his representation that we are blind on one eye and can't see with the other—that we shall not be more bulbous, longer-bodied, or shorter-legged, in consequence of the publication of his book—and that our women will still charm our purblind race though they have not the stamp of Mr Hawthorne's approbation. We wish we could quote some pleasanter passages respecting our people, but there are really none; those we have given, and others to the same purport, contain all he has to say in a general way about England and the English.

But there are chapters in his book as excellent as any of the excellent things that he has written. He occupied in this country the post of American consul at Liverpool, and one of his very best chapters describes the people with whom his official duties brought him into contact. He sat in what seems to have been but a shabby kind of consulate, where every vagabond arriving in Liverpool, who was, or could pretend to be, an American, attempted to levy toll on this much-beset official.

"As for my countrymen, I grew better acquainted with many of our national characteristics during those four years than in all my preceding life. Whether brought more strikingly out by the contrast with English manners, or that my Yankee friends assumed an extra peculiarity from a sense of defiant patriotism, so it was that their tones, sentiments, and behaviour, even their figures and cast of countenance, all seemed chiselled in sharper angles than ever I had imagined them to be at

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home. It impressed me with an odd idea of having somehow lost the property of my own person, when I occasionally heard one of them speaking of me as 'my Consul!' They often came to the Consulate in parties of half-a-dozen or more, on no business whatever, but merely to subject their public servant to a rigid examination, and see how he was getting on with his duties. These interviews were rather formidable, being characterised by a certain stiffness which I felt to be sufficiently irksome at the moment, though it looks laughable enough in the retrospect. It is my firm belief that these fellow-citizens, possessing a native tendency to organisation, generally halted outside of the door to elect a speaker, chairman, or moderator, and thus approached me with all the formalities of a deputation from the American people. After salutations on both sides—abrupt, awful, and severe on their part, and deprecatory on mine—and the national ceremony of shaking hands being duly gone through with, the interview proceeded by a series of calm and well-conconsidered questions or remarks from the spokesman (no other of the guests vouchsafing to utter a word), and diplomatic responses from the Consul, who sometimes found the investigation a little more searching than he liked. I flatter myself, however, that, by much practice, I attained considerable skill in this kind of intercourse; the art of which lies in passing off commonplaces for new and valuable truths, and talking trash and emptiness in such a way that a pretty acute auditor might mistake it for something solid. If there be any better method of dealing with such junctures,—when talk is to be created out of nothing, and within the scope of several minds at once, so that you cannot apply yourself to your interlocutor's individuality, — I have not learned it."

Among others there came a doctor of divinity, who made a favourable impression on the Consul; but who, freed from the accustomed restraints of home, seems to have indemnified himself for the tediousness of respectability by condensing a vast amount of profligacy into a very short space. His tale is told as a commentary on the following text:—

"It may be well for persons who are conscious of any radical weakness in their character, any besetting sin, any unlawful propensity, any unhallowed impulse, which (while surrounded with the manifold restraints that protect a man from that treacherous and lifelong enemy, his lower self, in the circle of society where he is at home) they may have succeeded in keeping under the lock and key of strictest propriety,—it may be well for them, before seeking the perilous freedom of a distant land, released from the watchful eyes of neighbourhoods and coteries, lightened of that wearisome burden, an immaculate name, and blissfully obscure after years of local prominence,—it may be well for such individuals to know that when they set foot on a foreign shore, the long-imprisoned Evil, scenting a wild licence in the unaccustomed atmosphere, is apt to grow riotous in its iron cage. It rattles the rusty barriers with gigantic turbulence, and if there be an infirm joint anywhere in the framework, it breaks madly forth, compressing the mischief of a lifetime into a little space."

Mr Hawthorne's duties appear to have allowed him plenty of leisure for seeing places more pleasant than Liverpool: Leamington seems to have been for a time his headquarters, and from thence he made trips to Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon. These quiet places, filled with ancient memories, seem to suit his genius far better than scenes, the description of which demands more effort from a writer, forces him into a display of enthusiasm; such as Greenwich Hospital, rich with recollections of our naval triumphs, and Westminster Abbey, with its thronged assembly of illustrious dead. There is a remarkably pleasant account of the Leicester Hospital at Warwick, where (as we certainly did not know till Mr Hawthorne made us acquainted therewith) twelve old soldiers pass the sunset and twilight of their lives in an affluence of ease and comfort, the only parallels to which are to be found in the existences of an Oxford Don and of an old lady's favourite tabby. Decidedly, when years have done their work upon us, and we are incapable of writing reviews any longer, we shall make what interest we may to become one of the twelve in Leicester Hospital.

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Again the remark occurs, in reading his chapter on Stratford, that Mr Hawthorne is better fitted to deal with an unpretending than with a lofty theme. His remarks on Shakespeare and on Burns, whose birthplace and other memorials he afterwards visited, are not beyond the reach of many writers of an intellectual stature much inferior to his own. But at Lichfield, amid the scenes associated with Johnson's early life, he is more at home, and is specially good on the subject of the Doctor's penance in the market-place at Uttoxeter, when an elderly man, for disobedience in his youth to his father, Michael Johnson; while in the old town of Boston, parent of the New England city, his foot is on his native heath, and he discourses of the streets and church, once alive with the figures of the old Puritans who emigrated to Massachusetts, in a spirit worthy of the author of the 'Scarlet Letter.'

The admirers of a popular writer always take especial interest in noting the circumstances, when they peep into light, whereby may be traced the germs of those creations which specially bear the image and superscription of his genius. Everybody who likes Hawthorne's works will, on reading the following quotation from the chapter on Old Boston, recognise what might, under happier circumstances, have been a conspicuous feature in that romance which is not to be written :—

"At one of the stations (it was near a village of ancient aspect, nestling round a church on a wide Yorkshire moor) I saw a tall old lady in black, who seemed to have just alighted from the train. She caught my attention by a singular movement of the head, not once only, but continually repeated, and at regular intervals, as if she were making a stern and solemn protest against some action that developed itself before her eyes, and were foreboding terrible disaster if it should be persisted in. Of course it was nothing more than a paralytic or nervous affection; yet one might fancy that it had its origin in some unspeakable wrong, perpetrated half a lifetime ago in this old gentlewoman's presence, either against herself or somebody whom she loved still better. Her features had a wonderful sternness, which, I presume, was caused by her habitual effort to compose and keep them quiet, and thereby counteract the tendency to paralytic movement. The slow, regular, and inexorable character of the motion—her look of force and self-control, which had the appearance of rendering it voluntary, while yet it was so fateful—have stamped this poor lady's face and gesture into my memory; so that, some dark day or other, I am afraid she will reproduce herself in a dismal romance."

On Greenwich Fair he is by no means good, though the subject would seem so suited to his style, his observations savouring, to say the truth, somewhat of twaddle; and in Greenwich Hospital he is not natural, and is afflicted with the desire of fine writing—as, for instance, when he says of the clothes which Nelson wore at Trafalgar, "Over the coat is laid a white waistcoat with a great blood-stain on it, out of which all the redness has utterly faded, leaving it of a dingy yellow hue, in the threescore years since that blood gushed out. Yet it was once the reddest blood in England — Nelson's blood!" Which is doubtless intended to be very impressive.

Through all these subjects, however well treated, there runs a carping depreciatory thread by no means improving the pattern. And there is one feature of English manners which seems to have cast a peculiarly gloomy and disastrous shadow on his mind: it is the practice of expecting a fee, indulged in by those domestics or other persons charged with the office of conducting strangers about the precincts of remarkable places. Wherever he goes, to Blenheim, or to Shakespeare's house, or to Westminster Abbey, or to Warwick Castle, there is an outstretched hand, palm uppermost, in the foreground of his sketch, taking up the space of half-a-dozen defunct worthies in the middle distance. On this subject he rails, he rallies, he is sarcastic, pathetic. "Nobody," he says at length, "need fear to

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hold out half-a-crown to any person with whom he has occasion to speak a word in England." But this fact he must have gathered from the testimony of more lavish, reckless pilgrims; for his own largesses seem, by his own showing, generally to have been of the amount of sixpence.

The most powerful, though not the most pleasant, of his chapters (for we doubt if he would have hit on the topic at all in his kindliest mood), is that called 'Outside Glimpses of English Poverty.'

"Gin-shops, or what the English call spirit-vaults, are numerous in the vicinity of these poor streets, and are set off with the magnificence of gilded doorposts, tarnished by contact with the unclean customers who haunt there. Ragged children come thither with old shaving-mugs, or broken-nosed teapots, or any such make-shift receptacle, to get a little poison or madness for their parents, who deserve no better requital at their hands for having engendered them. Inconceivably sluttish women enter at noonday and stand at the counter among boon-companions of both sexes, stirring up misery and jollity in a bumper together, and quaffing off the mixture with a relish. As for the men, they lounge there continually, drinking till they are drunken—drinking as long as they have a halfpenny left, and then, as it seemed to me, waiting for a sixpenny miracle to be wrought in their pockets, so as to enable them to be drunken again. Most of these establishments have a significant advertisement of 'Beds,' doubtless for the accommodation of their customers in the interval between one intoxication and the next. I never could find it in my heart, however, utterly to condemn these sad revellers, and should certainly wait till I had some better consolation to offer before depriving them of their dram of gin, though death itself were in the glass; for methought their poor souls needed such fiery stimulant to lift them a little way out of the smothering squalor of both their outward and interior life, giving them glimpses and suggestions, even if bewildering ones, of a spiritual existence that limited their present misery. The temperance-reformers unquestionably derive their commission from the Divine Beneficence, but have never been taken fully into its counsels. All may not be lost though those good men fail.

"Pawnbrokers' establishments, distinguished by the mystic symbol of the three golden balls, were conveniently accessible; though what personal property these wretched people could possess capable of being estimated in silver or copper, so as to afford a basis for a loan, was a problem that still perplexes me. Old-clothes men, likewise, dwelt hard by, and hung out ancient garments to dangle in the wind. There were butchers' shops, too, of a class adapted to the neighbourhood, presenting no such generously fattened carcasses as Englishmen love to gaze at in the market, no stupendous halves of mighty beeves, no dead hogs or muttons ornamented with carved bas-reliefs of fat on their ribs and shoulders, in a peculiarly British style of art—not these, but bits and gobbets of lean meat, salvages snipt off from steaks, tough and stringy morsels, bare bones smitten away from joints by the cleaver, tripe, liver, bullocks' feet, or whatever else was cheapest and divisible into the smallest lots. I am afraid that even such delicacies came to many of their tables hardly oftener than Christmas. In the windows of other little shops you saw half-a-dozen wizened herrings, some eggs in a basket, looking so dingily antique that your imagination smelt them, fly-speckled biscuits, segments of a hungry cheese, pipes, and papers of tobacco."

Of infant life in these regions he says:—

"As often as I beheld the scene, it affected me with surprise and loathsome interest, much resembling, though in a far intenser degree, the feeling with which, when a boy, I used to turn over a plank or an old log that had long lain on the damp ground, and found a vivacious multitude of unclean and devilish-looking insects scampering to and fro beneath it. Without an infinite faith, there seemed as much prospect of a blessed futurity for those hideous bugs and many-footed worms as for these brethren of our humanity and co-heirs of all our heavenly inheritance."

Till at length the contemplation of these sad abodes raises him into a higher region of thought, the highest touched in these volumes. "Unless," he says, "your faith be deep-rooted and of most vigorous growth, it is the safer way not to turn aside into this region, so suggestive of miserable doubt. It was a place 'with dreadful faces thronged,'

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wrinkled and grim with vice and wretchedness; and, thinking over the line of Milton here quoted, I come to the conclusion that those ugly lineaments which startled Adam and Eve, as they looked backward to the closed gate of Paradise, were no fiends from the pit, but the more terrible foreshadowings of what so many of their descendants were to be." If anything so striking as that has been said lately, we shall be glad to hear of it.

The strain of implication which is heard in an undertone in this chapter, is intended to suggest the fact that America has no such scenes of poverty blotting *her* noonday prosperity, because her institutions and her people are so superior to ours. There is a belief, prevalent even among intelligent Americans, men well acquainted with agricultural theories, with the blessings of draining, of guano, and of top-dressing, that the fertility of their native soil is owing to the Union and the Constitution, whose beneficent influences descended upon it like a rich dew. The abundance of the corn crop, the excellence of the peaches and melons, are traced in some mysterious way by these faithful Unionists to the result of the political labours of Jefferson, Hamilton, and Jay. Therefore every poor wretch whom starvation drives from Europe dwells in plenty beneath the star-spangled banner which has made the wilderness to blossom; while, on the other hand, we, living in an overpeopled island, have a deep stratum of poverty in our society because of our rotten old monarchy. This is so clear that anybody who doesn't see it must have had his intellect clogged from earliest youth with beef and beer, and the sight even of his remaining eye must be uncommonly dim.

Towards the close of his labours in these volumes, a fresh access of asperity and little acrimonies seems to have attacked Nathaniel. Whether he had been reading some unusually spirited articles of the respectable Mr Bennett, in the 'New York Herald,' or corresponding with Senator Sumner, or muddling himself with the diplomatic essays of Mr Seward and his ambassadors, or whatever the cause, he breaks out against us with extreme displeasure in the chapter on 'Civic Banquets.' He dined as a guest with two Lord Mayors, him of Liverpool and him of London, and he describes these entertainments as if those personages had been guilty of a shocking outrage in asking him to dinner. He met a number of the usual bulbous, long-bodied Englishmen, who were "a heavy and homely set of people, with a remarkable roughness of aspect and behaviour," and who aggravated the original offence of their personal appearance by the heartiness with which they enjoyed their dinner. He complains bitterly that, at the Mansion-House, the Lord Mayor inveigled him into making a speech, the occasion being thus explained:—

"All England, just then, was in one of those singular fits of panic excitement (not fear, though as sensitive and tremulous as that emotion), which, in consequence of the homogeneous character of the people, their intense patriotism, and their dependence for their ideas in public affairs on other sources than their own examination and individual thought, are more sudden, pervasive, and unreasoning than any similar mood of our own public. In truth, I have never seen the American public in a state at all similar, and believe that we are incapable of it. Our excitements are not impulsive, like theirs, but, right or wrong, are moral and intellectual. For example, the grand rising of the North, at the commencement of this war, bore the aspect of impulse and passion only because it was so universal, and necessarily done in a moment, just as the quiet and simultaneous getting-up of a thousand people out of their chairs would cause a tumult that might be mistaken for a storm. We were cool then, and have been cool ever since, and shall remain cool to the end, which we shall take coolly, whatever it may be. There is nothing which the English find so difficult to understand in us as this characteristic."

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We pause here to note—not the novel and unexpected light in which he represents his countrymen—but the fact, that this representation of the state of the national mind is absolutely fatal. For all their inconsequence, their blind animosity, their vindictiveness, their servility to the shabbiest of despotisms, their shameful manner of making war, their belief in ridiculous and ephemeral heroes, one constant excuse has hitherto been made. It has been said that much must be forgiven to people so terribly agitated and excited. Mr Hawthorne, with an exulting air, tears away this rag of apology, and tells us that these ferocious Dogberries are writing themselves down in such broad characters, with the utmost deliberation. But let him conclude his account of the banquet:—

"Now the Lord Mayor, like any other Englishman, probably fancied that war was on the western gale, and was glad to lay hold of even so insignificant an American as myself, who might be made to harp on the rusty old strings of national sympathies, identity of blood and interest, and community of language and literature, and whisper peace where there was no peace, in however weak an utterance. And possibly his lordship thought, in his wisdom, that the good feeling which was sure to be expressed by a company of well-bred Englishmen, at his august and far-famed dinner-table, might have an appreciable influence on the grand result. Thus, when the Lord Mayor invited me to his feast, it was a piece of strategy. He wanted to induce me to fling myself, like a lesser Curtius, with a larger object of self-sacrifice, into the chasm of discord between England and America, and, on my ignominious demur, had resolved to shove me in with his own right honourable hands, in the hope of closing up the horrible pit for ever. On the whole, I forgive his lordship. He meant well by all parties—himself, who would share the glory, and me, who ought to have desired nothing better than such an heroic opportunity—his own country, which would continue to get cotton and breadstuffs, and mine, which would get everything that men work with and wear.

"As soon as the Lord Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma, I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks complimentary to the Lord Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held—at least, my friend thought that there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no—was held by the descendants of the Puritan forefathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion.

"Seizing this handful of straw with a death-grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honourably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these Sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude."

We can very easily believe that Mr Hawthorne would have experienced great difficulty in finding anything kind or friendly to say in return for the Lord Mayor's hospitalities, from which, by his own showing, he would have done better to absent himself. But we suspect that had he been called on to make a speech in Faneuil Hall in honour of Commander Wilkes, or of Benjamin F. Butler, or Senator Sumner, in acknowledgment of some especially rabid and mendacious oration, or of the Rev. Ward Beecher, on the occasion of that clergyman desiring to testify his sympathy with the negro, by the

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utterance of some sentiments bearing the stamp of Central Africa, and highly esteemed in Dahomey — we suspect, we say, that Mr Hawthorne would, on such an occasion, have experienced no hindrance to the perfect flow of his speech, though, perhaps, he might have found nothing newer to say than the time-honoured phrases, "glorious republic," "star-spangled banner," "land of freedom," "hour of agony," "base jealousy of England," &c. &c., which have so long formed the staple of American oratory.

What a deal of delicate machinery has been put in requisition to produce this book! A man of fine scholarly mind has been trained by time and thought and practice into a good novelist and a most excellent writer, whose finer fancies are never marred in expression for want of fittest language. He then spends several leisurely years among us, with an infinity of opportunity for studying us, and of dreaming and poring over what he saw, till it should be sublimated in the subtle essences of the brain, and come to light idealised. Such are the elaborate means — and, so far as the picture produced of the 'Old Home' goes, with what result? All these complicated excellences have been put in motion to tell us that people who show public places in England expect money for their trouble, and that Englishmen cannot exist without that diet of beef and beer which renders them the earthiest of the earthy. Truly a remarkable sketch of a great people, and showing an insight into their characteristics worthy of a profound philosopher.

But still there is a great deal of allowance to be made for the fact, that the work he had in hand, and which may have been very dear to him, was marred by distracting influences, which he was wroth at, and resented, perhaps, without due discrimination. There are occupations in which no biped likes to be disturbed, and hatching is one of them. Tread with ever so innocent intention near the sacred precincts where the maternal fowl broods on the nest, and be she Dorking or Shanghae, bantam or gallina, she will, as she flaps and scrambles from the nursery behind the orchard fence, proclaim her injuries, and denounce you as a wrong-doer to the whole neighbourhood. Mr Hawthorne, who is, as we suppose, not rapid in elaborating his conceptions, had, after a few years' residence in England, germinated an egg which, could he have sat quietly upon it for a few years longer, would doubtless have produced a charming chick. But lo! long before it could see the light, a great turmoil arose in the West, and footsteps and voices were heard around, moving to investigate and discuss the matter, and growing loud and shrill, and even angry; till, scared by the increasing clamour, Nathaniel hurries from the nest, screaming to the heavens a protest against the vile disturbers of the incubation, and leaving them to comfort themselves as best they may with a view of the empty shell of his addled romance.

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TARA.

When a young genius first begins to weave the tale or frame the song which is to be his passport to fame, the chances are that, with a natural instinct, he chooses the personages who are to figure in it from a country or a class of which he knows nothing, and where impossible matters may be transacted without any violence to his own feelings as creator. The impulse is natural and comprehensible, and is wiser than it looks; for perhaps it is in reality safer for the neophyte, not much acquainted with life anyhow, to throw his heart into the romance which is meet to be enacted in some soft-breathing Andalusia or Sicilia, or amid the tropic isles, rather than to curb himself within bounds of fact in homely England, and offer his arbitrary exposition of the wonderful problems of common life to people who know sadly better than he does. The practice, however, is one discountenanced by all contemporary authorities. The sphere in which he himself lives—the existence with which he is best acquainted—is the one to which the young author is driven back by everybody qualified to advise him. The chances are, indeed, that he could not set another Prospero in another island of enchantment if he tried; but the canons of his craft in the mean time forbid him to try. He must describe what he has seen and tell what he has heard; and without this voucher of authenticity, nobody cares to hear what his fancies are, or takes much interest in what he has to say.

It is fortunate, however, when the most distant and the least known of countries finds an expositor who does not seek it as a vague debatable country of romance, but knows what he is talking about, and employs the minute but effective lamp of fiction, not to throw any play of fairy reflections upon an impenetrable gloom, but to brighten before us a real landscape inhabited by persons of flesh and blood, without indeed a thought in common with ourselves, but at least with emotions and passions intimately resembling those which we have inherited from the common mother. Such an effort has just been made in the book before us. Captain Meadows Taylor has written 'Tara,' not because his imagination was captivated by the vague brightness of the distance, and the picturesque improbabilities and splendours which, so far off as we are, nobody could have objected to. His inducement has been a totally different one. In the leisure of a laborious life he has gone back to the scenes he knows best, the manner of existence most familiar to him. To his experience, it is the prosaic figures in broadcloth that are unfamiliar; and where reality and truth are most apparent to him is among the dusky crowds of a Hindostanee town, the temples, and mosques, and bazaars, and Eastern palaces, which recall to us only some chance association from the 'Arabian Nights.' Thus he has the highest claims possible upon the attention of a realistic world. The Hindu maiden, widow, and priestess is no myth to him, but a more recognisable individuality than the Anglican Sister or young lady of the Low Church. Gentlemen in white muslin and jewels are perfectly matter-of-fact existences to the man who has lived among them; and the strange picture rises before us no effort of fancy, but an actual representation of the way in which people live under the blazing Indian sun. The perfect com-

'Tara: a Mahratta Tale.' By Captain Meadows Taylor, M.R.I.A., Author of 'Confessions of a Thug,' &c. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

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posure of the story, which means what it says, and is no masquerade sketch of English men and women in Indian dress, will at once strike the reader. Quite unconscious of Christianity or European prejudices are the personages of the tale. The Mahrattas appeal to their goddess with a perfectly unpolemical fervour —there are pious people and there are profane ones there as everywhere; but it is clearly Bhowani they are all thinking of when they think of religion at all; and the result is naturally a very lively and clear representation of the state of heathen society, with all its drawbacks, and with all the human alleviations and charities by means of which the universal Father makes life endurable even to those who are unaware of his unity and grandeur. Everything that makes us more fully aware of the identity of the race, and of the strange resemblances which are to be found under every external diversity and contradiction, is a service done to humanity; and, as such, we reckon 'Tara' worthy of more extended remark than might be due to its mere merit as a novel, considerable as that is.

No man could be better qualified than the present author for such a work. He went to India at fifteen, and seems to have been plunged all at once into responsibilities which many a man of maturer years would hesitate to undertake. That strange, apparently accidental, distribution of the labours and prizes of life, which in India leads one man to the heights of military glory, and leaves another to toil through the steady routine of a hard life, in work only glorious because loyal and dutiful, thrust upon Captain Taylor the yoke of administrative labour. The officer who, at eighteen, had charge of the "revenue, police, and magisterial duties" in the town of Hyderabad, and throughout a district "upwards of two hundred miles in length, and from forty to eighty in breadth," had become, by the time he reached manhood, the supreme ruler of a principality, which he pacified, subdued, improved, and enriched during a reign of fourteen years. Here he gained experience, not of the languid Anglo-Indian life, with its quaint mixture of English and Oriental habits and prejudices, its slang and its gossip and its rivalries—with which, let us be thankful, Captain Taylor has not attempted to meddle, having mercifully laid his scene in an age prior to the introduction of the universal Frankish sway—but of the native existence natural to the soil —the life of the swarming thousands for whom he had to provide all the higher requirements of existence, justice, authority, and protection. He employed himself like a wise ruler during this time of his sovereignty. And as he ruled and reformed the lawless tribes, and succoured the peaceful inhabitants, and irrigated the land, and enriched the state, it was but fair that the heathen existence over which he presided should open to him many of its secrets, and should appear to him no such hideous mask of life as at this distance it seems to us. When his service was completed there, the dutiful English officer withdrew from his princely authority, as English officers are in the habit of doing, and filled other posts as was necessary, holding, during the time of the Mutiny, a whole province in subordination, without the aid of any troops, either English or native. When, worn out with work, and enfeebled in health, he came home to rest, after a service of nearly thirty years, it seems to have become the amusement of his leisure—an amusement which, in the intervals of his toils, he had turned to before with success—to weave his knowledge and experience into such a shape as would enable him to convey it to his own countrymen. Of this natural desire, 'Tara' is the fruit, and we have said enough to prove that few men can be better qualified to elucidate and expound the strange life which, destitute of all that seems to us to make life holy and

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dear, has still the natural affections, loves, and sorrows which make the whole world kin, and bears, like most other things, a totally different aspect according as it is contemplated from within or from without. Hitherto all our pictures have been of the latter character. From the outside we have looked at temple and mosque and bazaar and palace, and found them repulsive enough. Soldiers, who were contemptuous of the race, and priests, who looked not only with Christian repugnance but professional horror at its complicated idolatries, have been our chief informants on the subject. Now here is a different aspect of the picture. It is from within, from the centre of the quaint domestic circle, from the altar of the deity, from the familiar life of what would be devout households and pious worshippers, could they, by any stretching of the word, be concluded Christians, that we are called upon to look; and the effect is very different from the other— a novelty in literature—a new light upon the confused far-distant landscape, with which so many of us have personal relations one way or other. Though there are various faults of construction in the novel, and its historical character, and the little expositions which have to be brought in here and there to explain the action like an old-fashioned chorus, are a decided disadvantage; yet the story is sufficiently well-conceived and put together to be interesting merely as a story—which, considering the distance of the scene and the character of the material, is no small tribute to Captain Taylor's powers. But the book has a value apart from its mere interest as a novel—as expounding the life and thoughts and manners of an unaltering country, where fashion and progress are still comparatively unknown, and where men are content to live and die like their fathers, faithful to a little round of plots and revolutions and treacheries, and handing down their political vices as they do their costumes, from generation to generation, and from father to son.

There was a time when light literature abounded in Eastern tales, The Annuals, those antiquated fairies, include many a story of India and of Persia, and of other equally inarticulate regions among their forgotten treasures. There was this advantage in such a choice of scene, that few people were qualified to take exception to your accuracy, chronological or otherwise, and that you were pretty nearly as safe from criticism in respect to manners as if Utopia had been your chosen locality, or fairyland. But from 'Lalla Rookh' to the second-rate confectionaries of the 'Keepsake,' any peep of humanity that glimmered through the costume was palpably as European and civilised and commonplace, as the *mise en scène* was elaborately Oriental. In these pre-Raphaelite times, however, masquerade is unpermissible. It is harder work now to write a historical novel than it used to be in the days of Sir Walter, when it cost the romancer no scruple of conscience to put a new saint into the calendar for the sake of a handy oath that would rhyme; and when the great novelist could venture to transport us bodily into the previous centuries, upon his own absolute authority, without citing witnesses, or stopping in the tide of narrative to prove minutely that he could not be wrong. The pre-Raphaelites have done less good in this branch of art than in that to which they have given their more special attention; for the clearest conviction, that you *ought to see* distinctly what a certain set of accurately-depicted persons were doing in a certain closely-described locality four or five hundred years ago, by no means takes the place of actual sight and presence, such as Scott, with his archaic blunders, had a gift of procuring to his readers; but, at all events, it is no longer practicable to pretend that people who talk the sentiments of the nineteenth century lived in the sixteenth, or that the notions pre-

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valent in Rotten Row would do duty equally well for the exquisites of Hyderabad or Tooljapoor. This is a danger of which the present author has steered completely clear. Long custom and habit has done for him what even genius does not always do; he has evidently left himself behind when he entered the house of the Hindu priest and the harem of the Mussulman noble. He does not feel it necessary to disapprove of either, or to give any demonstration of the superiority of Christian institutions. As he leads the way through that dusky world, the only controversy of religion of which we are aware is that between Bhowani and Mahomet—the idol and the Prophet; and the Mahratta worshippers are pious and respectable people to Captain Taylor's knowledge; and he believes in their belief, and does not call them heathens. In short, he has clearly preferred to consider them from their own point of view rather than with the half-contemptuous, half-pathetic contemplation which is natural to the ordinary English spectator; and is not shocked by any graven image, however dreadful, nor disposed to enter into any argument on the subject. Let the gods be false or true, all that he has to do with is the fact of their existence (in wood or stone, or whatever the material may be), and of their worship, which are tangible facts not to be disputed. The absence of the Christian commentator and critic is a wonderful advantage to the completeness of the picture; but it is a self-abnegation of which very few writers are capable. And here, again, his familiarity with the life he describes must have done excellent service to the impartial author; for it is not from the enlightened and superior observer who is above his subject that we receive the most striking impression of the various imperfect developments of human life. Violent foreshortening does not answer in such cases, and even a too skilful use of perspective is objectionable. We can all remember the fancy descriptions once familiar to our school-books, which were supposed to be given by angelic or other highly-gifted travellers of the circumstances of our own existence. If the angel was a humorous seraph, he threw a grotesque air about his narrative, which greatly tickled his juvenile auditory; but there is a certain degree of truth in those effusions of fancy. The spectator on the heights sees little more than a picturesque and fantastical panorama, shadows often enough lying obstinately on the points that are most desirable to see, and the harsher features of the landscape thrusting forth in the foreground in the sunshine. It is only as the historian approaches the natural level, and comes to confront the personages of his story on their own standing-ground, that the confusion clears; and the picture, which would be very ineffective if it were intended as a sketch of Indian society, its manners and customs, becomes immediately interesting and natural when it turns into a tale and illustration of the catholic universal man.

The story of 'Tara' has, as we have said, many blunders in construction—for a bustling secondary plot of intrigue and treachery confuses the thread of individual narrative, which is the charm of the book. Tara herself is introduced, in the minutest detail, in the beginning of the first volume, and then vanishes, to re-appear late in the second, when a succession of busy scenes have almost driven her from our recollection. It is she, however, in whom the chief interest centres. She is the only child of a priest—beautiful exceedingly, and educated much beyond the usual level of Indian women; but she occupies a painful position, even in her father's house; for the beautiful Bramhun girl is at sixteen a virgin-widow, and consequently subject to degradation by the rules of her religion and race. This cloud hangs heavily over the household, where the parents cannot make up their minds to sacrifice their child.

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"It was unusual then, that Bramhun girls were taught to read or write—more so than it is now; and in accordance with the rules of the sect and the customs of the country, Tara, had her husband lived, would ere now have joined him, and become mistress of his household—a sufficient distinction for a Bramhun girl; but before that event, the application of the child to such rudimental teaching as her father had given her was so remarkable, that in process of years the conventional rules of the caste had been set aside, and it was a loving and grateful task to the father to lead his widowed daughter through the difficult mazes of Sanscrit lore, and find in hers an intellect and comprehension little short of his own. Many of his friends shrugged their shoulders at this strange innovation of ordinary custom, and argued astutely, that it was a dangerous thing to fill a girl's mind with learning. Others, his enemies, were loud in their condemnation of the precedent it would afford to many, and the bad uses it could be put to; and in disputes upon the subject, texts were hurled at the Shastree by angry parties, to be answered, however, by appeals to ancient times, as illustrated in holy books, when women were deep scholars and emulated the men; and so Tara's desultory education went on. 'After all, what does it matter?' said her father very frequently, if hard pressed by caste clamour; 'she does not belong to the world now: God has seen it good to cut off her hopes: she has devoted herself to a religious life, and I am teaching her and preparing her for it.' But this did not satisfy the adverse Pundits, still less the fact that Tara as yet wore ordinary clothes, and her head had not been shaved. The degradation of Bramhun widowhood had not been put on her; and she was too beautiful to escape notice, or the envious comments of others, both male and female. The rites of widowhood must be performed some time or other. Her father and mother both knew that; they would have to take her to Punderpoor, or to Benares, or to Nassuk, or other holy city, and after ceremonials of purification, all that beautiful hair must be cut off and burned, the pretty chaste bodice discarded, and she must be wrapped, ever after, in a coarse white cotton—or silk—or woollen—sheet, and all other dresses of every kind or colour be unknown to her.

"Ah! it seemed cruel to disfigure that sweet face which they had looked upon since she was a child, and had watched in all its growing beauty! Any other less pure, less powerful parents, would long ago have been obliged to comply with those cruel customs: and were they not performed every day at the temple itself? 'Why should the rite be delayed?' said many; 'the *girl* is too handsome; she will be a scandal to the caste. The excuses of going to Benares, or to Nassuk, are mere devices to gain time, and sinful.' 'The matter must be noticed to the Shastree himself, and he must be publicly urged and warned to remove the scandal from his house and from the sect, which had been growing worse, day by day, for the last three years.'

"Yes, it was true—quite true. Tara herself knew it to be true, and often urged it. What had she before her but a dreary widowhood? Why should she yet be as one who ostensibly lived in the world, and yet did not belong to it? For whom was she to dress herself and to braid her hair every day? She did not remember her husband so as to regret his memory. . . . Now she felt that, had he lived, she might have loved him, and the reproach of widowhood would not have belonged to her. . . . 'Why did he go from me?' she would cry to herself, often with low moaning; 'why leave me alone? Why did they not make me Sutee with him? Could I not even now be burned, and go to him?' . . . Her father and mother observed when gloomy thoughts beset her, and when she became excitable and nervous in her manner, and they did their best to cheer them away. 'She might yet be happy in doing charitable acts,' they said, 'in reading holy books, in meditation, in pilgrimages; and they would go with her to Benares and live there.' 'Why not,' the Shastree would say; 'why not, daughter? We have but thee, and thou hast only us; it will be good to live and die in the holy city.' . . . But her parents did not go, and the rites were deferred indefinitely."

Such was the condition of the young Hindu widow. Perhaps it is a pity that there are no such wise regulations for the winnowing of the female population in countries which call themselves more civilised. The Sutee has been put down by vulgar prejudice, but on the whole it must have been a wise institution: and though there are difficulties in the way of its introduction into England, some arrangement of the sort would certainly tell advantageously upon that uneven balance

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of the two halves of humanity which is so much the subject of philanthropical comment. A grand incremation once in the five years or so, might forestall a good deal of talk in a Social Science "Section," and unquestionably would draw crowds, and provide an opportunity for excursion trains from all parts of the country. Civilisation disowns such summary and savage expedients for getting rid of the superfluous members of society; but it would be hard to say which was more cruel—the sudden destruction which makes an end in a moment, or the more tedious fate which nature herself ordains for those whom society has done with, and whose occupation is over. Tara, however, was but sixteen, and beautiful as the day. Her marriage was a mere bond of words and engagements unfulfilled—no wonder the father and mother grieved over her. Another trouble besides quaintly afflicted the Bramhun household—they had no son; and the heart of the respectable house-mother was bent upon providing her husband with another wife who might supply this deficiency. The Shastree himself, who was a sensible man, objected to the arrangement; but the women had set their hearts upon it. Between these two difficulties the family found enough to balance effectually the external comfort they possessed, and carried heavy hearts through all the labours and observances of life. Here is a description of their house:—

"Enter the Shastree's house at any time, and you were at once struck with its great neatness. The floor was always plastered with liquid clay by the women-servants, when he was absent at the temple for morning worship, and retained a cool freshness while it dried, and, indeed, during the day. It was generally decorated by pretty designs in red and white chalk powder dropped between the finger and thumb, in the execution of which both mother and daughter were very expert and accomplished. The Shastree's seat, which was, in fact, a small raised dais at one side of the large room, was usually decked with flowers, while, upon the floor before it, the greatest artistic skill was expended in ornament by Tara and her mother. Above it were pictures of favourite divinities, painted in distemper colour all surrounded by wreaths of flowers interwoven with delicate border patterns, which had been partly executed by the Shastree himself, and partly by Tara, who followed his tastes and accomplishments after a pretty fashion. Thus decorated, the dais had a cheerful effect in the room: and choice and intimate friends only were admitted to the privilege of sitting upon it. . . . There was no decoration about the house, except, as we have already mentioned, border patterns and quaintly-designed birds and flowers upon the walls. Furniture such as we need was unknown. A small cotton or woollen carpet laid down here and there, with a heavy cotton pillow covered with white calico, sufficed for sitting or reclining; and as the goddess Bhowani, in her incarnation at Tooljapoor, does not choose, as is believed, that any one in the town should lie upon a bed except herself, a cotton mattress on the floor, or a cool mat, sufficed for sleeping."

Trouble has come to a crisis in this house as the story opens. The Shastree feels that Tara cannot be saved much longer from the degradation of her fate. But a ray of hope has broken upon him in consequence of a dream in which his daughter has seen the goddess, the "Holy Mother," and received a promise of protection. Excited by this hope, he has gone to the temple, and also in a state of excitement Tara and her mother have followed him. They enter as the worship is going on—

"The procession of Bramhuns and priests was turning the corner of the temple, when Tara and her mother met it in the full swell of the music. Usually they fell in behind, reverentially and calmly, and followed it as it passed round. Now, however, the Shastree and his companions were amazed to see Tara separate herself from her mother, and put herself at the head of the party, toss her arms into the air, and join in the hymn they were singing—leading them on more rapidly than they had moved before. The Shastree marked that she had bathed, and that her wet garments dripped as she went along. 'She is pure,' he thought; 'she has prepared herself, and if the goddess will take her, it is her will. There is something in this that cannot be stayed.'

"The other Bramhuns stopped, still

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chanting, and looked to Vyas Shastree with wonder for some explanation, which was as quickly given. 'The goddess spoke to her last night, and will not be repelled,' he said. 'Go on, do not stop her; let her do as she lists.'

"No one dared stop her, or touch Tara. The height of excitement, or, as they thought, inspiration, was in her eye, and that sweet face was lifted up with a holy rapture. She seemed to fly rather than to walk, so completely had her feelings carried her forward; and as she moved she looked behind to those following, still chanting with them, her arms waved about her head, and beckoning them onwards. They could not resist the influence. So they passed on, round and round the temple, still singing. Other morning worshippers, attracted by the strange sight, joined them, or stood by wondering till the hymn was finished. Then Tara, noticing no one, entered the porch of the temple rapidly, and, advancing alone, knelt down before the door of the inner shrine in front of the image, and they watched her silently.

"What did she see to cause that earnest look? The image was familiar to all. The light of the lamps within shone out strongly on the kneeling figure, shrouded in its wet, clinging drapery, but hardly illuminated the gloomy space in the deep outer vestibule, around which the spectators arranged themselves reverentially. The ruby eyes of the Goddess glittered with a weird brilliance from among the cloud of incense breathing before her; and the fragrant smoke, issuing from the door, wreathed itself about her form and ascended to the roof, and hung about the pillars of the room. Those looking on almost expected the image would move, or speak, in greeting or in reprehension of the young votary, and the silence was becoming almost oppressive when the girl's lips moved: 'Mother,' she cried, in her low musical voice; 'Mother! O holy mother! Tara is here before thee. What wouldst thou of her?' And she leant forward, swinging her body to and fro restlessly, and stretching forth her hands. 'Mother, take me or leave me, but do not cast me away!'

"'She is possessed, brother,' said another priest to her father; 'what hath come to her? When did this happen?'

"'Peace,' said the father in a hoarse whisper; 'disturb her not: let what will happen, even should she die. She is in hands more powerful than ours, and we are helpless. O, Tara, my child! my child!'

"'Mother, dost thou hear? I will do thy bidding,' again murmured the girl. 'Come, come! as thou wast in my dream. So come to Tara! Ah, yes, she comes to me! Yes, holy mother, I am with thee;' and, stretching forth her arms, she sank down on her face shuddering. . . . 'Let us chant the hymn to the praise of Doorga,' said the old Pundit who had before spoken; 'brothers, this is no ordinary occurrence. Many come and feign the divine afflatus, but there has been nothing so strange as this in my memory;' and, striking a few chords on the vina he held in his hand, the hymn—a strange wild cadence—was begun. The sound filled the vaulted chamber, and was taken up by those outside who crowded the entrance. Still she moved not, but lay tranquilly; the full chorus of the men's voices and the clashing of the cymbals were not apparently heeded by her. As it died away, there was a faint movement of the arms, and gradually she raised herself to her knees, tossed back the hair from her neck and face, and looked around her wildly for a moment. . . . Tara turned to her father with an imploring look for silence, and again, but now calmly, prostrated herself before the image, while the brilliant ruby eyes seemed, to those who beheld them, to glow still more brightly through the smoke of the incense. 'Holy mother of the gods!' she said, in a low voice of prayer, 'I am thy slave. I fear thee no longer. Blessed mother, I will love thee, who art kind to Tara. Here will I live and die with thee according to thy word.' Then she arose and continued to him: 'Come, father, behold I am calm now.'

"'She is accepted, brethren,' said the old priest, turning to the others; 'let us do her honour. With no life for the world, let her widowhood remain in the mother's keeping: she has chosen her, let no man gainsay it.'"

It is by this expedient that Tara escapes the rites of widowhood, the shaven head, and disfiguring robes, and manifest separation from all the hopes of life. She is now a priestess of the Goddess, the Holy Mother of Hindu piety, and after being carried in a triumphal procession to her house, with every demonstration of honour and joy, enters upon her new office in security, and to the admiration of all who behold her. It is unnecessary, however, to say to practised novel-readers, that this is but the beginning of Tara's troubles, and that we are not ourselves deceived by

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any hope that her comfort is henceforth assured. Even in her progress homeward, the evil eye falls upon the dedicated girl. A Bramhun, a Pundit, one of the privileged race, walks beside her litter, and is fascinated by her beauty—and henceforward she becomes the object of a conspiracy between Moro Trimmul, the lawless lover, and a degraded priestess or Moorlee, belonging to the same temple, who would fain see the young saint brought as low as herself, through which we cannot follow the course of the story. In order to bring about an abduction and a rescue, it is necessary to employ the extended machinery of state intrigue and national movement, and it is only after a long interval that we come back through the busy and exciting picture of an Eastern city, in a romantic tumult and grand crisis of national being, to find Tara fall into the hands of the noble young Mussulman, whose destiny it is to save her from the hands of her pursuer, and to offer her a purer love. When she is transferred to the care of his mother and sister, the scene changes to a Mahomedan interior, homely and characteristic, where the lady of the house prides herself on cooking her husband's kabobs, in the intervals of her astrological studies, and where, perhaps, the ready and cordial kindness shown to the Bramhun captive is the least probable point in the picture. Here Tara remains for some time, recovering from her sorrow for the supposed death of her parents, and being gradually charmed into new life and new hopes. The love of Fazil Khan, and the tenderness of his family, begin at last to move her from her allegiance to the red-eyed goddess of her original faith; and it is just at this moment, when all things are going fairly—the course of true love running smooth, and matters apparently approaching a happy termination—that the baffled enemy once more reappears on the scene, and snatches the wavering priestess from her new friends. But the villain is an incapable villain in this as in most other books. He fails in a miraculous way of doing any harm in his own person, and the second abduction ends in her rescue by a respectable Bramhun, one of her own race. Here, however, the old controversy is re-opened about her widowhood, and the crisis of her fate comes on, and at this point occur the most remarkable scenes in the book. Here is a sketch of the Hindu matron, who claims to be "a widow indeed":—

"It was a house something like their own at Tooljapoor. There was the master's seat, with its flowers and holy text painted on it: the verandah open to the court: the thick curtains between the pillars let down to exclude the night air, which was chill. The room was neat and scrupulously clean. She was once more in a Bramhun's house. Before Tara sat two women, both elderly. One a stout and matronly figure, with a grave but kind countenance, and grey hair neatly braided, with heavy gold rings round her neck, wrists, and ankles, plainly but richly dressed, indicating rank and wealth; the other evidently a widow, clad in coarse white serge, her head clean shaved, and her wrists, ankles, and neck without any ornaments. She had strong coarse features, much wrinkled; small piercing eyes, deep set in her head; and her skin was flaccid and shrivelled. She was the elder sister of the Envoy, and lived with him a life of austere penance and privation, and, as a Hindu widow, was a pattern of scrupulous attention to the rules of her faith. Neither rose to meet her. Tara advanced and touched their feet, in token of reverential submission and salutation. By the lady whose evident rank had attracted Tara first, the action was received at least without repugnance, and perhaps with interest, but by the other with marked aversion. She drew back her foot as though to prevent pollution, and shrank aside evidently to avoid contact.

"'Thou art welcome, daughter of Vyas Shastree,' said the one; 'peace be with thee!'

"'And that gilded thing is called a widow and a Moorlee,' cried the other, with a scornful glance at Tara. 'Oh sister, admit her not! Why has she any hair? Why is she more like a bride than a widow?—a harlot, rather than a virtuous woman?'

"'I am a widow and an orphan, returned Tara meekly, sinking down, and trembling violently, as she addressed the first speaker; 'I have been saved from

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dishonour, lady. Oh, be kind to me! I have no one on earth to protect me now. They are all gone—all—and may God help me!'

"And Tara told her little story—how she had become a priestess when the Goddess called her; what she knew of holy books; how she had been carried off from the temple by Moro Trimmul, and how he had persecuted her before. How she was taken by Fazil Khan, and had been saved by him from the king's harem at Beejapoor. Finally, how they had treated her with honour and respect, and were taking her to her only refuge at Wye. Ah, it was a sad story now! a glimpse of a heaven of delight now shut out from her for ever. She saw the stony eyes of the grim old widow wandering over her, from her glossy braided hair, and the garland of jessamine flowers which Zyna had put into it just before they left the camp, to the gold ornaments about her neck, which Zyna would have her wear; and, above all, to the silken saree and the gold anklets which Fazil liked, because the tiny bells to them clashed so musically as she walked. Over and over again, as she told her story, and was believed by the Baba Sahib and his wife, did his sister evince decided unbelief and scorn. But at the last her brother rebuked her.

"'I rescued her myself from violence,' he said; 'and what she tells me confirms her whole story. Peace, Pudma! one so helpless and so beautiful should have thy pity, not thy scorn.'

"'Let her have her head shaved, and be such as I am; let her live with me, and bathe in cold water before dawn. Let her say the name of God on her beads a thousand times an hour during the night; let her do menial service,' cried the widow rapidly; 'and then if she can do these things, brother, she is a Bramhun widow and true; else cast her out to the Mussulmans with whom she has lived. Art thou ready to do all this, girl?' she continued, stretching out her long skinny arm, which was naked to the shoulder, and showed that the serge about her was her only garment.

"Tara's spirit sank within her. Yes, such as the being before her were Hindu widows, such they would claim her to be. 'It were better if I were dead,' she groaned—'better if I were dead.'"

But worse troubles are still in store for the unfortunate. The malice of the widow procures that she shall be taken to the temple to see whether the goddess will acknowledge her votary, and interpose to save her. There she hears that Fazil is killed, and in her hopelessness is baited by incredulous questioners, and driven frantic by reproaches. When at last her persecutor appears to make one last effort to seize her, Tara's strength and patience are exhausted; and it is thus that the Hindu girl finds a desperate way of escape from her troubles and her enemies. The scene is in the temple, in the presence of a crowd of Bramhuns and spectators, and before the Mahratta Ranee, who is herself a prophetess.

"'Mother,' she said in a low voice, turning to the altar, and joining her hands in supplication before the image—'Mother, if I am thy child, tell me what to say to them; or, if thou wilt, let me be another sacrifice to thee, and it will be well. Mother,—O Toolja Mata! dost thou hear?—Tara is ready before thee—ready to come!'

"Low as the words were spoken, they were heard by all; and remembering the events of the day, and believing in the power of the Goddess, it was expected the girl would fall and die where she was, on the solemn invocation; but it was not so. For a few moments she stood intently gazing at the image, without altering her position of supplication; then she smiled, her hands dropped, and she turned at once and faced the assembly. Not even in her first office as priestess had her beauty been more glorious—the expression of her features more sublime.

"'O priests and elders,' she said calmly and simply, in her sweet musical voice, 'hear my last words: I am an orphan and a widow, I have no one left on earth to protect me,—not one. To be in danger of that man's evil designs, is to die hourly. Did he succeed as he has tried, it would be to live in shame; now I can die in purity. The Mother calls me; she will not come to me, though I have asked her. She is far from me, yet she beckons to me; look, there!' and she stretched forth her hand to the roof—'she calls me, and I come, pure, and purified by fire. Now listen, all ye Bramhuns; I am true and pure, and I am Sutee henceforth. When ye will, and where ye will, I am Sutee; and on his head be curses, and the vengeance of Kalee, who forbids it. Let me die in the fire, and I am happy! What she puts into my mouth, I say to you truly. Let no one forbid it.'

"No one spoke, no one answered. The people before her rose as one man. Many trembled, some wept, and women scream-

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ed aloud; but Tara stood there unmoved, her bosom heaving rapidly, and the glowing beauty and rapture of her face unchanged.

"'Jey Kalee! Jey Toolja Mata!' exclaimed the Shastree; 'let it be as she says, brothers. Henceforth she is Sutee, and we accept the sacrifice, for the Mother hath said it by her lips. Ah, the ordeal is fulfilled indeed, and to the honour of her votary! Fear not,' he said, 'daughter: by this act is thy husband delivered from hell; and all thou hast suffered in this life is sanctified to thee. Bring flowers, bring garlands,' he cried to the people; 'crown her here at the altar, and let her be worshipped.'

"Not in her first admission to the office she had held, not in the holiest of the ceremonies at which she had before assisted, was greater honour ever done to Tara than now. Bedecked with garlands, with incense burnt before her, the priests present formed themselves into a procession, and, chanting hymns of praise, led her round and round the shrine. The temple court and its precincts were now filled with people, who took up the shouts of victory—'Jey Kalee! Jey Toolja Mata!' and as she passed before them, throwing handfuls of flowers among them, all who could reach her, touched her garments reverently, or prostrated themselves before her, with frantic cries for blessings; and so they led her forth."

But in the midst of this excitement and enthusiasm, while the dedicated Sutee is kept up by every priestly art in her frenzy of self-devotion, a last trial, grievous to her heart, comes upon Tara. Her father and her mother, whom she has supposed dead, suddenly appear in the house in which she is to be watched and imprisoned and worshipped until the time of her immolation. When her father finds out the horrible secret, and rushes forward to see his child, this is the scene which presents itself to the despairing priest:—

"A bower as it were, of trellis-work, had been fitted up in the large apartment of the Pundit's house, which was raised slightly from the ground, and it was covered with heavy garlands of green leaves and flowers, as though for a bridal. In the narrow doorway of this bower stood a slight female figure, richly dressed in a bright crimson silk dress, striving to put away the arm of a Bramhun priest,—who was preventing her from stepping forth,—and struggling with him. The face was full of horror and misery, and the eyes flashing with excitement and despair. Before her, without, lay an elderly woman senseless on the ground, supported by a girl and several other women who were weeping bitterly. ... Darting forward past the Pundit, pushing aside some women, who, screaming senselessly, would not be put out,—Vyas Shastree leaped upon the basement of the room, and, dragging away the Bramhun priest, stood by his child. 'Tara, O my life! O my child!' he cried passionately, 'come forth, come to us!' It was the effort of an instant only, for the attendant priests had seized him and drawn him back forcibly, while they held him up. 'Thou canst not touch her now without defilement,' one said who knew him. 'She is Sutee, O Vyas Shastree, and pure from thy touch even; she is bathed and dressed for the sacrifice.'

"'Tara, Tara!' gasped the unhappy man, not heeding the words. 'Tara, come forth—come; I, thy father, call thee! O my child, do not delay; come, we will go away—far away, to the Mother——'

"To the Mother! Perhaps if he had not said this, Tara would have been unable to repress these last fearful yearnings to life which tore her heart; but the echo fell on her own spirit heavily and irrepressively. To the Mother! Yes, in her great misery, all she could see in her mental agony—what she saw in the temple at Pertabgurh—all that she dwelt upon since,—were the glowing ruby eyes of the Mother, far away at Tooljapoor, glittering, as she thought, in glad anticipation of her coming. The same Bramhun priest who was preventing her egress when her mother approached, had again crossed his arms before the door. As she saw her father advance, Tara staggered back affrighted; it was as though he had risen from the dead; and at his despairing cry the girl could not have restrained herself, had not the echo of his last words fallen on a heart which, though wellnigh dead to life, had rallied for a while to its purest affections;—but only for a while. 'Thou canst not move hence,' said the Bramhun priest. 'Cry Jey Toolja! Jey Kalee! O Tara, thou wilt not deny the Mother—all else is dead to thee.' No, she could not deny her now—she would not. With that strange light in her eyes—that seemingly supernatural force in her actions, which the people thought the emanation of deity, Tara's spirit was rallied by the priest's words. 'Jey Toolja Mata!'

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she cried, stretching her arms into the air; 'I am true, O Mother! I am true; and even these shall not keep me from thee now!'"

We will leave our readers to make out for themselves the last scene of the Sutee, and the unexpected conclusion of that dreadful ceremony; but no one who has followed us so far will doubt the power of this strange picture, or the interest with which Captain Taylor has invested a heroine so far remote from ordinary acquaintance or sympathy. The story is one of incident rather than character; but the steps by which Tara's resolution is developed are given with no small power; and the last scene we have quoted is full of restrained force and natural pathos. Strange as the ordeal is, and cruel the sacrifice, and totally opposite to the missionary instinct of the ordinary English intelligence, yet it is impossible to follow the Bramhun girl to this point without a natural interest which is entirely independent of her erroneous belief. By making her true to the race with which he is so well acquainted, Captain Taylor has succeeded in making her true to nature, and in developing those human qualities which lie underneath all the differences of circumstance; so that while we welcome Tara as a graceful novel figure in modern fiction, we feel at the same time that the unknown race and region to which she belongs is less strange, less alien from our common nature, than we had imagined; and that, after all, the heathen are not incapable either of faith or worship, but have still among them something of a spirit which is akin to Christianity, and in which, when the time comes, a purer faith may find fit elements for the highest development of life.

At the same time there are opportunities in this story for dramatic representation which would make the fortune of an enterprising manager. Weeded carefully from the secondary plot which interferes with the unity of the tale, though in itself executed with considerable skill, Tara might be made into a very striking and effective melodrama. The part of the heroine is so thoroughly well-defined, and presents so many telling situations, —and the accessories of the temple-scenes, the Bramhun processions, the hymns, the priestly interlocutors who manage the action of the piece, are all so picturesque, that it could be put upon the stage with wonderfully little change, and would certainly be a sensation drama of much more genuine character than those of which the play-going public has begun to grow weary.

With so much to praise, however, we must not forget to add that there is a good deal to blame. Captain Taylor has fallen especially into one blunder which seems inevitable to all historians of Oriental life, and which very frequently comes in with a grotesque effect at the most serious moment. This is the apparently irresistible temptation to interject words of Hindostanee (let us speak with diffidence — any other language the reader pleases—the native tongue of the personages of the tale) at all times and seasons. How is it possible to preserve one's gravity, for example, when, at the very crisis of a stirring and important scene, our hero's retainers declare their enthusiastic readiness to obey his commands by a shout of "Jo Hookum!" True, Jo Hookum means, according to the footnote, "a respectful affirmative;" but its effect upon English nerves has not the seriousness becoming the occasion. Such technicalities may be well enough for a little masquerade sketch, but are unworthy of a story which, though so far removed from our actual knowledge, declares itself so convincingly, by internal evidence, to be the result of actual experience, and a picture of real life.

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MAY-SONG.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

THERE's a time for all good lasses,
 Sigh not, Jennie—wherefore sigh?
Ever as the May moon passes
 Lovers drop down from the sky;

Cushat, mavis, lark, and linnet,
 Each is singling out its pair;
Marriages with every minute;
 Hark! their joy-peals in the air!

Ope thy heart unto the summer!
 Love comes suddenly as Fate:
Who is yonder fair new-comer
 Gliding to thy garden gate?

Birdlike, seeks he one to sing to
 Coyly hid in leaves—like thee?
Couldst thou single him to cling to?—
 Coyly peep through leaves, and see.

As the bird sings he is singing,
 "May is in the air above;
And through blossoms round me springing
 Winds the pathway to my love.

"Still thy beating, heart impassioned,
 Learn in silence to repine;
Her soft beauty was not fashioned
 For a dwelling rude as mine.

"Wherefore, wild-bird, art thou bearing
 Twig and moss to yonder tree?"
"For the home that I am rearing
 High from earth, as love's should be.

"If thus rudely I begin it,
 Love itself completes the nest;
And the downy softness in it
 Comes, O Lover, from the breast."

All the while, the buds are springing;
 May is round thee and above;
As the bird sings he is singing—
 As the bird loves canst thou love?

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OUR RANCOROUS "COUSINS."

If we were required to specify the most prominent and characteristic feature exhibited in common by the Government, press, and people of Federal America, we should say it was shameless impudence—impudence which tramples on consistency and derides confutation. It has appeared in every pretence they have put forward for the justification of the war. Something more than chance seems to have guided them in their unerring choice of arguments that never deviate into plausibility, and assertions that never stumble on the truth. Glorying *ad nauseam* in the success of their own effort to throw off their allegiance to Great Britain on the provocation of a threepenny tea-tax — rejoicing in the right of insurrection proclaimed in the preamble of that much vaunted document—the 'Declaration of Independence'—they have never ceased to denounce the secession of the Sovereign States of the South as "a wicked and unnatural rebellion." The struggle of a singularly united and devoted nation is "the bad enterprise of a weak and failing faction." They profess that what has more than anything raised the indignation of their guileless and virtuous citizens is the treachery with which secession was accomplished—as if the most characteristic and most applauded feature in Federal diplomacy had not always been triumphant chicanery. Ignorant alike of the foundation and the value of their liberty, and ready to sacrifice it at the shrine of any detestable and ridiculous idol that chances to govern the hour, they persist in proclaiming their effort to enslave the South as a "battle for freedom." The Abolitionists denounce us because we do not sufficiently sympathise with their Christian aspirations for the extermination of the white inhabitants of the South. The Unionists who are adverse to emancipation, nevertheless taunt us with our sympathy with slaveholders. All parties in this most sordid of nations profess to be outraged by England's selfish regard for her own interests. No covert or overt hostility on the part of France can rouse this sensitive people to remonstrance — no servility on the part of our own Government can induce our "Cousins" to refrain from threatening to punish our partiality for their antagonists with immediate war.

Manifestly, the element visible in all this is impudence, pure and simple. There is no plausibility in these utterances — no consistency, no faith on the part of the utterers. The matter being what we have said, there is certainly nothing in the manner which should render them more acceptable. Whether they proceed from clergymen, or senators, or stump-orators, from press or people, they are equally distinguished by repulsive coarseness, vulgarity, and inconsequence.

Under these circumstances the effect produced might be supposed to be foreseen with absolute certainty. Transparent impudence, coarse and vulgar violence, might be expected to be received in only one way. Nobody would claim to be a prophet for saying that pretensions so urged would be certain to be met with scorn and defiance. And yet the most singular feature in the whole case is not that a nation which receives all its impulses from below should be ignorant in its assertions and unjust in its demands, but that another nation, claiming to be proud in its independence, sensitive for its honour, and able and willing to hold its own against all comers, has indulgently condoned the impudence, bridged over the deficiency of logic, and admitted this coarse unreason to more than the privileges of rea-

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son. Thousands must have been astonished, like ourselves, at this singular result; at the mild rejoinders of our press and the concessions of our Government.

With a few not particularly respectable exceptions, the press here is favourable to the South. Whether moved by its gallantry or sensible of the justice of its cause, it is by no means difficult to perceive the bias of most of our journals. But the tone in which they make their sympathies known is apologetic. The English advocates of Federal views are rampantly outspoken. They denounce the "rebellion" with all the fury of the Northern journals. They seem to look upon secession as a personal wrong to themselves. They are perhaps a little more frantic than the North in abuse of their own country, and peremptory demands for sympathy. And they rejoice without measure in Federal successes. One demagogic mouthpiece begun its leading article on the repulse of Lee at Gettysburg in the form of a pious thanksgiving. Our own stump demagogues, too, are ferocious in their partizanship; and indeed it was scarcely to be expected that they should disguise their sentiments, or be delicate in expressing them, after sacrificing to them everything which can be called a principle that they ever possessed.

But, on the other hand, no such ardour has been displayed by those who wish well to the South. Their partizanship has been rather implied than asserted. The gallant deeds of the Southern armies and generals, the noble devotion of the Southern people, never inspire them with enthusiasm. When the madness of the war is reprehended, both parties are included in the objurgation, as if the Confederates, in defending their homes from gigantic brigandism, were sharers in the insanity. The most absurd pretensions of the Federalists are gravely discussed as if they were really inspired by sense, or advanced by reasonable beings. Their menaces are received in a tone of mild submission, such as might be proper from a weak offending State trying to deprecate the wrath of a powerful neighbour. They are humbly reminded that we are trying to please them, and assured that we will try still more. When special atrocities call for special remark, we are generally told at the same time that great allowances must be made for people in their situation. When their hostility takes the form of acts, or peremptory and inadmissible demands enforced by menace, the first impulse always seems to be to try and discover some justification for the outrage which might relieve us from the necessity of resisting it. Thus, on the news of the attack on the Trent, we were first entreated to keep cool, and be sure that we were in the right: unnecessary and mischievous admissions were made which it was afterwards found necessary to retract—and, in fact, we seemed in a fair way of being drilled into submission, till it was fortunately discovered that, if we did submit, we had better retire altogether from business as a maritime power. But perhaps the most preposterous of all our displays of feeble moderation is when we profess to abjure all interest that we may ourselves have in any particular settlement of American affairs, and to wish only that the progress and result of the quarrel may be such as will conduce most to the happiness of our "cousins"—the cousins, be it observed, being always our affectionate friends in the North.

After all, then, there is policy in sheer impudence. Be sure and make your claims extravagant enough, and if you do not get all you ask, you will at least get more than you had a right to expect. Bully for a retractation of belligerent rights, and though they may not be retracted, yet the refusal will be softened by substantial concessions; and even the belligerent rights may be so construed as to

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leave all the benefits on your side. Such might be the advice of some Federal sage to the ministers of the North, and closely have they followed it.

Meanwhile the South have never been in a position to bully. Menaces to annex Canada, would, from them, be unavailing to compel our friendship. Threats of war would be equally ineffectual from a people who have never disguised the difficulties with which they have maintained the existing struggle. If they ever had a talent for bombast and boasting, they appeared to have lost that useful faculty when they seceded from the Union, leaving the North to enjoy the double share. All their appeals have been made rather by acts and demeanour than words. Dignity in misfortune, modesty and moderation in success; conduct in council, bravery in the field;—the exhibition, in a struggle for that independence which free nations have always professed most to value, of a constancy and heroism almost unequalled; the endurance of uncommon calamities with cheerfulness, and the absence of vindictiveness under the most hideous provocation;—such are the demands the South makes on us—and the results are not encouraging to the heroic virtues. Nobody ever talks of our Southern cousins—nobody ever asserts Southern rights. Their claims in the quarrel are treated as merely negative—a kind of abstract symbol introduced to complete the equation. Heroism is all very well to be sentimental about—but for solid appreciable success, give us good steady impudence.

Far from admitting it as a fact that we should be wrong to let considerations for what may be our own interest influence our course in the quarrel, we really scarcely know how to treat gravely so preposterous a proposition. Since when has self-interest become so little important in international questions?—or what are the great principles involved in the American quarrel, before which the good of our own people shrinks into insignificance? It is generally assumed that the welfare of his own country is the first and most legitimate consideration of a statesman. In fact, why do we choose statesmen except for the express purpose of caring for that welfare? And the only boundaries which he should not permit himself to overstep, in pursuit of his object, are the limits of right and wrong. He must not violate law, justice, or equity, for the sake of benefit to his countrymen; but that is the sole restriction. How else is it possible to have a national policy which shall be reasonable and practicable? How else shall we prevent the patriotic statesman from degenerating into the feeble philanthropist? To claim applause, therefore, on the sole ground that we let millions of our fellow-countrymen starve rather than take a side in a foreign quarrel, is to presume that the applauders must be fools. If it be said that to interfere would entail greater evils on ourselves than to stand aloof, that indeed is an excellent reason, and a ground for argument; but it is something quite different from the self-abnegation doctrine. The one reason for setting aside our own interests would be that there existed in opposition to those interests some principle of abstract right, to which they must bow. But where is this principle? Is it gratitude for the firm friendship of the North that would compel us to abstain? Is it a fear lest mankind should lose something of priceless value in the discomfiture of the Lincoln government? Is it a conviction that the inhabitants of that continent will find their truest happiness in the maintenance of the Union and the fulfilment of its aspirations? Any of these would be legitimate reasons for our present course, but is any admitted, except by Federal fanatics, to be true?

We say, then, that what we have to consider is not what is due to the North (what is due to the South has never entered into the

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question, and may therefore be left out of it), but what is due to ourselves. If the North had little claim on our forbearance at the outset of the quarrel, it has far less now. It is generally agreed in England that this Power which we so scrupulously refrain from embarrassing is persisting in a hopeless war from the basest motives, and conducting it in a way that casts mankind back two centuries towards barbarism. We say, then, that if, by joining France in intervention, we should raise the blockade, relieve our starving population, and break up the political system which is a standing menace to us through the weak point of Canada, we should be not only acting in consonance with right, but fulfilling an obvious duty to ourselves.

Still, we do not mean in this place to advocate immediate intervention in conjunction with France. We have purposely put the case hypothetically, and do not here assert that all the ends indicated would be so gained, our present object being to deny the duty of self-abnegation in this business. But along with that feeble fallacy another has appeared, which directly advocates what Mr Bright calls "a warm and friendly neutrality," on the single ground of a far-sighted self-interest. Let us, it is said, wink at any excesses the Federal navy or Government may commit in the exercise of belligerent rights, because, in the preservation and wide interpretation of such rights, we, as the chief maritime Power and commercial nation, are principally interested. Certainly there is no weak philanthropic fallacy to be combated here. On the contrary, having just disputed the assertion that where no law forbids we must not pursue our own benefit, we have to face about and meet an argument which affirms that in pursuit of our own benefit we may enlarge the bounds of law.

Such is, in reality, the argument of the gentleman who, under the signature of Historicus, has undertaken to lecture the public on international law. He affects the calm judicial style: he writes from an elevation far removed from the petty passions of the grovelling crowd, and from which he can survey the historical horizon to an extent commensurate with the pretensions of his signature. He delivers himself as one who should say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." When people showed some not unnatural impatience of the way in which the Americans were maintaining the blockade, he took the public to task; the parliamentary orators who expressed that impatience he disparaged in a way that was not very new and not very true; and declared that he could find no just foundation for the extreme irritation that existed. Now, there are two ways of viewing a blockade. One is to regard it as an institution so beneficent that all mankind have an interest in maintaining it, and all who contravene it are criminals. Neutral rights in collision with it are to be set aside. This is the doctrine of the American minister, who stigmatises the efforts of private speculators to trade with the South as dishonest and disreputable. With Mr Adams the blockade is not a matter of policy, but an article of religion. There is an eleventh commandment promulgated from his legation which says thou shalt not trade with the South. Something like this is implied by Mr Charles Sumner when he says, "Of course no Royal Proclamation can change wrong into right, or make such business otherwise than *immoral*." Something like this, too, is implied by Historicus when he remarks: "It cannot be said that the trade to Nassau and Matamoros is not surrounded with suspicion. How comes it that these small and insignificant ports, which two years ago were hardly known in Europe by name, are now as crowded with shipping as the Thames? Can we profess to be ignorant that the great majority of

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vessels *bound to these ports* are engaged in adventures *which the American navy are entitled to prevent?*"

That is one view. But there is another, in which a blockade appears as an unmitigated evil to all except the belligerent who enforces it. The rest of mankind, far from being bound to maintain it, are bound to restrict it. Its foundation rests not on public law, though public law recognises it, but on force. Public law concedes to the belligerent the right to prevent, so far as he can, all communication with his enemy's coast; but it aids him no further than by the negative measure of withdrawing its protection from ships violating certain specified rules, and abandoning them to the belligerent's prize courts. For, if public law and morality were concerned in enforcing a blockade, what need would there be of that rule which proclaims that a blockade, to be recognised, must be effective? How can its efficiency be tested except by attempts to break it? And if the greater proportion of these attempts were successful, it would thereupon cease to exist. Therefore the belligerent's right of capture should be rigidly restricted by neutrals, because, if latitude be allowed in the interpretation of that right, besides the injustice to the neutral trader, an injustice may be done to the other belligerent, by permitting a paper blockade to appear effective.

But the writer we speak of goes, as we have seen, so far in latitude of interpretation of this right, as to speak of the trade between our own port and a neutral port as something that "the American navy is entitled to prevent." It is so hard, say the gentlemen who advocate this view, for the Americans to see their blockade evaded, that we must really make allowances for them, and even be indulgent if they seek to remedy the defects of their belligerent position by encroaching on the rights of neutrals. That our traders should suffer is of small comparative moment; that the Confederates, who have also their rights in the matter, should have their sufferings thus rendered still more deplorable, is nothing to the purpose. "Poor Shylock!" say these gentlemen, "of course he must have his pound of flesh, and though there is nothing said in the bond about a few ounces more than the pound, and a little blood, yet we must not be too strict with him; we must make allowances for the difficulties of his situation." If Historicus, and some others who argue thus, had been of the Doge's council, it would have gone hard with the Merchant of Venice.

We, on the other hand, say that a trade with Wilmington and Charleston is as legal and honourable as a trade with New York. It is no more unlawful to pass through the blockading squadron than through the openings in a dangerous reef. For if a blockade to be lawful must be effective, how can it be unlawful to test its effectiveness? But the trade to a blockaded port must be taken with its additional risks, of capture, and absence of protection. Not so the trade with a neighbouring neutral port like Matamoros. It is no part of an English merchant's business to ask why there is suddenly an unusual demand for his goods at such a port. He owes no allegiance to the Northern government. He knows of no law, except that of force, which should prevent him from trading with the South. Though every cargo landed at the Mexican port should be destined for the South, that need give him no concern, and a trade between Nassau and Matamoros is as much entitled to protection as a trade between Southampton and Cadiz. Yet when complaints have been made of illegal captures, the complainant has been told that he is not to be pitied; that he knows very well that his profits on successful ventures are large enough to cover his losses; and that he must expect no sympathy when he engages (unheard-of crime in a merchant) in an uncertain enterprise for the sake of gain.

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An extension of the argument would abandon our traders to the mercy of pirates.

But, as we have said, all these are but glosses to cover the real argument—namely, that as we may have occasion hereafter to enforce blockades of our own, it is highly impolitic in us now to question the rights of blockade too closely. Rather an inconsistent doctrine for those to advocate who have disclaimed all feelings of self-interest in shaping their course towards the North; and suggesting the ugly construction that we are willing to make our interpretation of right dependent on the power of a possible objector. But we will pass over that, and ask whether it is really true that it is England's interest to extend the rights of blockade. No proof of this is offered; it is assumed as indisputable. But we dispute it. It is true that we are more than other great powers dependent on the operation of our navy in time of war. But it is also true that we are more than other nations dependent on our commerce in time of peace. The rights of blockade can only be extended at the expense of neutral commerce. We are, therefore, paying a penalty now for this possible future advantage. But we say that it would be no advantage. As the strongest of all maritime powers, we are best able to draw from the present rights of blockade the fullest effect. By a fictitious extension of them we are best enabling weaker powers to approach the measure of our strength. We are diminishing the interval between the real and the sham maritime power when we allow inefficiency to pass for efficiency. And moreover, if it were not so, the assumption that the liberal interpretation would be to our advantage, rests on the fallacy that what we concede now will be hereafter conceded therefore to ourselves: that in case of war with America we should have a right to interrupt French trade with Matamoros, if we could show that we had permitted our own trade to be interrupted by the Americans. Possibly France might have something to say about that.

But it may perhaps be unnecessary to pursue further this particular branch of the case: partly because complaints have not lately been either loud or frequent of excesses committed by blockading vessels; nor is it apparent that the lines of argument we have been reviewing have had a very marked effect on the course of our Government, which, though certainly far too tolerant of Federal aggressions, has not shown itself entirely indifferent to British rights. A more urgent matter is the seizure of vessels by our officials on suspicion that they are intended for the service of the Confederates.

Considering how the balance stands between the belligerents, of aid received from England to which they were equally entitled—considering the lavish supplies of military stores poured into the North from our foundries, mills, and workshops, and the intermitting rills that dribble to the Southern harbours through the gaps of the blockade — there has always appeared an especial meanness in the persistence with which the Federal Government and its agents have sought to force on us the task of remedying the failures of its own cautious cruisers, and of preventing a traffic, the legality of which their own judicial records have times without number affirmed, and which the judgment of our own Chief Baron in the case of the Alexandra decided. But it is scarcely worth while perhaps to remark on this trait in the character of a nation whose conduct of the war has never been marked by a single generous deviation. What is more extraordinary is, that English writers have been found not ashamed to falter and stumble through what we will not dignify by the name of arguments, intended to prove that there is some radical difference between supplying a belligerent with ships and supplying him with

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cannon; and beside which Mr Cobden's celebrated piece of fatuity, when he gravely assured his audience, in defending the sale of munitions of war to the North, that "gunpowder was not war material, since it was often used for blasting rocks," appears a little less melancholy and weak than before. It almost seems like the conduct of some weak and criminal agent in an ancient tale of persecution, when Englishmen—who cannot help seeing on the one side how little the North deserves the partiality of honourable men, and of us in particular, and on the other, how noble and uncomplaining is the bearing of the South—begrudge to the unfortunate and straitened Confederates the remnants of resource which they can glean from this country, to balance, in some slight degree, the copious aid afforded by her to the North, and seek to withhold it at the dictation of so ignoble an adversary. And, as might be expected from his former sentiments, the oracular Historicus is ultra-Federal in this matter. He is not content with the seizure of the ships supposed to be intended for the Confederates—he suggests that all attempts to procure such aid in future should be nipped in the bud, by threatening the Confederate Government with "diplomatic action." The act—so criminal when committed by the South—of attempting to procure war material from us, must, he says, be sternly punished. Notwithstanding the decision in the case of the Alexandra, the rules laid down by the Americans themselves, as quoted by Phocion in the 'Times,' the doubts of our own Government as to the legality of the seizure of the iron-clad rams in the Mersey, and the probability that retrospective legislation will be required to justify it, this confident jurist has no doubt that the Confederate Government has violated our neutrality, and committed a breach of our Foreign Enlistment Act, and is very prompt and decided as to the measures which should be taken with the culprit. "Our Government," he says, "is entitled to say, and ought to say, to the Confederates, 'We have distinctly *forbidden you* to equip, or procure to be equipped, in this country, ships for the purpose of committing hostilities against a State with which we are at peace. *You know our laws*, and if you seek to violate them, no matter whether directly or indirectly, openly or by fraudulent contrivances, we will hold you responsible, and make you answer for the offence.'" That our Government should force the Confederates to interpret laws which we find such difficulty in interpreting for ourselves, would of itself be a bold and ingenious course to adopt. Still more curious would it be for our Government to say, as suggested, "We have forbidden *you*," &c., since, in doing so, it would adopt as a fact what the legal studies of Historicus seem to have led him to believe in—namely, that municipal law is addressed to foreign powers. We need hardly say that the Foreign Enlistment Act, being a municipal law, is addressed to British natural born subjects, and to persons resident in the British dominions. Such is the interpreter of the law who thinks himself entitled to say, with the loftiest superciliousness, of comments on his letter, containing the opinions we have quoted: "Some superficial criticisms which have been passed upon a letter which I recently addressed to you, show me that the drift of my argument has been wholly misapprehended by writers obviously not very conversant with this species of discussion." We know nothing of the criticisms he speaks of; but it is impossible they can be more ignorant than the letter that produced them. However, it would be unnecessary to expose the fallacies of one whose authority as a jurist the public will probably rate at the value we should be disposed to assign to it, were it not that our own Government has evinced its

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tendencies — first, by seizing the vessels in the Mersey; and next, by a passage in Lord Russell's speech at Blairgowrie, which hints at an intention to change the existing law, in order to justify the seizure.

Now we have no desire whatever to see the law evaded or strained in favour of the Confederates. Had the Chief Baron ruled that they could not legally be supplied with ships of war, it would have been the justification of our Government, and the South must have submitted to this additional inclining of the balance of neutrality against it. And now, even since the judgment of the Alexandra, we do not say the Government is wrong (though we do say that appearances are strongly against it) in detaining the ships in the Mersey, because in their case the additional feature is introduced of their peculiar construction; and, arming a vessel being indisputably illegal, it may be argued that fitting a vessel as a ram constitutes arming as much as equipping her with guns. The most reliable statement of the case seems to be that of Phocion in the 'Times,' who says that no new duties are imposed on neutrals by the fact of war arising—that what was legal traffic with the belligerents while they were at peace remains legal when they are at war—and that if Mr Laird might build a steam ram for a foreign power before hostilities commenced, he may do so now. To this, however, the Government may possibly reply, that it possessed the right in time of peace to stop a traffic in steam rams had it chosen to exercise it, and that now it does choose to exercise it for the good of the country. That reply, if sustained by law, and consistent with neutrality, would be final; but as we have not yet heard this maintained, we still say that the present detention, in spite of the former decision, argues a strong bias to the side of the Federals.

Another curious argument is, that the legality of the transaction between buyer and seller can be affected by the fact that these ships will begin to cruise without entering a Confederate port. But this implies either that the seller is bound by law to deliver the article at the buyer's port, or else that he is bound, before completing the transaction, to ascertain what use the buyer is going to make of his purchase. Will anybody maintain either position? That the American authorities, in times past, have maintained the contrary, is amply proved by the extracts given in Phocion's letters to the 'Times.'

It has also been argued that the secrecy observed respecting the destination of these ships, and the surreptitious departure of others, is evidence of the illegality of the transaction. This is even a more exquisite argument than the other. Everybody admits that, whether the transaction is legal or not, the vessels may be captured *in transitu* by Federal cruisers. Of course, if the destination were proclaimed, and the departure open, it would be an invitation to waylay them. In such a case it might perhaps save trouble, if Mr Laird would make a present of them to the Northern Government without waiting till they were made prize of.

Both Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell have distinctly repudiated the intention of changing the law, in its relation to the present war: the Premier, with his accustomed jocularity, reminding the House of the lesson that was read to him in the Orsini case; and the Foreign Secretary stating very clearly and decidedly, in a letter to the American Minister, quoted by us in May last (in the review of American State Papers), how impossible it was to entertain such an idea:—

"But when Her Majesty's Government are asked to go beyond this, and to overstep the existing powers given them by municipal and international law, for the purpose of imposing arbitrary restrictions on the trade of Her Majesty's subjects, it is impossible to listen to such suggestions. If, therefore, the United States consider it for their interest to inflict

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this great injury on other nations, the utmost they can expect is that European Powers shall respect those acts of the United States which are within the limits of the law. The United States Government cannot expect that Great Britain should frame new statutes to aid the Federal blockade, and to carry into effect the restrictions on commerce which the United States for their own purposes have thought fit to institute, and the application of which it is their duty to confine within the legitimate limits of international law."

How different was his tone last September at Blairgowrie. "Everything that the law of nations requires, everything that our law, that the Foreign Enlistment Act requires, I am prepared to do, and even, if it should be proved to be necessary for the preservation of our neutrality, *that the sanction of Parliament should be asked to further measures.*" This is the sentiment that we regard with such distrust, pointing as it evidently does to *ex post facto* legislation against the interests of the Confederates. Would that be neutrality? To the objection, that our neutrality told strongly against the Confederates, it has always been replied that it could not be helped, and they must accept our law as it stood. But now there is reason to apprehend that they are not even to accept it as it stands, but that it is to be altered still more to their detriment. We grant, of course, that the Legislature may alter the law if it see fit, without other justification than that the alteration is for the interest of England. That interest it can affect only in two ways—either from expectation of advantage to ourselves, when we may be a belligerent, from the precedent set by ourselves,—or in the hope of diverting Federal hostility. Now, does any one suppose that, whatever precedents we may set, or whatever concessions we may grant, they will thereby be binding on other nations in future? Is it credible that by stopping the traffic of our own shipbuilders in steam rams, we could therefore demand from France or America a similar step when we should be at war? Either of those powers would, of course, reply that nations formed their own municipal laws for their own convenience, and that for their own convenience only could they alter them. It is more than likely, then, that we should find we had hampered our own commerce with a Quixotic condition, by which other nations might with perfect propriety refuse to be bound. Moreover, it is to be observed that the only neutral with whom there has been any question about the building of steam rams is England. It is therefore to be presumed that if the municipal laws of other countries permit the traffic in these vessels, still there are other reasons which prevent those countries from supplying them. The Americans themselves have not produced a ram fit to keep the sea. It would appear then, that by relinquishing the trade, in hopes that others might forego it when we should be at war, we might be securing an advantage altogether imaginary, since no other country could supply efficient rams to be used against us.

But it may be said that the grand object of our Foreign Enlistment Act is to prevent the nation from losing its character of neutrality through the acts of individuals, and that, if the Americans menace us with war on account of this traffic, that is good reason for stopping it. But if this argument be admitted, our municipal law must be framed in accordance, not with our own convenience, but with the demands of powerful belligerents. Under the same menace the Federal Government might claim from us the cessation of all trade with its enemy. Will it be a congenial task for the British Parliament to pass municipal laws under foreign dictation? or will it be safe for the Ministry to attempt to impose it?

At any rate, if there is to be legislation at all, let it not be one-sided. If it is to stop supplies to the Confederates, let it also stop supplies to the Federals. If there is such difficulty in distinguishing what

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traffic in military stores is open to the objection of a belligerent, let all such traffic cease. Would the Federals be willing to accept such a compromise, cutting them off at once from the resources of our foundries, mills, and factories? We imagine not; and if not, is anything further needed to show how unjust would be the foreshadowed alteration of our law?

As to the sincerity of the Federal menace of war, in that we do not believe. What is any belief in it that may exist, founded on? On the tone of that lying braggart press that would be the disgrace of any country but America? We know that its indignation is always simulated to serve some base purpose. Is it because the Washington Cabinet threatens mysteriously? We know that the spell which these wizards habitually conjure with, is the threat of war; but that, when war does but rattle his armour, they cower before the phantom they have so industriously invoked. They feel that the Union, staggering under the blows of its compact and skilful adversary, is in no condition to meet a fresh and infinitely more powerful antagonist. They know that their paradise of greenbacks is a paradise of fools. But that they nevertheless continue to threaten, and not entirely without effect, is another example of the marvellous success of that impudence which we have already noted as their grand characteristic. One nervous gentleman lately wrote in great alarm to the 'Times' because he had had an interview with Mr Dayton, the American minister in Paris, and that functionary had assured him that, if we did not stop the rams, his Government would declare war. It never seems to have occurred to our confiding countryman that to produce impressions of this kind is what diplomatists exist for. Mr Dayton will be fortunate if the politic seed of this sort which no doubt he plentifully scatters, shall often fall on such simple trustful soil.

We do not know whether the tolerance which our Foreign Secretary shows for the Federals is, or is not, due to a belief in the sincerity of their menaces. When we hear this not hitherto very quiescent diplomatist vaunting the delights of repose, we may perhaps suspect that he considers the writing of notes for the guidance of other Governments, even if his correspondents make light of his advice, and the bullying of small powers like Brazil, as more becoming occupations for the old age of a statesman, than the conduct of a great war. Or perhaps his bias is due to political sympathies. The politician who has spent his life in trying to push us down that declivity towards universal suffrage, at the bottom of which the great Republic has gone to pieces, may still indulge some fond regrets for the failure of his project, some admiration for his model, even in ruins. But, whatever the cause, the partiality is but too apparent. Early in the war, in a correspondence with the American minister, an assurance of indulgence in construing the acts of the Federals caused his neutrality to seem rather open to suspicion. When some busy friends of the North among us volunteered information respecting vessels supposed to be fitting out for the Confederates, he said, in reply, that he had hoped they were going to offer him some evidence on which to act. Why should he hope for evidence to the detriment of the Confederates, if he were without prejudice in the matter? He has repeatedly spoken of the imperfections of the blockade, yet has expressed his resolution to consider it effective. Spies were employed to watch vessels suspected to be intended for the Confederates; but though he shows, in his speech at Blairgowrie, that he is aware of far more serious infringements of the Foreign Enlistment Act by Federal agents, in recruiting their exhausted ranks in Ireland, yet nothing has been heard

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of attempts on the part of the Government to ascertain or check the practice. We hear of no reprehension of the barbarous conduct of the war by the Federals — not a word in behalf of outraged civilisation. Nothing but prejudice could have induced him to believe and assert that in England the majority is in favour of the North. But his prepossessions appear most strongly, perhaps, in the following passage of his speech: — "It was," he says, "a question of self-interest whether we should not break that blockade; but, in my opinion, the name of England would have been *for ever infamous* if, for the sake of interest of any kind, we had violated the general laws of nations, *and made war with those slaveholding States of America against the Federal States.*" The speaker may, of course, be said to have meant that the infamy would be incurred by the violation of the law. But most great powers — France, Russia, Prussia — have at one time or another violated the general law of nations in pursuit of their own interests, without thereby rendering their names for ever infamous. Moreover, there is nothing in the fact of a country taking part with one belligerent which violates the general law of nations. England takes part with Turkey against Russia; Sardinia joins them; yet neither England nor Sardinia is accused of violations of the general law. We conclude, therefore, that his Lordship intended it to be inferred that an alliance with the South, as a slaveholding power, would render us for ever infamous. But, as we have recently fought in alliance with a slaveholding power — as England was herself, within his Lordship's memory, a slaveholding power—and as the United States was, within these few months, a slaveholding power—the brand of infamy which Lord Russell is prepared to affix to us must be of very recent manufacture. But though there can be no disgrace for the best of us in an alliance with a country defended by Lee and Jackson, yet we will venture to say that most English gentlemen would think their good name blemished, if they were compelled to make war in alliance with Butlers and Turchins, with Popes, Milroys, and Hookers, or even with Gilmores and Grants.

There is, in his Lordship's speech, a confusion of sentiment and matter of fact, which makes it difficult to know which our policy rests on. If we are to discard sentiment, and be governed within the limits of right by considerations of national interest, thinking first, and above all, of our duty to our own people, we can scarcely be said to be doing so when we sit apart and let things take their own course in a struggle in which we are so largely interested. Suppose the French Emperor were, to-morrow, to recognise the South, to receive her envoys, and to form with her an alliance, what violation of any law would there be in that? What would he be doing more than nations have claimed a right to do in all wars? And if we were to do the same, what principle of right should we contravene? But it may be replied that, granting we should only be exercising a right, yet we should not thereby promote our interests, as, instead of taking the existing pressure off our own population, we should be loading them with the additional burden of war with the North. Far from thinking so, we should feel perfectly certain that a joint action of France and England for recognition, and, if necessary, for intervention, would cause the huge Northern imposture to collapse with a suddenness which might astonish all those in whom its previous Protean feats had left any faculty of wonder. But we do not wish, whatever our opinion, to assert dogmatically here, that recognition and intervention would be the right policy, or that much might not be said against it. What we do say is, that, on such grounds as we have stated, we should find firm footing for arriving at such a

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solution, free from all the futilities about "cousins," and "infamy of slaveholding alliances," which have so hampered the question.

But if, on the other hand, our policy is to be founded on sentiment, what are the traits which are to allure us to the Federals? Is it their favour and affection for England? We remember, with some distinctness, that they have, ever since they became a nation, treated us as Mr Quilp treated the wooden admiral on whom he used to expend his superabundant animosity. Is it their political system? Their own writers and statesmen have told us that it is a marvel of corruption. Is it their boasted love of freedom? We see these people, who have had freedom ever on their lips, abandoning their liberties as things of no account, without even getting the mess of pottage in return. Is it the conduct of their armies? Nothing in modern history is so vile as the spirit in which they make war. Their ruling principle is vindictiveness rather than conquest. Devastation, which was at first excused as a means of subjugation, is now the weapon of disappointed hate. If, they say, we cannot own this territory, let us spoil it! If we cannot defeat the Secessionists in fair fight, let us burn their cities and make their land a desert. If we cannot illustrate the war by our valour, let us brand it with our wrath. If we cannot be glorious, let us at least be infamous. Are these the sentiments with which England is to sympathise? Yet they contain no exaggeration. The acts and words of the Federals proclaim them daily. They are fond of denouncing us for our conduct towards them in what they term, in their slang pathos, "the hour of their agony." But, side by side with the denunciation, we read, in exulting phraseology, how "the rebs" or "the seceshes" are starving—how the army that has just beaten their own is on quarter rations—how the price of the commonest necessaries is enhanced in the South a thousand per cent—how the mass of the population is shoeless, clothed in rags, and covered with vermin. And, in the next column, there is great joy over the prosperity of the North—the abundance of its money, the luxuries in which its troops are revelling, the flourishing state of its trade, the expansive nature of its resources, and the general benefits arising from the war. Under such circumstances, the loftily indignant editor, or eloquent politician, probably writes the phrase, "hour of our agony," with his tongue in his cheek, and one eye humorously closed.

But, on the other hand, is there nothing to be found in the South which may excite the sympathy of England? If relationship is to count, we are certainly nearer akin to the pure races of the Confederacy than to the hybrid North. The gallant adventurers from whom they claim descent are surely more congenial to Englishmen than those grim fanatics, "the pilgrim fathers," who, having left their own land for liberty of conscience, were never weary of imposing their narrow manacles on the consciences of others. The object of the South is that independence which we are accustomed to regard as a right, and without which life would lose most of its value. In the struggle for it they have displayed, in a rare degree, the qualities for which we have been used to find the peoples of the past most honoured in history. They have endured privations which we in England have little conception of. They have seen their homes ruined, their fields laid waste, their commerce destroyed, their people destitute or captive. If, long ago, they had succumbed to the combined influence of blockade and ravage, they would still have earned an honourable name among nations that have resisted oppression. But there is no thought of yielding—their brave troops still strike with spirit and effect, their people still maintains its constancy, though little cheered

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by the admiration or applause which has often been lavished on inferior heroism. If sentiment, then, is to inspire our policy, there can be little hesitation in choosing a part.

Catching the manner from the damnable iteration of the Federals, the strife is generally spoken of in England as a domestic quarrel; and that increases, we imagine, in no slight degree, our reluctance to interfere. And truly a veritable domestic strife is what a stranger, if he be wise, will let alone. For, after all it is little else but a political dispute in violent action; and its subsidence, leaving the substance of the nation untouched, may show that the storm has swept away but little which it could have behoved mankind to step in and rescue. Moreover the threads of domestic strife are so interwoven, class opposed to class, neighbour to neighbour, and village to village, that an alien hand could seldom attempt to regulate the pattern without permanent damage to the fabric. But, far from being a domestic quarrel, even the term civil war seems to us, in the present case, a misnomer. It rather presents itself as a strife between distinct nations,—nations more than usually distinct in manners, objects, interests, modes of life, temper, and character—and divided, moreover, by a strong line of antipathy. And, supposing the Americans really value their Union and Constitution so much as they say, they were unusually fortunate (if they had only thought so) in this fact, that the disruption did not rend the texture of those vaunted fabrics, but only diminished their superficial extent. On the day after secession, they might, had they so pleased, have composed themselves to dwell in their less imposing but more compact and comfortable Union, with the Habeas Corpus Act framed and glazed over the chimney-piece, with the right of insurrection and Declaration of Independence for their articles of religion, with King George the only tyrant ever heard of in that land of freedom, with Bunker's Hill and Peach Orchard for their great national victories, with wealth increasing, trade increasing; and with despotic rulers, military governors, national debts, and terrible defeats, slumbering unguessed in the limbo of extinct possibilities. Viewing the South as they did, they might, like Dogberry, have called the rest of the watch together, and thanked God they were rid of a knave. But they would not perceive or admit that the mere fact of secession had rendered the original Union impossible to be restored, and that all their efforts for its violent recovery only endangered the stability of what was left. Uncle Sam, like Humpty-Dumpty, has had a fall, but they cannot yet believe that all the President's horses, and all the President's men, will never make him what he was *again*.

It would then be a great benefit to clear the question of the *ideas* or phrases of "cousins," "domestic quarrel," "alliance with slaveholders." It is extraordinary how easily people accept such counterfeit coin, merely because they *don't* take the trouble to look at it. People write seriously about our American cousins, who are *not* ambitious of claiming cousin Butler, or cousin Lincoln, or cousin Ward Beecher, or cousin Sumner, as their kin—and, if not these, why so affectionate to the people who *seem* to regard these as their most famous men? Cousinship is an extremely pleasant relation, as *many young* persons in this and other countries can testify; but if the term is to be made so inclusive as to take in the American nation, it will become, as Doll Tearsheet says, "as *odious* as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted." Many of those who would no doubt be ready to admit that North and South, always ill-paired, form already two nations more distinct than Austria and Prussia, still talk and think of the war as a

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domestic quarrel. And — though they would certainly agree that extermination of the white was worse than servitude of the black, that the lot of the negro was more unhappy in the North than the South, that abolitionists were only a peculiarly sanguinary sect of fanatics, that the free negro did not display in our own West Indies a particularly inviting aspect, and that no scheme of emancipation had yet been proposed which could be accepted by reasonable men—yet they continue to think of slavery as an element which should prejudice the judgment of Englishmen, the sons and grandsons of slaveholders.

No doubt the advocates of the North will say that these are Tory views. It always pleases the candid Liberals and Radicals, here and in America, to represent the modern Tory as a bigoted old gentleman, who is always sighing for the days of the Plantagenets as the true golden age of England, and who looks on a pure despotism as the perfection of government. And all Federalists, whether newspaper writers, diplomatists, or politicians, invariably represent the British Tory as especially hostile to the Republican party, because it is seeking to maintain the Union, which he, as the foe of democracy, wishes to see dissolved. It never seems to occur to these gentlemen that the friend of despotism and foe of democracy could desire nothing better than the stability of the Lincoln Government, which is the purest despotism now existing, with the exception, perhaps, of some African system, in regions to which Speke and Grant have failed to penetrate. The model Tory in the Radical spelling-books is always unavailingly hankering after standing armies, irresponsible rulers, and military governors;—he is fond of conscriptions and arbitrary taxation, and his standing toast at agricultural dinners is, "Down with the *Habeas Corpus!*" But if these be his propensities, why should he be averse to President Lincoln, the embodiment of his cherished visions? Now the truth is that, without pretending to the respectable antiquarian character which our political opponents are good enough to ascribe to us, and without feeling the slightest admiration or respect for President Lincoln or any of his Cabinet, we nevertheless cannot help suspecting that the irresponsible rule he has established might, in better hands, lead to exactly what was wanted in America. Universal suffrage and presidential elections had effected the corruption of the entire political system. And there was not the slightest prospect that, by any legitimate effort of the constitution, the evil should be remedied. Nor would an ordinary convulsion, caused by a collision of factions, Democrat and Republican, have appeared likely to afford the opportunity for a remedy, for the only remedy must be, to recall a great part of the privileges which were so misused by the people; and the people would naturally, unless compelled, be unwilling to part with them. But this war, which is really a foreign war, though exciting all the passions of a domestic strife, is exactly what was wanted for the purpose. A great standing army has been raised, and irresponsible power has been assumed, with the perfect acquiescence of the people. The sons of liberty can evidently, under favourable circumstances, be made to endure thraldom as patiently as if they had been born subjects of their Imperial friend the Emperor of Russia; and if some man, at once able and conscientious, should come after Lincoln (whether by abrupt deposition of, or in regular succession to, that venerable jester, would not greatly matter), he might gradually bestow on the existing Union, if it should not further fall to pieces, a constitution giving the people more assurance of liberty, happiness, and real national development, than they ever before possessed.

But, if the opinions ascribed to

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the Tories are inconsistent, what shall we say of those which part of the Radical party ascribe to themselves? There is a section of that party who, if they are not lovers of peace, haters of tyranny and irresponsible government, and friends of democracy, are nothing. But these determined and uncompromising foes of war and violence have long since burnt their olive branches in a great bonfire in honour of the Federal arms. When England has been at war they have always hung on her skirts with frantic cries for peace, but they now look complacently on acts which excite the horror and disgust of the soldiers of Europe. The men who amused the world by sending a deputation to the Czar to persuade him to arrest the war, have nothing but encouragement for Abraham Lincoln. Drab is just now the most truculent of colours. Mr Cobden, ingenious apologist, tells the admiring House that the Federals are just now exporting gunpowder in such quantities "for the purpose of blasting rocks." Mr Bright, besides affording the Federal cause what aid may lie in the sanguinary speeches of so firm an enemy of war, introduces to the Premier a deputation from the Trades-Union; and Bottom the weaver, Snug the joiner, and Flute the bellows-mender, impart to the chief of the Government their approval of the Washington Cabinet. English people, as they read of this, smile with the same sort of smile which probably brightened our lively Premier's countenance as he bowed the deputation out. But the Americans think this burlesque played by "hard-handed men of Athens" a serious and important demonstration, because, in America, the sentiments of Bottom and Snug and Flute represent public opinion. Mr Forster, M.P., too, has nothing but approbation for the North, and introduces a reverend gentleman from America to the meeting he presided over, whose gratitude was so moved that, we are told, "he assured Mr Forster that if he would, when the war was over, go to America, *and take with him John Bright on his right hand and Richard Cobden on his left*, he would receive a most determined and earnest welcome." Certainly, nobody can deny that Americans can be found, in any number, ready and anxious to bestow their worship on even more singular objects than the remarkable trio of which Mr Forster is to be the central personage. Far from grudging these honoured guests to their Transatlantic admirers, we would rather add our persuasions to those of the Rev. Mr Channing, and we imagine that few here would lament if this eminent trio should resolve to remain altogether in a land with which their sentiments, opinions, and sympathies seem so naturally to connect them. We neither envy the clients their advocates, nor the advocates their clients.

However the audiences whom these gentlemen address may be disqualified by position and education for estimating the value of their arguments, it is not to be supposed that the speakers themselves are not fully conscious of their own inconsistencies. Of course they do not think that the conscription is evidence of the unanimous action of a free people, that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* is the best proof of the existence of liberty, nor that a fettered press is a characteristic of democracy. Those who wonder what claim the Federal Government can have, under these circumstances, on the affection and admiration of peace-loving democrats, need not seek far for the solution of the difficulty. These gentlemen care neither for peace, nor liberty, nor democracy, and have used these words only to serve the purpose of supporting all who are hostile to England. That is the one virtue which they truly recognise in the Washington Cabinet, and the friendship of the apostates of peace is of itself suffi-

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cient indication of the animus of Federal America towards us.

We should like, then, to see the questions of recognition and intervention disentangled from the fallacies we have indicated; and we should also like to know whether we are to be guided in this business by policy or by sentiment. Of this we may be certain, that whenever it shall appear clearly to be the right course for our interests to declare in favour of Southern independence, we shall always find an eager ally in the Sovereign who has just challenged Northern supremacy by establishing a monarchy on the American continent. He can never be expected to tolerate, on the very borders of the new Mexican empire, a great military power, such as the North must be if it should accomplish the subjugation of the Confederacy; and a power, moreover, which, if it be not hostile to that empire, will be false to its own traditions and declared policy. That the South should achieve its independence single-handed, by its own efforts, and by the further disruption of the Northern tyranny, is what would be best for itself and for us. It is sometimes supposed that such further disruption would affect our interests, because it would cause the financial ruin of the North. This conclusion is arrived at by confounding the Federal system with the financial prosperity of the country. Repudiation, however likely to follow from the downfall of the Northern Government, would not diminish the wealth of the States. Nor is that wealth seriously diminished by the vast expenditure of the war, for the Federal debt is owing, not to foreign, but to home creditors, and money is only changing from one set of Americans to another set who will feel equal necessity for dealing with us. The real extent to which the actual wealth of America will be diminished by the strife, will be measured by the quantity of productive labour transferred to the unproductive field of war, and by the cost of the war material expended. But we must remember that the separate States have ample machinery for preserving social stability, and for developing their own resources, though the Federal system were dissolved to-morrow. The people will still be there, with their wants, and their wealth, and their richly-productive country, as before; and it will matter little to us, financially, whether our customers are called citizens of the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and New York, or citizens of the United States. But it will matter a great deal to us whether there is one great bullying power always menacing us through Canada, or several smaller powers, with any one of which Canada herself would be competent to deal. And we say that if, for any supposed restraint of duty or sentiment, we should allow the South to be subjugated, we might soon find reason to regret our apathy in a war of our own, where we could gain nothing, neither territory, nor political advantage, nor glory, however victorious we might be; while it would be a calamity to mankind that such national virtues as the Confederacy displays, should be extinguished by the mere force of numbers, wielded by a power that displays not a single generous attribute.

But however the question of intervention may admit of debate, we are clear as to what our present course should be. Not "a warm and friendly neutrality," on which paradoxical condition we seem to be verging—not servility towards a people that construes every concession into terror of their irresistible might—not a cold ignoring of the rights of one of the two belligerents whom we profess to hold in equal scales; but an absolute and rigid limitation of those belligerent rights which the Federals are always seeking to extend to the prejudice of neutrals—a resolution not even to debate the question of a change of our municipal law, while there can

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be a suspicion even of foreign dictation or menace—and a plain utterance of our opinions as to the conduct of the war. We think it a duty as well as a right, on the part of governments that claim to be intrusted with special charge of the interests of civilisation, to protest against a method of conducting hostilities which would make all war a disgrace, and all soldiers brigands; and to give weight to what we might see fit to say, and security to what we might see fit to do, we should like to see some of our first-rate iron-clads added to the West Indian squadron. To know that we had a few vessels at hand which could at any time raise the blockade of Charleston, and scatter the Federal fleet, would have a marvellous effect on the demeanour of the North. This perhaps is too vigorous a step to be expected from a Foreign Secretary who is sighing for repose, though he is grievously mistaken in supposing that conciliation and concession will secure his object. But, at least, we may hope that he will be restrained sharply in any attempt to adapt our municipal laws to the demands of so discreditable a government as that of Washington, and so insolent and domineering a people as that of the North. Therefore, we say again, let us be unwilling to change the laws of England in this matter, even though we resist the change at the price of parting with the noble lord our Foreign Secretary.

We have been frequently told, in the course of this quarrel, especially when any new insult has been inflicted on us, that it is the duty, both of our press and Government, to be extremely forbearing. This transference of the duty of forbearance from the assailant to the assailed, is certainly a new doctrine in ethics. And is it consistent with our own character? Is it a fact, that we have attained to our present position, and expect to maintain it, by persevering patience under insult? Do we intend to pursue this course rigidly in future, and to hold out our cheeks alternately to the smiter? In that case, we shall find plenty of hands ready to smite: but we shall scarcely be entitled to rate ourselves as before. Or are we to make this policy of poltroonery applicable only to our relations with the North? If so, excellent reason should be shown for a course that must sink us in the world's esteem and in our own. But if we are bound, as of yore, to uphold, under gravest penalty, our honour and independence, as things too sacred to be made the sport of a shifty policy, let us reply to insults, menaces, and aggressions, in a tone which can leave no doubt possible that we are prepared to use our power for the assertion of our rights.

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THE BOATMAN.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

I.

Half sleeping still, I stand among
The silvery, trembling sedges,
And hear the river rolling strong,
Through mists that veil its edges.
"Up, Boatman, up! the moments flee
As on the bank I shiver;
And thou must row me towards the sea
Along this length of river."
The Boatman rose and stretched his hand,—
"Come in—thou hast far to go;"
And through the drowsy reeds from land
The boat went soft and slow;
Stealing and stilly, and soft and slow.

And the Boatman looked in my face, and smiled:
"Thy lids are yet heavy; sleep on, poor child!
Lulled by the drip
Of the oars I dip,
Measured and musical, sure and steady—
Sleep by my side
While from home we glide."
And I dreamily murmur, "From home already!"

II.

I awake with a start—on my sight flashes day.
"So late, and so little advanced on the way;
Arouse thee, old laggard, and row me faster,
Or never a stiver thou'lt get from me."
"When the voyage is over, my pert young master,
Be sure the grey Boatman will earn his fee.

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But whether I seem to thee fast or slow,
There is but one speed for the boat I row;
I measure my movements by no man's taste,
Whether he ask me to halt or haste.
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,
On without hurry, but on without stop;
The clock on yon turret is not so steady."

"If crawl we must at this snail-like pace,
Ere the river flow curved to the curving shore,
Let me take a last look at my native place,
And the green of the sedges—one last look more.
Where the home of my birth?
Is it blotted from earth?
Just left, and now lost to my sight already!"

Tauntingly answered the Boatman grey:
"Not a moment ago
Didst thou call me slow;
But already 's a word thou wilt often say.
'Tis the change of the shore
Proves the speed of the oar,
Stealing the banks away, stealthy, steady."

III.

"See from the buds of the almond bough
A beautiful fairy rise;
Now it skims o'er the glass of the wave, and now
It soars to its kindred skies:
Follow its flight,
Or, lost to sight,
It will vanish amid the skies!"

"My boat cannot flee as thy fairy flees;
Ten thousand things with brighter wings
Disport in the sun, and, one by one,
Are scattered before the breeze.
But only the earliest seen, as now,
Can dazzle deluded eyes;
And never again from the almond bough
For thee will a fairy rise!
Already the insect is drowned in the wave
Which I cut with my careless oar;
Already thine eye has forgotten its grave,
Allured by the roses on shore.
Though I measure my movements by no man's taste,
Whether he ask me to halt or haste,
Yet I time my way to the best of my power,
That the fairest place hath the fairest hour;
Behold, in the moment most golden of day,
Air and wave take the hues of the rose-garden bay,
While my boat glides as softly as if it could stop,
The oars on the smoothness so languidly drop,
Softer and softer,
Softer and softer,
Softer and softer, though never less steady.

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Interfused on the stream
Both the rose and the beam,
Lo, the arms of the bay close around thee already!"
"Rising out from the stream,
As from slumber a dream—
Is it Eden that closes around me already?

IV.

"Oh, land and leave me! take my gold;
My course is closed before the sea.
Fair on the garden mount, behold
An angel form that becks to me!
With her to rest, as rests the river,
In airs which rose-hues flush for ever."

"Thou bad'st me follow a fairy, when
An insect rose from the almond bough;
I did not follow thy fairy then,
I may not halt for thine angel now.
Never the fare whom I once receive,
Till the voyage be over, I land or leave.
But I'm not such a churl as I seem to be,
And the angel may sit in my boat with thee."
Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?'
"Thine angel is coming thyself to tell.
See her stand on the margin by which we shall glide—
Open thine arms and she springs to thy side."
"Close, close to my side,
O angel! O bride!
A fresh sun on the universe dawns from thine eyes,
To shine evermore
Through each change on the shore,
And undimmed by each cloud that flits over the skies."
Side by side thus we whisper—"Who loves, loves for ever,
As wave upon wave to the sea runs the river,
And the oar on the smoothness drops noiseless and steady,
Till we start with a sigh,
Was it she—was it I—
Who first turned to look back on the way we had made?
Who first saw the soft tints of the garden-land fade?
Who first sighed—"See the rose-hue is fading already!"

V.

"Boatman, look at the blackening cloud;
Put into yon sheltered creek,
For the lightning is bursting its ghastly shroud,
And hark how the thunders break!"

"No storm on this river outlasts its hour;
As I stayed not for sun, so I stay not for shower.
Is thy mantle too scanty to cover thy bride?
Or are two not as one, if they cling side to side?"
I gather my mantle around her form,
And as on one bosom descends the storm.

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"Look up," said the Boatman; "the storm is spent:
No storm on this river outlasts its hour;
And the glories that colour the world are blent
In the cloud which gave birth to the thunder-shower."

The heaven is glad with the iris-beams,
The earth with the sparkling dew;
And fresher and brighter creation seems,
For the rain that has pierced me through.
There's a change in myself, and the change is chill;
There's a change, O my bride, in thee.
Is it the shade from the snow-capt hill,
Which nears as we near the sea?
But gone from her eye is the tender light,
From her lip the enchanting play;
And all of the angel that blest my sight
Has passed from my bride away;—
Like the fairy that dazzled my earlier sight,
The angel has passed away.

Muttered the Boatman—"So like them all;
They mark the change in the earth and sky,
Yet marvel that change should themselves befall,
And that hearts should change with the changing eye;
They swear 'for ever' to sigh 'already!'
Within from the bosom, without on the stream,
Flit shadow and light as a dream flits on dream;
But never to hurry, and never to stop,
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,
My oars, through all changes, move constant and steady."

Down the stream still we glide,
Still we sit side by side—
Side by side, feeling lonely, and sighing "already!"

VI.

Bustle and clatter, and dissonant roar!
The mart of a mighty town,
From the cloudy height to the stony shore,
Wearily lengthening down.
And here and there, and everywhere,
Are gamesters at eager play—
The poor and the rich, none can guess which is which,
So motlily mixed are they.
Not a man but his part in the gaming takes,
Wherever the dice from the dice-box fall;
Beggar or prince in the lottery stakes—
The beggar his crust, and the prince his all.
And the prizes the winners most loudly boast,
Even more than the gems and gold,
Are the toys which an infant esteems the most,
Ere he come to be five years old.
A coral of bells, or a trumpet of tin,
Or a ribbon for dolls to wear—
The greybeard who treasures like these may win,
The crowd on their shoulders bear.

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There's a spell in the strife
Of this gambling life,
The strong and the feeble, the fickle, the steady
To its pastime it draws,
As the whirlpool that, sportive, sucks into its eddy
The fleets and the straws.

"Hold, Boatman! I can bear no more
The sameness of the unsocial wave,
And thou shalt land me on the shore,
Or in the stream I'll find my grave.
For the sport of man's strife
Gives the zest to man's life;
Without it, his manhood dies.
Be it jewel or toy, not the prize gives the joy,
But the striving to win the prize."

"Never the fare whom I once receive,
Till the voyage be over, I land or leave;
But if thou wouldst gamble for toy or dross,
I am not such a churl as thy wish to cross."

Tinkle, tinkle—"What means that bell?"
"The gamesters are coming thyself to tell.
Both the angel and gamester are equally free
To sit by thy side till we come to the sea."

Clatter and clamour, tumult and din!
As the boat skims the jetty, they scramble in;
Foeman or friend,
Welcome the same;
Ere we come to the end
Of the changeful game,
The foe may be friend,
And the friend may be foe;
Out of hazards in common alliances grow.
The stranger who stakes on my side is my friend—
Against me, a brother my foe.

Jangle and wrangle, and babel and brawl,
As down from the loud box the dumb dies fall:
A hoot for the loser, a shout for the winner;
He who wins is the saint—he who loses, the sinner.

Scared away from my side, as they press round the dies,
Still my bride has her part in my life;
For it charms her to share in the gauds of the prize,
Though she shrinks from the rage of the strife.
Plish, plash, drop upon drop,
Never we hurry, and never we stop!
With our eyes on the cast, and our souls in the game,
While the shores that slip by us seem always the same.

Jangle and wrangle, and tumult and brawl,
And hurrah for the victor who bubbles us all!
And the prize of the victor I've wellnigh won,
When all of a sudden drops down the sun.

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One throw, and thy favours, O Fortune, I crown !
Hurrah for the victor !—I start with a frown,
For all of a sudden the sun drops down.
" I see not the die—
Is it cloud fleeting by ?
Or is it—it cannot be—night already ? "

" The sun," said a voice, as black shadows descend,
" Has sunk in the sea where the river shall end ;
Unheeded the lapse of the stream and the light ;
Warns as vainly the sea heard distinct through the night ?
Hark ! the whispers that creep
From the World of the Deep,
Which I near with the oars, sounding solemn and steady."
" I hear but the winds that caressingly creep
Through the ever-green laurels remote from the deep ;
Though the sunlight is gone, soon the planets will rise."
From the boatman, then, turning, I gaze on the skies,
And watch for Orion—to light up the dies.

" What gleams from the shore ?
Hold, but one moment more ;
Rest under yon light, shining down from the height.
Hurrah for the victor !—but one throw more ! "

" No rest on the river—that's past for thee ;
The beacon but shines as a guide to the sea.
One chime of the oar, ere it halt evermore,
Muffled and dirgelike, and sternly steady ;
And the beacon illuming the last of the shore
Shall flash on the sea to thy murmur—' Already ! ' "

Then seems there to float
Down the length of the way,—
From the sedges remote—
From the rose-garden bay—
From the town and the mart—
From the river's deep heart—
From the heart of the land—
From the lips of the bride,
Through the darkness again
Stealing close to my side,
With her hand in my hand—
From the gamesters in vain
Staking odds on the main
Of invisible dies,—
An echo that wails with my wailing and sighs,
As I murmur, " The ocean already ! "—" ALREADY ! "
One glimmer of light
From the beacon's lone height,
One look at the shore, and one stroke of the oar,
And the river is lost in the ocean already !

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TONY BUTLER.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX.—MAITLAND'S FRIEND.

"I DON'T think I'll walk down to the Burnside with you to-day," said Beck Graham to Maitland, on the morning after their excursion.

"And why not?"

"People have begun to talk of our going off together alone—long solitary walks. They say it means something—or nothing."

"So, I opine, does every step and incident of our lives."

"Well. You understand what I intended to say."

"Not very clearly, perhaps; but I shall wait a little farther explanation. What is it that the respectable public imputes to us?"

"That you are a very dangerous companion for a young lady in a country walk."

"But, am I? Don't you think you are in a position to refute such a calumny?"

"I spoke of you as I found you."

"And how might that be?"

"Very amusing at some moments; very absent at others; very desirous to be thought lenient and charitable in your judgments of people, while evidently thinking the worst of every one; and with a rare frankness about yourself, that to any one not very much interested to learn the truth, was really as valuable as the true article."

"But you never charged me with any ungenerous use of my advantage; to make professions, for instance, because I found you alone."

"A little—a very little of that—there was; just as children stamp on thin ice and run away when they hear it crack beneath them."

"Did I go so far as that?"

"Yes; and Sally says, if she was in my place, she'd send papa to you this morning."

"And I should be charmed to see him. There are no people whom I prefer to naval men. They have the fresh, vigorous, healthy tone of their own sea life in all they say."

"Yes; you'd have found him vigorous enough, I promise you."

"And why did you consult your sister at all?"

"I did not consult her; she got all out of me by cross-questioning. She began by saying, 'That man is a mystery to me; he has not come down here to look after the widow nor Isabella; he's not thinking of politics nor the borough; there's no one here that he wants or cares for. What can he be at?'"

"Couldn't you have told her, that he was one of those men who have lived so much in the world, it is a luxury to them to live a little out of it? Just as it is a relief to sit in a darkened room after your eyes have been dazzled with too strong light. Couldn't you have said, He delights to talk and walk with me, because he sees that he may expand freely, and say what comes uppermost, without any fear of an unfair inference? That, for the same reason—the pleasure of an unrestricted intercourse — he wishes to know old Mrs Butler, and talk with her — over anything, in short? Just to keep mind and faculties moving—as a light breeze stirs a lake and prevents stagnation."

"Well. I'm not going to perform Zephyr—even in such a high cause."

"Couldn't you have said, We had a pleasant walk and a mild cigarette together—*voilà tout?*" said he, languidly.

"I think it would be very easy to hate you—hate you cordially—Mr Norman Maitland."

"So I've been told—and some

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have even tried it, but always unsuccessfully."

"Who is this wonderful foreigner they are making so much of at the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge?" cried Mark from one of the window recesses, where he was reading a newspaper. "Maitland, you who know all these people, who is the Prince Caffarelli?"

"Caffarelli! it must be the Count," cried Maitland, hurrying over to see the paragraph. "The Prince is upwards of eighty; but his son, Count Caffarelli, is my dearest friend in the world. What could have brought him over to Ireland?"

"Ah! there is the very question he himself is asking about the great Mr Norman Maitland," said Mrs Trafford, smiling.

"My reasons are easily stated. I had an admirable friend, who could secure me a most hospitable reception. I came here to enjoy the courtesies of country home life in a perfection I scarcely believed they could attain to. The most unremitting attention to one's comfort, combined with the wildest liberty."

"And such port wine," interposed the Commodore, "as I am free to say no other cellar in the province can rival."

"Let us come back to your Prince or Count," said Mark, "whichever he is. Why not ask him down here?"

"Yes; we have room," said Lady Lyle; "the M'Clintocks left this morning."

"By all means, invite him," broke in Mrs Trafford; "that is, if he be what we conjecture the dear friend of Mr Maitland might and should be."

"I am afraid to speak of him," said Maitland; "one disserves a friend—by any over-praise; but at Naples, and in his own set, he is thought charming."

"I like Italians myself," said Colonel Hoyle. "I had a fellow I picked up at Malta—a certain Geronimo. I'm not sure he was not a Maltese; but such a salad as he could make! There was everything you could think of in it—tomata, eggs, sardines, radishes, beetroot, cucumber."

"Every Italian is a bit of a cook," said Maitland, relieving adroitly the company from the tiresome detail of the Colonel. "I'll back my friend Caffarelli for a dish of maccaroni against all professional artists."

While the Colonel and his wife got into a hot dispute whether there was or was not a slight flavour of parmesan in the salad, the others gathered around Maitland to hear more of his friend. Indeed it was something new to all to hear of an Italian of class and condition. They only knew the nation as tenors, or modellers, or language-masters. Their compound idea of Italian was a thing of dark skin and dark eyes—very careless in dress—very submissive in aspect—with a sort of subdued fire, however, in look, that seemed to say how much energy was only sleeping there; and when Maitland sketched the domestic ties of a rich magnate of the land, living a life of luxurious indolence, in a sort of childlike simplicity as to what engaged other men in other countries, without a thought for questions of politics, religion, or literature, living for mere life's sake, he interested them much.

"I shall be delighted to ask him here," said he, at last; "only let me warn you against disappointment. He'll not be witty like a Frenchman, nor profound like a German, nor energetic like an Englishman—he'll neither want to gain knowledge nor impart it. He'll only ask to be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of a very charming society without any demand being made upon him to contribute anything—to make him fancy, in short, that he knew you all years and years ago, and has just come back out of cloudland to renew the intimacy. Will you have him after this?"

"By all means," was the reply. "Go and write your letter to him."

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Maitland went to his room, and soon wrote the following :—

"Caro Carlo mio,—Who'd have thought of seeing you in Ireland? but I have scarce courage to ask you how and why you came here, lest you retort the question upon myself. For the moment, however, I am comfortably established in a goodish sort of country-house, with some pretty women, and, thank Heaven, no young men save one son of the family, whom I have made sufficiently afraid of me to repress all familiarities. They beg me to ask you here, and I see nothing against it. We eat and drink very well. The place is healthy, and though the climate is detestable, it braces and gives appetite. We shall have, at all events, ample time to talk over much that interests us both, and so I say, Come!

"The road is by Belfast, and thence to Coleraine, where we shall take care to meet you. I ought to add that your host's name is Sir Arthur Lyle, an Anglo-Indian, but who, thank your stars for it! being a civilian, has neither shot tigers nor stuck pigs. It will also be a relief to you to learn that there's no sport of any kind in the neighbourhood, and there cannot be the shade of a pretext for making you mount a horse or carry a gun, nor can any insidious tormentor persecute you with objects of interest or antiquity; and so, once again, Come, and believe me, ever your most cordial friend,

"N. Maitland.

"There is no reason why you should not be here by Saturday, so that, if nothing contrary is declared, I shall look out for you by that day; but write at all events."

CHAPTER X.—A BLUNDER.

Sir Arthur Lyle was a county dignity, and somewhat fond of showing it. It is true, he could not compete with the old blood of the land, or contest place with an O'Neil or an O'Hara; but his wealth gave him a special power, and it was a power that all could appreciate. There was no mistake about one who could head a subscription by a hundred pounds, or write himself patron of a school or an hospital with a thousand! And then his house was more splendid, his servants more numerous, their liveries finer, his horses better, than his neighbours; and he was not above making these advantages apparent. Perhaps his Indian experiences may have influenced his leanings, and taught him to place a higher value on show and all the details of external greatness. On everything that savoured of a public occasion, he came with all the pomp and parade of a sovereign. A meeting of poor-law guardians, a committee of the county infirmary, a board of railway directors, were all events to be signalised by his splendid appearance.

His coach and four, and his outriders—for he had outriders—were admirable in all their appointments. Royalty could not have swung upon more perfectly balanced nor easier springs, nor could a royal team have beat the earth with a grander action or more measured rhythm. The harness—bating the excess of splendour—was perfect. It was massive and well-fitting. As for the servants, a master of the horse could not have detected an inaccurate fold in their cravats, nor a crease in their silk stockings. Let the world be as critical or slighting as it may, these things are successes. They are trifles only to him who has not attempted them. Neither is it true to say that money can command them, for there is much in them that mere money cannot do. There is a keeping in all details—a certain "tone" throughout, and, above all, a discipline, the least flaw in which would convert a solemn display into a mockery.

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Neighbours might criticise the propriety or canvass the taste of so much ostentation, but none, not the most sarcastic or scrutinising, could say one word against the display itself; and so, when on a certain forenoon the dense crowd of the market-place scattered and fled right and left to make way for the prancing leaders of that haughty equipage, the sense of admiration overcame even the unpleasant feeling of inferiority, and that flunkeyism that has its hold on humanity felt a sort of honour in being hunted away by such magnificence.

Through the large square — or Diamond, as the northerns love to call it—of the town they came, upsetting apple-stalls and crockery-booths, and frightening old peasant women, who, with a goose under one arm and a hank of yarn under the other, were bent on enterprises of barter and commerce. Sir Arthur drove up to the bank, of which he was the governor, and on whose steps, to receive him, now stood the other members of the board. With his massive gold watch in hand, he announced that the fourteen miles had been done in an hour and sixteen minutes, and pointed to the glossy team, whose swollen veins stood out like whip-cord, to prove that there was no distress to the cattle. The board chorussed assent, and one—doubtless an ambitious man—actually passed his hand down the back sinews of a wheeler, and said: "Cool as spring-water, I pledge my honour." Sir Arthur smiled benignly, looked up at the sky, gave an approving look at the sun as though to say, Not bad for Ireland—and entered the bank.

It was about five o'clock in the same evening when the great man again appeared at the same place; he was flushed and weary-looking. Some rebellious spirits—is not the world full of them?—had dared to oppose one of his ordinances. They had ventured to question some subsidy that he would accord, or refuse, to some local line of railroad. The opposition had deeply offended him; and though he had crushed it, it had wounded him. He was himself the Bank! — its high repute, its great credit, its large connection, were all of his making; and that same Mr M'Candlish who had dared to oppose him, was a creature of his own—that is, he had made him a tithe-valuator, or a road-inspector, or a stamp-distributor, or a something or other of the hundred petty places which he distributed just as the monks of old gave alms at the gates of their convents.

Sir Arthur whispered a word to Mr Boyd, the secretary, as he passed down-stairs. "How does M'Candlish stand with the bank? He has had advances lately—send me a note of them." And thus bent on reprisals, he stood waiting for that gorgeous equipage which was now standing fully ready in the inn yard, while the coachman was discussing a chop and a pot of porter. "Why is not he ready?" asked Sir Arthur, impatiently.

"He was getting a nail in Blenheim's off fore-shoe, sir," was the ready reply; and as Blenheim was a blood bay sixteen-three, and worth two hundred and fifty pounds, there was no more to be said; and so Sir Arthur saw the rest of the board depart on jaunting-cars, gigs, or dog-carts as it might be—humble men with humble conveyances, that could take them to their homes without the delays that wait upon greatness.

"Anything new stirring, Boyd?" asked Sir Arthur, trying not to show that he was waiting for the pleasure of his coachman.

"No, sir; all dull as ditch-water."

"We want rain, I fancy—don't we?"

"We'd not be worse for a little, sir. The after-grass, at least, would benefit by it."

"Why don't you pave this town better, Boyd? I'm certain it was these rascally stones twisted Blenheim's shoe."

"Our corporation will do nothing,

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sir—nothing," said the other, in a whisper.

"Who is that fellow with the large whiskers, yonder; on the steps of the hotel? He looks as if he owned the town."

"A foreigner, Sir Arthur; a Frenchman or a German, I believe. He came over this morning to ask if we knew the address of Mr Norman Maitland."

"Count Caffarelli," muttered Sir Arthur to himself—"what a chance that I should see him! How did he come?"

"Posted, sir; slept at Cookstown last night, and came here to breakfast."

Though the figure of the illustrious stranger was very far from what Sir Arthur was led to expect, he knew that personal appearance was not so distinctive abroad as in England, and so he began to con over to himself what words of French he could muster, to make his advances. Now, had it been Hindostanee that was required, Sir Arthur would have opened his negotiations with all the florid elegance that could be wished; but French was a tongue in which he had never been a proficient, and, in his ordinary life, had little need of. He thought, however, that his magnificent carriage and splendid horses would help him out of the blunders of declensions and genders, and that what he wanted in grammar he could make up in greatness. "Follow me to M'Grotty's," said he to his coachman, and took the way across the square.

Major M'Caskey—for it was no other than that distinguished gentleman—was standing with both hands in the pockets of a very short shooting-jacket, and a clay pipe in his mouth, as Sir Arthur, courteously uncovering, bowed his way up the steps, saying something in which "l'honneur," "la félicité," and "infiniment flatté," floated amidst a number of less intelligibly rendered syllables, ending the whole with "Ami de mon ami, M. Norman Maitland."

Major M'Caskey raised his hat straight above his head and replaced it, listening calmly to the embarrassed attempts of the other, and then coldly replied in French, "I have the honour to be the friend of M. Maitland—How and when can I see him?"

"If you will condescend to be my guest, and allow me to offer you a seat with me to Lyle Abbey, you will see your friend." And, as Sir Arthur spoke, he pointed to his carriage.

"Ah, and this is yours? Pardie! it's remarkably well done. I accept at once—fetch down my portmanteau and the pistol-case," said he to a small, ill-looking boy in a shabby green livery, and to whom he spoke in a whisper; while turning to Sir Arthur, he resumed his French. "This I call a real piece of good-fortune—I was just saying to myself, Here I am; and though he says, Come! how are we to meet?"

"But you knew, Count, that we were expecting you."

"Nothing of the kind. All I knew was his message, 'Come here.' I had no anticipation of such pleasant quarters as you promise me."

Seated in the post of honour on the right of Sir Arthur, the Major, by way of completing the measure of his enjoyments, asked leave to smoke. The permission was courteously accorded, and away they rolled over the smooth highway to the pleasant measure of that stirring music—the trot of four spanking horses.

Two—three—four efforts did Sir Arthur make at conversation, but they all ended in sad failure. He wanted to say something about the crops, but he did not remember the French for "oats;" he wished to speak of the road, but he knew not the phrase for Grand Jury; he desired to make some apology for a backward season, but he might as well have attempted to write a Greek ode, and so he sat and smiled and waved his hand, pointing out objects of interest, and interjectionally jerking out, "Bons—braves—

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très braves—but poor—pauvres—très pauvres—light soil—légère, you understand," and with a vigorous hem, satisfied himself that he had said something intelligible. After this no more attempts at conversation were made, for the Major had quietly set his companion down for an intense bore, and fell back upon his tobacco for solace.

"Là!" cried the Baronet, after a long silence—and he pointed with his finger to a tall tower, over which a large flag was waving, about half a mile away—"Là! Notre château—Lyle Abbey—moi;" and he tapped his breast to indicate the personal interest that attached to the spot.

"Je vous en fais mes compliments," cried M'Caskey, who chuckled at the idea of such quarters, and very eloquently went on to express the infinite delight it gave him to cultivate relations with a family at once so amiable and so distinguished. The happy hazard which brought him was in reality another tie that bound him to the friendship of that "cher Maitland." Delivered of this, the Major emptied his pipe, replaced it in its case, and then, taking off his hat, ran his hands through his hair, arranged his shirt-collar, and made two or three other efforts at an improvised toilette.

"We are late—en retard—I think," said Sir Arthur, as they drew up at the door, where two sprucely-dressed servants stood to receive them. "We dine—at eight—eight," said he, pointing to that figure on his watch. "You'll have only time to dress—dress;" and he touched the lappet of his coat, for he was fairly driven to pantomine to express himself. "Hailes," cried he to a servant in discreet black, "show the Count to his room, and attend to him; his own man has not come on, it seems." And then, with many bows, and smiles, and courteous gestures, consigned his distinguished guest to the care of Mr Hailes, and walked hurriedly up-stairs to his own room.

"Such a day as I have had," cried he, as he entered the dressing-room, where Lady Lyle was seated with a French novel. "Those fellows at the Bank, led on by that creature M'Candlish, had the insolence to move an amendment to that motion of mine about the drainage loan. I almost thought they'd have given me a fit of apoplexy; but I crushed them: and I told Boyd, 'If I see any more of this, I don't care from what quarter it comes—if these insolences be repeated—I'll resign the direction. It's no use making excuses, pleading that you misunderstood this or mistook that, Boyd,' said I. 'If it occurs again, I go.' And then, as if this was not enough, I've had to talk French all the way out. By the way, where's Maitland?"

"Talk French! what do you mean by that?"

"Where's Maitland, I say?"

"He's gone off with Mark to Larne. They said they'd not be back to dinner."

"Here's more of it; we shall have his foreign fellow on our hands till he comes—this Italian Count. I found him at M'Grotty's, and brought him back with me."

"And what is he like? is he as captivating as his portrait bespeaks?"

"He is, to my mind, as vulgar a dog as ever I met: he smoked beside me all the road, though he saw how his vile tobacco set me a-coughing; and he stretched his legs over the front-seat of the carriage, where, I promise you, his boots have left their impress on the silk lining; and he poked his cane at Crattle's wig, and made some impertinent remark which I couldn't catch. I never was very enthusiastic about foreigners, and the present specimen has not made a convert of me."

"Maitland likes him," said she, languidly.

"Well, then, it is an excellent reason not to like Maitland. There's the second bell already. By the way, this Count, I suppose, takes you in to dinner?"

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"I suppose so, and it is very unpleasant, for I am out of the habit of talking French. I'll make Alice sit on the other side of him and entertain him."

The news that the distinguished Italian friend of Mr Norman Maitland had arrived, created a sort of sensation in the house, and as the guests dropped into the drawing-room before dinner there was no other topic than the Count. The door at last opened for his *entrée;* and he came in unannounced, the servant being probably unable to catch the name he gave. In the absence of her father and mother, Mrs Trafford did the honours, and received him most courteously, presenting the other guests to him or him to them, as it might be. When it came to the turn of the Commodore, he started and muttered, "Eh, very like, the born image of him!" and colouring deeply at his own awkwardness, mumbled out a few unmeaning commonplaces. As for the Major, he eyed him with one of his steadiest stares—unflinching, unblenching; and even said to Mrs Trafford in a whisper, "I didn't catch the name; was it Green you said?" Seated between Lady Lyle and Mrs Trafford, M'Caskey felt that he was the honoured guest of the evening: Maitland's absence, so feelingly deplored by the others, gave him little regret; indeed, instinct told him that they were not men to like each other, and he was all the happier that he had the field for a while his own. It was not a very easy task to be the pleasant man of an Irish country-house, in a foreign tongue; but, if any man could have success, it was M'Caskey. The incessant play of his features, the varied tones of his voice, his extraordinary gestures, appealed to those who could not follow his words, and led them very often to join in the laughter which his sallies provoked from others. He was, it is true, the exact opposite to all they had been led to expect—he was neither well-looking, nor distinguished, nor conciliatory in manner—there was not a trace of that insinuating softness and gentleness Maitland had spoken of—he was, even to those who could not follow his speech, one of the most coolly unabashed fellows they had ever met, and made himself at home with a readiness that said much more for his boldness than for his breeding; and yet, withal, each was pleased in turn to see how he outtalked some heretofore tyrant of conversation, how impudently he interrupted a bore, and how mercilessly he pursued an antagonist whom he had vanquished. It is not at all improbable, too, that he owed something of his success to that unconquerable objection people feel at confessing that they do not understand a foreign language—the more when that language is such a cognate one as French. What a deal of ecstasy does not the polite world expend upon German drama and Italian tragedy, and how frequently are people moved to every imaginable emotion, without the slightest clue to the intention of the charmer! If he was great at the dinner-table, he was greater in the drawing-room. Scarcely was coffee served than he was twanking away with a guitar, and singing a Spanish muleteer song, with a jingling imitation of bells for the accompaniment; or seated at the piano he carolled out a French canzonette descriptive of soldier-life, far more picturesque than it was proper; and all this time there was the old Commodore cruising above and below him, eyeing and watching him—growing perfectly feverish with the anxiety of his doubts, and yet unable to confirm or refute them. It was a suspicious craft; he felt that he had seen it before, and knew the rig well, and yet he was afraid to board and say, "Let me look at your papers."

"I say, Beck, just go slyly up and say something, accidentally, about Barbadoes; don't ask any questions, but remark that the evening is close, or the sky threatening, or the air oppressive, just as it used

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to be before a tornado there." The old sailor watched her, as he might have watched a boat party on a cutting-out expedition; he saw her draw nigh the piano; he thought he could trace all the ingenious steps by which she neared her object; and he was convinced that she had at last thrown the shell on board him; but what was his grievous disappointment, as he saw that the little fellow had turned to her with a look of warmest admiration, and actually addressed a very ardent love-song to the eyes that were then bent upon him. The Commodore made signals to cease firing and fall back, but in vain. She was too deeply engaged to think of orders; and there she stood to be admired, and worshipped, and adored, in all the moods and tenses of a French "romance." But Miss Rebecca Graham was not the only victim of the Major's captivations; gradually the whole company of the drawing-room had gathered round the piano, some to wonder, some to laugh at, some to feel amused by, and not a few to feel angry with that little fiery-eyed impertinent-looking fellow, who eyed the ladies so languishingly, and stared at the men as if asking, "Who'll quarrel with me?" You might not like, but it was impossible to ignore him. There was, too, in his whole air and bearing a conscious sense of power—a sort of bold self-reliance—that dignifies even impudence; and as he sat in his chair with head up and hands vigorously striking the chords of the piano, he looked, as it is by no means improbable that he felt, "M'Caskey against the field." It was in the midst of hearty applause at a song he had just completed, that Maitland entered the room. In the hall he had learned from the servants that his foreign friend had arrived, and he hurried forward to greet him. Rather puzzled at the vociferous gaiety of the company, he made his way through the crowd and approached the piano, and then stood, staring on every side, to find out his friend. Though he saw the Major, his eye only rested passingly on him, as it ranged eagerly to catch the features of another.

"He's very amusing, though not in the least what you led us to expect," whispered Mrs Trafford.

"Who is it of whom you are speaking?"

"Your friend yonder, the Count Caffarelli."

"What—that man?" cried Maitland, as he grew pale with passion; and now pushing forward, he leaned over the back of the music-stool, and whispered, "Who are you that call yourself Count Caffarelli?"

"Is your name Maitland?" said the other, with perfect coolness.

"Yes."

"Mine is M'Caskey, sir."

"And by what presumption do I find you here?"

"This is not the place nor the moment for explanations; but if you want or prefer exposures, don't baulk your fancy; I'm as ready as you are."

Maitland reeled back as if from a blow, and looked positively ill; and then laughingly turning to the company, he said some commonplace words about his ill luck in being late to hear the last song.

"Well, it must be the last for to-night," said Mr M'Caskey, rising. "I have really imposed too much upon every one's forbearance."

After a little of the usual skirmishing—the entreaties and the coy refusals—the recollection of that charming thing you sang for us at Woodpark—and the doubts lest they had brought no music with them—the Misses Graham sat down to one of those duets which every one in England seems able to compose and to sing; lackadaisical ditties adapted to the humblest musical proficiency, and unfortunately, too, the very narrowest intelligences. While the remainder of the company, after a very brief moment of silence, resumed conversation, Major M'Caskey stepped unobserved from the room—by all, at least, but by Maitland, who speedily followed

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him, and, led by the sound of his footsteps along the corridor, tracked him through the great hall. M'Caskey was standing on the lawn, and in the act of lighting his cigar, as Maitland came up.

"Explain this intrusion here, sir, now, if you can," cried Maitland, as he walked straight towards him.

"If you want any explanations from me, you'll have to ask for them more suitably," said the other, coldly.

"I desire to know, under what pretence you assume a name and rank you have no right to, to obtain admission to this house?"

"Your question is easily answered: your instructions to me were, on my arrival at Coleraine, to give myself out for a foreigner, and not to speak English with any one. I have your note in my desk, and think there can be no mistake about its meaning."

"Well, well; I know all that; go on," cried Maitland, impatiently.

M'Caskey smiled, half-insolently, at this show of temper, and continued: "It was then, in my assumed character of Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, or whatever you wish—for they are pretty much alike to me—I was standing at the door of the inn, when a rather pompous old fellow with two footmen after him came up, and in some execrable French, endeavoured to accost me, mingling your name in his jargon, and inviting me, as well as his language would permit, to return with him to his house. What was I to conclude but that the arrangement was yours? indeed, I never gave a doubt to it."

"When he addressed you as the Count Caffarelli, you might have had such a doubt," said Maitland, sneeringly.

"He called me simply Count," was the reply.

"Well; so far well: there was no assumption of a name, at least."

"None whatever; and if there had been, would the offence have seemed to you so very—very unpardonable?" It is not easy to convey the intense impertinence given to the delivery of this speech by the graduated slowness of every word, and the insolent composure with which it was spoken.

"What do you mean, sir, by this—this insinuation?" cried Maitland.

"Insinuation!—it's none. It is a mere question as to a matter of good taste or good morals."

"I have no time for such discussions, sir," said Maitland, hotly. "I am glad to find that the blunder by which you came here was not of your own provoking, though I cannot see how it makes the explanation less difficult to myself."

"What is your difficulty, may I ask?" cried M'Caskey, coolly.

"Is it no difficulty that I must explain how I know——" and he stopped suddenly, just as a man might stop on the verge of a precipice, and look horror-struck down into the depth below him. "I mean," said he, recovering himself, "that to enter upon the question of our relations to each other would open the discussion of matters essentially secret. When I have said I know you, the next question will be, Who is he?"

"Well, what is the difficulty there? I am Graf M'Caskey, in Bavaria, Count of Serra-major, in Sicily; Commander of the Order of St Peter and St Paul, and a Knight of Malta. I mention these, for I have the 'brevets' with me."

"Very true," said Maitland; "but you are also the same Lieutenant Miles M'Caskey who served in the 2d West Indian Regiment, and who left a few unsettled matters between him and the government there, when he quitted Barbadoes."

"And which they won't rake up, I promise you, if they don't want to hang an ex-governor," said he, laughing. "But none of us, Mr Maitland, will stand such investigations as these. There's a statute of limitations for morals as well as for small-debts."

Maitland winced under the insolent look of the other, and, in a

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tone somewhat shaken, continued: "At all events, it will not suit me to open these inquiries. The only piece of good-fortune in the whole is, that there was none here who knew you."

"I am not so very sure of that, though," said the Major, with a quiet laugh.

"How so? what do you mean?"

"Why, that there is an old fellow whom I remember to have met on the West Indian station; he was a lieutenant, I think, on board the Dwarf, and he looked as if he were puzzled about me."

"Gambier Graham?"

"That's the man; he followed me about all night, till some one carried him off to play cribbage; but he'd leave his game every now and then to come and stare at me, till I gave him a look that said, If you do that again, we'll have a talk over it in the morning."

"To prevent which you must leave this to-night, sir," said Maitland. "I am not in the habit of carrying followers about with me to the country-houses where I visit."

A very prolonged whistle was M'Caskey's first reply to this speech, and then he said, "They told me you were one of the cleverest fellows in Europe, but I don't believe a word of it; for if you were, you would never try to play the game of bully with a man of my stamp. Bigger men than Mr Norman Maitland have tried that, and didn't come so well out of it!"

An insolent toss of the head, as he threw away his cigar, was all Maitland's answer. At last he said, "I suppose, sir, you cannot wish to drive me to say that I do not know you?"

"It would be awkward, certainly; for then I'd be obliged to declare that I *do* know you."

Instantly Maitland seized the other's arm; but M'Caskey, though not by any means so strong a man, flung off the grasp, and started back, saying, "Hands off, or I'll put a bullet through you. We've both of us lived long enough amongst foreigners to know that these are liberties that cost blood."

"This is very silly and very unprofitable," said Maitland, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "There ought not, there cannot be, any quarrel between you and me. Though it is no fault of yours that this blunder has occurred, the mistake has its unpleasant side, and may lead to some embarrassment, the more as this old sea-captain is sure to remember you if you meet again. There's only one thing for it, therefore—get away as fast as you can. I'll supply the pretext, and show Sir Arthur in confidence how the whole affair occurred."

M'Caskey shook his head dubiously. "This is not to my liking, sir; it smacks of a very ignominious mode of retreat. I am to leave myself to be discussed by a number of perhaps not over-favourable critics, and defended by one who even shrinks from saying he knows me. No—no; I can't do this."

"But, remember you are not the person to whom these people meant to offer their hospitality."

"I am Major Miles M'Caskey," said he, drawing himself up to the full height of his five feet four inches; "and there is no mistake whatever in any consideration that is shown to the man who owns that name."

"Yes, but why are you here—how have you come?"

"I came by the host's invitation, and I look to you to explain how the blunder occurred, and to recognise me afterwards. That is what I expect, and what I insist on."

"And if your old friend the Commodore, whose memory for ugly anecdotes seems inexhaustible, comes out with any unpleasant reminiscences of West Indian life——"

"Leave that to me, Mr Norman Maitland. I'll take care to see my friend, as you call him, and I'll offer you a trifling wager he'll not be a whit more anxious to claim my acquaintance than you are."

"You appear to have no small

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reliance on your powers of intimidation, Major," said Maitland, with a sneering smile.

"They have never failed me, for I have always backed them with a very steady hand and a correct eye, both of which are much at your service."

Maitland lifted his hat and bowed an acknowledgment.

"I think we are losing our time, each of us, Major M'Caskey. There need be no question of etiquette here. You are, if I understand the matter aright, under my orders. Well, sir, these orders are, that you now start for Castle Durrow, and be prepared by Tuesday next to make me a full report of your proceedings, and produce for me, if necessary, the men you have engaged."

The change effected in the Major's manner at these words was magical; he touched his hat in salute, and listened with all show of respect.

"It is my intention, if satisfied with your report, to recommend you for the command of the legion, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel," continued Maitland; "and I have already written about those advances you mentioned."

"I'll take care that you are satisfied with me," said M'Caskey, respectfully; "I'll start within half-an-hour."

"This is all as it should be. I hope it is our first and last misunderstanding;" and he held out his hand frankly, which the other grasped and shook cordially. "How are you off for ready cash? Treat me as a comrade, and say freely."

"Not over flush, but I suppose I can rub on," said the Major, with some confusion.

"I have some thirty sovereigns here," said Maitland; "take them, and we'll settle all when we meet."

M'Caskey put the purse in his pocket, and, with the uneasy consciousness of a man ashamed of what he was doing, muttered out a few unmeaning words of thanks, and said, "Good-bye!"

"These condottieri rascals have been troublesome fellows in all ages," said Maitland as he smoked away alone; "and I suspect they are especially unsuited to our present-day life and its habits. I must rid myself of the Major."

CHAPTER XI.—EXPLANATIONS.

By the time Maitland had despatched his man Fenton to meet Count Caffarelli, and prevent his coming to Lyle Abbey, where his presence would be sure to occasion much embarrassment, the company had retired to their rooms, and all was quiet.

Though Mark was curious to know why and how Maitland had disappeared with his foreign friend, he had grown tired thinking over it, and fallen sound asleep. Nor did he hear Maitland as he entered the room and drew nigh his bedside.

"What's wrong—what has happened?" cried Mark, as he started up suddenly on his bed.

"Nothing very serious, but still something worth waking you for; but are you sure you are awake?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. What is it all about? Who are in it?"

"We are all in it, for the matter of that," said Maitland, with a quiet laugh. "Try and listen to me attentively for a couple of minutes. The man your father brought back with him from Coleraine, believing him to be my friend Caffarelli, was not Caffarelli at all!"

"What! And he pretended to be?"

"No such thing; hear me out. Your father spoke to him in French; and finding out—I don't exactly know how—that he and I were acquaintances, rushed at once to the conclusion that he must be Caffarelli. I conclude that the interview was not made more intelli-

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gible to either party by being carried on in French; but the invitation so frankly given was as freely accepted. The stranger came, dined, and was here in the drawing-room when we came back."

"This is unpardonable. Who is he? What is he?"

"He is a gentleman, I believe, as well born as either of us. I know something — not much — about him, but there are circumstances which, in a manner, prevent me from talking of him. He came down to this part of the world to see me, though I never intended it should have been here."

"Then his intrusion here was not sanctioned by you?"

"No. It was all your father's doing."

"My father's doing, if you like, Maitland, but concurred in and abetted by this man, whoever he is."

"I'll not even say that; he assures me that he accepted the invitation in the belief that the arrangement was made by me."

"And you accept that explanation?"

"Of course I do. I see nothing in it in the smallest degree improbable or unlikely."

"Well, who is he? That is the main point; for it is clear you do not wish us to receive him as a friend of yours."

"I say I'd not have presented him here, certainly; but I'll not go the length of saying he couldn't have been known by any one in this house. He is one of those adventurous fellows whose lives must not be read with the same glasses as those of quieter people. He has knocked about the world for some five-and-twenty years, without apparently having found his corner in it yet. I wanted him — what for, I shall probably tell you one of these days — and some friends of mine found him out for me!"

"One of your mysteries, Maitland," said Mark, laughing.

"Yes, one of my mysteries!"

"Of what nation is he?"

"There, again, I must baulk your curiosity. The fact is, Mark, *I* can explain nothing about this man without going into matters which I am solemnly bound not to reveal. What I have to ask from you is, that you will explain to your father, and of course to Lady Lyle and your sisters, the mistake that has occurred, and request that they will keep it a secret. He has already gone, so that your guests will probably not discuss him after a day or two."

"Not even so much, for there's a break-up. Old Mrs Maxwell has suddenly discovered that her birthday will fall on next Friday, and she insists upon going back to Tilney Park to entertain the tenantry, and give a ball to the servants. Most of the people here accompany her, and Isabella and myself are obliged to go. Each of us expects to be her heir, and we have to keep out competitors at all hazards."

"Why has she never thought of me?" said Maitland.

"She means to invite you, at all events; for I heard her consulting my mother how so formidable a personage should be approached — whether she ought to address you in a despatch, or ask for a conference."

"If a choice be given me, I'll stay where I am. The three days I promised you have grown nearer to three weeks, and I do not see the remotest chance of your getting rid of me."

"Will you promise me to stay till I tell you we want your rooms?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, you don't know — you couldn't know — what very tempting words you are uttering. This is such a charming, charming spot, to compose that novel I am — not — writing — that I never mean to leave till I have finished it; but, seriously speaking, like an old friend, Am I a bore here? am I occupying the place

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that is wanted for another? are they tired of me?"

Mark overwhelmed his friend with assurances very honest in the main, that they were only too happy to possess him as their guest, and felt no common pride in the fact that he could find his life there endurable. "I will own now," says he, "that there was a considerable awe of you felt before you came, but you have lived down the fear, and become a positive favourite."

"But who could have given such a version of me as to inspire this?"

"I am afraid I was the culprit," said Mark; "I was rather boastful about knowing you at all, and I suppose I frightened them."

"My dear Lyle, what a narrow escape I had of being positively odious! and I now see with what consummate courtesy my caprices have been treated, when really I never so much as suspected they had been noticed." There was a touch of sincerity in his accent as he spoke, that vouched for the honesty of his meaning; and Mark, as he looked at him, muttered to himself, "This is the man they call an egotist, and who is only intent on taking his turn out of all around him."

"I think I must let you go to sleep again, Mark," said Maitland, rising. "I am a wretched sleeper myself, and quite forget that there are happy fellows who can take their ten hours of oblivion without any help from the druggist. Without this,"—and he drew a small phial from his waistcoat pocket,—"I get no rest."

"What a bad habit!"

"Isn't almost everything we do a bad habit? Have we ever a humour that recurs to us, that is not a bad habit? Are not the simple things which mean nothing in themselves, an evil influence when they grow into requirements and make slaves of us? I suppose it was a bad habit that made me a bad sleeper, and I turn to another bad habit to correct it. The only things which are positively bad habits are those that require an effort to sustain, or will break down under us without we struggle to support them. To be morose is not one jot a worse habit than to be agreeable; for the time will come when you are indisposed to be pleasant, and the company in which you find yourself are certain to deem the humour as an offence to themselves; but there is a worse habit than this, which is to go on talking to a man whose eyes are closing with sleep. Good night."

Maitland said no more than the truth when he declared how happy he found himself in that quiet unmolested existence which he led at Lyle Abbey. To be free in every way—to indulge his humour to be alone or in company—to go and come as he liked, were great boons; but they were even less than the enjoyment he felt in living amongst total strangers—persons who had never known, never heard of him—for whom he was not called on to make any effort, or support any character. No man ever felt more acutely the slavery that comes of sustaining a part before the world, and being as strange and as inexplicable as people required he should be. While a very young man, it amused him to trifle in this fashion, and to set absurd modes afloat for imitation; and he took a certain spiteful pleasure in seeing what a host of followers mere eccentricity could command. As he grew older, he wearied of this, and, to be free of it, wandered away to distant and unvisited countries, trying the old and barren experiment whether new sensations might not make a new nature. "*Cœlum non animum mutant*," says the adage, and he came back pretty much as he went, with this only difference, that he now cared only for quietness and repose. Not the contemplative repose of one who sought to reflect without disturbance, so much as the peaceful isolation that suited indolence. He fancied how he would have

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liked to be the son of that house, and dream away life in that wild secluded spot; but, after all, the thought was like the epicure's notion of how contented he could be with a meal of potatoes!

As the day broke, he was roused from his light sleep by the tumult and noise of the departing guests. He arose and watched them through the half-closed jalousies. It was picturesque enough, in that crisp, fresh, frosty air, to see the groups as they gathered on the long terrace before the door; while equipages the most varied drew up—here a family-coach with long-tailed "blacks;" there a smart britschka, with spanking greys; a tandem, too, there was for Mark's special handling; and conspicuous by its pile of luggage in the "well," stood Gambier Graham's outside jaunting-car—a large basket of vegetables and fruit, and a hamper of lobsters, showing how such guests are propitiated, even in the hours of leave-taking.

Maitland watched Isabella in all her little attentive cares to Mrs Maxwell, and saw, as he thought, the heir-expectant in every movement. He fancied that the shawl she carried on her arm was the old lady's, and was almost vexed when he saw her wrap it around her own shoulders. "Well, that at least is sycophancy," muttered he, as he saw her clutch up a little white Maltese terrier and kiss it; but alas for his prescience! the next moment she had given the dog to a servant to carry back into the house, and so it was her own that she was parting from, and not Mrs Maxwell's that she was caressing!

It is strange to say that he was vexed at being disappointed. She was very pretty, very well-mannered, and very pleasing; but he longed to find that all the charm and grace about her were conventional; he wished to believe that "the whole thing," as he called life, was a mere trick, where all cheated in proportion to their capacities. Mark had been honest enough to own that they were fortune-hunting, and Isabella certainly could not be ignorant of the stake she played for.

One by one the carriages drew up and moved away, and now Gambier Graham's car stood before the door, alone; for the crowd of footmen who had thronged to press their services on the others, gradually melted away, hopless of exacting a black-mail from the old Commodore. While Maitland stood watching the driver, who, in a composite sort of costume rather more gardener than coachman, amused himself flicking with his whip imaginary flies off the old mare's neck and withers, a smart tap came to the door, while a hasty voice called out, "May I come in?"

"Let me first hear who you are?" said Maitland.

"Commodore Graham," was the answer.

In a moment it flashed across Maitland that the old sailor had come to reveal his discovery of M'Caskey. Just as quickly did he decide that it was better to admit him, and, if possible, contrive to make the story seem a secret between themselves.

"Come in, by all means—the very man I wanted to see," said Maitland, as he opened the door, and gave him a cordial shake-hands. "I was afraid you were going without seeing me, Commodore; and, early as it was, I got up and was dressing in hope to catch you."

"That I call hearty—downright hearty—Maitland."

Maitland actually started at this familiar mention of him by one whom he had never met till a few days before.

"Rather a rare event in your life to be up at this hour, I'll be sworn—except when you haven't been to bed, eh!" And he laughed heartily at what he fancied was a most witty conceit. "You see we're all off! We've had springs on our cables these last twenty-four hours, with this frolicsome old woman, who would insist on being back for her birthday; but she's rich, Maitland

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—immensely rich, and we all worship her."

Maitland gave a faint shrug of the shoulders, as though he deplored the degeneracy, but couldn't help it.

"Yes, yes—I'm coming," cried the Commodore, shouting from the open window to his daughters beneath. "The girls are impatient, they want to be at Lesliesford when the others are crossing. There's a fresh on the river, and it's better to get some stout fellows to guide the carriages through the water. I wanted greatly to have five minutes alone with you—five would do—half of it perhaps between men of the world, as we are. You know about what."

"I suspect I do," said Maitland, quietly.

"I saw, too," resumed Graham, "that you wished to have no talk about it here, amongst all these gossiping people. Wasn't I right?"

"Perfectly right; you appreciated me thoroughly."

"What I said was this,—Maitland knows the world well. He'll wait till he has his opportunity of talking the matter over with myself. He'll say, 'Graham and I will understand one another at once.' One minute, only one," screamed he out from the window. "Couldn't you come down and just say a word or two to them? They'd like it so much."

Maitland muttered something about his costume.

"Ah! there it is. You fellows will never be seen till you are in full fig. Well, I must be off. Now, then, to finish what we've been saying. You'll come over next week to Port-Graham—that's my little place, though there's no port, nor anything like a port, within ten miles of it—and we'll arrange everything. If I'm an old fellow, Maitland, I don't forget that I was once a young one—mind that, my boy." And the Commodore had to wipe his eyes, with the laughter at his drollery. "Yes; here I am," cried he again; and then turning to Maitland, shook his hand in both his own, repeating, "On Wednesday—Wednesday to dinner—not later than five, remember"—he hastened down the stairs, and scrambled up on the car beside his eldest daughter, who, apparently, had already opened a flood-gate of attack on him for his delay.

"Insupportable old bore," muttered Maitland, as he waved his hand from the window, and smiled his blandest salutations to the retreating party. "What a tiresome old fool to fancy that I am going over to Graham-pond, or port, or whatever it is, to talk over an incident that I desire to have forgotten! Besides, when once I have left this neighbourhood, he may discuss M'Caskey every day after his dinner—he may write his life, for anything I care."

With this parting reflection, he went down to the garden, strolling listlessly along the dew-spangled alleys, and carelessly tossing aside with his cane the apple-blossoms, which lay thick as snow-flakes on the walks. While thus lounging, he came suddenly upon Sir Arthur, as, hoe in hand, he imagined himself doing something useful.

"Oh, by the way, Mr Maitland," cried he, "Mark has just told me of the stupid mistake I made. Will you be generous enough to forgive me?"

"It is from me, sir, that the apologies must come," began Maitland.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Mr Maitland. You will overwhelm me with shame if you say so. Let us each forget the incident; and believe me, I shall feel myself your debtor by the act of oblivion." He shook Maitland's hand warmly, and, in an easier tone, added, "What good news I have heard! You are not tired of us—not going!"

"I cannot—I told Mark this morning—I don't believe there is a road out of this."

"Well, wait here till I tell you it is fit for travelling," said Sir Arthur, pleasantly, and addressed himself once more to his labours as a gardener.

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Meanwhile Maitland threw himself down on a garden-bench, and cried aloud, "This is the real thing, after all—this is actual repose. Not a word of political intrigue, no snares, no tricks, no deceptions, and no defeats; no waking to hear of our friends arrested, and our private letters in the hands of a Police Prefect. No horrid memories of the night before, and that run of ill luck that has left us almost beggars. I wonder how long the charm of this tranquillity would endure; or is it like all other anodynes, which lose their calming power by habit? I'd certainly like to try."

"Well, there is no reason why you shouldn't," said a voice from the back of the summer-house, which he knew to be Mrs Trafford's. He jumped up to overtake her, but she was gone.

CHAPTER XII.—MAITLAND'S VISIT.

"What was it you were saying about flowers, Jeanie? I was not minding," said Mrs Butler, as she sat at her window watching the long heaving roll of the sea, as it broke along the jagged and rugged shore, her thoughts the while far beyond it.

"I was saying, ma'am, that the same man that came with the books t'other day brought these roses, and asked very kindly how you were."

"You mean the same gentleman, lassie, who left his card here?" said the old lady, correcting that very northern habit of ignoring all differences of condition.

"Well, I mind he was, for he had very white hands, and a big bright ring on one of his fingers."

"You told him how sorry I was not to be able to see him—that these bad headaches have left me unable to receive any one."

"Na! I didn't say that," said she, half-doggedly.

"Well, and what did you say?"

"I just said, she's thinkin' too much about her son, who is away from home, to find any pleasure in a strange face. He laughed a little quiet laugh, and said, 'There is good sense in that, Jeanie, and I'll wait for a better moment.'"

"You should have given my message as I spoke it to you," said the mistress, severely.

"I'm no sae blind that I canna see the differ between an aching head and a heavy heart. Ye're just frettin', and there's naething else the matter wi' you. There he goes now, the same man—the same gentleman, I mean," said she, with a faint scoff. "He aye goes back by the strand, and climbs the white rocks opposite the Skerries."

"Go and say that I'll be happy to have a visit from him to-morrow, Jeanie; and mind put nothing of your own in it, lassie, but give my words as I speak them."

With a toss of her head Jeanie left the room, and soon after was seen skipping lightly from rock to rock towards the beach beneath. To the old lady's great surprise, however, Jeanie, instead of limiting herself to the simple words of her message, appeared to be talking away earnestly and fluently with the stranger; and, worse than all, she now saw that he was coming back with her, and walking straight for the cottage. Mrs Butler had but time to change her cap and smooth down the braids of her snow-white hair, when the key turned in the lock, and Jeanie ushered in Mr Norman Maitland. Nothing could be more respectful or in better taste than Maitland's approach. He blended the greatest deference with an evident desire to make her acquaintance, and almost at once relieved her from what she so much dreaded—the first meeting with a stranger.

"Are you of the Clairlaverock Maitlands, sir?" asked she, timidly.

"Very distantly, I believe, madam. We all claim Sir Peter as the

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head of the family; but my own branch settled in India two generations back, and, I shame to say, thought of everything but genealogy."

"There was a great beauty, a Miss Hester Maitland. When I was a girl she married a lord, I think?"

"Yes, she married a Viscount Kinross, a sort of cousin of her own; though I am little versed in family history. The truth is, madam, younger sons who had to work their way in the world were more anxious to bequeath habits of energy and activity to their children than ideas of blazons and quarterings."

The old lady sighed at this, but it was a sigh of relief. She had been dreading not a little a meeting with one of those haughty Maitlands, associated in her childhood's days with thoughts of wealth and power, and that dominance that smacks of, if it does not mean, insolence; and now she found one who was not ashamed to belong to a father who had toiled for his support and worked hard for his livelihood. And yet it was strange with what tenacity she clung to a topic that had its terrors for her. She liked to talk of the family and high connections and great marriages of all these people with whose names she was familiar as a girl, but whom she had never known, if she had so much as seen.

"My poor husband, sir — you may have heard of him—Colonel Walter Butler, knew all these things by heart. You had only to ask when did so and so die, and who married such a one, and he'd tell you as if out of a book."

"I have heard of Colonel Butler, madam. His fame as a soldier is widespread in India — indeed, I had hoped to have made his son's acquaintance when I came here; but I believe he is with his regiment."

"No, sir, he's not in the service," said she, flushing.

"Ah! a civilian, then. Well, madam, the Butlers have shown capacity in all careers."

"My poor boy has not had the chance given him as yet, Mr Maitland. We were too poor to think of a profession; and so waiting and hoping, though it's not very clear for what, we let the time slip over, and there he is a great grown man! as fine a young fellow as you ever looked on, and as good as handsome, but yet he cannot do one hand's turn that would give him bread — and yet, ask your friends at the Abbey if there's a grace or gift of a gentleman he is not the master of."

"I think I know how the Lyles speak of him, and what affection they bear him."

"Many would condemn me, sir," cried she, warming with the one theme that engaged her whole heart, "for having thrown my boy amongst those so far above him in fortune, and given him habits and ways that his own condition must deny him; but it was my pride to see him in the station that his father held, and to know that he became it. I suppose there are dangers in it too," said she, rather answering his grave look than anything he had said. "I take it, sir, there are great temptations, mayhap over-strong temptations, for young natures."

Maitland moved his head slightly, to imply that he assented.

"And it's not unlikely the poor boy felt that himself; for when he came home t'other night he looked scared and worn, and answered me shortly and abruptly in a way he never does, and made me sit down on the spot and write a letter for him to a great man who knew his father, asking—it is hard to say what I asked, and what I could have expected."

"Colonel Butler's son can scarcely want friends, madam," said Maitland, courteously.

"What the world calls friends are usually relatives, and we have but one who could pretend to any sort of influence, and his treatment of my poor husband debars us from all knowledge of him. He was an

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only brother, a certain Sir Omerod Butler. You may perhaps have heard of him?"

"Formerly British Minister at Naples, I think?"

"The same, sir: a person, they tell me, of great abilities, but very eccentric and peculiar—indeed, so his letters bespeak him."

"You have corresponded with him then, madam?"

"No, sir, never; but he wrote constantly to my husband before our marriage. They were at that time greatly attached to each other; and the elder, Sir Omerod, was always planning and plotting for his brother's advancement. He talked of him as if he was his son, rather than a younger brother; in fact, there were eighteen years between them. Our marriage broke up all this. The great man was shocked at the humble connection, and poor Walter would not bear to have me slightingly spoken of; but dear me, Mr Maitland, how I am running on! To talk of such things to you! I am really ashamed of myself. What will you think of me?"

"Only what I have learned to think of you, madam, from all your neighbours — with sentiments of deep respect and sincere interest."

"It is very good of you to say it, sir; and I wish Tony was back here to know you and thank you for all your attention to his mother."

"You are expecting him then?" asked he.

"Well, sir, I am, and I am not. One letter is full of hope and expectancy; by Thursday or Friday he's to have some tidings about this or that place; and then comes another, saying, how Sir Harry counsels him to go out and make friends with his uncle. All mammon, sir—nothing but mammon; just because this old man is very rich, and never was married."

"I suspect you are in error there, madam. Sir Omerod was married at least twenty years ago, when I first heard of him at Naples."

She shook her head doubtfully, and said, "I have always been told the reverse, sir. I know what you allude to, but I have reason to believe I am right, and there is no Lady Butler."

"It is curious enough, madam, that through a chance acquaintance on a railroad train, I learned all about the lady he married. She was an Italian."

"It's the same story I have heard myself, sir. We only differ about the ending of it. She was a stage-player, or a dancer."

"No, madam; a very celebrated prima donna."

"Ay," said she, as though there was no discrepancy there. "I heard how the old fool—for he was no young man then—got smitten with her voice and her beauty, and made such a fuss about her, taking her here and there in his state coach, and giving great entertainments for her at the Embassy, where the arms of England were over the door; and I have been told that the King heard of it, and wrote to Sir Omerod a fearful letter, asking how he dared so to degrade the escutcheon of the great nation he represented. Ah, you may smile, sir." Maitland had indeed smiled alike at her tale and the energy with which she told it. "You may smile, sir; but it was no matter for laughter, I promise you. His Majesty called on him to resign, and the great Sir Omerod, who wouldn't know his own brother because he married a minister's daughter, fell from his high station for sake of—I will not say any hard words; but she was not certainly superior in station to myself, and I will make no other comparison between us."

"I suspect you have been greatly misled about all this, madam," said Maitland, with a quiet grave manner. "Sir Omerod — I heard it from my travelling companion—took his retiring pension and quitted diplomacy the very day he was entitled to it. So far from desiring him to leave, it is said that the Minister of the day pressed him to remain at his post. He has the re-

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putation of possessing no mean abilities, and certainly enjoyed the confidence of the Court to which he was accredited."

"I never heard so much good of him before; and to tell you the truth, Mr Maitland, if you had warned me that you were his friend, I'd scarcely have been so eager to make your acquaintance."

"Remember, my dear madam, all I have been telling you reached myself as hearsay."

"Well, well," said she, sighing. "He's not over likely to trouble his head about me, and I don't see why I am to fash myself for him. Are you minded to stay much longer in this neighbourhood, Mr Maitland?" said she, to change the topic.

"I fear not, madam. I have overstayed everything here but the kindness of my hosts. I have affairs which call me abroad, and some two or three engagements, that I have run to the very last hour. Indeed, I will confess to you, I delayed here to meet your son."

"To meet Tony, sir?"

"Yes, madam. In my intercourse with the Lyles I have learned to know a great deal about him; to hear traits of his fine generous nature, his manly frankness, and his courage. These were the testimonies of witnesses who differed widely from each other in age and temperament, and yet they all concurred in saying he was a noble-hearted young fellow, who richly deserved all the fortune that could befall him."

"Oh dear, sir, these are sweet words to his poor mother's ears. He is all that I have left me, and you cannot know how he makes up to me for want of station and means, and the fifty other things that people who are well-off look for. I do hope he'll come back before you leave this. I'd like to let you see I'm not over boastful about him."

"I have had a project in my head for some days back. Indeed, it was in pursuance of it I have been so persevering in my attempts to see you, madam. It occurred to me from what Sir Arthur Lyle said of your son, that he was just the person I have long been looking out for—a man of good name and good blood, fresh to the world, neither hackneyed, on the one hand, nor awkwardly ignorant, on the other—well brought up and high principled—a gentleman, in fact. It has long been a plan of mine to find one such as this, who, calling himself my secretary, would be in reality my companion and my friend—who would be content to share the fortunes of a somewhat wayward fellow for a year or two, till, using what little influence I possess, I could find means of effectually establishing him in life. Now, madam, I am very diffident about making such a proposal to one in every respect my equal, and, I have no doubt, more than my equal in some things; but if he were not my equal, there would be an end to what I desire in the project. In fact, to make the mere difference of age the question of superiority between us, is my plan. We should live together precisely on the terms of equality. In return for that knowledge of life I could impart to him—what I know of the world, not acquired altogether without some sharp experience — he would repay me by that hearty and genial freshness which is the wealth of the young. Now, madam, I will not tire you with any more of my speculations, purely selfish as they are; but will at once say, if when your son and I meet, this notion of mine is to his taste, all the minor details of it shall not deter him. I know I am not offering a career, but it is yet the first step that will fit him for one. A young fellow, gifted as he is, will needs become, in a couple of years' intercourse with what is pre-eminently society, a man of consummate tact and ability. All that I know of life convinces me that the successful men are the ready-witted men. Of course I intend to satisfy you with

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respect to myself. You have a right to know the stability of the bank to which you are intrusting your deposit. At all events, think over my plan, and if nothing has already fallen to your son's hands in London, ask him to come back here and talk it over with me. I can remain here for a week—that is, if I can hope to meet him."

The old lady listened with all attention and patience to this speech. She was pleased by the flattery of it. It was flattery, indeed, to hear that consummately fine gentleman declare that he was ready to accept Tony as his equal in all things, and it was more than flattery to fancy her dear boy mingling in the pleasures and fascinations of the great world, courted and admired, as she could imagine he would be; but there were still drawbacks to all these. The position was that of a dependant; and how would Tony figure in such a post? He was the finest tempered, most generous creature in the world, where no attempt to overbear interfered; but any show of offensive superiority would make a tiger of him.

Well, well, thought she, it's not to be rejected all at once, and I'll just talk it over with the minister. "May I consult an old friend and neighbour of mine, sir, before I speak to Tony himself?" said she, timidly.

"By all means, madam; or, if you like it better, let me call on him, and enter more fully into my plan than I have ventured to do with you."

"No, thank you, sir. I'll just talk the matter over with the doctor, and I'll see what he says to it all. This seems a very ungracious way to meet your great kindness, sir; but I was thinking of what a while ago you called my deposit, and so it is—it's all the wealth I possess—and even the thought of resigning it is more than I can bear."

"I hope to convince you one of these days, madam, that you have not invested unprofitably;" and with many courteous assurances that, decide how she might, his desire to serve her should remain, he took his leave, bequeathing, as he passed out, a glow of hope to the poor widow's heart, not the less cheering that she could not freely justify nor even define it.

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TYNDALL ON HEAT.

WITHIN the memory of a man not very old, what a revolution has taken place in our elementary books of science! and on no subject has the change been more conspicuous than on this of the nature of heat. Twenty years ago the young pupil of science would have been taught, without hesitation, that there was a peculiar material, to be called heat or caloric, which dwelt amongst the atoms of the most solid bodies, and of which fresh supplies were being constantly transmitted to us from the sun. He would have been told that each substance has its own capacity for holding this subtle matter, which, when thus imprisoned, was to be regarded as quiescent or latent heat; that whatever portion the body received, after this capacity had been satisfied, flew off again to other bodies in the shape of free caloric, and became radiant heat; and that this radiant heat was incessantly seeking an unattainable equilibrium, each body dispensing its superflux to its less provided neighbour, or finally ejecting it into empty space.

This theory is no longer taught. It received an almost fatal blow from Count Rumford and Sir Humphry Davy, who showed that the plain familiar fact that heat was generated by concussion or friction could not be explained on the hypothesis that the struck body lost some of its capacity for latent heat, and *therefore* projected a portion of its latent heat in the shape of free caloric. Count Rumford boiled water by violent blows or friction upon iron, and asked triumphantly what loss of capacity could explain the apparently unlimited supply of heat he obtained from the metal? Sir Humphry Davy rubbed two pieces of ice together, and melted the ice by the heat generated by this friction. Ice that is converted into water has its capacity for heat *increased;* there could be no ground here for saying that latent heat was disengaged. The heat could be attributed to nothing but the friction, and could be represented to the mind as nothing but a motion, faster or slower, in the particles of the ice. But that which gave the *coup de grace* to the older theory of heat, was the growing prevalence of that theory of *light* which attributes it to a vibratory motion of a permanent ether, and not to the emission from the sun of a specific material to be called light. While the emission theory predominated, it was natural and unavoidable that heat also should be considered as some subtle and specific matter imparted to us from the sun. It travelled to us from the same luminary, and obeyed many of the same laws in its dispersion and reflection. But when the vibratory theory prevailed with regard to light, it was impossible not to extend it to heat also. Light and radiant heat were considered as different motions of the same subtle and interstellar matter. We say radiant heat, because heat of conduction — the heat derived from contact with any tangible substance —does not apparently need the intervention of this subtle ether. It may be simply a motion of that matter which we weigh and measure—which lies open, in short, to the sense of touch. This is a point which our men of science have still, perhaps, to determine. Thus much is certain, that no one who holds

'Heat considered as a Mode of Motion: Being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the Season of 1862.' By John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution.

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the vibratory theory of *light* can well hold an emission theory of *heat*.

Heat, therefore, is now generally considered as a peculiar *motion*, not a peculiar *matter*. But it may be well to observe that those who held, or who still hold, that there is a specific material to be called heat, never conceived of that material as operating in any way but by its motion. Matter and motion are all we *can* conceive of the external world. We may imagine new matter or new motion—we can do no more; we can form no bolder hypothesis concerning physical phenomena than that there is some subtle matter, and some minute or rapid movement, which escape our senses, and the knowledge of which we obtain only by an inference of the reason. In our latest theory of heat we make both these suppositions. We infer the existence of an ethereal matter filling the interstellar space, and we infer molecular motions, which neither the eye nor the touch can detect. The older theory differed only in this, that the matter it imagined or inferred had no other office than to cause by its motions the phenomena of heat: the ether of the modern hypothesis may be light or heat, according to the movement it has received. When Professor Tyndall quotes Locke as describing heat to be "a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object which produces in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so, what in our sensation is *heat*, in the object is nothing but *motion*," we must not suppose that Locke is an authority for the especial theory which is here developed. Locke, reasoning as a metaphysician, knew that the external cause of the sensation heat could be conceived by human beings only as some peculiar motion of matter; but of what matter, and whether all matter were capable of this motion, or only some specific matter, it was not the aim or province of Locke to determine.

These Lectures of Professor Tyndall present us with a most interesting summary of the latest experiments and speculations on this great subject of heat. One portion of them is occupied with experiments which he himself has devised and conducted; for Professor Tyndall is well known to be more than an expositor, he is an earnest worker—one of our pioneers of science, exploring and clearing the way for others. The book that he has here given to the public must interest all classes of men; it is sufficiently popular to be intelligible to every educated reader, and sufficiently advanced to prompt and guide the onward inquiries of the scientific man. Here and there we think we have observed some haste, some carelessness, or obscurity in the reasonings of the lecturer; but these blemishes—if even we shall be judged right in our criticisms—can detract little from the merits of his highly interesting work.

We have not the least intention on the present occasion of standing between the author and the public, and giving an epitome of these Lectures. Sometimes a reviewer cannot perform a more serviceable task than to abstract what is best in the book before him, and save the reader the trouble of sifting the wheat from the chaff. In the present case it would be a most mistaken labour if we were to attempt to condense what is already stated with as much brevity as is consistent with clearness. Moreover, we have not the advantage of those diagrams which are almost essential to the lucid explanation of scientific experiments. It is altogether out of the question to give a summary of a book so full of matter. We must content ourselves with some outline of the theory it expounds, and with some few observations on what may be described as the more speculative portions of the work. It is not quite unusual with our scientific contemporaries to generalise in a bold, rapid, and unsatisfactory manner on the Force

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or forces of nature. Contemptuous enough of the metaphysician, they nevertheless plunge very willingly into abstractions near akin to those which are supposed to form the opprobrium of metaphysics; and they do this without any apparent distrust of themselves, or of the treacherous nature of the ground they are treading on. Something like this we may have to notice in the speculations of Professor Tyndall.

That heat is produced by friction or concussion is one of those familiar facts which lie open to the most careless observation; but that the same amount of heat should be invariably produced by the same amount of arrested motion, *whatever the substances that are brought into collision*, is one of those facts which could only have been elicited by the experiments of scientific men. That whether we struck iron or struck water, so that the blow was delivered with equal force, there would be the same amount of heat generated, is the last thing we should have expected. Yet this appears to be now established. Every man who had learned to believe in the uniformity of the laws or operations of nature, would at once leap to the conclusion that, if arrested mechanical motion, or the conflict of two bodies, produced that interior molecular motion we call heat, there must be an invariable relation of some kind between these two motions, between mechanical force and heat. But the determination of this relation, and the discovery that, notwithstanding the different nature of the bodies brought into collision, we may always estimate the amount of heat by the mechanical force, and, moreover, that the heat generated represents a force exactly *equal* to that mechanical power which was lost in its production, are truths which rank amongst the most curious results of modern science. Amongst our own countrymen, Mr Joule seems to have a large share in the merit of these discoveries; but where many are thinking in the same direction it is always a difficult matter to apportion the merit of discovery. We cannot do better than quote Professor Tyndall's account:—

"Dr Mayer, of Heilbronn, in Germany, enunciated the exact relation which subsists between heat and work, giving the number which is now known as the 'mechanical equivalent of heat,' and following up the statement of the principle by its fearless application. It is, however, to Mr Joule, of Manchester, that we are almost wholly indebted for the *experimental* treatment of this important subject. Entirely independent of Mayer, with his mind firmly fixed upon a principle, and undismayed by the coolness with which his first labours appear to have been received, he persisted for years in his attempts to prove the invariability of the relation which subsists between heat and ordinary mechanical force. He placed water in a suitable vessel, and agitated that water by paddles, driven by measurable forces, and determined both the amount of heat developed by the stirring of the liquid, and the amount of labour expended in the process. He did the same with mercury and with sperm oil. He also caused discs of iron to rub against each other, and measured the heat produced by their friction, and the force expended in overcoming it. He also urged water through capillary tubes, and determined the amount of heat generated by the friction of the liquid against the side of the tubes. And the results of his experiments leave no shadow of doubt upon the mind that, under all circumstances, the quantity of heat generated by the same amount of force is fixed and invariable. A given amount of force in causing the iron discs to rotate against each other produced precisely the same amount of heat as when it was applied to agitate water, mercury, or sperm oil. Of course, at the end of an experiment, the *temperatures* in the respective cases would be different; that of water, for example, would be 1-30th of the temperature of the mercury, because, as we already know, the capacity of water for heat is thirty times that of mercury. Mr Joule took this into account in reducing his experiments, and found, as I have stated, that, however the temperature might differ, in consequence of the different capacity for heat of the substances employed, the absolute amount of heat generated by the same expenditure of power was in all cases the same."

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We must still, it seems, be allowed to speak of the "capacity for heat," since no other expression has yet come into use for the very important fact that different substances require different amounts of heat—or of that molecular motion which we call heat—to raise them to the same temperature. A defunct theory often leaves its nomenclature behind it. We have only to dissociate the term "capacity" from its former companion, *latent heat*, and connect it with that interior motion which has now taken its place in our speculations.

As we have already intimated, it has not only been proved that in all cases the same absolute amount of heat is generated by a given mechanical force, but also that this amount of heat can, in turn, be converted into a mechanical force, or produce a mechanical motion, exactly equal to that which first generated *it*. Thus a pound weight falling on the earth from a height of 772 feet, will produce an amount of heat which would raise a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Well, this pound of water raised one degree Fahrenheit (supposing its heat all mechanically applied), would be competent to lift a pound weight 772 feet high, or it would lift 772 lb. one foot high. Mr Joule adopted these figures as a standard for future calculations. The rather harsh expression of "foot-pound" has been introduced for the lifting of one pound one foot, so that his mechanical equivalent for heat stands thus: Heat raising the temperature of a pound of water one degree = 772 foot-pounds.

Professor Tyndall has expressed the same law in the appendix to one of his lectures in a manner which will perhaps bring it still more distinctly before the mind of the reader. "This pound of coal," he says, "which I hold in my hand, produces by its combination with oxygen an amount of heat which, if mechanically applied, would suffice to raise a weight of 100 lb. to a height of twenty miles above the earth's surface. Conversely, 100 lb. falling from a height of twenty miles, and striking against the earth, would generate an amount of heat equal to that developed by the combustion of a pound of coal."

Mechanical motion, or motion of a mass, is converted, we say, into molecular motion, or that atomic motion which constitutes the physical phenomena of heat. Conversely, the atomic motion (as in the elastic vapour of steam) spends itself in producing the mechanical motion of a mass. Professor Tyndall's favourite expression for the latter case is, that the heat "does work," and vanishes in that work. But we observe that he does not apply this expression "doing work" to the mere *pressure* which an elastic substance exerts on some resisting circumference; he appears to employ it only when actual motion is produced. Yet in no instance have we more distinctly the idea of *force exerted* than when an elastic body, whether a steel spring or a confined vapour, is pressing hard to escape from its confinement. This point should be cleared up. One of the earliest experiments in the volume appears to us to have been explained, or reasoned on, defectively, owing to this limitation in the meaning of "work" or "force." As the only apparatus employed in this experiment is a long tube, in which a piston moves up and down, it may be readily understood without the aid of a diagram; and as it is one on which it is necessary to have clear ideas, we will venture to bring it (although the quotation is rather long) before the reader.

"Suppose I have a quantity of air contained in a very tall cylinder A B (fig. 21), the transverse section of which is one square inch in area. Let the top A of the cylinder be open to the air, and let P be a piston, which, for reasons to be explained immediately, I will suppose to weigh 2 lb. 1 oz., and which moves air-tight and without friction up and down in the cylinder. At the commencement of the experiment, let the piston be at the point P of the cylin-

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der, and let the height of the cylinder from its bottom B to the point P be 273 inches, the air underneath the piston being at a temperature of 0° C. Then on heating the air from 0° to 1° C., the piston will rise one inch; it will now stand at 274 inches above the bottom. If the temperature be raised two degrees the piston will stand at 275, if raised three degrees it will stand at 276, if raised ten degrees it will stand at 283 inches above the bottom; finally, if the temperature were raised to 273° C. it is quite manifest 273 inches would be added to the height of the column, or, in other words, by heating the air to 273° C., *its volume would be doubled.*

"It is evident that the gas in this experiment executes work. In expanding from P upwards it has to overcome the downward pressure of the atmosphere, which amounts to 15 lb. on every square inch, and also the weight of the piston itself, which is 2 lb. 1 oz. Hence, the section of the cylinder being one square inch in area, in expanding from P to P the work done by the gas is equivalent to the raising a weight of 17 lb. 1 oz., or 273 ounces to a height of 273 inches. It is just the same as what it would accomplish if the air above P were entirely abolished, and a piston weighing 17 lb. 1 oz. were placed at P.

"Let us now alter our mode of experiment, and instead of allowing our gas to expand when heated, let us oppose its expansion by augmenting the pressure upon it. In other words, let us keep *its volume constant* while it is being heated. Suppose, as before, the initial temperature of the gas to be 0° C., the pressure upon it, including the weight of the piston P, being as formerly 273 ounces. Let us warm the gas from 0° C. to 1° C.; what weight must we add at P in order to keep its volume constant? Exactly one ounce. But we have supposed the gas at the commencement to be under a pressure of 273 ounces, and the pressure it sustains is the measure of its elastic force; hence, by being heated one degree, the elastic force of the gas has augmented by $\frac{1}{273}$d of what it possessed at 0°. If we warm it 2° two ounces must be added to keep its volume constant; if 3° three ounces must be added. And if we raise its temperature 273° we should have to add 273 ounces—that is, we should have to *double the original pressure* to keep the volume constant.

"Let us now compare this experiment with the last one. *There* we heated a certain amount of gas from 0° to 273°, and doubled its volume by so doing, the double volume being attained while the gas lifted a weight of 273 ounces to a height of 273 inches. *Here* we heat the same amount of gas from 0° to 273°, but we do not permit it to lift any weight. We keep its volume constant. The quantity of matter heated is the same; the *temperature* to which it is heated is in both cases the same; but are the *absolute quantities* of heat imparted in both cases the same? By no means. Supposing that to raise the temperature of the gas whose *volume* is kept constant 273°, ten grains of combustible matter are necessary; then to raise the temperature of the gas, where *pressure* is kept constant, an equal number of degrees, would require the consumption of $14\frac{1}{4}$ grains of the same combustible matter. *The heat produced by the combustion of the additional* $4\frac{1}{4}$ *grains, in the latter case, is entirely consumed in lifting the weight.*"

Now, as the capacity for heat (we of course bear in mind what this expression now means) of rarified air is greater than that of a denser air, the explanation of this experiment which first suggests itself is, that the $4\frac{1}{4}$ grains represent the difference between the capacity of heat of the more and less expanded atmosphere. In other words, that the *work done* by this $4\frac{1}{4}$ grains was the sustaining the atmosphere in this rarer state. But if this explanation is set aside, and the combustion of the $4\frac{1}{4}$ grains represents the power that raised the piston 273 inches, what representative have we of that force which was pressing against, and was just balanced by, a weight of 273 ounces? It appears to us that, in both experiments, there is the same amount of mechanical force displayed; for surely if it was necessary at each elevation of temperature to add an additional weight to keep the volume of the gas constant, this is sufficient demonstration that the elastic atmosphere, under this process of heating, was constantly developing a greater and a greater force. According to Professor Tyndall's explanation, we are to suppose that force is exerted, or work done in lifting the unweighted piston, but not in sustaining the pistons, that has additional weights

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put upon it, at the same point in the tube. This is, at all events, a very arbitrary definition of force, or work done, and one which it would be very difficult to justify. Pressure is as much an actual force as momentum. The Professor surely does not rank it under that "potential energy" of which he speaks hereafter, and on which we shall have to offer a passing observation.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this dynamic theory of heat is its application to the phenomena of combustion, and to all cases where heat is the result of chemical combination. When the candle or the gas is burning before us, we are to conceive that there is a collision or clashing together of the particles of the oxygen of the air, and the constituents of the candle or the gas. This motion is the heat of the matter consumed, and by affecting that ether which is supposed to be diffused through all space, it is the cause of light and of radiant heat. As chemical affinity can only be represented to our imagination by the movement of particles to each other, so now we are to understand that this movement is one of extreme violence. The atoms may have, under the influence of this affinity, to traverse a very small space, but we are to imagine them making the transit with a rapidity and momentum which, "measured by any ordinary mechanical standard, is enormous." Some attempts have been made to estimate the force with which the atoms would rush together, by the force requisite to separate them. Whether such calculations are altogether trustworthy, time (that is, prolonged and varied investigation) must decide. At present there seems to run through all such calculations a certain hypothetical element which justifies a measure of distrust. We have not yet sufficiently penetrated into the nature of these molecular attractions which pass under the name of chemical affinities, to reason satisfactorily upon them. It is plain we cannot altogether adopt the analogy of *mechanical* motion when arguing upon them, because we have not only a collision and recoil and dance of the atoms, but we have also this phenomenon of new and intimate adhesion to explain. The "interior work" of which Professor Tyndall so often speaks is still of necessity a region more of imagination than of fact. When, for instance, we are told of a certain amount of heat applied to water that it "turns round the atoms," and of another amount that it "separates the atoms," we must feel that we are groping a little in the dark. Here is a case in which the heat applied is said to produce only the first of these motions :—

"Water expands on both sides of 4° C. or 39° F. At 4° C. it has maximum density. Suppose a pound of water heated from 3¾° C. to 4¼° C.—that is, 1° —its volume at both temperatures is the same ; there has been no forcing asunder whatever of the atomic centres, and still, though the volume is unchanged, an amount of heat has been imparted to the water sufficient, if mechanically applied, to raise a weight of 1390 lb. a foot high. *The interior work done here by the heat can be nothing more than the turning round of the atoms of the water. It separates the attracting poles of the atoms by a tangential movement*, but leaves their centres at the same distance asunder first and last. The conceptions with which I here deal may not be easy to those unaccustomed to such studies, but they are capable of perfect clearness of realisation to all who have the patience to dwell upon them sufficiently long."

We are happy to hear that they are capable of such "clearness of realisation." If we ourselves cannot feel that we are treading on very secure ground in this specific description of atomic movements, we are quite disposed to acquiesce in, and admire the broad generalisations which this dynamic theory of heat presents to us. A boy strikes one flint against another, and produces a spark. He feels the stone hot when he touches it. He cannot explain this fact ; he may

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never be able to explain it; but he may learn that some of the most subtle and concealed, as well as the most magnificent, operations of nature, are nothing but repetitions of the same fact. If it was a great triumph of science to detect the analogy between the falling of a stone to the earth and the tendency of the earth and all the planets to gravitate towards the sun, it is also another triumph of science to establish the analogy between the simple fact that two stones struck together produce heat, and the apparently most dissimilar phenomenon of combustion.

Wherever there is arrested motion there is heat. Those who delight in speculating upon the destruction of our world by fire, have the means close at hand, so to speak, for producing their universal conflagration. They need not call in the assistance of fiery comets, nor even of that molten mass which is supposed to occupy the centre of our planet. Scientific men have calculated the heat that would be produced by simply stopping the earth in its orbit. "Knowing as we do," says Professor Tyndall, "the weight of the earth, and the velocity with which it moves through space, a simple calculation would enable us to determine the exact amount of heat which would be developed supposing the earth to be stopped in its orbit. Mayer and Helmholtz have made this calculation, and found that the quantity of heat generated by the colossal shock would be quite sufficient, not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it, in great part, to vapour." It must of course be understood that the stoppage of the earth is to be effected in some way that will produce a concussion of its parts. If the whole globe were at once deprived of its motion, there would be no such concussion; everything would rest in its own place. When a railway train is brought to a sudden stop, the passengers are thrown together with great violence, because they retain their forward movement, while the carriage in which they sit is arrested. If the wand of a magician could at once deprive every particle of the train, and of all that it carries, of its motion, the passengers would sit tranquilly enough, and in mere wonderment at their sudden pause. Unless, therefore, we drive the earth against some resisting barrier, we must suppose a *part only* of its substance to be suddenly deprived of motion in order to produce the requisite shock. If half the world were miraculously deprived of its momentum, thus throwing the other half upon it, there would be doubtless heat enough generated to cause "the elements to melt with fervent heat." Professor Tyndall adds that, "if after the stoppage of its motion the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5600 worlds of solid carbon."

This reminds us that Professor Tyndall speaks with far more respect than, in the estimation of sober-minded men, it surely deserves, of an hypothesis which has been lately thrown into the scientific world, and which seeks to explain the heat of the sun by the supposition that huge masses of matter are constantly being hurled upon it. Those meteoric stones, which were wandering purposeless amongst the planets, have suddenly been elevated into the causes of that central heat which is the life of all the planets. Our Professor does not absolutely adopt this hypothesis, but he gives it "honourable mention," and commends it to our grave consideration. It is not because the image that is here presented to us of the sun being beaten, like a huge drum, on all sides by enormous stones, is of a cumbrous and most unpoetic character, that we object to this hypothesis. Some concussion of matter against matter we conclude to be the immediate cause of the sun's heat, and the concussion amongst the *atoms* of

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the matter of the sun may be preceded by the mechanical concussion of some masses of matter. The palpable objection to the hypothesis is, that there is no sufficient ground for supposing that this meteoric matter is being precipitated on the sun; and, if there were, there is no provision made for the perpetual, steady supply (which the case so manifestly demands) of this interplanetary matter which, at measured intervals, is, by falling into the sun, to heat and illuminate it. But let us hear Professor Tyndall's account of this strange hypothesis :—

"There is another theory, which, however bold it may, at first sight, appear, deserves our earnest attention. I have already referred to it as the meteoric theory of the sun's heat. Solar space is peopled with ponderable objects; Kepler's celebrated statement that 'there are more comets in the heavens than fish in the ocean,' refers to the fact that a small portion of the total number of comets belonging to our system are seen from the earth. But besides comets and planets and moons, a numerous class of bodies belong to our system —asteroids, which, from their smallness, might be regarded as cosmical atoms. Like the planets and the comets, these smaller bodies obey the law of gravity, and revolve on elliptic orbits round the sun; and it is they, when they come within the earth's atmosphere, that, fired by friction, appear to us as meteors or falling stars.

"On a bright night, twenty minutes rarely pass at any part of the earth's surface without the appearance of at least one meteor. At certain times (the 12th of August and the 14th of November) they appear in enormous numbers. During nine hours of observation in Boston, when they were described as falling as thick as snow-flakes, 240,000 meteors were calculated to have been observed. The number falling in a year might perhaps be estimated at hundreds or thousands of millions, and even these would constitute but a small portion of the total crowd of asteroids that circulate round the sun. From the phenomena of light and heat, and by the direct observations of Encke on his comet, we learn that the universe is filled by a resisting medium, through the friction of which all the masses of our system are drawn gradually towards the sun. And though the larger planets show, in historic times, no diminution of the periods of their revolution, this may not hold good for the smaller bodies.

"Following up these reflections, we should infer, that while this immeasurable stream of ponderable matter rolls unceasingly towards the sun, it must augment in density as it approaches its centre of convergence. And here the conjecture naturally arises, that that weak nebulous light of vast dimensions which embraces the sun—the 'Zodiacal Light'—may owe its existence to these crowded meteoric masses. However that may be, it is at least proved that this luminous phenomenon arises from matter which circulates in obedience to planetary laws; the entire mass constituting the zodiacal light must be constantly approaching and incessantly raining its substance down upon the sun."

It will be understood that it is not necessary that the masses of matter thus precipitated upon the sun should be combustible; their mechanical concussion would be sufficient to occasion that atomic motion which is supposed again to operate on that subtle interstellar ether which occupies all space, and whose vibrations are to us light and radiant heat. But it is not enough to say with Professor Tyndall—"Here is an agency competent to restore his lost energy to the sun, and maintain a temperature at his surface which transcends all terrestrial combustion"—some proof, some probability must be offered us, that there is such an agency at work. No one has the least right to assert that these asteroids are falling into the sun; an astronomer loses sight of two of them in the blaze of that luminary, and surmises that they may have fallen into it; this is really the only step towards establishing the fact that this is their destination. As to the supposition that the interstellar ether is gradually bringing the planets and all revolving bodies down upon the surface of the sun, observation gives us no sufficient ground for any such inference. We infer that this ether retards the movements of the planets, because we think matter, however subtle, ought to act in this way; but no observation on the revolution of

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the planets has justified this inference; and we should lay far too much stress on the observations made upon a single comet, that of Encke, if we hold these to be ground enough for asserting that the interstellar ether is acting to retard the revolution of all planetary bodies. In our present state of knowledge, an opposite conjecture would be just as plausible—namely, that this ether, if it exists, is connected with the revolution of the planets as one of the *causes* of that revolution, and not as a resistant to it. Even if this abundance of meteors was considered an adequate supply for very many centuries to come, it is still a limited supply; there is no machinery suggested by which the material thus cast into the sun can be brought back, to be again thrown upon it. And some such *cycle* of events the nature of the case impels us to imagine. When, to account for the fall of rain, some ancient philosopher imagined a supply of water above the clouds, on the other side of what appeared to him the crystal vault of the sky, it was soon felt to be a bungling contrivance. Large as the supply might be, it was perceived that in time the cistern must run out. Nothing satisfied the imagination till it was shown how the water which fell was again raised into the air to fall again as rain. And no theory of the heat of the sun can satisfy the scientific imagination of the present age, which does not show that in the very organisation of nature there is provision made for a perpetual renovation of the heat of the sun.

What the scientific man must constantly aim at is to represent to himself the universe, or what he can grasp as the universe, as one complete whole, or complete organisation, in which the forces or activities of matter are being constantly renewed by those very arrangements of matter which are the result of such forces. Force, or energy, or the activity of matter (words which may be used synonymously) is always determined by some relation of co-existence, or position, between matter and matter; it is some form of attraction or repulsion. These relations determine the energy put forth, and this energy again produces new relations from which proceed other activities, and so on in endless succession. This truth being acknowledged, it follows that we can have no proper conception of physical force apart from these relations of co-existence and of sequence. We have the relationship of co-existence followed by some sequent activity in one or both of the related substances. A knowledge of all the co-existences and all the sequences in the world would be perfect science. We have no legitimate conception (this should be borne in mind) of physical power disconnected from some relation of co-existence. We say physical power, because that absolute power we attribute to the Creator of the whole is altogether a different conception. It is always some *whole* or organisation which we speak of as being created by that Divine Power and Intelligence. It is for these reasons, we may remark, and not from any reluctance to ascend, or to rest in the Divine Power, that the man of science is dissatisfied with the reference of any one specific force or activity of matter to the direct agency of the Creator. For instance, in our astronomical treatises we are told that the motion of the earth round the sun is composed of two forces or movements—a centrifugal and a centripetal. The latter of these is explained as the force of gravity: that is, a relation of co-existence is given us from which universally results this force of gravity. The other force, the centrifugal, has no analogous explanation given it; we do not know the co-existence which is the condition of this force; we are directly referred to the Creator; perhaps a poetic image fills the place of scientific explanation, and the planets are spoken of as "launched from the hand of God." This state of our astronomical theory is very

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unsatisfactory, and though the scientific man cannot yet demonstrate his conviction, he *is* convinced that some explanation will one day be given of the revolution of the earth round the sun which will free our astronomical books from this anomaly. He is convinced that whatever forces are engaged in this movement, they belong, in the same manner, to material substances, and are due, in the same manner, to the Author of the whole. Perhaps he expects that electricity, magnetism, diamagnetism, some of these forces and relations but lately investigated, will enable him to work out his problem; but, at all events, he feels persuaded that there is some solution of the problem, and that the rotation of the earth on its own axis, and its revolution round the sun, will be found to be due to the properties bestowed on matter, in the same sense as the movement of the magnetic needle in some electro-magnetic experiment, or any other movement in our system, is said to be due to the properties of matter. Some have boldly cut the knot by supposing that every atom in the system rotated from the commencement, and have imagined that commencement as one whirl of atoms out of which our system evolved. But even so, we require, in this whirl of atoms, some *relation between the atoms* determining their rotations.

The theorist must not present us with a sun which will *go out* when some unreplenishable stock of meteors is exhausted. Not such the living nature before us, ever bringing about those circumstances or relations necessary to its own activity. So far as we understand that nature, it is not decay, but growth or progressive development, that we have to look forward to and explain. Professor Tyndall suggests to us, through Dr Mayer, that we attach too much importance to our solar system. It may indeed have its limited period of duration, and life and intelligence, dying out in this portion of the universe, may rise into existence elsewhere; but we have no specific knowledge that points to its decay, or to the dying down of the energies of nature. All our knowledge is indicative of progress, of increased or exalted energies. So far as we can understand our world, the energies of one age or epoch are not only repeated in the next, but they also prepare such new arrangement of materials as leads to novel and increased energies in the future. The past prepared for the present, and the present is preparing for the future.

We shall here be reminded that our advanced men of science and philosophy have proclaimed the doctrine of the *conservation* or *persistency* of force; of the constancy of the sum of all the energies of nature; that they regard our progressive development as produced by a change in the direction of force, but are zealous to maintain that there can be no addition to the amount of force in the universe.

It may seem to be a matter of idle speculation what view we take of such a subject. Science and art will prosper just as well under the doctrine of conservation of force as under the persuasion that the energies of one epoch prepare for a display of still greater energies in a succeeding epoch. Nor, happily, has the question any bearing on theology. The great organism of the world may be interpreted differently, yet both interpreters may refer it to the same Divine Intelligence. The only reason we should give for canvassing the subject is the importance of retaining, if possible, clear ideas of the nature of force. It appears to us that the attempt to reconcile the doctrine of the constancy of force with that of the progressive development of the world, leads to obscure and deluding definitions of the term Force.

Professor Tyndall winds up his lectures by stating the now popular doctrine in the following words:—

"To nature nothing can be added; from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge, is to shift the con-

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stituents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation."

Of course the Professor means *additional* creation; he is not controverting the belief in creation itself. The reasoning by which this doctrine of conservation of force is supported, runs thus: Every actual present force had for its antecedent an equal force, and will be followed by an equal force; it is, therefore, impossible within the established system of nature, consistently with the great law of cause and effect, to interpolate a force that shall be an addition to the sum of nature's forces. No mechanical movement takes place without being caused by some previous movement, which previous movement was destroyed in producing it. Again, if two bodies chemically combine, the new combination is produced by the breaking up of previous combinations or cohesions. The new union was preceded by a disruption, or a destruction of some older union. There is change of direction of force, but no additional force. In short, the conservation of force seems a plain deduction from the great law of causation, and in this shape, we believe, it was first enunciated, at least in modern literature, by the indefatigable Leibnitz.

But is it a corollary from the law of causation? Force can only be described as the energy or activity of matter, and this activity is invariably determined by some relation between two or more material substances or bodies. Force always implies a relation. One particle propels another,—attracts or unites with another. Now, the present relation of position of any two particles of matter is a fact that had a cause; but this relation, also, becomes itself a cause (or, as some would call it, a *condition*), and determines the subsequent energy or force. Every event in nature depends on some antecedent event or events, because those circumstances, without which it could not have taken place, were the result of these antecedent events. But in another sense, every event in nature is equally original and independent, for it springs immediately from the actual relations of the moment. If, therefore, by the activities of nature new relations or new arrangements of matter are brought about, and if, by means of these new arrangements, fresh activities are rendered possible, how can it be still said that the sum of all the forces must be constant?

The fact is, that in the process of reasoning we have been describing, what is called *change of direction* is our actual force. What is called the new direction is a new activity of matter. When gunpowder explodes, the advocate of the constancy of the amount of force will tell us that the new combination —the gas suddenly evolved—is produced at the expense of combinations that previously existed; the constituents of the gunpowder and the constituents of the atmosphere forsake old combinations to form new. But it is precisely this destroying the old and forming the new combination that *is* a new force, a new activity introduced into the sum of things. Or take the very simplest example we can find: a body in motion encounters one at rest, it propels it, and loses a part of its own motion in doing so; but this propelling or *re*pelling is a new activity dependent on the relations between a moving and a stationary body. The cases, however, to which we have chiefly to allude are those in which the movements of matter have resulted in some new arrangement of materials,—in a new compound, as we are accustomed to call it. When this new compound comes itself into certain relations with other substances, a new activity is produced. You may call it a *new change* of the direction of forces, but this new change is itself a new activity.

The idea that force is some *entity* —something that acts on matter instead of being simply the activity of matter—is the source of all this

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embarrassment. If we conceive of force as some subtle fluid or essence, of which there is a given quantity in our system (just as there is a given unalterable quantity of matter), then, of course, we have only, as it were, to pour it from one vessel into another; we alter but we do not increase the energies of nature. But this conception of force results simply from the old mistake of taking an abstract or general term for a reality. Force, viewed separately from matter, is nothing. It needs only a careful reflection to perceive that force can mean nothing but the activities of matter. These activities depend on relations of co-existence. If new *force-producing relations* are brought into play by the many activities of nature, there is no difficulty in conceiving that the sum of these activities may be increased without any contradiction to the law of causation. What are called the "changes of direction" are multiplied. In fact, the activities of matter are multiplied. One epoch of its activities may thus prepare for a future epoch of increased activity or energy.

The favourite illustration that has been given of this doctrine of the conservation of force, and one which has so seized on the popular imagination that we meet it everywhere, is the case of *coal*. It would serve as a very apt illustration of an opposite view. The heat of the sun of other ages, the flow of water, and the heaving and subsiding of the earth in other ages, brought into existence this new arrangement of carbon, &c. We dig it out of the bowels of the earth, where it lay a quiescent mass, we bring it into contact with the air, we burn it, we produce heat. Well, the sun is still shining as of old, the waters are still flowing as of old, and the earth has its old mysterious movements; but in addition we have this new activity, this heat from burning the coal.

The popular expression is, that the heat of forgotten suns is *stored up* in the carbon. It is a foolish expression. We might as well say it was stored up in the oxygen of the atmosphere. But, in fact, there is no heat in existence till the two have come together under favourable circumstances for their union. What the sun effected, was that new aggregation of matter by means of which, under given circumstances, heat could be produced. Professor Tyndall speaks of storing up "potential energy," as if there could be any energy but "actual energy" of some kind — as if potential energy could mean anything more than that arrangement of particles from which some foreseen activity will spring.

But all this provision of coal would have been useless without the activity of the human being who digs it from the earth. It is the multiplication of living beings, and especially of human beings, which is the most remarkable instance of the increase of nature's energies. If that subtle arrangement of materials which we call a vital organism is multiplied, there must be an addition to all those energies we call life, and all those energies which the action of living beings brings about in the external world. The physiologist may tell us that the brain and muscle of a man are derived from his food, and that the energy they exert is the transmuted energy of the chemical affinities he has, in the process of assimilation, broken asunder. If this be so, this transmutation *is* the very novelty—is precisely the new activity we have to admire. And what does not the brain and hand of man effect in bringing together materials which would else remain in passive separation! Why, simply the forces at play in all the laboratories of Europe would form a respectable item in the sum of our terrestrial activities. All these voltaic batteries, with their subtle arrangement of acids and metals and conductors, are combinations brought about by the agency of man. By such combinations—and, of course, in no other way—does he multiply the activities of matter.

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Professor Tyndall escapes from the difficulty, and makes the sum of nature's forces always constant, by introducing what he calls "potential energy." The coal had the potential energy for being burnt. When it *is* burnt, an actual energy is gained, and a potential energy is lost. Yet he seems sometimes to be aware that what he calls "potential energy" is nothing but an arrangement of materials, from which we predict some *future* energy. When we see a familiar substance, we immediately *foresee* the future activity it will, under certain circumstances, display; and we describe this future activity as the property of the substance. But such activity is really future. The coal has now simply its cohesion and its gravity; it *will have* the energy of combustion.

In justice to Professor Tyndall, and also as a further illustration of the subject, we ought to quote the passage in which our author defines his *potential energy*:—

"I draw up this weight. It is now suspended at a height of sixteen feet above the floor; it is just as motionless as when it rested on the floor; but by introducing a space between the floor and it, I entirely change the condition of the weight. By raising it I have conferred upon it a motion-producing power. There is now an action possible to it, which was not possible when it rested upon the earth; *it can fall*, and in its descent can turn a machine, or perform other work. It has no energy as it hangs there dead and motionless; but energy is possible to it, and we might fairly use the term *possible energy* to express this power of motion which the weight possesses, but which has not yet been exercised by falling; or we might call it 'potential energy,' as some eminent men have already done. This potential energy is derived, in the case before us, from the pull of gravity, —which pull has not yet, however, eventuated in motion."

Let us observe, by way of parenthesis, that the present *pull of gravity* which the weight is making at the rope is its *actual energy*. When the rope is loosened, and a new condition of things occurs, there will be another and another actual energy — the falling with accelerated speed. The future energy contemplated by us as probable, is, in fact, our *potential* energy.

"But I now let the string go; the weight falls, and reaches the earth's surface with a velocity of thirty-two feet a second. At every moment of descent it was pulled down by gravity, and its final moving force is the summation of the pulls. While in the act of falling, the energy of the weight is active. It may be called *actual* energy, in antithesis to *possible*; or it may be called *dynamic* energy, in antithesis to potential; or we might call the energy with which the weight descends *moving force*. Do not be inattentive to these points; we must be able promptly to distinguish between energy *in store* and energy *in action*. Once for all, let us take the term of Mr Rankine, and call the energy in store 'potential,' and the energy in action 'actual.' If after this I should use the terms 'possible energy' and 'dynamic energy,' or 'moving force,' you will have no difficulty in affixing the exact idea to these terms. And remember *exactness* is here essential. We must not now tolerate vagueness in our conception."

We have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that we do not take our author off his guard, or in a moment of carelessness. He is bent upon strict definition of his terms. He has begun by showing that by raising the weight from the earth he has done two things: he has given it an actual energy—the pull of gravity which it has at the point where it hangs suspended; and by bringing about an arrangement of circumstances, he has made it very probable that the weight will manifest still other energies. Free it from the rope and it will fall—fall with increasing energy; but that falling with increasing energy is, at the moment of its hanging there, merely a future event contemplated by us as certain to take place on the loosing of the rope. The potential energy is an energy *to be developed*. Let us proceed.

"One weight started from a height of sixteen feet; let us fix our attention upon it after it has accomplished the first foot of its fall. The total pull, if I may use the term, to be expended on it, has been then diminished by the amount

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expended in its passing through the first foot. At the height of fifteen feet it has one foot less of potential energy than it possessed at the height of sixteen feet; but at the height of fifteen feet it has got an equivalent amount of dynamic or actual energy which, if reversed in direction, would raise it again to its primitive height. Hence, as potential energy disappears, dynamic energy comes into play. *Throughout the universe the sum of these two energies is constant.*"

This last announcement, marked thus in italics by the author, sounds like some triumphant exposition of a great law or truth. But what meaning are we to attach to it? "The sum of *these two energies* is constant"! Then the potential energy is some existent energy capable of being summed up with the actual. But the simple fact is, that the weight in falling will fall with increased momentum. Is this increased momentum, which belongs exclusively to the future condition of the weight, to be reasoned on as a present force of some kind? And if we understand by potential energy—what alone we *can* understand—the energy that *will be*, what meaning of any kind can we attach to this oracular announcement?

This and other obscurities result, as we have said, from the habit of regarding Force as an entity in itself, instead of being merely the action or the force of the atoms of matter. Matter is always active in some way, so that force is always with us; and the activity of the one moment prepares, by the new conditions it brings about, for the activity of the next, so that the chain of events is never broken. We speak very excusably of a "current of electric force," because it is a convenient mode of expression; but by this and other like terms we must take care not to be misled. There is no current of force as a separate reality; there is a series of movements in the atoms of a body exceedingly rapid, in one direction, which we speak of as one movement, and under this appellation of a current. In fact, there is nothing but the separate movement of each atom.

Professor Tyndall resorts to strange metaphors to explain his "potential energy." There is everywhere a sort of clockwork going on; there is a winding up and a running down. "In the plant the clock is wound up, in the animal it runs down. In the plant the atoms are separated, in the animal they recombine." We should have thought there was as much both of the winding up and the running down in the animal as in the plant. And what can the "winding up" mean but the bringing about such a condition of the atoms and such new relations as result in another series of facts or activities? Nay, our Professor seems to play a little with the astonishment of his audience. "*I* have here," he says, with something of the air of a Wizard of the North —"I have here a bundle of cotton which I ignite; it bursts into flame, and yields a definite amount of heat; precisely that amount of heat was abstracted from the sun in order to form that bit of cotton." Precisely that amount! We will not ask by what course of observation, or by the aid of what subtle instruments, any number of professors could detect the precise amount of heat that went to the formation of a bit of cotton. Our lecturer would reply that he speaks here on the strength of his theory derived from other observations. Well, what is the theory? What is to be considered the amount of heat that formed the bit of cotton? All the heat that the plant enjoyed during its life, or just so much as was necessary to bring it to maturity? And did the atoms of matter manifest no other form of activity than this of heat, in arranging themselves into this bit of cotton? All that the man of science knows is that, by many subtle operations of nature, the plant grew. It is hardly worthy of him to set an audience agape by telling them that he could reproduce before them precisely the same amount of heat that the sun had contributed to the plant.

We know that science has its

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idealists as well as philosophy; and that there are some scientific authorities in the present day very much disposed to get rid of matter altogether, and retain *only* the idea of force. They are consistent in this respect, that if they make force an entity, they have no longer occasion for matter. But, in this case, all they really do is to reconstruct matter under the name of force. The last President of the British Association, in his inaugural address at Newcastle, propounded that subtle doctrine which still passes, we believe, under the name of Boscovich's theory, though it has received modifications since his time. Sir William Armstrong, from his presidential chair, questioned the right of matter—of the atom or molecule—of the extended substance, to intrude any longer in the domain of science. "Why," he asks—"why encumber our conception of material forces by this unnecessary imagining of a central molecule? If we retain the forces and reject the molecule, we shall still have every property we can recognise in matter by the use of our senses or by the aid of our reason. Viewed in this light, matter is not merely a thing subject to force, but is itself composed and constituted of force."

It will not do, Sir William. The material substance, the extended thing, has been too strong for the metaphysician, and the man of science will find that he contends against it in vain. We derive our very idea of force from resistance; mere motion, if there were no resistance overcome in or out of the object, would not give the idea of force. But you will call resistance itself a force. Very good. But resistance is itself a relation. There must be two somethings to resist each other. "I have it!" cries the scientific idealist. Extension itself shall be a force — a mere *space-occupying force* — an absolute force that is *there* whether any other force or not is in existence. So now these space-occupying forces can be related to each other, resist each other, move to and from each other. Very good. But what is this but our old definition of the atom? A force that implies no relation, no change — that can be imagined resting in space unchangeable, absolute — a force, moreover, which has properties — which moves, attracts, repels,—this is not a force in any ordinary acceptation of the word; it is our old friend the atom under a new name.

The ground has been gone over again and again. You resolve extension into resistance, then you find that resistance is a relation between two somethings; you must have the two somethings to be related. You begin again; you define extension as a force of a quite absolute character; it is space-occupancy. But the association is very stubborn between an act and an agent—a force and something that exerts the force. Either you coin something that exerts this force of space-occupancy, or the force itself becomes transformed, even while you are speaking, into the space-*occupant*—the old atom. This *sense-given*—this material body—must be accepted; we can think it less and less, and so frame our molecules and atoms, and we can think these invisible atoms in any kind of motion, and so frame our scientific theories. This is all we can do. It is amusing to notice how easily we deceive ourselves when we try to think after some new manner. Sir William Armstrong speaks of rejecting the "*central* molecule." Central to what? The very surroundings of the condemned molecule are *occupying space*—are as flagrantly matter as the rejected molecule.

But we are diverging too far into these abstractions. Let us return to Professor Tyndall's always interesting volume. We will open it this time upon the subject of Radiant Heat. There is an increasing tendency to separate radiant heat, which is so akin to light, from heat of conduction — that which extends itself from par-

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ticle to particle, and apparently affects us by immediate contact with the heated body. It does not seem absolutely necessary in the latter case to call to our aid, for the purpose of explaining the phenomena, that subtle ether which we presume to extend through all space. That the sensation of heat derived from contact with a hot body, and the sensation of heat derived from the same body when placed at some distance from us, are to be differently explained, seems to be tacitly implied in these Lectures, though it may not be positively expressed. Heat from contact ranges under the sense of touch, heat from radiance resembles the sense of vision. The vibrations of the same ether are heat or light, according to their rapidity and the nerve they fall upon. Some of our physiologists, describing the machinery of the eye, speak of the image being *burnt* in upon the retina. Radiant heat is thus described by the present lecturer :—

"Let us now revert for a moment to our fundamental conceptions regarding radiant heat. Its origin is an oscillatory motion of the ultimate particles of matter—a motion taken up by the ether and propagated through it in waves. The particles of ether in these waves do not oscillate in the same manner as the particles of air in the case of sound. The air-particles move to and fro in the direction in which the sound travels, the ether particles move to and fro *across* the line in which the light travels. The undulations of the air are longitudinal, the undulations of the ether are transversal. But it is manifest that the disturbance produced in the ether must depend upon the character of the oscillating mass ; one atom may be more unwieldy than another, and a single atom could not be expected to produce so great a disturbance as a group of atoms oscillating as a system. Thus, when different bodies are heated, we may fairly expect that they will not all create the same amount of disturbance in the ether. It is probable that some will communicate a greater amount of motion than others ; in other words, that some will radiate more copiously than others ; for radiation, strictly defined, is the communication of motion from the particles of a heated body to the ether in which these particles are immersed."

On the subject of radiant heat Professor Tyndall gives us many curious particulars, and some of them are the result of his own researches. This is especially the case in the *Diathermancy* of different substances or bodies. Diathermancy is a name which Melloni, so distinguished in this department of science, has given to the facility which some bodies have of transmitting radiant heat. It is to heat what Transparency is to light. It is well known that light and radiant heat have the same laws of reflection and refraction. They exhibit also the same apparent anomaly of being able to pass through some bodies and not through others, and that irrespective of their comparative solidity. Glass is solid, yet light passes through it ; many a less solid substance is perfectly opaque. The apparent anomaly is still more striking with regard to heat. There shall be two solids, and one shall transmit the heat, and the other not ; there shall be two liquids, and one shall transmit the heat, and the other not ; and (what we should never have anticipated, and what Professor Tyndall has proved by very elaborate experiments) there shall be two gases, and one shall transmit the heat, and the other not.

It adds to our perplexity that Diathermancy and Transparency cannot be always predicated of the same bodies. Glass, which is transparent to light, is opaque to heat. Rock-salt, which is opaque to light, is transparent to heat. The lecturer interposes between a vessel of hot water and his thermometer, or thermo-electric pile, a plate of glass, and the heat is intercepted—the instrument gives no sign of its presence. For the plate of glass he substitutes a plate of rock-salt of ten times the thickness, and the heat passes freely through it. This property of rock-salt has enabled Professor Tyndall to carry out his experiments upon gases. These he encloses in tubes fitted up at either end with plates of rock-salt, and thus tests their diathermancy. One

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is not surprised to find that heat passes readily through oxygen, hydrogen, and other gases; but one is startled to learn that olefiant gas, a substance just as subtle and invisible, should be almost a complete barrier to heat. "The ethereal undulations," as our author expresses it, "which glide amongst the atoms of oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, without hindrance, are powerfully absorbed by the molecules of olefiant gas." After giving us a table of the various absorbing powers of the several gases, he continues :—

"What extraordinary difference in the constitution and character of the ultimate particles of various gases do the above results reveal! For every individual ray struck down by the air, oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen, the ammonia strikes down a brigade of 7260 rays; the olefiant gas a brigade of 7950; while the sulphurous acid destroys 8800. With these results before us, we can hardly help attempting to visualise the atoms themselves, trying to discern, with the eye of intellect, the actual physical qualities on which these vast differences depend. These atoms are particles of matter, plunged in an elastic medium, accepting its motions and imparting their motions to it. Is the hope unwarranted that we may be able to make finally radiant heat such a *feeler* of atomic constitution that we shall be able to infer from this action upon it the mechanism of the ultimate particles of matter themselves?"

It will be borne in mind that the term radiation is used in a quite different sense from diathermancy. When a body radiates heat, it imparts a motion of its own to the ether; when it transmits heat, it is supposed that its own particles are quiescent, allowing the undulations to pass through. The good radiator is also the good absorber; it stops the motion and becomes itself the centre of a new motion.

"In the case of some gases" (it is better perhaps to quote the words of our author), "we find an almost absolute incompetence on the part of their atoms to be shaken by the ethereal wave. They remain practically at rest when the undulations speed among them; while the atoms of other gases, struck by these same undulations, absorb their motion and become themselves centres of heat. . . . We see that radiation and absorption go hand in hand; that the molecule which shows itself competent to *intercept* a calorific flux, shows itself competent in a proportionate degree to *generate* a calorific flux."

With facts like these before us, it is impossible, as Professor Tyndall says, not to attempt some guess at least at the cause of this very different behaviour of the atoms of bodies. The guess which the Professor lays before us is this: He thinks that they are the *elementary* bodies that are most distinguished for their diathermancy.

"Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and air, are *elements*, or mixtures of elements, and both as regards radiation and absorption their feebleness is declared. They swing in the ether with scarcely any loss of moving force. They bear the same relation to the compound gases (whose particles swing in groups) as a smooth cylinder turning in water does to a paddle-wheel. They create a small comparative disturbance."

Similar hopes have been entertained of obtaining, through the phenomena of polarisation of light, an insight into the ultimate constitution of bodies. But our conjectures in this intricate and *invisible* world are hitherto of little value. We must, however, first conjecture before we can prove by experiment; without some hypothesis, to prove or to disprove, we could not shape our experiments. The last startling discovery of the *spectrum analysis*, as it is briefly called, has revived the hopes of penetrating into the nature and movements of the atoms or molecules of bodies.

Whether our experiments are made with light or heat, the object of them is the same—the problem we set ourselves to work out is the same. We want to discover, by the relation of ordinary matter to this subtle ether, something more of the nature of things than we can detect by the relation of the several kinds or states of this ordinary matter to each other. The problem is especially difficult, because all our conjectures about this subtle ether must necessarily be derived from *relations already known* between

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matter and matter of the ordinary description.

Without this hypothesis of a subtle ether, we know not how we should advance upon our researches into heat and light. To the working man of science it is indispensable, nor could the merely speculative man give him any substitute for it. Nevertheless, the merely speculative man cannot be satisfied with the hypothesis of this ether and the functions at present allotted to it. When we reason upon the attraction of gravity, we have no difficulty in imagining that matter can act upon matter at any conceivable distance. Here motion is produced in two bodies that are far from touching each other. When we reason upon the motions called light and heat, we fall back upon the old maxim, that matter cannot act where it is not, and we demand some repetition of the familiar phenomenon of impulse or contact. The merely speculative man may be excused for saying that our science here is in an unsatisfactory state. If he can imagine the sun acting at a distance upon the earth to attract it to itself, he can equally well imagine the sun acting at a distance upon the earth to produce these molecular movements we call light and heat. It is evident that in our modern ideas of gravity we have adopted the analogy of magnetism. We have the fact before us on a small scale (when the magnet attracts a piece of iron) of one body exerting an influence upon another body at some distance from it. It is this fact which has familiarised to the popular imagination our present doctrine of gravity. Either retrace your steps, our merely speculative man would say, on this subject of gravity, or extend the analogy of magnetism to this subject of light. And what is *distance?* Reason how you may upon physical phenomena, we are reduced to the supposition of particles of matter acting upon particles of matter, and this at various distances. The cohesive force acts at different distances in the fluid and the solid. We now explain our electric phenomena without reference to any subtle essence or ether to be called electricity; we explain electricity as we explain heat—as a movement which one particle of matter induces upon another particle; so that if we call magnetism a form of electricity, we must also call electricity a form of magnetism; that is, both resolve themselves into an action of matter upon matter, and an action broadly distinguishable from that of mere contact or impulse.

We are very far from the presumption that would launch out new theories on these subjects; we would rather sit docile at the feet of the Gamaliels of science and learn whatever has been elicited by their patient researches. It is a comparatively easy task to frame great and rapid generalisations. But we may read on some subjects with a partially *suspended judgment.* When we are confidently told of the *vibrations* or waves of this ether—when we are taught that "to produce the impression of a violet colour there enter into the eye precisely 699 millions of millions of these waves per second," we listen with more of admiration than of faith; more of admiration for the ingenious processes of reasoning which have brought out such results, than faith in the hypothesis on which such reasoning has been based.

But we find ourselves again entangling ourselves and our readers in abstract matters to the neglect of the many interesting facts disclosed to us in these Lectures. As, however, we did not undertake to give any summary of these facts, and as our readers would learn them better from Professor Tyndall's book than from any summary of ours, we cannot do better than refer them at once to these Lectures, and, if they have not been already perused, to recommend their perusal. In no one volume that we know of will they find a greater amount of interesting scientific matter, whether of detail or speculation.

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THE NAVIES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

During the last few years we have heard a great deal about the state of our navy, as compared with that of our great neighbour on the other side of the Channel; and it must be fresh in the mind of every one how, on more than one occasion, our apprehensions were suddenly aroused by rumours of extraordinary activity in the French dockyards, and by reports of the rapidly-increasing naval armaments being produced therefrom.

The question of our naval pre-eminence being so deeply important to all classes of society, constituting as it does the very vital principle of our national wellbeing, and the foundation and prop of our commercial prosperity, it will be interesting to many of us to examine this matter from another point of view, and to consider in what light our good friends in France look upon it. For this purpose we cannot have a better expositor than M. Xavier Raymond, who, in a work recently published, entitled, 'Les Marines de la France et de l'Angleterre,' which appeared originally in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' has treated this subject not only with great ability, but, on the whole, with a degree of impartiality which one could scarcely expect from such an enthusiastic admirer of the French navy as he shows himself to be.

M. Raymond ridicules the panics which we have witnessed in this country from time to time as being unworthy of the dignity of so great a nation as England—more especially since these have arisen, not so much from the absolute strength of the French navy, as from the comparative weakness of our own at the time, owing to the failure of our Admiralty in keeping pace with the march of improvement in nautical science, and the backwardness which it exhibited in altering the construction of our ships to meet the exigencies of the period.

But although the occasional behind-hand condition of our fleet is in a great degree attributable to the defective constitution of our naval administration, yet it would be by no means fair to lay the whole blame upon that cause, for the amount of work undertaken by the Admiralty in each year depends, after all, upon the will of the House of Commons; and it is the false and shortsighted economy of bygone years which we have in a great measure to thank for the deficiencies of later times. While our Ministers, to meet a popular cry, had year after year to tax their financial skill to the utmost to produce an acceptable budget, and cut down the naval and military estimates to the lowest possible figure, so that the Admiralty could not obtain the sum which they knew to be really requisite to maintain the navy on its proper footing, the French Government appointed a commission to inquire into the state of their navy, and to report upon the means required to increase its efficiency; and, acting upon that report, they systematically added to their fleet a certain number of ships year by year, adopting with readiness all the appliances and improvements which the inventive resources of modern science disclosed to them.

The result of this different mode of procedure in the two countries is, that our naval progress has been produced by a series of undignified alarms at the discovery of the advance of our neighbours, giving occasion to a corresponding series of spasmodic and feverish efforts to recover our lost ground at all costs, entailing estimates preternaturally enlarged, and ships hastily and often defectively constructed, from the want of a sufficient supply of well-seasoned timber in the dock-

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yards at the time to meet the unexpected demand. And one evil consequence of this state of things is, that, in order to awaken in the country a feeling of insecurity, so as to induce Parliament to vote the immense sum required to replace our navy on its footing of superiority, Ministers have thought it necessary to expatiate upon the threatening increase of the French fleet, and the danger in which this country was placed by the maritime ascendancy of our neighbour. It is impossible to suppose that the many speeches to this effect in Parliament and at public meetings should not have produced feelings of extreme impatience and irritation among a people so sensitive as the French. On this point M. Raymond observes :—

"I consider it very unjust that France should be continually held up by them (Ministers) as a bugbear, whose agitation, projects, labours, and inventions must perpetually trouble the security of England. It is neither for the advantage of our neighbours nor ourselves. If we are sensible people—if we have any respect for ourselves—it cannot be agreeable to us either to be without ceasing denounced as conspirators, or to be made use of as a scapegoat by Ministers who, having to account for money injudiciously spent and schemes ill digested, reply to the question by declamation against France."

Other causes had likewise operated to increase our anxiety on the subject; the difficulty which was experienced in arriving at an accurate knowledge of the real state of matters in the French dockyards, and the somewhat general, though mistaken, belief that the introduction of steam, the immense progress made in the mechanical arts, and the possibility of iron-cased seagoing ships, have combined to loosen from our grasp the empire of the seas, by placing other nations on a nearer footing of equality with us.

With regard to the first of these reasons, Mr Hans Busk, in his 'Navies of the World,' published in 1859; M. Raymond, in the work we are now considering; and, still more recently, Admiral Paris, in an admirable work just published, throw such a clear light on the subject, that we can count up the vessels composing the French navy, their dimensions, armament, and steam power, with almost as great facility as the official Navy List and other publications afford us in estimating the strength of our own fleet. And, in M. Raymond's opinion, the progress of science, so far from undermining our national strength, has only placed our naval supremacy upon a firmer basis.

"In spite of all that we have produced —in spite of so many inventions which we have bestowed on others—notwithstanding all the operations in which our sailors have displayed as much discipline and perseverance as enthusiasm and spirit of initiative—the superiority of power belongs always to the English; and if we seriously desire ever to establish an equality, it would be absurd to shut our eyes to the fact that we have still a great distance to regain."

The peace of 1815 found the French fleet almost completely annihilated, and England at the zenith of her naval power. On our side of the Channel people naturally looked with eagerness to a relief from the heavy burdens of the long and great war, and disarmament and retrenchment were speedily put into practice; but our neighbours, though stunned for a while by the terrible prostration to which they had been reduced, soon set to work patiently and persistently to construct their fleet anew, and to recover their position as the second maritime power of the world. Impaired finances, domestic troubles, and other causes, rendered this process slow, and years passed before the French navy could furnish more than a few ships to protect their commerce, and a small squadron for the various operations which they undertook in different parts of the world, and which M. Raymond sets forth with much parade; but it would have been more to his credit if, in contrasting the deeds of the two navies, he had filled up the list

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of England's exploits as completely as he has that of his own country. He says—

"Since 1815, in fact, the English navy has only carried out three important enterprises without us,—the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth, the campaign of 1840 on the coast of Syria, the first expedition to China in 1842. Add to this account a few skirmishes with the negroes on the coast of Guinea, or with the savages of the South Seas, the blockade of Naples on account of the sulphur business, and that of the Piræus about the miserable Pacifico affair, and you will have the picture complete, if I am not mistaken, of all the war-service of the English navy, without our co-operation, since 1815."

Making every allowance for national prejudice, we cannot acquit M. Raymond of gross injustice here; he has either forgotten or not chosen to remember the two Burmese wars, and exhibits a remarkable ignorance in describing the China war of 1842 as the *first* expedition to China; for this was the *second*, the first having been in 1834, when Captains Blackwood and Chads forced the Bogue Forts, and took Lord Napier up to Canton. And surely the reduction of Mocha, and the many sharp actions against pirates in the Mediterranean, at Borneo, and in the China seas, with the gallant fight at Lagos, and other smart affairs in connection with the slave-trade, which M. Raymond so contemptuously alludes to above, must be admitted to be at least equally important with the blockade of Cadiz, the transport of an army to the Morea and to Civita Vecchia, the seizure of Ancona, "les châtiments infligés aux pirates de Rabat et de Salé," and, above all, with what M. Raymond naïvely describes as "en 1841, elle mettait la main sur les Comores, les Marquises et Taïti"! And has M. Raymond not a word for that gallant brigade of seamen under Peel, who dragged their 68-pounders up to Lucknow, and used these tremendous weapons as if they were light field-pieces; while Key, with his Sanspareil's crew, garrisoned Calcutta, and thus set the troops quartered there at liberty to march to the succour of their comrades in the North-West?

Nor is M. Raymond more just or complimentary towards us when enumerating the various occasions on which the two fleets acted in concert. He says, "Dans toutes ces enterprises, nous avons toujours eu part égale d'honneur," but it is very certain that they did not bear an equal amount of the labour. At Sweaborg we had sixteen mortar-vessels and sixteen gunboats, while the French had only four or five of each; and though they may justly claim the credit of sending their floating batteries to Kinburn, yet at Odessa the work was done almost entirely by us; in the Sea of Azov it was the same, and in the passage of the army from Varna to the Crimea, the French, having so few transports, were compelled to load their fleet with troops to such an extent that it was entirely under the protection of ours, to which was allotted the honourable duty of meeting the enemy's fleet should they come out to oppose the landing. And though the French took part with us in the China war of 1858-60, their naval force was but a small one, and the suppression of piracy in those seas was performed entirely by us. As an instance of the audacity with which M. Raymond makes some assertions, he says, "Let us recall to mind the year 1854, when the brave and lamented Admiral Parseval-Deschênes, finding himself ready sooner than the English Admiral, and having more confidence than Sir Charles Napier in the discipline of his crews, was obliged to use some compulsion (dut faire une certaine violence) towards his colleague to drag him before Cronstadt." There is no necessity to stop here to inquire into the degree of truth in this ridiculous statement; but we have a tolerably distinct recollection of how Sir Charles, sailing from England for the Baltic in March, was not joined by the French squadron until June — a

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single line-of-battle ship representing the French fleet up to that time; and when the ships were all assembled, the squadron of Admiral Parseval consisted of but nine sail of the line, while our fleet numbered eighteen, and in frigates and smaller vessels we outnumbered them in even greater proportion. And later in the year, while Watson with his frigate-squadron was bravely keeping watch in the Gulf of Finland during the long dark November nights, battling with gales of wind and snow-storms of almost Arctic severity, and our larger ships still closely blockaded the entrance to the Baltic, the French Admiral with the whole of his fleet had returned to the genial shores of France.

But we are anticipating, and must return to the year 1839, when we find the French navy attained to such proportions as to furnish a fleet for the Levant, which, under the command of Admiral Lalande, whom M. Raymond, turning our phrase to account, calls "the right man in the right place," excites our author's warmest enthusiasm. There is no doubt that the old French sailing-vessels were amongst the finest in the world, and until the days of Symonds, Seppings, Hayes, and Elliot, were generally superior in speed to ours; in fact, the fastest of our old ships were those captured from the French. It was in this squadron, which attained to the highest degree of efficiency, that the whole French system of organisation, as well the interior economy and details of the ships as the tactics and manœuvres of the fleet, was digested and remodelled. And in an *éloge* of Admiral Lalande, M. Raymond portrays a character and attainments of the very highest order for the command of a fleet, which will recall to mind more than one of our own departed heroes.

These were, however, the last days of the old sailing-ships, those beautiful specimens of naval architecture, which caused such fond pride in those who sailed in them, and which, being similar in every respect, save increase of size, to their famous predecessors who bore proudly down to victory at Trafalgar, recalled to mind those glorious days when Nelson's star shone radiant in the midst of a host of others second only to him in brilliancy. Ah! those who can look back upon the time when the Vernon and Barham, Rodney and Vanguard, Inconstant and Pique, were familiar names, may well sigh with regret, for with these renowned vessels has departed all the romance and chivalry of former days.

For already a new creation was coming into existence, and steamers of war had became a stern and prosaic reality. Wondrous tales were told: how the Cyclops had towed the Princess Charlotte against a strong breeze, how the Medea could keep her station with the fleet under sail only, and how the Vesuvius had gallantly steamed out of the Bay of Acre in the teeth of that tremendous gale when the Pique was dismasted, and the poor little Zebra driven on shore. And soon after the Terrible appeared, to astonish still further by her gigantic power and armament; and indeed she remains to this day unequalled as a paddle-wheel steamer of war. The French paddle-steamers never came up to ours; they were clumsy and heavy-looking, and their machinery was inferior.

But another era was yet quickly to dawn, and the final blow to be inflicted upon the old sailing-ships. M. Raymond, with a coolness and effrontery almost American, claims for his country the invention of the screw-propeller, and its application to vessels of war; for he tells us that a certain M. Dallery in 1803 designed a vessel to be propelled by a screw worked by steam power; and that, this scheme falling through for want of proper management, a Captain Delisle, of the French Engineers, in 1823, produced the drawing of a ship with a screw-propeller to carry eighty guns. It appears that M. Delisle was not more fortunate than his predecessor; for, being unable to

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get any attention paid to his plans by the authorities, he was obliged to console himself by publishing them in the Transactions of a provincial institution; from whence M. Raymond gently insinuates the *soi-disant* inventors of the screw derived their ideas.

So much for the Frenchman's view of the matter; let us now see the other side of the question. As far back as 1683, Robert Hooke, an Englishman, propounded the idea of the propulsion of vessels by means of an immersed screw, on the principle of the sails of a windmill; and propositions of a more or less similar nature were made at various times during the eighteenth century, notably by Bernouilli in 1752, Pancton in 1768, Bramah in 1785, and Littleton in 1794. After M. Dallery's failure, we find Stevens, an American, in 1804, and James in 1811, Trevithick in 1815, and Millington in 1816, Englishmen, proposing various plans for screw propulsion; so that upon what grounds M. Raymond can claim the priority of invention for his countrymen we cannot discover.

But although the idea of screw propulsion is of no very recent date, M. Raymond does not dispute that to our countryman, Mr F. P. Smith, belongs the credit of having first successfully applied and carried out the principle in the year 1837; and the success of the Archimedes in 1840 may be considered as the dawn of the new era. M. Raymond, however, seems determined to allow us as little credit as possible; for in comparing the mode in which the two countries applied the new invention to war purposes, he again insists upon the lead being taken by France, and points with pride to the Napoleon as being the first line-of-battle ship which was designed for the screw. This, indeed, is quite true, for she was launched in 1850; and although we had the Blenheim, Hogue, Edinburgh, and Ajax ready in 1847, yet they were only old 74's with screws put in them, and worth nothing more than blockships; while it was not till 1852 that our Agamemnon and Duke of Wellington were launched. But although the Admiralty have doubtless much to answer for as to the tardiness with which they adopted the new principle, yet in justice to them it must be observed, that to us belongs the credit of the first screw vessel of war in the Rattler, launched in 1843; and the first screw frigate, designed as such, in the Arrogant, launched in 1848.

M. Raymond reproaches the Admiralty for their hesitation in accepting the screw as the principal propelling power of the ship, merely regarding it as an auxiliary; but the fact is, the Dauntless, one of the first screw frigates, was built with a similar proportion of horse-power to tonnage that was allowed for paddle steamers—viz., 580 horse-power to 1575 tons; but the results were so bad as compared with the Arrogant of 360 horse-power to 1872 tons, that the Admiralty very wisely determined upon a slight sacrifice of speed to the retention of every other quality which a man-of-war should possess; and to this day the usual proportion of horse-power to tonnage is nearly the same as in the Arrogant, though finer lines, improved machinery, and much greater boiler-power have increased the speed of our screw ships from the eight and a half knots of the Arrogant to the twelve and thirteen knots of the more recently built frigates and line-of-battle ships.

The French, however, seeking as their chief desideratum a high rate of speed, followed a different principle, and gave their ships a larger proportion of horse-power to tonnage than we did. Their machinery likewise being more complicated and heavier than ours, the result was shown by the deeper immersion of the ships, and by their ports being consequently not so high out of the water. Had a considerable increase of speed been obtained from this sacrifice of one

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of the chief requisites of a man-of-war, it might have been an open question as to which system was to be preferred, but such was not the case; the superiority in speed of the French ships, if it existed at all, was certainly not of so marked a character as to be an established fact. Statements were put forth by the French as to the high rates attained by their vessels; but every seaman knows how impossible it is to judge of the comparative merits of different ships by isolated examples. The several conditions of wind and sea, trim, foulness of bottom, state of the machinery and boilers, and, above all, quality of fuel, vary so constantly and considerably, that the same vessel will exhibit a very different result at different times. We are, however, willing to allow that, on the whole, the French screw ships may be slightly superior in speed to ours; but let us see what would be the result of this difference between the ships of the two countries. It would probably enable a French ship to escape from a superior force; but if the chances were tolerably equal, we may be sure our gallant friends would not hesitate to accept battle; and, in the case of a strong wind and sea, the vessel which carried her guns the highest would have very much the advantage; and even more so in an action fought under steam than in former times, when the ships were in a great measure steadied by their sails. The loss of the Droits de l'Homme must not be forgotten; had her lower-deck ports been a foot or so higher, the result of that action would probably have been different, and the ship spared such a melancholy fate.

But M. Raymond claims a decided superiority over ours for the screw ships of his country. We cannot, however, allow him to go thus far without an emphatic denial. The writer of this article was at Gibraltar in November 1859, when Admiral Fanshawe, his flag flying in the Marlborough, lay there with eight screw ships of the line; while on the other side of the bay, near Algeciras, lay a French squadron of an equal number of screw line-of-battle ships under Admiral Romain Desfossés, whose flag was carried by the Bretagne, a magnificent three-decker of 130 guns. Fine vessels these French ships undoubtedly were; but on going alongside the same defect was apparent in all of them—the want of height of their lower-deck ports. And though the Bretagne and her consorts were ships worthy of a mighty nation, yet not less majestic-looking, with a more graceful outline, and ports higher out of the water, the Marlborough, Conqueror, Victor Emmanuel, and their companions, rode proudly under the shadow of the celebrated fortress.

How the French went ahead of us in the construction of their screw fleet is now matter of history; the intense interest awakened by the more recent creation of their iron-cased ships has caused the former mortifying episode to be in a measure forgotten; especially as, when the House of Commons and the Admiralty awoke to a conviction of our inferiority, and the resources of the nation were called forth, we not only quickly recovered the distance lost, but, passing our dreaded rival, soon exhibited a grand total of screw line-of-battle ships much exceeding that of our neighbour.

But alas! the triumph of the Admiralty was but shortlived, and destined to meet with a cruel check; for when they were preparing to rest quietly on their oars after the severe struggle which their dilatoriness had rendered necessary, the conviction suddenly burst upon them that this splendid fleet, which the illimitable resources of the country had enabled them to construct in so short a time, was rendered totally useless for war purposes by the fact of our extremely provoking neighbours having solved the difficulty of sea-going iron-cased ships; and then it was discovered that for some

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time past they had ceased building the ordinary line-of-battle ships, and were hard at work upon La Gloire, La Normandie, and other horrible monstrosities, which would, it was declared, infallibly knock the Marlborough and Duke of Wellington into lucifer matches in half an hour, with perfect impunity to themselves.

Now, it must be confessed that to be thus left behind for the second time in so few years was not only a deep stain upon our naval administration, but it was extremely mortifying to the country to find that the millions they had so freely voted had been, as it were, absolutely thrown away. But there was no help for it. La Gloire was nearly ready for launching, and others of her class were rapidly approaching completion; and we were again reluctantly compelled to follow in the steps of our rival. Here, indeed, we cannot challenge the claims of France either to the originality of the idea or the carrying it into execution. To the French belongs the credit of planning and building the first floating batteries, and of taking them into action at Kinburn, where alone, in Europe as yet, iron-cased vessels have been tried under fire; and it was the remarkable success that attended this experiment which caused M. Dupuy de Lôme, the designer of the Napoleon, to conceive the idea of a regular sea-going iron-cased frigate; and thus this justly-celebrated naval architect has the honour of having constructed the first screw line-of-battle ship and the first sea-going iron-clad which the world saw. Following the example of the Emperor of the French, our Government had caused some floating batteries to be constructed upon precisely similar plans, but they were not ready in time to take a part in the operations of the Russian war, owing to the much greater distance they had to traverse in order to reach the scene of action.

The type of vessel of M. Dupuy de Lôme's design, and of which La Gloire was the exponent, is a two-decked wooden ship, with her upper deck removed and her masts greatly reduced, the weight thus got rid of permitting a casing of 4½-inch armour-plating fore and aft, the entire vessel being thus protected, and carrying thirty-four heavy rifled guns; and of this class twelve were ordered to be constructed. Besides these, the Couronne and the Heroine, similar to the Gloire, but built of iron instead of wood, and the Magenta and Solferino, wooden ships carrying fifty guns on two decks, and only partially plated, made up the number of sixteen iron-cased ships building or ordered by the French.

In commencing our iron-clad navy, the two points which the Admiralty had principally in view were a high rate of speed, and such a height of ports as would enable the guns to be fought in any weather. The first of these requisites would, in all probability, be obtained by the French ships; but it seemed very doubtful as to the other. Now, to combine these two qualities, it was absolutely necessary that the vessel should have very fine lines, and that, to carry such an enormous weight of armour-plating, she should be of considerably larger dimensions than any of our previous vessels of war; and even then it was found that the bow and stern must remain unplated, or the required conditions could not be fulfilled. And since the undefended extremities involved the necessity of water-tight compartments to keep the vessel from sinking when pierced by shot, as would undoubtedly be the case in action, it was further necessary to build the hulls of iron, and, in order to gain the requisite strength, to construct them upon a cellular principle, which entailed a vast cost and great increase of time and labour. In fact, this mode of construction was so entirely novel, that the very eminent firms to whom the building of our first iron-clads was intrusted had to apply for a consider-

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able extension of the terms of their contracts on this account.

Not feeling certain whether experience would prove this to be the right principle upon which to construct our iron-clad ships, and the cost of them being so enormous, the Admiralty, determining to feel their way cautiously, and to spare the public purse as much as possible, decided to build only four at first; and in May 1859, exactly a year after the Gloire was begun, the Warrior was ordered to be built by contract. Later in the year, after the Gloire was launched, the Black Prince, Defence, and Resistance were also contracted for, and preparations were ordered to be made in Chatham dockyard for the building of the Achilles; but as this was the first attempt at iron shipbuilding in a Government establishment, some months would have to elapse before she could be even commenced, as workshops had to be erected, new machinery fitted, and other preliminary arrangements made which this method of construction required, and there would thus be ample time to modify the original plans as the experience of the other vessels should suggest.

While, therefore, the French, with characteristic impetuosity, adopting the design of the Gloire as their model, proceeded with the construction of twelve similar vessels, besides four others, the four ships named above represented our infant iron navy until the beginning of 1861; for the Achilles was not fairly commenced until that year. And as the French ships were, with only two exceptions, built of wood, they could be launched in a much shorter time than the exceedingly complicated frames of our iron vessels would admit of. Thus it was that, being a full year behind the French in commencing our first iron-cased ship, we found ourselves after two years with only four of these vessels building to their sixteen, of which six were actually launched, and the Gloire at sea.

M. Raymond describes, in a very amusing manner, the proceedings in Parliament during the session of 1861 relating to this question, especially the episode of Admiral Elliot's visit to the French dockyards, and the startling information which, upon his authority, Sir John Pakington conveyed to the House of Commons:—

"The uneasiness of the public and of Parliament was very great, as was evinced by the speeches and the writings to which this incident gave rise. The least that can be said of them is, that for the most part they revealed sentiments not very amicable towards us, and that many even expressed themselves in terms as little courteous as they were bitter. The practical result was a supplementary and extraordinary vote of £2,500,000, which the Government obtained at the close of the session as a first instalment of the sum which would be necessary to regain the advantage that the negligence of the Admiralty had permitted us to take with regard to iron cased ships. Everything which the preceding discussions had produced that was disagreeable to us was renewed on this occasion, and, in my opinion, even with aggravation. The speeches which Lord Palmerston made in support of the vote, if they did not contain the insulting expressions that often escaped from the pen or the tongue of the *dii minorum gentium*, affirmed, in compensation, principles and doctrines which might help to maintain Lord Palmerston's popularity in his own country, but which, coming from a Prime Minister, could only excite the strongest protest in any but an Englishman. It was much too literal a paraphrase of 'Rule Britannia'—of that song which represents the Creator glorying in the creation of the world because it had given Him the opportunity of creating England, whom, in testimony of His satisfaction, He hastened to endow with the empire of the seas, to the detriment of other nations. As poetry, I admire the loftiness of this sentiment as much as any person; but as political prose, expounded by a Prime Minister to the House of Commons, it was the text of reasonings as dangerous as they were extravagant."

However, the money was voted, and the Admiralty set to work upon the construction of more ships. At the beginning of the year the Hector

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and Valiant, also of iron, were contracted for, about which vessels we shall have something to say presently. In the course of the summer the Achilles was commenced, and three more immense iron ships, the Agincourt, Minotaur, and Northumberland, were ordered to be built, to be even larger than the Warrior, but to be completely armour-cased, fore and aft.

Hitherto the "iron men" had had it all their own way. Mr Scott Russell, and other great authorities, had dogmatically asserted that iron-cased ships must be built of iron, and that to put armour-plates upon a wooden ship was an absurdity too great to be seriously contemplated; yet our clever and scientific neighbours still adhered to the obnoxious principle, and the success of the Gloire at sea was already an established fact. And it must be admitted, as long as we confined ourselves to the system of unplated bow and stern, the necessity of watertight compartments made it requisite to build the hull of iron. But at length the Admiralty got rid of the iron incubus with a vigorous effort, and courageously resolved to brave public opinion, which the "iron men" had carried completely along with them by dint of the profound veneration in which their scientific knowledge was held. A number of wooden ships being on the stocks in the different dockyards, in various stages of progress, according to the state of forwardness they were in when the Admiralty awoke to the reality of iron-clads, five of the most suitable two-deckers were selected to be converted into iron-cased frigates upon the principle of La Gloire; that is to say, the upper deck was to be removed, the bow and stern slightly altered, and the ship armour-cased completely fore and aft. The work was commenced in the summer of 1861, and of these five ships the Royal Oak has been at sea with the Channel fleet during the whole of this summer and autumn, the Caledonia and Prince Consort are ready for commission, and the Royal Alfred and Ocean have been for some time past ready for launching.

The remarkable success which has attended the Royal Oak, and has shown her to be, on the whole, the most serviceable iron-cased ship we have yet afloat, has fully borne out the wisdom of the French naval authorities in the construction of the Gloire and her sister ships, and must have been somewhat mortifying to the "iron men" and their disciples. But the success of the Royal Oak is accidental, and must not be ascribed to the judgment or foresight of the Admiralty; for when Lord C. Paget detailed to the House of Commons the steps which the Board had resolved to take to supply the country with iron-cased vessels, he distinctly admitted that these five ships were only ordered because of the short time it would take to complete them, on account of their being already in frame; and that though he hoped they would turn out respectable vessels, yet that they must be only considered as a sort of makeshift.

We come now to a totally different description of vessel to any that had been hitherto designed; and though M. Raymond refuses to allow us the originality of the screw propeller, somewhat contemptuously denies the merits of our rifled ordnance, and gravely declares that since 1815 only three English inventions have come into general maritime use—viz., Cunningham's plan for reefing topsails, Clifford's system of lowering boats, and Moorsom's percussion shell, even grudging us this last; yet he is obliged to allow that the cupola or shield-ship of Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., is an invention to which this country has an undoubted claim.

Before going further, we would remark, with reference to M. Raymond's statement above alluded to, that amongst many other valuable nautical inventions which the mechanical science of this country has

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produced, the following, which happen just at this moment to come to our memory, are equally important with the three to which he limits us:—Snow Harris's lightning-conductors, Smith's paddle-box boats, the life-buoy, the lever target, Porter's anchor, life-boats, Rodger's anchor, feathering paddle-wheels; and many others which will suggest themselves to any seaman.

In touching upon the profound impression caused in England by the action in Hampton Roads between the Monitor and Merrimac, M. Raymond takes occasion to remark upon the insolent and foolish braggadocios of the Northerners in America, though perhaps in a manner not over-complimentary to ourselves:—

"England was much impressed; and, the advantage having appeared to rest with the Monitor, since the Merrimac had retreated from the field of battle, England cried out for Monitors likewise. On their part, the Americans, according to habit, made an extraordinary stir about this action, and in the intoxication of the triumph which he considered he had achieved, Captain Ericson, the constructor of the Monitor, hastened to publish in the New York journals, one after another, a series of letters full of defiance towards Europe, and which were not taken up by our neighbours in the way it seems to us that they ought to have been. *La fière Angleterre*, proud England, appeared to hang down her head as if stunned. After having quoted a passage of a letter, where M. Ericson, with as great a want of good taste as of justice, cried, 'Only provide me with the necessary resources, and in a short time we shall be able to say to those powers who seek to destroy republican liberty, 'Leave the Gulf with your frail vessels, or perish.' After having quoted this passage, the 'Times' adds, in the most modest tone:—'This phrase is in allusion to the allied squadrons who are engaged against Mexico' (it was then March 1862), 'and it is no vain gasconade.' If by gasconade the English newspaper implied something proceeding from the foot of the Pyrenees, it was quite right; but if it meant that exaggeration of language which is said to be peculiar to the people of the South, then it seems to us that the time has come to take as types of this defect some other people than our brave and lively countrymen beyond the Loire; since for some time past there have come to us from the shores of the Hudson and Wabash many more enormities of this kind than ever came from the banks of the Garonne."

M. Raymond thus protests against the Americans claiming the Monitor as an invention of theirs:—

"In the first place, the Monitor, about which so much fuss has been made, is not an American invention: the merit of the idea which prompted its construction belongs, in all justice, to an officer of the English navy, Captain Cowper Coles, who had already proposed it to the Admiralty in 1855, at the time when our floating batteries were preparing to go to sea. Moreover, the proposition had not remained secret, for it had been set forth at length in a pamphlet which Captain Coles published when he saw that the Admiralty were straining *their* wits to prolong all means of discussion and negotiation without practical result."

When at length, in the spring of 1862, the Admiralty made up their minds to give Captain Coles's plans a trial, they resolved to construct one new vessel upon his principle, and to convert one of the now useless line-of-battle ships into a shield-ship, upon a plan somewhat similar to that already detailed in these columns.* Accordingly, the Prince Albert was contracted for, to be built of iron, of 2500 tons, 500 horse-power, to be armour-plated throughout, and to carry five enormous guns in four cupolas, or shields, as they must now be called, since the original cupola design has been modified to that of a cylindrical form. The Royal Sovereign three-decker, of 4000 tons and 800 horse-power, was selected for conversion; and in March this splendid ship, which was only launched about four years previously, and had never been at sea, was towed down Portsmouth harbour to the dockyard, where she was cut down to her lower deck, and placed in dock for further alteration. She is now com-

* See 'Iron-clad Ships of War,' Part II., 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Dec. 1860.

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pletely cased fore and aft with 5½-inch plates to about 3 feet below the water-line, will carry five 300-pounder guns in four shields, and when ready for sea will draw about 23 feet of water, or 4 feet less than she would have done as a three-decker, and is expected to realise a speed of 12 knots.

We must notice here a curious mistake which M. Raymond has fallen into, considering how well-informed he otherwise is as to our ships. He says—

"The English Admiralty, constrained by the stir of opinion, has consented to the sacrifice of two fine three-deckers, to convert their upper works in the same manner as those of the Monitor. One, the Royal Sovereign (poor Collingwood!) has been handed over to Captain Coles; the other, the Prince Albert, is being modified under the direction of Mr Reed, formerly a naval architect at Portsmouth, who is not only making of the Prince Albert a ship with a central battery reduced in length, but further aspires to make her a steam ram. It appears, however, that the works of those two ships are being carried out with a dilatoriness which shows the little confidence the Admiralty place in their merit, although they have, in addition, sacrificed two other of their vessels to Mr Reed, the Enterprise, of 160 horse-power, and the Favourite, of 400 horse-power, now called the Research."

It is natural that, as the French did not design, and are not carrying out, the cupola system, M. Raymond should speak slightingly of it; but the above extract contains a strange series of blunders. We have mentioned that the Prince Albert is an entirely new ship, being built of iron on Captain Coles's plans; but Mr Reed has had no three-decker given him to alter, and the Research is a totally different vessel from the Favourite; while, so far from showing a want of confidence in Mr Reed's principle of construction, the Admiralty, in spite of the House of Commons and in defiance of public opinion, have raised him, an untried ship-builder, to be the Chief Constructor of the Navy, placing him over the heads of such eminent men as Lang, Abethell, Peake, and others!

We come now to Mr Reed's vessels, which certainly appear to be very highly approved of by the Admiralty, judging from the number ordered upon his plans, and the haste exhibited in getting them ready; although not one of them has yet been tried, and their qualities as fighting ships are seriously questioned by naval men when compared with vessels upon the cupola system. Mr Reed is no doubt a clever theorist and an able writer; but his experience as a practical shipbuilder is of the most limited amount; and only the most complete and unquestionable superiority of his vessels will justify the Admiralty in having placed him in a position of such grave importance.

The vessels building on Mr Reed's plans are, the Zealous, of 3700 tons and 800 horse-power, to carry 20 guns; the Favourite, of 2200 tons and 400 horse-power, to carry 8 guns; the Research, of 1250 tons and 200 horse-power, of 4 guns; and the Enterprise, of 990 tons and 160 horse-power, also of 4 guns. These vessels are all of wood; the Zealous was in frame as a two-decker, and is being altered to the new system; the Favourite and Enterprise, laid down as a 21-gun corvette and 11-gun sloop respectively, are likewise being converted; and the Research is building entirely from Mr Reed's designs.* The principle upon which these ships are being constructed is that of a corvette or frigate, according to size, with the midship part of what would be the gun-deck cased round entirely with armour-plating, and thus forming a sort of rectangular battery. The sides of this compartment, which form also the sides of the vessel, are pierced for ports,

* Besides these four actually in progress and in a forward state, several more vessels of various sizes have been ordered on Mr Reed's plans, of which three are to be named the Bellerophon, the Lord Warden, and the Pallas.

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from two of a side in the Enterprise to ten in the Zealous; and the fore and after ends of it, formed by thwartship armour-plated bulkheads, are likewise pierced for ports for bow and stern fire, to which ports the broadside guns are to be transported when required. This gun battery may therefore be looked upon as a square or oblong iron-plated castle in the middle of the vessel, which is further protected by a belt of armour fore and aft at the water-line, extending more or less upwards according to the size of the ship, and tapering in thickness at the extremities.

Whatever may be the success of these vessels hereafter, it is very clear that as to any originality of idea in Mr Reed's plan there is none whatever. The same principle obtains in the Warrior and Defence classes, as to the fighting battery being enclosed in a central space protected by armour-plating; and as to the belt round the water-line, it has been suggested at various times by different individuals, and especially by Captain Coles himself. One thing is certain, either the shield system is the right one, and Mr Reed's plan wrong, or *vice versâ;* or it may be that some other scheme may yet be devised superior to either. Therefore the course which the Admiralty obviously had to pursue, was to give both systems a fair and careful trial, and not to commit themselves to either until the relative merits of each had been thoroughly established; and they were the more bound to follow this course, since we had, by the liberality of Parliament, recovered our lost ground, and were rapidly regaining our naval superiority, so that there was no absolute necessity to adopt prematurely any untried plans. But for some inscrutable reason or other Mr Reed's proposals received the special sanction and patronage of the Admiralty, and ship after ship was ordered upon his designs; whilst the dilatoriness which M. Raymond above alludes to, clearly exhibits the reluctance with which they permitted Captain Coles's very ingenious plans to be even partially carried out. And by appointing Mr Reed Chief Constructor of the Navy, the Admiralty have thus fully committed themselves to his system, and have equally declared themselves opposed to that of Captain Coles before a single vessel was even launched by either!

Let us now consider the footing upon which the two countries stand to each other at present with regard to iron-cased vessels. Of floating batteries, which may be considered now as useful only for defensive purposes, the French have afloat and building 5 of 18 guns and 225 horse-power each, and 11 of 14 guns and 150 horse-power; total, 16. Ours number but 7 in all, as we have not built any more since the Russian war; we have 4 of 16 guns and 200 horse-power, and 3 of 14 guns and 150 horse-power—one of this latter class, the Meteor, having been recently broken up.

Of iron-cased ships the French have, as we have seen, 16 afloat and building, about half only being as yet launched. Of these, 14 are of 900 horse-power, armour-plated entirely, and carry 34 guns protected. They draw 25½ feet of water, and, according to M. Raymond, steam 13 knots at full power; but the height of their midship ports at load draught is only 6 feet 3 inches. The other two ships, the Magenta and the Solferino, are of 1000 horse-power, and carry 50 guns on two decks; they are plated fore and aft at the water-line, but the bow and stern are otherwise undefended, like our Achilles. They are fitted with a sharp projecting beak to act as steam rams; and though their lower-deck ports are so low in the water as to render their lower battery useless except in the calmest weather, yet these vessels are reported to have made better weather of it in the recent experimental cruise than any of the other French iron-clads.

On our side we have the Agincourt, Minotaur, and Northumber-

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land, gigantic ships of 400 feet in length, 6600 tons and 1350 horse-power, to carry 38 guns, protected by 5½-inch armour, which in these vessels extends completely fore and aft. They will have a speed of upwards of 14 knots, their draught of water will be 26 feet, and the height of their ports about 9 feet; and when finished, which will be within a very few months, they will be the largest vessels afloat next to the Great Eastern. Then we have the Achilles, also nearly ready, of 6100 tons and 1250 horse-power, of a similar speed, draught of water, and height of ports to the three above mentioned, plated like the Warrior, but further protected by a belt of armour round the water-line at the bow and stern. Her armament inside the armour-plating will be 26 guns. The Warrior and Black Prince have the same dimensions and armament as the Achilles, but their bow and stern are entirely unprotected, the gun-battery being defended from raking fire by armour-plated bulkheads. The Defence and Resistance are precisely similar in principle of construction to the Warrior and Black Prince, but of much smaller dimensions, being 280 feet long, 3700 tons and 600 horse-power, carrying 14 guns behind their armour, and with a speed of 11½ knots. The Hector and Valiant are most anomalous constructions, and the genius that specially presided over their creation must be of a somewhat perverse nature. They are of 4000 tons, 800 horse-power, 25 feet draught of water, 7½ feet height of ports, and steam about 12 knots. They will carry 30 guns within the armour-casing; but they have this remarkable peculiarity, that, plated fore and aft on the gun-deck, their bow and stern is unprotected at the water-line, exposing, therefore, like the Warrior and Defence classes, the most vital part of the ship. Why the water-line should be left exposed, and the armour-plating carried round the extremities above, when a thwart-ship bulkhead would have been equally serviceable, since the fineness of the lines makes bow-guns impossible, is a mystery which we cannot fathom, though it is possible the designers may have had some occult aim in view. The five razéed line-of-battle ships, the Prince Consort, Ocean, Caledonia, Royal Alfred, and Royal Oak, are 275 feet long, 4000 tons, 26½ feet draught of water, carry their ports about 7½ feet high, have a speed of about 12 knots, and carry 32 guns behind armour. They are, as we have before mentioned, plated entirely fore and aft; the three former have engines of 1000 horse-power, the two latter of 800. The Royal Sovereign and Prince Albert have already been described, and the Zealous of Mr Reed completes our list of iron-cased vessels of the largest class now actually building —18 in all. To this must be added the three corvettes building on Mr Reed's plans, giving a grand total of 21 ships afloat, or in a forward state of construction, from 6600 to 1000 tons, carrying 486 guns behind armour-plating; the grand total on the French side being 16 ships, carrying 576 guns.*

When, however, we come to consider the qualities of the ships, it is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the question as to which country has at the present time the superiority, supposing all the vessels enumerated above to be ready for sea. In the Agincourt and Warrior classes we possess undoubtedly the six fastest and most powerful iron-cased ships afloat; but of these the Warrior and Black Prince would very probably be disabled shortly after going into action, owing to their undefended bow and stern, while the whole six, from their extreme length, are very difficult vessels to manœuvre. The Defence

* In addition to this, as we have before mentioned, several more vessels have been recently ordered by the Admiralty, and we believe orders have likewise been given for the construction of armour-plated gunboats.

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and Resistance, with a speed less than the French ships, have even a greater chance of being disabled; and the Hector and Valiant, though not quite so vulnerable as the other four, have still their extremities exposed. On the other hand, these ten ships carry their guns high out of the water, and would be able to fight them in weather when the French ships could not open a port.

The two shield-ships may not be quite so fast as the French vessels, yet since we must do our gallant neighbours the justice to suppose that they would not decline an action, we may speculate upon the effect that would be produced by their five 300-pounders upon the large flat expanse of 4½-inch armour which the side of the Gloire would expose to them, compared with the low hull and circular shield all cased in 5½-inch plates, which would be presented to the French gunners for their target. Mr Reed's ships will probably be found to be handy, but of no very great speed; well defended, but of very limited offensive power.

But it is the Royal Oak class which should be more particularly compared with La Gloire and her sister vessels, since these are the only ships constructed upon the same principles and of nearly similar dimensions in the two navies. We find then, according to M. Raymond, that though the Gloire attains a rather higher speed than the Royal Oak, the height of her midship port is only about 6 feet, while that of the English vessel is 7 ft. 8 in. We have here an element of superiority far exceeding that which the slight additional speed can give; and if we wish to see this exemplified in actual trial at sea, let us hear what M. Raymond tells us of the voyage of La Normandie to Mexico, which, by the way, he lays claim to for his country as the first voyage of an iron-cased vessel across the Atlantic; but we fear we must again decline allowing him this satisfaction, since one of our floating batteries, the Terror, went to Bermuda from England some four or five years before, and is out there now.

"Leaving Cherbourg on the 21st July 1862, the Normandie anchored at Sacrificios (Vera Cruz) on Sept. 4th at 3 P.M., after a passage of 44 days, of which 34 were at sea and 10 in harbour. Out of the 34 days at sea the frigate was 30 under steam and 4 under sail only. During this time she traversed a distance of 2030 nautical leagues by the chart, of which 110 were under sail and 1920 under steam; but it must be observed that she did not use full power for a single day; that for the first part of the voyage, from Cherbourg to Madeira, she had only four boilers lighted out of eight, and that for the remainder of the voyage she never used more than two, or only a quarter of her power. . . . On leaving Cherbourg her mean draught of water was 8.05 m. (26. ft. 5 in.); the height of her midship port was 1.73 m. (5 ft. 8 in.) The original plan provided an immersion of 9 centimetres less (3½ inches), corresponding to an extra weight of about 100 tons. With four boilers lighted as far as Madeira, the average speed was 9¼ knots, at a consumption of 2316 kilogrammes (5109 lb.) of coal per hour, or 243 kilogrammes (536 lb.) per mile run. She thus arrived at Funchal (Madeira) at 8 A.M., July 27th. Starting from Madeira on the 30th with a height of port of 1.77 m. (5 ft. 10 in.) and two boilers only lighted, the frigate anchored in the harbour of Fort Royal (Martinique) at 2 P.M., Aug. 16th. From the 4th to the 7th the fires were out, and the Normandie kept under sail only during this time; with a smooth sea and a good breeze she obtained a maximum speed of 7 knots, and a minimum of 4. . . . With two boilers, and a consumption of coal of 26 tons in the 24 hours, the mean speed from Madeira to Martinique was 7 knots, or 155 kilogrammes (342 lb.) per mile run."

So much for her performances. Now let us hear the defects:—

"During this part of the voyage there were several complaints on board on account of the heat which was suffered, the frigate having entered the torrid zone, and not being provided with the ventilating apparatus which has been applied in the Invincible and the Couronne, and experiencing a rolling motion which caused a certain number of the main-deck ports to be kept generally shut. There were only three days when they could all be kept open fore and aft at the same time."

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Now, making every allowance for the extra weight which the Normandie had on board, here is a frigate of 4000 tons which, during a summer voyage from Madeira to the West Indies, can only keep all her main-deck ports open three days out of eighteen! And this is a specimen of the much-vaunted iron-cased ships of France.

In detailing the trial trips of La Gloire off Toulon, M. Raymond expatiates upon the admirable qualities she exhibited in rough weather; an easiness of motion, absence of rolling, and general seaworthiness which would almost make the most sea-sick landsman long for a cruise in her. But we have lately read a very different account of the performances of the squadron of iron-clads, which put to sea for a cruise with a special commission on board to report upon them. In a letter from its Paris correspondent, the 'Times' of Oct. 12 says:—

"Accounts from Brest state that the squadron of ironsides which sailed from Cherbourg on the 27th Sept., arrived at Brest on Thursday last, after a cruise in the Atlantic, during which the ships experienced very rough weather. The two ships of the line (Magenta and Solferino) and the three frigates rolled fearfully, but particularly the Normandie (sister vessel to La Gloire), and the sea washed the decks in continuous streams. It was impossible to keep the port-holes open, and consequently no trial could be made of the guns. . . . The Naval Commissioners, who suffered much from the rolling of the ships, have determined to remain ten days at Brest."

It would thus appear that the Bay of Biscay does not agree quite so well with the French ships as the Gulf of Lyons!*

Considerable uneasiness has been experienced with respect to the state of the lower tier of armour-plates of the Royal Oak after her cruise with the Channel fleet. The close proximity of the metal sheathing of her bottom has set up galvanic action to a grave extent; and the same complaint is made by the French in regard to their wooden ships. But several schemes have been suggested for overcoming this serious defect, and we have no doubt some effective remedy will erelong be discovered, if indeed one has not already been found.

In describing the performances of the Warrior, M. Raymond, being apparently unable to obtain satisfactory records, exemplifies one or two short trips made between Spithead, Portland, and Plymouth, when the vessel was most probably only proceeding from one port to another in the leisurely manner which the stringent orders of the Admiralty, on the subject of the economy of fuel, oblige our officers to adopt; and when, very probably, a desire to wait for daylight, the purposes of evolutionary experiments, or other reasons, may have caused her captain to slacken speed, or stop altogether for a certain time; and when, at all events, she could have been using nothing like full power, as is evident when one instance he brings forward describes her as taking 19 hours to go from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and another as being 7 hours from Spithead to Portland. The fact is, our system of trying the speed of ships is different from that of the French. Our vessels are always tried in harbour along a measured mile, in fine weather, with picked stokers and engineers, and with the

* The recent misfortunes of the Prince Consort on her passage from Plymouth to Liverpool, will be suggested to many on reading this passage; but it must be borne in mind that this ship was sent to sea for the first time at twenty-four hours' notice, with captain, officers, and crew collected from different vessels, strangers to each other and to the ship they were so unexpectedly sent on board of; and that, twelve hours after putting to sea, they encountered the heaviest gale that has been experienced on these coasts since the memorable Royal Charter storm. Considering all these circumstances, and that the Prince Consort is a ship of a yet entirely novel construction, no sailor would have been surprised if she had made even worse weather of it than she did.

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best coal, the amount of which consumed is not measured, and the small coal is thrown aside. The speed thus attained under every circumstance most favourable is recorded as the speed of the ship; and though it affords a very fair relative comparison between different vessels, it is no criterion whatever of the speed of the ship at sea, such as would be given by a run at full power between Portsmouth and Plymouth, and which is the method adopted by the French in their official trials. We can, however, give two instances of the Warrior's performances very different from those selected by M. Raymond. On the occasion of the Channel squadron escorting the Princess Alexandra of Denmark to England for her marriage, the Warrior, steaming for a portion of the time in company with the Royal Yacht, very nearly kept up with that swift vessel, attaining a speed of 14 knots. On another occasion, in a run of 9¾ hours the average speed was 15.3 knots, 2¾ hours of which she was under steam only, the remainder under steam and sail. The Warrior is very stiff, rolls easily, carries her midship port 9 feet out of water at load-draught, and can keep all her ports open in a double-reefed-topsail breeze.

On the whole, then, we may fairly consider that we have quite recovered our lost ground, and, as regards iron-clads, stand at this moment on at least equal terms with our neighbours; and, further, that if the activity and energy displayed during the last few years in the construction of these vessels be continued, we shall very shortly have regained that maritime ascendancy which we consider our national prerogative, and which M. Raymond assures us his countrymen do not grudge us, if only we maintain it in a quiet and undemonstrative manner.

The limits of this article do not permit us to follow M. Raymond in his discussion of the question of rifled ordnance; we can merely observe that, in accordance with the general opinion entertained in France, he considers their *canon rayé* vastly superior to our Armstrong gun, and a perfect description of weapon. That the French guns are very efficient we do not doubt; but a large allowance must be made for national prejudice in their estimation of our rifled artillery.

We have only now space left for a glance at three other points upon which M. Raymond enlarges; these are, the defects of our naval administration, resulting from the imperfect constitution of our Admiralty system, the commercial resources of this country, and the baneful effects of the Inscription Maritime upon the development of the naval power of France.

On the first of these questions, after discussing the origin, constitution, and working of the Board of Admiralty, M. Raymond proceeds:—

"We have doubtless said enough to show how the Admiralty, in spite of the merits of the men composing the Board, is a body indolent, inert, gifted with an inordinate capacity for consumption, and with a power of production relatively small, condemned by its very constitution to improvidence and surprises; in short, very little capable of maintaining order in its affairs. . . . We find its foresight without ceasing in default; it does not even keep *au courant* of what is going on around. It was seven years after we had abandoned the construction of sailing ships, that in 1851 the House of Commons forced it in turn to give up doing so. It was four years after the decision had been come to with us not to lay down any more steam line-of-battle ships, that all at once, though rather late, the Admiralty, perceiving that we possessed almost as many as themselves, decided in 1859 upon what the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament styled the reconstruction of the fleet. The time was certainly well chosen, when it was patent that since 1855 we had not been building any more steam-ships, and that for a year past La Gloire might have been seen under the building-shed at Toulon! It required yet another period of seven years, until 1862, for the Admiralty, conquered this time as always by the House of Commons, to renounce in their turn the construction of steam-ships of the line! If this is not negligence and carelessness, there is none on earth."

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Now it will be seen from what has previously been said that there is gross exaggeration in the above remarks; yet there is no denying that there are strong grounds for his censure of the naval administration of this country. It is no part of the object of this paper to discuss this vexed question; but in justice to the various Boards of Admiralty it must be borne in mind that, from the very nature of our constitutional government, the necessity of reducing the expenditure from time to time to meet the exigencies of the popular will expressed by the House of Commons, and the consequent uncertainty as to whether the money required to carry out certain projects may be voted or withheld, render it impossible for our naval rulers, be they constituted how they may, to carry out a regularly-defined and comprehensive scheme with the same undeviating regularity as the Minister of Marine in France is enabled to do under the almost despotic will of the Emperor.

It will be observed that, in our remarks upon the proceedings of the Admiralty, we have spoken of it as a body in general terms, without regard either to particular Boards or to the state of political parties at the time. The faults rest with the system, not with the individuals. In Sir James Graham and Sir John Pakington the navy has had as chiefs statesmen with talents of the highest order, and who have each desired to carry out whatever plans they considered best calculated for the benefit of the noble service over which they presided. And the Duke of Somerset has gained the respect even of those opposed to him in politics, by the great ability with which he administers the navy, and by the impartiality with which, on the whole, he has distributed his enormous patronage. Sir Baldwin Walker's fame as Controller of the Navy will ever be associated with the magnificent specimens of naval architecture which his department produced, such as the Marlborough, Conqueror, Renown, Ariadne, and others, whose well-known names are familiar to all; while the present Controller, Admiral R. S. Robinson, is second to none in the service as a scientific officer and an accomplished seaman.

M. Raymond holds the wonderful resources of this country in the highest estimation, and, did space admit, we could quote many passages of his work which would be gratifying to our readers as exemplifying the opinion of a distinguished French writer, and one who has made our institutions his close study. We can, however, only give one more extract from this very interesting work :—

"Do not let the errors of the Admiralty allow us to believe that the genius of the sea has abandoned the English. They push on, at this day, with an energy and with talents which leave nothing to be desired to past times, and which are being developed in our days to an even greater extent than perhaps at any other time. Let us leave for a moment the failings of the Admiralty, and see what the mercantile marine of England, whether sail or steam, has accomplished.* It would be very difficult to say in what it has not achieved remarkable progress : its floating material is at once the most considerable and the finest in the world. . . . The clippers which used to cleave so rapidly the Indian and China seas are replaced by steamers—that other glory of commercial and maritime England. She did not invent the steam-engine, she was not the first to

* M. Raymond here relates an anecdote of a reply made by a French admiral of his acquaintance who had recently visited England, to a person who was enlarging upon the shortcomings of the English Admiralty, and which we give verbatim, not wishing to weaken the point of it by translation :—"Ah! monsieur, laissons là, je vous prie, l'Amirauté. C'est une vielle commère qui est en arrière de deux cent ans sur le plus modeste constructeur de son pays. Ce n'est pas à elle qu'il faut demander la clef de la puissance maritime de l'Angleterre. En France, la marine est dans l'administration ; en Angleterre, elle est dans la nation. Cela fait une difference énorme, et dont nous ne saurions pas être trop jaloux."

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apply it as a means of propulsion; but it is only just to acknowledge that she alone has done more than all other nations together to perfect the machine or to generalise the employment of it,—and that throughout all the gradations of the scale, from the small, swift, and elegant *Waterman* or *Citizen* steamers which swarm on the tide of the Thames, which circulate with such admirable ease among the multitude of ships with which it is so perpetually encumbered, to the gigantic Great Eastern."

M. Raymond professes a warm admiration for our free institutions, and the liberty under which it is our happiness to live; and he speaks in the highest terms of the extraordinary sympathy shown by the whole country towards the distressed workpeople in Lancashire, and of the patriotic feelings which called forth and maintain the Volunteer army. He devotes the whole of his last chapter to an *éloge* of the naval administration of his own country, and to a consideration of the evils under which France is labouring by the Inscription Maritime; under which restrictive law, a sole remnant of the monopolies and the corporations of the middle ages, every individual following a seafaring life—whether as boatman, fisherman, in the coasting trade or on long sea voyages—is liable, from the age of eighteen to that of fifty, to be called out at a moment's notice for the naval service, and sent off on a three or four years' voyage to the other end of the world. As an example of the evil effects of this system, M. Raymond adduces the poverty of the French fisheries, citing the authority of the Prefect of the Seine for the assertion that in Paris only half a fresh herring per annum for each person is consumed! He further shows the entire failure of the Inscription as a means of developing the maritime resources of the nation, by the fact that, in the time of Louis XIV., the seafaring population could furnish 60,000 men for the King's ships, while at this day, according to Admiral Romain Desfossés, the number of men available for war service does not exceed 62,000.

We now take leave of M. Raymond, congratulating his country upon a writer who can treat this important subject with so much ability—who, while on the one hand he exposes the weakness and defects of our naval administration, yet has the courage to protest strongly against the impolicy and injustice pursued by his own country; and who likewise does not hesitate to do full justice to the greatness of England's maritime strength, and to the excellence of her liberal institutions.

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CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE PERPETUAL CURATE.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXII.

When Mr Wentworth entered Mrs Hadwin's garden in the dark, his first glance up at the house showed him that a certain change had passed on it also. The decorous little house had been turned inside out. The windows of his own sitting-room were open, the blind drawn up to the top, and in addition to his usual lamp some candles were flaring wildly in the draught. He could see into the room as he paused at the garden door, and was able to distinguish that the table was still covered as for dinner, and to catch the purple gleam of the light in the claret-jug which occupied the place of honour; but nobody was visible in the room. That wildly-illuminated and open apartment stood in strange contrast with the rest of the house, where everything was dark, save in Mrs Hadwin's own chamber. The Curate proceeded on his way, after that moment's pause, with hasty and impatient steps. On the way up he encountered Sarah the housemaid, who stopped in the middle of the stairs to make a frightened little curtsy, and utter an alarmed "La!" of recognition and surprise. But Sarah turned round as soon as she had recovered herself, to say that her missis wanted very bad to see Mr Wentworth as soon as he came home; but she was gone to bed now, and didn't he think it would be a pity to wake her up? The Curate gave her only a little nod of general acquiescence as he hurried on; but felt, notwithstanding, that this prompt request, ready prepared for his arrival, was a tacit protest against his guests, and expression of disapproval. Mrs Hadwin was only his landlady, an old woman, and not a particularly wise one, but her disapproval vexed the Perpetual Curate. It was a kind of sign of the times—those times in which it appeared that everybody was ready to turn upon him and embarrass his path. He had forgotten all about his companion as he hurried into the familiar room which was so little like itself, but yet was somehow conscious with annoyance that the stranger followed him through its half-shut door. The scene within was one which was never effaced from Mr Wentworth's memory. There were several bottles upon the table, which the poor Curate knew by sight, and which had been collected in his little cellar more for the benefit of Wharfside than of himself. Removed out of the current of air which was playing freely through the apartment, was some one lying on a sofa, with candles burning on a table beside him. He was in a dressing-gown, with his shirt open at the throat, and his languid frame extended in perfect repose to catch the refreshment of the breeze. Clouds of languid smoke, which were too far out of the way to feel the draught between the windows, curled over him: he had a cigar in one hand, which he had just taken from his lips, and with which he was faintly waving off a big night-moth which had been attracted by the lights; and a French novel, unmistakable in its paper cover, had closed upon the other. Altogether a more languid figure never lay at rest in undisturbed possession of the most legitimate retirement. He had the Wentworth hair, the golden-brown, which, like all their other family features, even down to their illnesses, the race was proud of, and a handsome silky beard. He had lived a hard life of pleasure and punishment; but though he had reached middle age, there was not a hair on the handsome reprobate's head which had changed out of its original colour. He looked languidly up when the door opened, but did not stop the

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delicate fence which he was carrying on against the moth, nor the polyglot oaths which he was swearing at it softly half under his breath.

"Frank, I suppose?" he said, calmly, as the Curate came hastily forward. "How d'ye do? I am very glad you've come back. The country was very charming the first day, but that's a charm that doesn't last. I suppose you've dined: or will you ring and order something?" he said, turning slowly round on his sofa. "Accidente! the thing will kill itself after all. Would you mind catching it in your handkerchief before you sit down? But don't take away the candles. It's too late to make any exertion," said the elegant prodigal, leaning back languidly on his sofa; "but I assure you that light is half my life."

The Curate was tired, heated, and indignant. He lifted the candles away from the table, and then put them back again, too much excited to think of the moth. "Your arrival must have been very sudden," he said, throwing himself into the nearest chair. "I was very much surprised by your message. It looks inhospitable, but I see you make yourself quite at home——"

"Perfectly," said the elder brother, resuming his cigar. "I always do. It is much more agreeable for all parties. But I don't know how it is that a man's younger brothers are always so rapid and unreasonable in their movements. Instead of saving that unhappy insect, you have precipitated its fate. Poor thing!—and it had no soul," said the intruder, with a tone of pathos. The scene altogether was a curious one. Snugly sheltered from the draught, but enjoying the coolness of the atmosphere which it produced, lay the figure on the sofa at perfect ease and leisure, with the light shed brightly upon him, on his shining beard, the white cool expanse of linen at his breast, and the bright hues of his dressing-gown. Near him, fatigued, dusty, indignant, and perplexed, sat the Curate, with the night air playing upon him, and moving his disordered hair on his forehead; while at the other end of the room hovered the stranger who had followed Mr Wentworth—a broad, shabby, indistinct figure, who stood with his back to the others, looking vaguely out of the window into the darkness. Over these two the night air blew with no small force between the open windows, making the candles on the centre table flare wildly, and flapping the white tablecloth. An occasional puff from the cigar floated now and then across the room. It was a pause before the storm.

"I was about to say," said the Perpetual Curate, "that though it might seem inhospitable, the first thing I had to ask was, What brought you here—and why did you send for me?"

"Don't be abrupt, pray," said Jack, taking his cigar from his mouth, and slightly waving the hand that held it. "Don't let us plunge into business all at once. You bring a sense of fatigue into the room with you, and the atmosphere was delightful a little while ago. I flatter myself I know how to enjoy the cool of the evening. Suppose you were to—ah—refresh yourself a little," he said, with a disapproving glance at his brother's dusty boots, "before we begin to talk of our affairs."

The Curate of St Roque's got up from his chair, feeling that he had an unchristian inclination to kick the heir of the Wentworths. As he could not do that, he shut the window behind him emphatically, and extinguished the flaring candles on the centre table. "I detest a draught," said the Perpetual Curate, which, unfortunately, was not a statement entirely founded on fact, though so far true in the present instance that he hated anything originated by the intruder. "I have hurried home in reply to your message, and I should be glad to know what it means, now that I am here—what you are in trouble

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about—and why you come to me—and what you have to do with him?"

"But you need not have deranged the temperature," said Jack. "Impetuosity always distresses me. All these are questions which it will take some time to answer. Let me persuade you, in the first place, to make yourself comfortable. Don't mind me; I'm at the crisis of my novel, which is very interesting. I have just been thinking how it might be adapted for the stage — there's a character that Fechter could make anything of. Now, my dear fellow, don't stand on ceremony. Take a bath and change your dress, and in the mean time there will be time to cook something—the cookery here is not bad for the country. After that we'll discuss all our news. I daresay our friend there is in no hurry," said the elder brother, opening his book and puffing slowly towards the Curate the languid smoke of his cigar.

"But, by Jove, I *am* in a hurry, though," said that nameless individual, coming forward. "It's all very well for you: you put a man up to everything that's dangerous, and then you leave him in the lurch, and say it don't matter. I daresay it don't matter to you. All that you've done has been to share the profit—you've nothing to do with the danger; but I'm savage to-night, and I don't mean to stand it any more," said the stranger, his great chest expanding with a panting breath. He, too, looked as if he would have liked to seize the languid spectator in his teeth and shake some human feeling into him. Jack Wentworth raised his eyebrows and looked at him, as he might have looked at a wild beast in a rage.

"Sit down, savage, and be quiet," he said. "Why should I trouble myself about you?—any fool could get into your scrape. I am not in the habit of interfering in a case of common crime. What I do, I do out of pity," he continued, with an air of superiority, quite different from his tone to his brother. But this look, which had answered before, was not successful to-night.

"By Jove, I *am* savage," said the other, setting his teeth, "and I know enough of your ways to teach you different behaviour. The parson has treated me like a gentleman—like what I used to be, though he don't like me; but you!—— By Jove! It was only my own name I signed, after all," he continued, after a pause, lowering his voice; "but you, you blackleg——"

"Stop a little," said the Curate, rising up. "Though you seem both to have forgotten it, this is my room. I don't mean to have any altercations here. I have taken you in for the sake of your — family," said Mr Wentworth, with a momentary gasp, "and you have come because you are my brother. I don't deny any natural claims upon me; but I am master of my own house and my own leisure. Get up, Jack, and tell me what you want. When I understand what it is, you can lounge at your will; but in the mean time get up and explain: and as for you, Wodehouse——"

Jack Wentworth faced round on his sofa, and then, with a kind of involuntary motion, slid his feet to the ground. He looked at his brother with extreme amazement as he closed his novel and tossed away the end of his cigar. "It's much better not to mention names," he said, in a half-apologetic way. "Our friend here is under a temporary cloud. His name, in fact—is Smith, I think." But as he spoke he sat upright, a little startled to find that Frank, whom he remembered only as a lad, was no longer to be coerced and concussed. As for the other, he came forward with the alacrity of a man who began to see some hope.

"By Jove, my name *is* Wodehouse, though," he said, in the argumentative tone which seemed habitual to him; his voice came

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low and grumbling through his beard. He was not of the class of triumphant sinners, whatever wickedness he might be capable of. To tell the truth, he had long, long ago fallen out of the butterfly stage of dissipation, and had now to be the doer of dirty work, despised and hustled about by such men as Jack Wentworth. The wages of sin had long been bitter enough, though he had neither any hope of freeing himself, nor any wish to do so; but he took up a grumbling tone of self-assertion as soon as he had an opening. "The parson treats me like a gentleman—like what I used to be," he repeated, coming into the light, and drawing a chair towards the table. "My name is Wodehouse—it's my own name that I have signed after all, by Jove," said the unlucky prodigal. It seemed to give him a little comfort to say that over again, as if to convince himself.

"As for Wodehouse, I partly understand what he has done," said the Curate. "It appears likely he has killed his father, by the way; but I suppose you don't count that. It is forgery in the mean time; I understand as much."

"It's my name as well as his, by Jove!" interrupted, hastily, the stranger, under his breath.

"Such strong terms are unnecessary," said Jack; "everybody knows that bills are drawn to be renewed, and nursed, and taken care of. We've had a great failure in luck as it happens, and these ones have come down to this deuced place; and the old fellow, instead of paying them like a gentleman, has made a row, and dropped down dead, or something. I suppose you don't know any more than the women have told you. The old man made a row in the office, and went off in fire and flame, and gave up our friend here to his partner's tender mercies. I sent for you, as you've taken charge of him. I suppose you have your reasons. This is an unlikely corner to find him in, and I suppose he couldn't be safer anywhere. That's about the state of the case. I came down to look after him, out of kind feeling," said the heir of the Wentworths. "If you don't mean to eat any dinner, have a cigar."

"And what have you to do with each other? what is the connection between you?" said the Curate of St Roque's. "I have my reasons, as you say, for taking an interest in him—but you——"

"I am only your elder brother," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders and resuming his place on the sofa. "We understand that difference. Business connection—that's all," he said, leisurely selecting another cigar from his case. When he had lighted it, he turned round and fixed his eyes upon the stranger. "We don't want any harm to happen to him," he said, with a little emphasis. "I've come here to protect him. If he keeps quiet and doesn't show, it will blow over. The keenest spy in the place could scarcely suspect him to be here. I have come entirely on his account—much to my own disgust—and yours," said the exquisite, with another shrug. He laid back his head and looked up to the ceiling, contemplating the fragrant wreaths of smoke with the air of a man perfectly at his ease. "We don't mean him to come to any harm," said Jack Wentworth, and stretched out his elegant limbs on the sofa, like a potentate satisfied that his protection was enough to make any man secure.

"I'm too much in their secrets, by Jove!" said poor Wodehouse, in his beard. "I *do* know their secrets, though they talk so big. It's not any consideration for me. It's to save themselves, by Jove, that's what it is!" cried the indignant drudge, of whom his superior deigned to take no notice. As for Mr Wentworth, he rose from his seat in a state of suppressed indignation, which could not express itself merely in words.

"May I ask what share I am ex-

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pected to play in the drama?" he asked, pushing his chair aside in his excitement. The elder brother turned instinctively, and once more slid his feet to the ground. They looked at each other for a moment; the Curate, pale with a passion which he could not conceal, had something in his eyes which brought shame even to Jack Wentworth's face.

"You can betray him if you like," he said, sulkily. "I have no—particular interest in the matter; but in that case he had better make the best of his time and get away. You hear?" said the master-spirit, making a sign to Wodehouse. He had roused himself up, and looked now like a feline creature preparing for a spring—his eyes were cast down, but under the eyelids he followed his brother's movements with vigilant observation. "If you like, you can betray him," he repeated, slowly, understanding, as bad men so often do, the generosities of the nature to which his own was so much opposed.

And perhaps there was an undue degree of exasperation in the indignant feelings which moved Mr Wentworth. He kicked off his dusty boots with an indecorum quite unusual to him, and hunted up his slippers out of the adjoining room with perhaps an unnecessary amount of noise and haste. Then he went and looked out of the window into the serene summer darkness and the dewy garden, getting a little fresh air upon his heated face. Last of all he came back, peremptory and decided. "I shall not betray him," said the Perpetual Curate; "but I will have no further schemes concocted nor villany carried on in my house. If I consent to shield him, and, if possible, save him from the law, it is neither for his sake—nor yours," said the indignant young man. "I suppose it is no use saying anything about your life; but both of you have fathers very like to die of this——"

"My dear fellow," said Jack Wentworth, "we have gone through that phase ages ago. Don't be so much after date. I have brought down my father's grey hairs, &c., a hundred times; and, I daresay, so has he. Don't treat us as if we were in the nursery—a parson of advanced views like you should have something a little more novel to say."

"And so I have," said Mr Wentworth, with a heightened colour. "There are capital rooms at the Blue Boar, which you will find very comfortable, I am sure. I don't remember that we have ever been more than acquaintances; and to take possession of a man's house in his absence argues a high degree of friendship, as you are aware. It will be with difficulty that I shall find room for myself to-night; but to-morrow, I trust, if business requires you to remain in Carlingford, you will be able to find accommodation at the Blue Boar."

The elder brother grew very red all over his face. "I will go at once," he said, with a little start; and then he took a second thought. "It is a poor sort of way of winning a victory," he said, in contemptuous tones, after he had overcome his first movement; "but if you choose that, it is no matter to me. I'll go to-morrow, as you say—to pack up to-night is too much for my energies. In the mean time it won't disturb you, I hope, if I go on with my novel. I don't suppose any further civilities are necessary between you and me," said Jack, once more putting up his feet on the sofa. He arranged himself with an indifference which was too genuine for bravado, opening his book, and puffing his cigar with great coolness. He did all but turn his back upon the others, and drew the little table nearer to him, in utter disregard of the fact that the Curate was leaning his arm on it. In short, he retired from the contest with a kind of grandeur, with his cigar and his novel, and the candles which lighted him up placidly, and made him

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look like the master of the house and the situation. There was a pause of some minutes, during which the others looked on—Mr Wentworth with a perfectly unreasonable sense of defeat, and poor Wodehouse with that strange kind of admiration which an unsuccessful good-for-nothing naturally feels for a triumphant rascal. They were in the shade looking on, and he in the light enjoying himself calmly in his way. The sight put an end to various twinges of repentance in the bosom of the inferior sinner. Jack Wentworth, lying on the sofa in superb indifference, victorious over all sense of right, did more to confirm his humble admirer in the life which he had almost made up his mind to abandon, than even his own inclination towards forbidden pleasure. He was dazzled by the success of his principal; and in comparison with that instructive sight, his father's probable deathbed, his sisters' tears, and even his own present discomfort, faded into insignificance. What Jack Wentworth was, Tom Wodehouse could never be; but at least he could follow his great model humbly and afar off. These sentiments made him receive but sulkily the admonitions of the Curate, when he led the way out of the preoccupied sitting-room; for Mr Wentworth was certainly not the victor in this passage of arms.

"I will do what I can to help you out of this," said the Curate, pausing within the door of Wodehouse's room, "for the sake of your—friends. But look here, Wodehouse; I have not preached to you hitherto, and I don't mean to do so now. When a man has done a crime, he is generally past preaching. The law will punish you for forging your father's name——"

"It's *my* name as well as his, by Jove," interrupted the culprit, sullenly; "I've a right to sign it wherever I please."

"But the law," said Mr Wentworth, with emphasis, "has nothing to do with the breaking of your father's heart. If he dies, think whether the recollection will be a comfortable one. I will save you, if I can and there is time, though I am compromised already, and it may do me serious injury. If you get free and are cleared from this, will you go away and break off your connection with—yes, you are quite right—I mean with my brother, whatever the connection may be? I will only exert myself for you on condition that you promise. You will go away somehow, and break off your old habits, and try if it is possible to begin anew?"

Wodehouse paused before he answered. The vision of Jack in the Curate's sitting-room still dazzled him. "You daren't say as much to your brother as you say to me," he replied, after a while, in his sulky way; "but I'm a gentleman, by Jove, as well as he is." And he threw himself down in a chair, and bit his nails, and grumbled into his beard. "It's hard to ask a fellow to give up his liberty," he said, without lifting his eyes. Mr Wentworth, perhaps, was a little contemptuous of the sullen wretch who already had involved him in so much annoyance and trouble.

"You can take your choice," he said; "the law will respect your liberty less than I shall;" and all the Curate's self-control could not conceal a certain amount of disdain.

"By Jove," said Wodehouse, lifting up his eyes, "if the old man should die, you'd change your tone;" and then he stopped short and looked suspiciously at the Curate. "There's no will, and I'm the heir," he said, with sullen braggadocio. Mr Wentworth was still young, and this look made him sick with disgust and indignation.

"Then you can take your chance," he said, impatiently, making a hasty step to the door. He would not return, though his ungrateful guest called him back, but went away, much excited and disgusted, to see if the fresh air outside would restore his composure. On his way

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down-stairs he again met Sarah, who was hovering about in a restless state of curiosity. "I've made up a bed for you, please, sir, in the little dressing-room," said Sarah; "and, please, Cook wants to know, wouldn't you have anything to eat?" The question reminded Mr Wentworth that he had eaten nothing since luncheon, which he took in his father's house. Human nature, which can bear great blows with elasticity so wonderful, is apt to be put out, as everybody knows, by their most trifling accessories, and a man naturally feels miserable when he has had no dinner, and has not a place to shelter him while he snatches a necessary mouthful. "Never mind; all the rooms are occupied to-night," said the Perpetual Curate, feeling thoroughly wretched. But Cook and Sarah had arranged all that, being naturally indignant that their favourite clergyman should be "put upon" by his disorderly and unexpected guests.

"I have set your tray, sir, in Missis's parlour," said Sarah, opening the door of that sanctuary; and it is impossible to describe the sense of relief with which the Perpetual Curate flung himself down on Mrs Hadwin's sofa, deranging a quantity of cushions and elaborate crochet-work draperies without knowing it. Here at least he was safe from intrusion. But his reflections were far from being agreeable as he ate his beefsteak. Here he was, without any fault of his own, plunged into the midst of a complication of disgrace and vice. Perhaps already the name of Lucy Wodehouse was branded with her brother's shame; perhaps still more overwhelming infamy might overtake, through that means, the heir and the name of the Wentworths. And for himself, what he had to do was to attempt with all his powers to defeat justice, and save from punishment a criminal for whom it was impossible to feel either sympathy or hope. When he thought of Jack up-stairs on the sofa over his French novel, the heart of the Curate burned within him with indignation and resentment; and his disgust at his other guest was, if less intense, an equally painful sensation. It was hard to waste his strength, and perhaps compromise his character, for such men as these; but on the other hand he saw his father, with that malady of the Wentworths hanging over his head, doing his best to live and last, like a courageous English gentleman as he was, for the sake of "the girls" and the little children, who had so little to expect from Jack; and poor stupid Mr Wodehouse dying of the crime which assailed his own credit as well as his son's safety. The Curate of St Roque's drew a long breath, and raised himself up unconsciously to his full height as he rose to go up-stairs. It was he against the world at the moment, as it appeared. He set himself to his uncongenial work with a heart that revolted against the evil cause of which he was about to constitute himself the champion. But for the Squire, who had misjudged him—for Lucy, who had received him with such icy smiles, and closed up her heart against his entrance,—sometimes there is a kind of bitter sweetness in the thought of spending love and life in one lavish and prodigal outburst upon those to whom our hearts are bound, but whose affections make us no return.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Curate went to breakfast next morning with a little curiosity and a great deal of painful feeling. He had been inhospitable to his brother, and a revulsion had happened such as happens invariably when the generous man is forced by external circumstances to show himself churlish. Though his good sense and his pride alike prevented

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him from changing his resolution of the previous night, still his heart had relented toward Jack, and he felt sorry and half ashamed to meet the brother to whom he had shown so much temper and so little kindness. It was much later than usual when he came down-stairs, and Jack was just coming out of the comfortable chamber which belonged of right to his brother, when the Curate entered the sitting-room. Jack was in his dressing-gown, as on the previous night, and came forth humming an air out of the 'Trovatore,' and looking as wholesomely fresh and clean and dainty as the most honest gentleman in England. He gave his brother a good-humoured nod, and wished him good morning. "I am glad to see you don't keep distressingly early hours," he said between the bars of the air he was humming. He was a man of perfect digestion, like all the Wentworths, and got up, accordingly, in a good temper, not disposed to make too much of any little incivility that might have taken place. On the contrary, he helped himself to his brother's favourite omelet with the most engaging cheerfulness, and entered into such conversation as might be supposed to suit a Perpetual Curate in a little country town.

"I daresay you have a good many nice people about here," said Jack. "I've done nothing but walk about since I came—and it does a man good to see those fresh little women with their pink cheeks. There's one, a sister of our friend's, I believe," he continued, with a nod towards the door to indicate Wodehouse—"an uncommonly pretty girl, I can tell you; and there's a little rosebud of a creature at that shop, whom, they tell me, you're interested in. Your living is not worth much, I suppose? It's unlucky having two clergymen in a family; but, to be sure, you're going in for Skelmersdale. By the way, that reminds me—how are the aunts? I have not heard anything of them for ages. Female relations of that description generally cling to the parsons of the race. I suppose they are all living—all three? Such people never seem to die."

"They are here," said the Curate, succinctly, "living in Carlingford. I wonder nobody has told you."

A sudden bright spark lighted in the prodigal's eyes. "Ah, they are here, are they?" he said, after a momentary pause; "so much the better for you; but in justice you ought to be content with the living. I say so as your elder brother. Gerald has the best right to what they've got to leave. By the by, how are Gerald and the rest? you've just been there. I suppose our respected parent goes on multiplying. To think of so many odious little wretches calling themselves Wentworth is enough to make one disgusted with the name."

"My father was very ill when I left; he has had another attack," said the Curate. "He does not seem able to bear any agitation. Your telegram upset him altogether. I don't know what you've been about—he did not tell me," continued the younger brother, with a little emotion, "but he is very uneasy about you."

"Ah, I daresay," said Jack; "that's natural; but he's wonderfully tough for such an old fellow. I should say it would take twenty attacks to finish him; and this is the second, isn't it? I wonder how long an interval there was between the two; it would be a pretty calculation for a *post-obit*. Wodehouse seems to have brought his ancestor down at the first shot almost; but then there's no entail in his case, and the old fellow may have made a will. I beg your pardon; you don't like this sort of talk. I forgot you were a clergyman. I rather like this town of yours, do you know. Sweet situation, and good for the health, I should say. I'll take your advice, I think, about the—how did you call it?—Black Boar. Unless, indeed, some charitable family would take me in," said the elder brother,

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with a glance from under his eyelids. His real meaning did not in the least degree suggest itself to the Curate, who was thinking more of what was past than of what was to come.

"You seem to take a great interest in Wodehouse?" said Mr Wentworth.

"Yes; and so do you," said Jack, with a keen glance of curiosity—"I can't tell why. My interest in him is easily explained. If the affair came to a trial, it might involve other people who are of retiring dispositions and dislike publicity. I don't mind saying," continued the heir of the Wentworths, laying down his knife and fork, and looking across at his brother with smiling candour, "that I might myself be brought before the world in a way which would wound my modesty; so it must not be permitted to go any further, you perceive. The partner has got a warrant out, but has not put it into execution as yet. That's why I sent for you. You are the only man, so far as I can see, that can be of any use."

"I don't know what you mean," said the Curate, hastily, "nor what connection you can possibly have with Wodehouse; perhaps it is better not to inquire. I mean to do my best for him, independent of you."

"Do," said Jack Wentworth, with a slight yawn; "it is much better not to inquire. A clergyman runs the risk of hearing things that may shock him when he enters into worldly business; but the position of mediator is thoroughly professional. Now for the Black Boar. I'll send for my traps when I get settled," he said, rising in his languid way. He had made a very good breakfast, and he was not at all disposed to make himself uncomfortable by quarrelling with his brother. Besides, he had a new idea in his mind. So he gave the Curate another little good-humoured nod, and disappeared in the sleeping-room, from which he emerged a few minutes after with a coat replacing the dressing-gown, ready to go out. "I daresay I shall see you again before I leave Carlingford," he said, and left the room with the utmost suavity. As for Mr Wentworth, it is probable that his brother's serenity had quite the reverse of a soothing effect upon his mind and temper. He rose from the table as soon as Jack was gone, and for a long time paced about the room composing himself, and planning what he was to do—so long, indeed, that Sarah, after coming up softly to inspect, had cleared the table and put everything straight in the room before the Curate discovered her presence. It was only when she came up to him at last, with her little rustical curtsy, to say that, please, her missis would like to see him for a moment in the parlour, that Mr Wentworth found out that she was there. This interruption roused him out of his manifold and complicated thoughts. "I am too busy just now, but I will see Mrs Hadwin to-night," he said; "and you can tell her that my brother has gone to get rooms at the Blue Boar." After he had thus satisfied the sympathetic handmaiden, the Curate crossed over to the closed door of Wodehouse's room and knocked. The inmate there was still in bed, as was his custom, and answered Mr Wentworth through his beard in a recumbent voice, less sulky and more uncertain than on the previous night. Poor Wodehouse had neither the nerve nor the digestion of his more splendid associate. He had no strength of evil in himself when he was out of the way of it; and the consequence of a restless night was a natural amount of penitence and shame in the morning. He met the Curate with a depressed countenance, and answered all his questions readily enough, even giving him the particulars of the forged bills, in respect to which Thomas Wodehouse the younger could not, somehow, feel so guilty as if it had been a

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name different from his own which he had affixed to those fatal bits of paper; and he did not hesitate much to promise that he would go abroad and try to make a new beginning if this matter could be settled. Mr Wentworth went out with some satisfaction after the interview, believing in his heart that his own remonstrances had had their due effect, as it is so natural to believe—for he did not know, having slept very soundly, that it had rained a good deal during the night, and that Mrs Hadwin's biggest tub (for the old lady had a passion for rain-water) was immediately under poor Wodehouse's window, and kept him awake as it filled and ran over all through the summer darkness. The vision of Jack Wentworth, even in his hour of success, was insufficient to fortify the simpler soul of his humble admirer against that ominous sound of the unseen rain, and against the flashes of sudden lightning that seemed to blaze into his heart. He could not help thinking of his father's sick-bed in those midnight hours, and of all the melancholy array of lost years which had made him no longer "a gentleman as he used to be," but a skulking vagabond in his native place; and his penitence lasted till after he had had his breakfast and Mr Wentworth was gone. Then perhaps the other side of the question recurred to his mind, and he began to think that if his father died there might be no need for his banishment; but Mr Wentworth knew nothing of this change in his protegé's sentiments, as he went quickly up Grange Lane. Wharfside and all the district had lain neglected for three long days, as the Curate was aware, and he had promised to call at No. 10 Prickett's Lane, and to look after the little orphan children whom Lucy had taken charge of. His occupations, in short, both public and private, were overpowering, and he could not tell how he was to get through them; for, in addition to everything else, it was Friday, and there was a litany service at twelve o'clock in St Roque's. So Mr Wentworth had little time to lose as he hurried up once again to Mr Wodehouse's green door.

It was Miss Wodehouse who came to meet the Curate as soon as his presence was known in the house—Miss Wodehouse, and not Lucy, who made way for her sister to pass her, and took no notice of Mr Wentworth's name. The elder sister entered very hurriedly the little parlour down-stairs, and shut the door fast, and came up to him with an anxious inquiring face. She told him her father was just the same, in faltering tones. "And, oh, Mr Wentworth?" she exclaimed, with endless unspeakable questions in her eyes. It was so hard for the gentle woman to keep her secret—the very sight of somebody who knew it was a relief to her heart.

"I want you to give me full authority to act for you," said the Curate. "I must go to Mr Wodehouse's partner and discuss the whole matter."

Here Miss Wodehouse gave a little cry, and stopped him suddenly. "Oh, Mr Wentworth, it would kill papa to know you had spoken of it to any one. You must send him away," she said, breathless with anxiety and terror. "To think of discussing it with any one when even Lucy does not know——!" She spoke with so much haste and fright that it was scarcely possible to make out her last words.

"Nevertheless I must speak to Mr Waters," said the Curate; "I am going there now. He knows all about it already, and has a warrant for *his* apprehension; but we must stop that. I will undertake that it shall be paid, and you must give me full authority to act for you." When Miss Wodehouse met the steady look he gave her, she veered immediately from her fright at the thought of having it spoken of, to gratitude to him who

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was thus ready to take her burden into his hands.

"Oh, Mr Wentworth, it is so good of you—it is like a brother!" said the trembling woman; and then she made a pause. "I say a brother," she said, drawing an involuntary moral, "though we have never had any good of ours; and oh, if Lucy only knew——!"

The Curate turned away hastily, and wrung her hand without being aware of it. "No," he said, with a touch of bitterness, "don't let her know. I don't want to appeal to her gratitude;" and with that he became silent, and fell to listening, standing in the middle of the room, if perhaps he might catch any sound of footsteps coming downstairs.

"She will know better some day," said Miss Wodehouse, wiping her eyes; "and oh, Mr Wentworth, if papa ever gets better ——!" Here the poor lady broke down into inarticulate weeping. "But I know you will stand by us," she said, amid her tears; "it is all the comfort I have—and Lucy——"

There was no sound of any footstep on the stair—nothing but the ticking of the timepiece on the mantelshelf, and the rustling of the curtains in the soft morning breeze which came through the open window, and Miss Wodehouse's crying. The Curate had not expected to see Lucy, and knew in his heart that it was better they should not meet just at this moment; but, notwithstanding this, it was strange how bitter and disappointed he felt, and what an impatient longing he had for one look of her, even though it should be a look which would drive him frantic with mortified love and disappointed expectation. To know that she was under the same roof, and that she knew he was here, but kept away, and did not care to see him, was gall to his excited mind. He went away hastily, pressing poor Miss Wodehouse's hand with a kind of silent rage. "Don't talk about Lucy," he said, half to himself, his heart swelling and throbbing at the sound of the name. It was the first time he had spoken it aloud to any ear but his own, and he left the house tingling with an indignation and mortification and bitter fondness which could not be expressed in words. What he was about to do was for her sake, and he thought to himself, with a forlorn pride, that she would never know it, and it did not matter. He could not tell that Lucy was glancing out furtively over the blind, ashamed of herself in her wounded heart for doing so, and wondering whether even now he was occupied with that unworthy love which had made an everlasting separation between them. If it had been any one worthy, it would have been different, poor Lucy thought, as she pressed back the tears into her eyes, and looked out wistfully at him over the blind. She above-stairs in the sick-room, and he in the fresh garden hastening out to his work, were both thinking in their hearts how perverse life was, and how hard it was not to be happy—as indeed they well might in a general way; though perhaps one glance of the Curate's eyes upward, one meeting of looks, might have resulted quite unreasonably in a more felicitous train of thinking, at least for that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Mr Wentworth arrived in the little vestry at St Roque's to robe himself for the approaching service, it was after a long and tough contest with Mr Wodehouse's partner, which had to a great extent exhausted his energies. Mr Wodehouse was the leading attorney in Carlingford, the chief family solicitor in the county, a man looked upon with favourable eyes even by the great people as being himself a cadet

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of a county family. His partner, Mr Waters, was altogether a different description of man. He was much more clever, and a good deal more like a gentleman, but he had not a connection in the world, and had fought his way up to prosperity through many a narrow, and perhaps, if people spoke true, many a dirty avenue to fortune. He was very glad of the chance which brought his partner's reputation and credit thus under his power, and he was by no means disposed to deal gently with the prodigal son. That is to say, he was quite disinclined to let the family out of his clutches easily, or to consent to be silent and "frustrate the ends of justice" for anything else than an important equivalent. Mr Wentworth had much ado to restrain his temper while the wily attorney talked about his conscience; for the Curate was clearsighted enough to perceive at the first glance that Mr Waters had no real intention of proceeding to extremities. The lawyer would not pledge himself to anything, notwithstanding all Mr Wentworth's arguments. "Wodehouse himself was of the opinion that the law should take its course," he said; but out of respect for his partner he might wait a few days to see what turn his illness would take. "I confess that I am not adapted for my profession, Mr Wentworth. My feelings overcome me a great deal too often," said the sharp man of business, looking full into the Curate's eyes, "and while the father is dying I have not the heart to proceed against the son; but I pledge myself to nothing—recollect, to nothing." And with this and a very indignant mind Mr Wentworth had been forced to come away. His thoughts were occupied with the contrarieties of the world as he hastened along to St Roque's—how one man had to bear another's burdens in every station and capacity of life, and how another man triumphed and came to success by means of the misfortunes of his friends. It was hard to tell what made the difference, or how humankind got divided into these two great classes, for possibly enough the sharp attorney was as just in his way as the Curate; but Mr Wentworth got no more satisfaction in thinking of it than speculatists generally have when they investigate this strange, wayward, fantastical humanity which is never to be calculated upon. He came into the little vestry of St Roque's, which was a strong little room with a groined roof and windows too severely early English in their character to admit any great amount of light, with a sensation of fatigue and discouragement very natural to a man who had been interfering in other people's affairs. There was some comfort in the litany which he was just going to say, but not much comfort in any of the human individuals who would come into Mr Wentworth's mind as he paused in the midst of the suffrage for "sick persons" and for those who "had erred and were deceived," that the worshippers might whisper into God's ear the names for which their hearts were most concerned. The young priest sighed heavily as he put on his surplice, pondering all the obstinate selfishness and strange contradictions of men; and it was only when he heard a rather loud echo to his breath of weariness that he looked up and saw Elsworthy, who was contemplating him with a very curious expression of face. The clerk started a little on being discovered, and began to look over all the choristers' books and set them in readiness, though, indeed, there were no choristers on Fridays, but only the ladies, who chanted the responses a great deal more sweetly, and wore no surplices. Thinking of that, it occurred to Mr Wentworth how much he would miss the round full notes which always betrayed Lucy's presence to him even when he did not see her; and he forgot Elsworthy, and sighed again without thinking of any comment which might be made upon the sound.

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"I'm sorry to see, sir, as you ain't in your usual good spirits?" said that observant spectator, coming closer up to "his clergyman." Elsworthy's eyes were full of meanings which Mr Wentworth could not, and had no wish to, decipher.

"I am perfectly well, thank you," said the Perpetual Curate, with his coldest tone. He had become suspicious of the man, he could scarcely tell why.

"There's a deal of people in church this morning," said the clerk; and then he came closer still, and spoke in a kind of whisper, "About that little matter as we was speaking of, Mr Wentworth—that's all straight, sir, and there ain't no occasion to be vexed. She came back this morning," said Elsworthy, under his breath.

"Who came back this morning?" asked the Curate, with a little surprise. His thoughts had been so much with Lucy that no one else occurred to him at the moment; and even while he asked this question, his busy fancy began to wonder where she could have been, and what motive could have taken her away?

"I couldn't mean nobody but Rosa, as I talked to you about last night," said Elsworthy. "She's come back, sir, as you wished; and I *have* heard as she was in Carlingford last night just afore you come, Mr Wentworth, when I thought as she was far enough off; which you'll allow, sir, whoever it was she come to see, it wasn't the right thing, nor what her aunt and me had reason to expect."

The Curate of St Roque's said "Pshaw!" carelessly to himself. He was not at all interested in Rosa Elsworthy. Instead of making any answer, he drew on the scarlet band of his hood, and marched away gravely into the reading-desk, leaving the vestry-door open behind him for the clerk to follow. The little dangers that harassed his personal footsteps had not yet awakened so much as an anxiety in his mind. Things much more serious preoccupied his thoughts. He opened his prayer-book with a consciousness of the good of it which comes to men only now and then. At Oxford, in his day, Mr Wentworth had entertained his doubts like others, and like most people was aware that there were a great many things in heaven and earth totally unexplainable by any philosophy. But he had always been more of a man than a thinker, even before he became a high Anglican; and being still much in earnest about most things he had to do with, he found great comfort just at this moment, amid all his perplexities, in the litany he was saying. He was so absorbed in it, and so full of that appeal out of all troubles and miseries to the God who cannot be indifferent to His creatures, that he was almost at the last Amen before he distinguished that voice, which of all voices was most dear to him. The heart of the young man swelled, when he heard it, with a mingled thrill of sympathy and wounded feeling. She had not left her father's sick-bed to see *him*, but she *had* found time to run down the sunny road to St Roque's, to pray for the sick and the poor. When he knelt down in the reading-desk at the end of the service, was it wrong, instead of more abstract supplications, that the young priest said over and over, "God bless her," in an outburst of pity and tenderness? And he did not try to overtake her on the road, as he might have done had his heart been less deeply touched, but went off with abstracted looks to Wharfside, where all the poor people were very glad to see him, and where his absence was spoken of as if he had been three months instead of three days away. It was like going back a century or two into primitive life, to go into "the district," where civilisation did not prevail to any very distressing extent, and where people in general spoke their minds freely. But even when he came out of No. 10, where the poor woman still kept on living, Mr Wentworth was made aware of his private troubles;

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for on the opposite side of the way, where there was a little bit of vacant ground, the Rector was standing with some of the schismatics of Wharfside, planning how to place the iron church which, it was said, he meant to establish in the very heart of the "district." Mr Morgan took off his hat very stiffly to the Perpetual Curate, who returned up Prickett's Lane with a heightened colour and quickened pulse. A man must be an angel indeed who can see his work taken out of his hands and betray no human emotion. Mr Wentworth went into Elsworthy's, as he went back, to write a forcible little note to the Rector on the subject before he returned home. It was Rosa who handed him the paper he wanted, and he gave her a little nod without looking at her. But when he had closed his note, and laid it on the counter to be delivered, the Curate found her still standing near, and looked at the little blushing creature with some natural admiration. "So you have come back," he said; "but mind you don't go into Grange Lane any more after dark, little Rosa." When he had left the shop and finished this little matter, he bethought himself of his aunts, whom he had not seen since he returned. Aunt Dora was not at her usual sentinel window when he crossed Grange Lane towards their garden-door; and the door itself was open, and some one from the Blue Boar was carrying in a large portmanteau. Mr Wentworth's curiosity was strangely excited by the sight. He said, "Who has come, Lewis?" to Miss Wentworth's man, who stood in the hall superintending the arrival, but ran up-stairs without waiting for any answer. He felt by instinct that the visitor was some one likely to increase the confusion of affairs, and perplex matters more and more to himself.

But even this presentiment did not prepare him for the astonishing sight which met his eyes when he entered the drawing-room. There the three ladies were all assembled, regarding with different developments of interest the new-comer, who had thrown himself, half-reclining, on a sofa. Aunt Dora was sitting by him with a bottle of eau-de-Cologne in her hand, for this meeting had evidently gone to the heart of the returned prodigal. Aunt Dora was ready to have sacrificed all the veal in the country in honour of Jack's repentance; and the Curate stood outside upon the threshold, looking at the scene with the strangest half-angry, half-comical realisation of the state of mind of the elder brother in the parable. He had himself been rather found fault with, excused, and tolerated among his relations; but Jack had at once become master of the position, and taken possession of all their sympathies. Mr Wentworth stood gazing at them, half-amused, and yet more angry than amused—feeling, with a little indignation, as was natural, that the pretended penitence of the clever sinner was far more effective and interesting than his own spotless loyalty and truth. To be sure, they were only three old ladies—three old aunts—and he smiled at the sight; but though he smiled, he did not like it, and perhaps was more abrupt than usual in his salutations. Miss Leonora was seated at her writing-table, busy with her correspondence. The question of the new gin-palace was not yet decided, and she had been in the middle of a letter of encouragement to her agents on the subject, reminding them that, even though the licence was granted, the world would still go on all the same, and that the worst possibilities must be encountered, when Jack the prodigal made his appearance, with all the tokens of reformation and repentance about him, to throw himself upon the Christian charity of his relations. A penitent sinner was too tempting a bait for even Miss Leonora's good sense to withstand, and she had postponed her letter-writing to hear his explanations. But Jack had told his story by this time, and had explained how

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much he wanted to withdraw out of the world in which he had been led astray, and how sick he was of all its whirl of temptations and disappointment; and Miss Leonora had returned to her letter when her younger nephew arrived. As for Miss Wentworth, she was seated placidly in her usual easy-chair, smiling with equable smiles upon both the young men, and raising her beautiful old cheek for Frank to kiss, just as she had raised it to Jack. It was Miss Dora who was most shaken out of her allegiance; she who had always made Frank her special charge. Though she had wept herself into a day's headache on his behalf so short a time ago, aunt Dora for the moment had allowed the more effusive prodigal to supersede Frank. Instead of taking him into her arms as usual, and clinging to him, she only put the hand that held the eau-de-Cologne over his shoulder as she kissed him. Jack, who had been so dreadfully, inexpressibly wicked, and who had come back to his aunts to be converted and restored to his right mind, was more interesting than many curates. She sat down again by her penitent as soon as she had saluted his brother; and even Miss Leonora, when she paused in her letter, turned her eyes towards Jack.

"So Gerald is actually going over to Rome," said the strong-minded aunt. "I never expected anything else. I had a letter from Louisa yesterday, asking me to use my influence: as if I had any influence over your brother! If a silly wife was any justification for a man making an idiot of himself, Gerald might be excused; but I suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be that you have followed him, Frank. Did you hear anything further about Janet and that lover of hers? In a large family like ours there is always something troublesome going on," said Miss Leonora. "I am not surprised to hear of your father's attack. *My* father had a great many attacks, and lived to eighty; but he had few difficulties with the female part of his household," she continued, with a grim little smile—for Miss Leonora rather piqued herself upon her exemption from any known sentimental episode, even in her youth.

"Dear Jack's return will make up for a great deal," said aunt Dora. "Oh, Frank, my dear, your brother has made us all so happy. He has just been telling us that he means to give up all his racing and betting and wickedness; and when he has been with us a little, and learned to appreciate a domestic circle——" said poor Miss Dora, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. She was so much overcome that she could not finish the sentence. But she put her disengaged hand upon Jack's arm and patted it, and in her heart concluded that as soon as the blanket was done for Louisa's bassinet, she would work him a pair of slippers, which should endear more and more to him the domestic circle, and stimulate the new-born virtue in his repentant heart.

"I don't know what Jack's return may do," said Mr Wentworth, "but I hope you don't imagine it was Gerald who caused my father's illness. *You* know better, at least," said the indignant Curate, looking at the hero on the sofa. That interesting reprobate lifted his eyes with a covert gleam of humour to the unresponsive countenance of his brother, and then he stroked his silky beard and sighed.

"My dear aunt, Frank is right," said Jack, with a melancholy voice. "I have not concealed from you that my father has great reason to be offended with me. I have done very much the reverse of what I ought to have done. I see even Frank can't forgive me; and I don't wonder at it," said the prodigal, "though I have done him no harm that I know of;" and again the heir of the Wentworths sighed, and covered his face for a moment with his hand.

"Oh, Frank," cried Miss Dora, with streaming eyes — "oh, my

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dear boy, isn't there joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? You're not going to be the wicked elder brother that grudged the prodigal his welcome—you're not going to give way to jealousy, Frank?"

"Hold your tongue, Dora," said the iron-grey sister; "I daresay Frank knows a great deal better than you do; but I want to know about Gerald, and what is to be done. If he goes to Rome, of course you will take Wentworth Rectory; so it will not be an unmingled evil," said Miss Leonora, biting her pen, and throwing a keen glance at the Curate of St Roque's, "especially as you and we differ so entirely in our views. I could not consent to appoint anybody to Skelmersdale, even if poor Mr Shirley were to die, who did not preach the Gospel; and it would be sad for you to spend all your life in a Perpetual Curacy, where you could have no income, nor ever hope to be able to marry," she continued steadily, with her eyes fixed upon her nephew. "Of course, if you had entered the Church for the love of the work, it would be a different matter," said the strong-minded aunt. "But that sort of thing seems to have gone out of fashion. I am sorry about Gerald—very sorry; but after what I saw of him, I am not surprised; and it is a comfort to one's mind to think that you will be provided for by the Rectory, Frank." Miss Leonora wrote a few words of the letter as she finished this speech. What she was saying in that epistle was (in reference to the gin-palace) that all discouragements were sent by God, and that, no doubt, His meaning was, that we should work all the harder to make way against them. After putting down which encouraging sentiment, she raised her eyes again, and planted her spear in her nephew's bosom with the greatest composure in the world.

"My Perpetual Curacy suits me very well," said Mr Wentworth, with a little pride; "and there is a good deal to do in Carlingford. However, I did not come here to talk about that. The Rector is going to put up an iron church in my district," said the young man, who was rather glad of a subject which permitted a little of his indignation to escape. "It is very easy to interfere with other people's work." And then he paused, not choosing to grumble to an unsympathetic audience. To feel that nobody cares about your trouble, is better than all the rules of self-control. The Perpetual Curate stopped instinctively with a dignified restraint, which would have been impossible to him under other circumstances. It was no merit of his, but he reaped the advantage of it all the same.

"But oh, my dear," said Miss Dora, "what a comfort to think of what St Paul says—'Whether it be for the right motive or not, Christ is still preached.' And one never knows what chance word may touch a heart," said the poor little woman, shaking her limp curls away from her cheeks. "It was you being offended with him that made dear Jack think of coming to us; and what a happiness it is to think that he sees the error of his ways," cried poor Miss Dora, drying her tears. "And oh, Frank, my dear boy, I trust you will take warning by your brother, and not run into temptation," continued the anxious aunt, remembering all her troubles. "If you were to go wrong, it would take away all the pleasure of life."

"That is just what I was thinking," said aunt Cecilia from her easy-chair.

"For, oh, Frank, my dear," said Miss Dora, much emboldened by this support, "you must consider that you are a clergyman, and there are a great many things that are wrong in a clergyman that would not matter in another man. Oh, Leonora, if you would speak to him, he would mind you," cried the poor lady; "for you know a clergyman is quite different;" and Miss Dora

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again stopped short, and the three aunts looked at the bewildered Curate, who, for his part, sat gazing at them without an idea what they could mean.

"What have I been doing that would be right in another man?" he said, with a smile which was slightly forced; and then he turned to Jack, who was laughing softly under his breath, and stroking his silky beard. The elder brother was highly amused by the situation altogether, but Frank, as was natural, did not see it in the same light. "What have you been saying?" said the indignant Curate; and his eyes gave forth a sudden light which frightened Miss Dora, and brought her in to the rescue.

"Oh, Frank, he has not been saying anything," cried that troubled woman; "it is only what we have heard everywhere. Oh, my dear boy, it is only for your good I ever thought of speaking. There is nobody in the world to whom your welfare is so precious," said poor Miss Dora. "Oh, Frank, if you and your brother were to have any difference, I should think it all my fault—and I always said you did not mean anything," she said, putting herself and her eau-de-Cologne between the two, and looking as if she were about to throw herself into the Curate's arms. "Oh, Frank, dear, don't blame any one else—it is my fault!" cried aunt Dora, with tears; and the tender-hearted foolish creature kept between them, ready to rush in if any conflict should occur, which was a supposition much resented by the Curate of St Roque's.

"Jack and I have no intention of fighting, I daresay," he said, drawing his chair away with some impatience; and Jack lay back on the sofa and stroked his beard, and looked on with the greatest composure while poor Miss Dora exhausted her alarm. "It is all my fault," sobbed aunt Dora; "but, oh, my dear boy, it was only for your good; and I always said you did not mean anything," said the discomfited peacemaker. All this, though it was highly amusing to the prodigal, was gall and bitterness to the Perpetual Curate. It moved him far more deeply than he could have imagined it possible for anything spoken by his aunt Dora to move him. Perhaps there is something in human nature which demands to be comprehended, even where it is aware that comprehension is impossible; and it wounded him in the most unreasonable way to have it supposed that he was likely to get into any quarrel with his brother, and to see Jack thus preferred to himself.

"Don't be a fool," said Miss Leonora, sharply: "I wish you would confine yourself to Louisa's bassinet, and talk of things you can understand. I hope Frank knows what he is doing better than a set of old women. At the same time, Frank," said Miss Leonora, rising and leading the way to the door, "I want to say a word to you. Don't think you are above misconception. Most people believe a lie more readily than the truth. Dora is a fool," said the elder sister, pausing, when she had led her nephew outside the drawing-room door, "but so are most people; and I advise you to be careful, and not to give occasion for any gossip; otherwise, I don't say *I* disapprove of your conduct." She had her pen in one hand, and held out the other to him, dismissing him; and even this added to the painful feeling in the Curate's heart.

"I should hope not," he said, somewhat stiffly: "good-bye—my conduct is not likely to be affected by any gossip, and I don't see any need for taking precautions against imaginary danger." Miss Leonora thought her nephew looked very ungracious as he went away. She said to herself that Frank had a great deal of temper, and resembled his mother's family more than the Wentworths, as she went back to her writing-table; and though she could not disapprove of him, she felt vexed somehow at his rectitude and

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his impatience of advice; whereas, Jack, poor fellow! who had been a great sinner, was, according to all appearance, a great penitent also, and a true Wentworth, with all the family features. Such were Miss Leonora's thoughts as she went back to finish her letters, and to encourage her agents in her London district to carry on the good work.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," she wrote apropos of the gin-palace, and set very distinctly before her spiritual retainers all that Providence might intend by this unexpected hindrance; and so quite contented herself about her nephew, whose views on this and many other subjects were so different from her own.

Meanwhile Mr Wentworth went about the rest of his day's work in a not unusual, but far from pleasant, frame of mind. When one suddenly feels that the sympathy upon which one calculated most surely has been withdrawn, the shock is naturally considerable. It might not be anything very great while it lasted, but still one feels the difference when it is taken away. Lucy had fallen off from him; and even aunt Dora had ceased to feel his concerns the first in the world. He smiled at himself for the wound he felt; but that did not remove the sting of it. After the occupations of the day were over, when at last he was going home, and when his work and the sense of fatigue which accompanied it had dulled his mind a little, the Curate felt himself still dwelling on the same matter, contemplating it in a half-comic point of view, as proud men are not unapt to contemplate anything that mortifies them. He began to realise, in a humorous way, his own sensations as he stood at the drawing-room door and recognised the prodigal on the sofa; and then a smile dawned upon his lip as he thought once more of the prodigal's elder brother, who regarded that business with unsympathetic eyes and grudged the supper. And from that he went into a half-professional line of thought, and imagined to himself, half smiling, how, if he had been Dr Cumming or the minister of Salem Chapel, he might have written a series of sermons on the unappreciated characters of Scripture, beginning with that virtuous uninteresting elder brother; from which suggestion, though he was not the minister of Salem nor Dr Cumming, it occurred to the Perpetual Curate to follow out the idea, and to think of such generous careless souls as Esau, and such noble unfortunates as the peasant-king, the mournful magnificent Saul — people not generally approved of, or enrolled among the martyrs or saints. He was pursuing this kind of half-reverie, half-thought, when he reached his own house. It was again late and dark, for he had dined in the mean time, and was going home now to write his sermon, in which, no doubt, some of these very ideas were destined to reappear. He opened the garden-gate with his latch-key, and paused, with an involuntary sense of the beauty and freshness of the night, as soon as he got within the sheltering walls. The stars were shining faint and sweet in the summer blue, and all the shrubs and the grass breathing forth that subdued breath of fragrance and conscious invisible life which gives so much sweetness to the night. He thought he heard whispering voices, as he paused glancing up at the sky; and then from the side-walk he saw a little figure run, and heard a light little footstep fluttering towards the door which he had just closed. Mr Wentworth started and went after this little flying figure with some anxiety. Two or three of his long strides brought him up with the escaping visitor, as she fumbled in her agitation over the handle of the door. "You have come again, notwithstanding what I said to you? but you must not repeat it, Rosa," said the Curate; "no good can come of these meetings. I will tell your

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uncle if I ever find you here again."

"Oh no, no, please don't," cried the girl; "but, after all, I don't mind," she said, with more confidence: "he would think it was something very different;" and Rosa raised her eyes to the Curate's face with a coquettish inquiry. She could not divest herself of the thought that Mr Wentworth was jealous, and did not like to have her come there for anybody but himself.

"If you were not such a child, I should be very angry," said the Curate; "as it is, I *am* very angry with the person who deludes you into coming. Go home, child," he said, opening the door to her, "and remember I will not allow you on any pretext to come here again."

His words were low, and perhaps Rosa did not care much to listen; but there was quite light enough to show them both very plainly, as he stood at the door and she went out. Just then the Miss Hemmings were going up Grange Lane from a little tea-party with their favourite maid, and all their eyes about them. They looked very full in Mr Wentworth's face, and said How d'ye do? as they passed the door; and when they had passed it, they looked at each other with eyes which spoke volumes. Mr Wentworth shut the door violently with irrepressible vexation and annoyance when he encountered that glance. He made no farewells, nor did he think of taking care of Rosa on the way home as he had done before. He was intensely annoyed and vexed, he could not tell how; and this was how it happened that the last time she was seen in Carlingford, Rosa Elsworthy was left standing by herself in the dark at Mr Wentworth's door.

PERSONAL IDENTITIES.

"One of these men is genius to the other;
. . . . Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?"
—*Comedy of Errors.*

A VERY learned and able divine in a past generation once wrote a celebrated dissertation upon Personal Identity. It struck him as a very difficult metaphysical question, in which the affirmative had been somewhat insufficiently proved by those who had undertaken to maintain it. There is no intention on the present writer's part of reviewing either Locke's or Bishop Butler's theory; still less of plunging into any of the speculations of our German neighbours as to the *ego* and *non-ego*. But looking at the question in the most commonplace view, it is very puzzling to a man occasionally to realise that he is himself—the self, that is, of thirty, or twenty, or even ten years ago. That such identification, in the case of others, should have its difficulties, is not surprising. To take a common illustration: the father of that thriving family, as he looks kindly upon the excellent wife and mother who presides at the breakfast-table, packs the boys' boxes for school, and scolds the servants, cannot but find it difficult sometimes to realise that the lady is the same from whom he stole a glove or a bunch of violets (how many years ago?), which was but the beginning of a whole three volumes of real romance; indeed, in this case, it is as well perhaps that he should not insist upon verifying the undoubted fact too pertinaciously—better to keep that first image undisturbed by any retouching, as quite a separate picture in his memory, and allow it to have only a shadowy and mysterious

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connection with any flesh-and-blood reality in his present establishment. It is very easy, and conjugally polite, to quote the graceful line which tells us—

"How much the wife is dearer than the bride:"

it may be true; but even the poet admits, you see, that the wife and the bride are two different persons, or how should one be dearer than the other? It is wiser for a woman to be content to have her former self loved and cherished as a separate thing, than to insist upon having it identified in every line and feature with the present. She might as wisely insist upon the waist-ribbon of eighteen recognising the development of eight-and-forty.

But if it be difficult sometimes, in the case of those whom we associate with from day to day, to feel sure that they are the same whom we remember in their youth, it is very often almost as difficult in one's own case. Many of us must look back and remember a very different person who bore our name and occupied our place in the family genealogy half a generation back. We laugh at the little old woman in the nursery song, who had her petticoat cut short by an irreverent tinker, and entertaining thereupon the most serious doubts as to her personality, allowed her dog to decide the question in the negative—that "*I*" wasn't "*I*." No doubt, to the female mind, the proper length of a petticoat is a very important circumstance; and it is possible to conceive many modern ladies whose costume forms so important a part of their personality, that any sudden and serious reduction of it in their case might puzzle not only their little dogs and other admirers, but even themselves, in the matter of personal identification. But if we were all as honest and simple-minded as the little old woman of the story, we might often put the same question to ourselves with the same wondering amazement as she did. No need to refer to those terrible cases in which a man has plunged, either from sudden temptation or by gradual declension, into such a miserable corruption of his former self, that when he looks upon the contrast between what he was and what he is, he may well doubt the reality of the links which seem to connect the two. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" No need here to dwell upon this; it has always been found hard to believe that the murderer has ever been a little child, that the wretched dram-drinker you pass in the streets has ever been the plaything of an innocent household. But, putting aside with a shudder all such fearful mysteries of moral transformation, there is quite enough to puzzle us in identifying the past with the present, even in the commonplace lives of ourselves and our friends.

Those who grow up from childhood to old age in the same place, and very much amongst the same companions—in whose lives there have been no abrupt breaks either of position, or circumstances, or local interests—may have comparatively little difficulty in recognising in themselves the same personal existence during all phases of their life. But with many—perhaps with most of us who are not blessed with territorial estates—there has been, at some time or other, very often more than once, an entire change of local habitation, of associations and acquaintances, and of general habits of life, even if not in any great degree of worldly circumstances and position. And when we look back upon that past life and its daily ways and occupations, which seemed to suit us then exceedingly well, and which, no doubt, had a very considerable effect in making us what we are now in character and feeling, and think how entirely separated from it we are now—how entirely we have become woven into the complex fabric of our present locality and surroundings,—it is difficult to realise that it is not two distinct lives of two distinct individuals that we are regarding

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—especially since years will have worked quite sufficient other change to make us feel, really and truly, that it is not altogether the same person that figures as the hero in both performances. There are some melodramas which every reader will remember, which suppose an interval of ten or twenty years to elapse between each act. The characters are the same from first to last, but the child in the first act becomes perhaps a wife in the second, and is found a widow in the third. And —inasmuch as there is a limit even to the best stage making-up—sometimes the child and the grown-up woman, whom the audience are to suppose the same, are played by two different performers. One could fancy that something of the kind takes place in the actual drama of human life; that the player we remember in those earlier scenes was not ourself, but some other whose life has passed on into ours in some strange way, but who is utterly gone from the stage, whose performance is entirely over, and who will never appear again in this present mortal entertainment. We must all be aware of a certain tendency to look back upon much of our past life as the acts and deeds of some third person, pitying ourselves with an almost ridiculous mental pathos for some remembered suffering of our childhood, and entertaining an unmerciful contempt and indignation for some piece of weakness or folly that we were guilty of in riper years. It may be true, as wise men tell us (though not by any means so universally true as they would insist), that we are blind to our own faults in the present; but at least we are not blind to them in the past: we often pass a very severe judgment upon them, as we do in the case of our neighbours, because in the retrospect we are no longer conscious of the temptation, and only think of the weakness and the evil result. In fact, the self whom we thus summon up for trial is not the self of to-day, but a different person; and therefore we look upon his acts and deeds with something like impartiality.

More especially does this feeling of separateness from our past life come upon us, when we go back to visit again, after an interval of long years, places in which we lived once, localities of which we knew almost every square foot, and which were associated with events quite as important to us as any of the events of the present. It surely was we who were there; yet it can hardly be this present actual "we." It all seems to us now not like what it must be, if we come to calculate, a real past period of this natural life, but rather like some sort of previous existence. There is always a sadness in revisiting old scenes after a long lapse of time. Naturally enough; partly it is not pleasant to think how many years of our allotted life are gone, past recall; partly there is a kindly regret for some who shared with us the pleasures of those old days, and who will never share again with us any interest or pleasure belonging to this life. But perhaps, after all, the real sadness is, that we feel so little regret about it all; that our old interests are so dead within us, that our past self, which once moved and lived and loved in that old place, seems to us now so much a stranger: that what we can recall of its sayings and doings—and that is not a great deal, compared with what we have entirely forgotten—we recall with almost the calmness of an historian. Nay, let us not stop to question that old woman who passes, whose features are recalled to us by the associations of place, though somewhat a heavier share of toil and exposure has changed her even more than ourselves—never stop to ask her whether we are remembered or not; be content to recognise the natural fact that

> "Year by year our memory fades
> From all the circle of the hills."

The world does right to forget us when we hardly recognise ourselves. Regrets for the past—pensive memories of vanished years—are al-

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most banished even from the poets of this modern, real, busy, rapid life. We must not lose the express by lingering five minutes too long in Dreamland. It is very well that it should be so. Life would be a misery to us instead of a blessing, if we allowed regrets for the past, merely because it is the past, to become anything more than a sentiment.

Physiologists assert that our actual corporeal self undergoes a total change in the course of about every seven years; that a waste and reproduction of corporeal tissue are continually going on, so that the body of to-day is not the same body, in any one particle, that it was seven years ago, but an entirely new formation, moulded as it were upon the same last, and therefore presenting, in the main, the same appearance. If this be true, it was not we, after all, who were in those places and did those things in past days; only another likeness of ourselves, a similar combination of oxygen and what not else.

Even with this explanation, the identity of men from childhood to old age is not free from difficulties. There are some men whom it is very hard to imagine as babies. Dr Johnson, for instance, or Dr Parr—were they ever as other babies? did the great lexicographer ever allow his nurse to contradict him, and was Dr Parr born in a little wig? It is difficult to imagine the Great Duke ever whipped by a nursery governess; yet, if the common theory of growth and gradual development be true, it must be concluded that he was. One understands much better the feeling which led to the exhibition in some provincial museum of "Oliver Cromwell's skull when a child," which was looked at by many unsuspicious sight-seers with much reverence and curiosity. Naturally, the little Oliver died in the innocence of infancy, and the king-killer appeared first to men in the brewery at Huntingdon, with a skull already strong enough for the steel morion. An "infant Hercules" we have seen, and an infant Jupiter is comprehensible; but no doubt it was a strong appreciation of congruities in the Greek mind which represented Minerva as springing to light full-grown and full-armed. Venus might once have been a little darling; Mercury, we know, was a troublesome child; but it was impossible to conceive that goddess of wisdom even in the most classical swaddling-clothes.

And as to what we should be more right in calling our real self—our moral and intellectual essence—how are we sure that this is the same? The memory alone—and this in a somewhat marred and imperfect shape—seems to remain unaltered, and by this it is that we identify ourselves with the "I" of the past. The replacing theory harmonises with actual experience much more satisfactorily in the case of our minds than of our bodies. We know that in many instances we are altogether changed—not developed or modified—in our spiritual elements. Our characters are often as entirely re-formed since our childhood or our early manhood, as we learn that our bodies have been. The child, it is said, is the father of the man; which is to say, that the qualities of the man exist, in their germs, in the child's nature. It is very doubtful whether this theory is not formed upon striking and exceptional cases. And those who have written books upon the boyhood of great men, and so forth, find it convenient to forget—as indeed it would be very troublesome to collect—the vast majority of cases wherein the great men have been not at all remarkable as boys, and in which the wonderful boys have turned out anything but great men. Certainly, in the case of one's own personal acquaintance, it is commonly an implicit faith in a chain of circumstantial evidence which induces us to regard them as the same persons we knew as boys—not any positive resemblance that we can trace in them now. Where these do exist, we point to them

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with a sort of pleased wonder, as a thing worth noting, that a man really does something, or says something, or likes and dislikes something, just as he did when a boy. "The same good fellow that he always was!" What a heartfelt testimony this is to a man's sterlingness of character, when it can be truly paid! of more real significance than if we were to remark in him the acquisition of some respectable quality which we had not fancied him to possess; *that* may possibly be adopted by a calculating prudence, the other is real and spontaneous. Nay, even a foible or a harmless weakness becomes respectable, if it helps to mark the man; so gladly do we catch at any countersign of identity. Mothers not uncommonly complain that their darling sons have been changed at school. Not meaning always positively for the worse (for the pet of the home nursery is not always the sort of pet it is desirable to maintain for life), nor yet always for the better; but simply that he is become quite a different being. And those who look on more dispassionately than mothers, see these changes come periodically. Sometimes they are very sudden and startling; and one understands how the superstition about changelings in the cradle grew up: it was a convenient exposition of the occasional phenomenon of a child turning out contrary to all natural expectations. One is almost tempted to think, even now, that these changelings are substituted occasionally, by some mysterious interference, in those who are long past their cradles. Such a theory may not be altogether comfortable, but it would explain a good many difficulties. Nothing else will fully account for the total impossibility which we sometimes feel in recognising the companions of our boyhood when we fall in with them in after life. That they should have become older and graver would be only natural; that they should also have become wiser would be, in many instances, very desirable. But that they should have become such entirely different persons—that there should be no trace of the boy left in the man—seems neither natural nor desirable. Nay, sometimes even if you come to question them upon old times, they appear to have forgotten entirely that previous state of existence. But for corroborating circumstances, you would be inclined to set them down as impostors, such as there have been cases of, who have passed themselves off upon affectionate relatives as long-lost children stolen or strayed in infancy: or have tried to palm themselves upon a loyal nation as suppressed princes, emerging from long years of forced obscurity. Even fond parents on the stage are supposed to depend entirely for the recognition of a child's identity upon a mole on the right breast, or, as in Dromio's case, "a great wart upon his left arm;" and really, when the entire *differentia* (to speak logically) between your own child and another's depends on the locality, marked down to an inch, of a natural blemish—when nothing is left of the old self that one can be sure of but a mole—the fact of this personal identity, even if you admit it, becomes hardly worth establishing. No; when it comes to that, the fond parent might quite as well adopt some promising young woman for a daughter (whether with a mole or two more or less), and look upon the lost infant as having become an inevitable gypsey; or, if in this case the maternal yearning may plead a natural instinct, in the case of your friend, at all events, if circumstances have changed him in character and feeling as well as person, it will be wiser and more satisfactory to look upon him as a mere recent acquaintance, and cultivate his society or not, as you please, according to his present qualifications, than to bind yourself by any religious faith in his identity with any one whom you knew in a different place and under different circumstances. If you can only swear to him by the mole or

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the wart, it were better not to risk perjury for the sake of so inconsiderable a relic of the past.

Nothing is more common in police reports than to read of adventurous heroes, who, having found it convenient, for private reasons, to change their domicile and their occupation from time to time, have also changed their names, and figured under a successive *alias*. There is, however, in most of these cases, a uniformity of character and pursuit, under every variety of circumstance, which perhaps justifies the law in insisting on a rogue's identity. But in the more respectable world which seldom figures in police courts, it is much to be wished that this *alias* system were adopted and recognised. In the case of new-made peers and bishops, indeed, its convenience is already acknowledged. It does not require the disguise of a wig or a small apron to inform us that the man whom we used to address as "Jack Robinson" is not the same person as the prelate who now signs himself "John Cantab.," or "John Wroxeter." But as it has now been ruled that there is no legal obstacle to a change of name, the practice might be adopted in many additional cases with advantage both to the individual and the public. It is done occasionally when a man is anxious to ignore all his antecedents; passing by all such half-measures as the substituting a *y* for an *i*, or tacking on an *e* final, we could point to popular preachers and rising barristers who have "made themselves a name" in the very literal sense. What the genealogists are to make of such cases, in future archæologias, and how far they may complicate searches after missing heirs-at-law, is another matter. But whenever a man's self has become intrinsically changed by any outward change of position and circumstances, it ought to be lawful for his acquaintances, with or without his own consent, to change his name also. It should be at once conceded that for all purposes of life the old personality has disappeared, and that society agrees to recognise the new. "One man in his time plays many parts;" what right has an impertinent audience to mar the performance by loudly reminding the hero of the after-piece that he was the smart valet-de-chambre of the preceding play?

Therefore, disappointed lover, console yourself. The lady of your fancy, who has just married Calvus for his coronet, is not the same being who once returned your affection. *She* exists somewhere still —like the lost Arthur, perhaps, in "faerie"—at least let her exist in your generous recollection. Do not confuse her image with any worldly-minded creature that has taken her place. Let that sweet musical interlude in your and her existence stand alone; do not insist upon tracing the fascinating *artiste* under the mask and rouge of the "grand spectacle" that is to follow. Possibly you will yet meet the lost one again; with as gentle a smile, as winning a voice, as sweet a nature as before—surely much more truly *her*, than one who has so lost all that makes woman lovely, that

> "'Twere perjury to love her now."

Courage, also, discarded friend. It is not the same man who walks about and takes no notice of you, even if he has borrowed the same skin and employs the same tailor. A proper name, a peculiar gait, a trick of speech and look, are not what makes a man. You knew your friend by some better token than that. He is gone. One of those accidents of life, that do separate friends as completely as death can, has come between you; be content to bear the separation; but never waste your time in blaming one who has no more identity with your friend of other days, than Damon or Pythias in the legend.

And, learn a little diffidence, O shrewd observer, who art a discerner of spirits. The man you think you "see through" is not the real man—no more than the ghost at the Polytechnic. The man whom you

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confidently pronounce hard and insensate has another self somewhere, full of heart and feeling. You have tested some nature thoroughly, as you fancy, and found it vain and frivolous; if you had the true Ithuriel's spear, you might have discharged that flimsy covering, and thrown light into a depth of soul that would have startled you. Who saw in that young guardsman, the "curled darling" of London life, the quiet soldier who shamed his hardier followers out of complaint in the cold and mud of the Crimean trenches? Who saw the heroes of the Indian Mutiny in the Company's lazy officials? Who knows, at this present moment, the future rulers of America? Who recognises the "coming man," until he comes? He is made, we say, by circumstances. Circumstances *do* change men; humiliating as the fact may be, we, the immaterial spiritual essences, are at the mercy of a thousand material combinations of the veriest trifles in themselves. As an accident of our childhood makes us cripples or idiots for life, so the accidents—what we, at least, call accidents—of our position, our relations with others, our presence at a particular time and place, change us either into criminals or heroes. Possibly—if that will be any comfort to us—we have all a heroic self somewhere, ready to take the place of the very unheroic self we are conscious of to-day, if only circumstances call it into existence; possibly also, and quite as probably, we have a criminal self—a sleeping devil that wears our likeness—and that only waits the hour and the place to enter in and take possession of our personality.

Even our own identity is thus, as the learned bishop found it, a difficult point to establish. No doubt it has been held to be a test of sound intellects, that we should know ourselves to be ourselves, now and always, and not imagine ourselves somebody else. We call an unfortunate man a lunatic, and put him under surveillance, if he insists upon it that he was formerly Emperor of China. Yet, after all, shutting a man up is no infallible proof of lunacy; possibly, as a witty French writer has observed, the sane minority is put into confinement in order that the majority may fancy themselves rational. Pythagoras was no madman; yet he affirmed that he had been somebody else, and, as is said, gave what was held to be satisfactory proof of it. Elliston acted the king so often, that when wine had warmed his wits a little, he blessed his supposed subjects as cordially off the stage as on. A man will tell a story of personal adventure, wholly imaginary, until he comes to have a distinct recollection of having been an actor in it. Our Scottish friends have a notion that there are "double-gangers" about, and that a man may be, visually if not bodily, in two places at once. A French abbé wrote a treatise to prove that the bodily presence of one man in several places was possible, "according to the principles of sound philosophy." And most unquestionably, in that strangest of all mysteries, which would awe and bewilder us if it were not so familiar—the mystery of dreams—our bodies are resting for hours in the same place, while our spiritual or imaginative faculties (let us leave it to philosophers to distinguish them) are absent on the most distant and chimerical expeditions. And it is only then that the old self reappears, and takes its place in the old scenes, repeopled with the dead and the past; and we are conscious, when we wake, of a double existence, as though past time and our past selves were still existing realities, and only separated from our waking senses by some conditions which we cannot comprehend.

Adam Lyttleton, in one of his sermons, asserts that "every man is made of three *Egos*, and has three selfs in him;" a theory which that pleasant "Breakfast-table" companion, our American cousin Holmes, has adopted, whether consciously

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or unconsciously, and expanded in such original fashion as to make it rather more fairly his own than most modern ideas are. He says that "at least six different personalities may be recognised as taking part in a dialogue between John and Thomas; three Johns:—1. The real John, known only to his Maker; 2. John's ideal John, never the real one, and often very unlike him; 3. Thomas's ideal John,—never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either." And, in like manner, three several Thomases, one real and two ideal. If he had added that John's ideal John undergoes the most startling transformations, he would not have overstated this puzzle of personalities. The real John or Thomas, plainly, have no practical existence for any ordinary human purposes; the real self is out of mortal ken; *γνῶθι σεαυτὸν* was a mere bantering puzzle set by the philosophers.

There have been impostors, like the Count St Germain and Cagliostro, who professed to have lived a succession of lives, and to have figured, under different names and different characters, in distant quarters of the world, or under successive dynasties. How far they had taught themselves to believe their own assertions, is even now a query. But many a man, if he were to sit down and write honestly that autobiography for which it is said that we might all find readers if it were so written in truthful detail, and were to write it in the telling fashion which fiction sometimes adopts, of showing a succession of striking *tableaux vivants*, dropping the curtain between each,—if he were to set down his real thoughts and feelings (or at any rate his own ideal of them), his aims and thoughts, as well as his words and actions, at each distinct period—the pictures he would show would never be looked upon as presentments of the same person, unless he were careful to inform us that they were chapters in the history of one man; the incongruity of the characters would revolt almost as strongly against our notions of identity, as the mysterious reminiscences of the charlatan contradict our belief in time and place.

There might be a new and entertaining series of "Imaginary Conversations" written, if we could but get the true data for them, between the New Self and Old Self of many persons, historical and unhistorical. At their first meeting they would not be more surprised at the outward difference in person, than at the utter unlikeness between their opinions and views of life, when they began their discourse. The individual whom the New Self fancies he remembers to have been, once upon a time, was not much like this apparition of Old Self, with which suddenly he is confronted. The childish self was neither so happy nor so innocent, the youthful self not altogether so foolish, as the present self pictured him. Each might make wise comments upon the mistakes of the other; and the balance of wisdom would not be always on the side that might be supposed. On the whole, if no unhappy circumstances had cast a gulf between them, and made them turn from each other with horror and mistrust, they would part, it may be hoped, good friends; recognising each other's distinct good qualities, understanding better each other's feelings and shortcomings, and making allowance for them—as all good kind of people, even with less claim to identity, will do when they are brought together in personal intercourse—and ready to admit that each was best fitted for his own sphere of action, and had better confine itself to that, making as few disagreeable comparisons as possible.

Theirs has surely been a very happy lot in life, even if not a very eventful one, who can trace back its course without any such grave transitions as may lead them to doubt their own identity; who have never had cause to wonder in

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their own minds whether the self of to-day is the same as the self of yesterday. In this respect, no position would seem so fortunate as that of the English country gentleman, inheriting an old name and an old estate, and wise enough to set a just value on them. The scenes of his life, whether joyous or solemn, are not the sudden shiftings of the theatre, but melt gradually one into another, like dissolving views. Where he was born, he lives and grows old. The same familiar faces — friends, tenantry, servants—grow old around him, and he is hardly conscious of the change. His life may be a continuous whole; a harmony, more or less musical, not a succession of dislocated passages—fragments, as it were, from this and that—as some of our lives necessarily are. He need not know what it is to say farewell to pleasant neighbourhoods, to give up cherished schemes, to bury some dead ambition, to shut and lock for ever (to borrow Napoleon's metaphor) the drawer which contains one long chapter of life's history, and to make, as we call it, a fresh start. "I dwell among mine own people," said the Shunammite — "a great woman," as the sacred chronicler has it; with a complete life, a continuous happiness and duty; who needed not to be "spoken for to the king," and to whom any change must be an evil. It is a very happy thing, and ought to be a very good thing, for any man with a true human heart, to have all his aims and interests gradually taking root in one place from his childhood —to feel, alike in joy or sorrow, in foreign travel or in domestic quiet, all his best thoughts and affections tend to one centre, his English home, and that the home of his forefathers, and the inheritance of his children.

But we cannot all of us have the old hall and the paternal acres. Let us be content without them, venting any little envious feeling which may vex us in an honest malediction on the senseless prodigal who barters the home of his ancestors for a restless career of self-indulgent folly. For that large majority of us whose lives are set in no such goodly and substantial framework, but are a mere shifting diorama, still there is a gift, richer than any inheritance, which, if we have it, will give to them a unity independent of place or circumstance. It is what Southey somewhere calls "a boy's heart,"—that freshness of feeling which is as a perennial spring of youth throughout life's successive changes; which cherishes old friendships and old memories, can recall old sorrows with a smile, and is never too grave or too grand to recognise the self of lighter hours or humbler circumstances.

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THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

(PRINCIPAL TULLOCH AND MR MARK NAPIER.)

In a former Number (August 1860) we had occasion to refer to the execution of two women, named Margaret M'Lachlan and Margaret Wilson, who have been generally supposed to have suffered death by drowning in the year 1685.

It was sufficient for the purposes of the inquiry we were then pursuing to show that Claverhouse had no share whatever in that transaction, and that Lord Macaulay's assertion, or, to speak more correctly, his insinuation, to the contrary, was based, if indeed it had any foundation at all, on a confusion between the celebrated Colonel *John* Grahame of Claverhouse and the obscure Colonel *David* Grahame, his brother. It had not, indeed, occurred to us to question a fact which has been repeated by every historian of those times from Wodrow downwards; and we are indebted to the industry of Mr Mark Napier* for the production of evidence which, to say the least, raises a grave doubt whether this story, so often repeated, is worthy of any belief. The question has been debated with great zeal and equal ability by Mr Napier on the one side, and by Principal Tulloch on the other, the powers of advocacy of each having been sharpened by preconceived opinions and cherished predilections. The one is eager to wipe away a stain from a dynasty and a party to which he is attached by political opinion and sympathy, the other is reluctant to surrender his belief in a martyrdom filling a pathetic page in the history of a Church famous for the struggles it has come through, and of which he is himself a learned and accomplished ornament. These feelings are not to be wondered at; but they do not qualify either for discharging impartially the functions of a judge; and we think that we shall be rendering an acceptable service if we place before the reader the evidence on the question in a succinct form, and enable him to deliver such verdict as may appear most consonant with facts proved. We may well hesitate before we arrive at a conclusion at variance with that of the historian of 'The Leaders of the Reformation;' but the biographer of those great pioneers in the cause of truth and freedom of opinion will, we know, be one of the first to rejoice if a stain can be wiped away from the history of his country. Lord Macaulay's version of the tale is as follows:—

"On the same day (*i. e.* the 11th of May 1685), two women, Margaret M'Lachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death *for their religion* in Wigtownshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot where the Solway overflows twice a-day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neigh-

* 'Memoirs of Dundee,' vol. ii. p. 43; vol. iii. p. 686. 'Case for the Crown *in re* The Wigtown Martyrs,' *passim*.

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bours implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say God save the king!' The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends crowded round *the presiding officer*. 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it.' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed; 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time."*

There is one point which it will be well to dispose of before entering upon the question as to how far this story, so eloquently told, deserves a place in history. Much sympathy has been claimed for these women, on the supposition that they were the victims of a novel and unusual mode of death. All capital punishments must be revolting; new and strange modes of death are peculiarly so. The mob which gathers round the gallows at Newgate would be horror-struck if a criminal were to be guillotined, instead of being subjected to the slower and severer, but more orthodox, process of hanging. A soldier shrinks with horror from the felon's death; a Hindoo dreads above all things the most humane and painless mode of extinction that has ever been devised, that of being blown from a gun, yet hears with indifference the sentence which condemns him to dangle from the branch of a tree. In 1685, drowning was the ordinary mode of executing capital sentences upon females in Scotland, hanging being reserved for cases of special atrocity, as a more ignominious mode of death;† the comparative amount of physical suffering attendant upon each we have no means of ascertaining. Probably there is not much difference between suffocation by water and suffocation by the rope; and it must be remembered that in England the penalty for the crime of which these two women were convicted was the far more terrible and cruel death by fire at the stake.‡ Neither the Government nor its agents can therefore be justly held answerable for the mode of execution; and the attendant horrors, the prolonged agony, the wanton recall to life, we shall find at any rate to be but fabulous additions to the story. We may dismiss this matter from our minds, and proceed to the inquiry whether there is good ground for believing that any execution in fact took place. Principal Tulloch, with very judicious candour, admits that the touching incidents depicted with such pathetic power by Lord Macaulay — "the picturesque adjuncts surrounding the young sufferer—the 'maiden of eighteen'— are plainly touched by the imaginative pathos that grows naturally out of any such trial of Christian suffering and persecution;" that they are in fact mere "embellishments"— "natural developments," as he calls them, with which "the Covenanting imagination pictured, in lively and affecting colours, beyond the reality, the martyr scene. Wodrow's stories," he says (and he might have added with equal truth, Lord Macaulay's), "everywhere bear the stamp of this imaginary development."§ Like a skilful advocate he thus casts away the burden of proving an almost impossible issue. These embellishments are, he argues, the natural incrustations of time; beautiful as they are, they must yet be sacrificed to a stern love of truth; remove them with a bold and unsparing hand, and a solid foundation of fact will be found underneath. Such is Principal Tulloch's argument. We admit that it is strictly logical. The issue thus raised is narrowed to a very plain and simple point—were or were not Margaret M'Lachlan and

* Macaulay, vol. i. p. 501.

† See the cases of the "Egiptians," 'Pitcairn Crim. Tri.,' iii. 559, 560, of Isabel Alison and Marion Harvey, hanged as accessories to the murder of Archbishop Sharpe in 1681, and of the infamous Jane Weir.

‡ Case of Elizabeth Gaunt, Oct. 1685.

§ The Wigtown Martyrs: 'Macmillan's Magazine,' Dec. 1862, pp. 149-151.

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Margaret Wilson drowned in the waters of the Bladnoch, near Wigtown, in the year 1685? That they were tried, convicted, and condemned to die for high treason, is admitted on all hands. Lord Macaulay's assertion that they "suffered death *for their religion*"* is expressly contradicted by his own authority, Wodrow.† But we are not now inquiring into the nature of the offence of which they were convicted, or the justice of the sentence. The simple question is, Was that sentence carried into execution? Principal Tulloch justly observes—"To this question, viewed without prejudice or passion, and with no other aim than to find the truth, no one, not even the stoutest Covenanter—if any such survive—is entitled to object. History can only be benefited by the most thorough sifting of any such tale. As a mere historical problem the issue is both interesting and significant."

The commission under which these women were tried bears date the 27th of March 1685. The trial took place on the 13th of April.‡ The prisoners were reprieved on the 30th of the same month. The petition of one of them has been preserved, and is given at length by Mr Napier.§ As the reprieve extends to both, there appears to be no reason to doubt that both petitioned. The reprieve is granted at a "sederunt" of the Privy Council, at which eighteen members attended; and it is very material to observe, for reasons which will presently be stated, that the name of the King's Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, appears amongst those who were present.‖ It would seem that the prisoners, after their conviction, had been removed from Wigtown to Edinburgh, as the reprieve is addressed to the magistrates of the latter place, who are thereby discharged from "putting of the said sentence to execution." It is also important to observe, that the reprieve contains a recommendation by the Privy Council that an absolute pardon should be granted. Now, if these women were in fact drowned, either the Crown refused to comply with the recommendation of the Privy Council (a most unusual and improbable course in the case of two obscure and unimportant criminals, and of which not only is there no shadow of proof, but, as we shall presently see, the strongest evidence to the contrary), or the Laird of Lagg and Major Winram must by some means have got possession of them after their liberation, and in defiance of the order of the Privy Council, and of the Government under which they held their commission, in open day, in the presence of the constituted authorities of the county and burgh of Wigtown, and of hundreds, if not thousands, of shuddering spectators, have murdered them in the most deliberate and brutal manner.

Those who maintain the affirmative—viz., that these women were drowned—may fairly be put to their election, whether the execution was consequent upon the conviction, or whether it was the unauthorised act of Grierson of Lagg, Major Winram, and their associates. It could not be both. Each hypothesis is, as we shall see, attended by its peculiar difficulties, and accordingly, as those difficulties present themselves, we find the advocates for the martyrdom shifting their ground, at one moment de-

* Vol. i. p. 501.

† "Brought to their trial before the Laird of Lag, Colonel David Grahame, Sheriff; Major Windram, Captain Strachan, and Provost Cultrain, who gave all three [a third prisoner was included in the indictment] an indictment for *Rebellion, Bothwell Bridge, Air's Moss*, and being present at twenty field-conventicles."—Wodrow, Book iii. c. ix. p. 506.

‡ See petition of Margaret Lauchlain. 'Memoirs of Dundee,' vol. ii. p. 80.

§ Ibid. ‖ Ibid. p. 78.

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nouncing the Government as responsible for the act, and the next treating it as an outrage for which the individual actors were answerable. Lord Macaulay adopts the first alternative: he mis-states the charge on which the women were convicted; he takes no notice of the reprieve, though it was lying before him on the page of Wodrow to which he refers; he does not mention the name of a single actor in the scene, though he leads his reader, in a paragraph immediately preceding that which we have quoted, to imagine that one of those actors was Claverhouse; and he sums up the story with these words:—"Thus was Scotland governed by that prince, whom ignorant men have represented as a friend of religious liberty, whose misfortune it was to be too wise and too good for the age in which he lived."*

Principal Tulloch admits that he cannot "pretend to be able to give a satisfactory answer" to the fact of the existence of the reprieve, and adds, "Wodrow's suggestion is probably as good as any other—that the officials at Wigtown, with Major Winram at their head, carried out the sentence *notwithstanding the reprieve.*"† A recent writer, who unfortunately does not possess either the skill of Lord Macaulay in avoiding difficulties, or the candour of Principal Tulloch in admitting them, after wandering in a bewildered manner through a fog of conjectures, is at last driven to the avowal that it was "*likeliest of all* that the Secretaries of State *never made the application for a pardon*," ‡ which they were directed to do by the Privy Council, with the High Commissioner at their head! We will not pay our readers so ill a compliment as to occupy their time with any comment upon this suggestion. We prefer to proceed at once to an investigation of the evidence.

The first notice which we find (and here we accept the statement of the advocates for the martyrdom) is in an anonymous pamphlet printed in 1690, and is in the following words:—"*Item*, The said Colonel or Lieutenant-General James Douglas, together with the Laird of Lagg and Captain Winram, most illegally condemned, and most inhumanly drowned at stakes, within the sea-mark, two women at Wigtown—viz., Margaret Lauchlane, upwards of sixty years, and Margaret Wilson, about twenty years of age, the foresaid fatal year 1685." This pamphlet (the statement in which is repeated almost *verbatim* in another anonymous pamphlet two years afterwards) is said to have been prepared for the purpose of being laid before the Prince of Orange, a purpose which was afterwards abandoned. Being avowedly a "memorial of the grievances, past and present, of the Presbyterians," the charge, as might be expected, shapes itself against the Government. But in another anonymous pamphlet which appeared in the following year, entitled, 'A Second Vindication of the Church of Scotland,' the charge assumes a totally different form. "Some gentlemen (*whose names, out of respect to them, I forbear to mention*) took two women, Margaret Lauchland and Margaret Wilson, the one of sixty the other of twenty years, and caused them to be tied to a stake within the sea-mark at Wigtown, and left them there till the tide overflowed them and drowned them, *and this was done without any legal trial.*" Here we find the charge specifically made, against persons whom the author is too polite to mention, of a deliberate murder without even the forms of law. What reliance can we place on anonymous testimony so vague and so contradictory? Yet this is *all* that, upon the widest construction

* See petition of Margaret Lauchlain. 'Memoirs of Dundee,' vol. i. p. 502.
† 'Macmillan's Magazine,' December 1862, p. 152.
‡ 'Edinburgh Review,' July 1863, p. 21.

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of the words, can be considered as cotemporary evidence in support of the martyrdom. The next year, however, we come upon a piece of evidence which we cannot but consider of the greatest value. One of the most remarkable men of that time was undoubtedly Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. He was appointed King's Advocate in September 1677; but after discharging the duties of that office with singular ability for more than ten years, he was found not sufficiently pliant to the wishes of the Government, and was dismissed in May 1686. After a retirement of nearly two years, he was restored to his office, in which he continued up to the time of the Revolution. After that event he resided first in Oxford, and afterwards in London, until his death.* In 1691 his well-known 'Vindication' was published. He there says: "There were indeed two women executed, and *but two*, in both these reigns (*i. e.*, Charles II. and James II.), and they were punished for the most heinous crimes, which no sex should defend. Their crimes were that they recepted and entertained for many months together the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe," &c. The women here referred to were named Marion Harvie and Isabel Alison, and they suffered as accessories after the fact to one of the most cruel and cowardly murders that history records.† It will be remembered that Sir George Mackenzie, then King's Advocate, was present at the meeting of the Privy Council at which the reprieve was granted to the Wigtown women, and by which their pardon was recommended. It is impossible to suppose that these women could have been executed without the fact having come to his knowledge; and it is equally impossible to suppose that he could have been guilty of a deliberate falsehood, certain as he must have been of immediate detection and exposure. Accordingly, we find that the 'Vindication' was answered in the following year, yet no mention is made of either Margaret M'Lachlan or Margaret Wilson by his anonymous opponent. The fact of the reprieve, followed by this simple, plain, and uncontradicted assertion of Sir George Mackenzie, would, even if it stood alone, be sufficient, in our opinion, to outweigh any statements of anonymous and self-contradicting pamphleteers.

It appears to us conclusive that the drowning, if it ever took place at all, must have been in violation, and not in execution, of the law.

This, indeed, Principal Tulloch in substance admits.

Let us, then, see how far the evidence supports this second hypothesis—viz., that the women were murdered, in defiance of law, by Winram, Lagg, and their associates, the agents of the law.

The scene is laid in 1685. The Revolution was accomplished, Episcopacy abolished, and the Presbyterian Church triumphant, in 1689.‡ The "rabbling" of the Episcopal clergy took place in the same year. How does it happen that the only contemporary notice of a martyrdom so illustrious, so public, so calculated to awaken sympathy, is to be found in the vague and contradictory pages of the anonymous pamphlets which we have already quoted? Not more than four years at most had passed. Was there no zealot of the triumphant Church eager to denounce the criminals to the ready ears of the Government? Did no friend or relative of either of the victims thirst for vengeance upon "Bloody Lagg?" How is it that a profound silence reigns over the whole matter for more than a quarter of a century?

The difficulty of proving a negative is almost proverbial. The only mode in which it can be done is by the denial of persons who must have

* Fountainhall, vol. i. 174, ii. 723, 855.
† Napier's 'Case for the Crown,' p. 48.
‡ Mac. iii. 278.

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known the fact if true, and the silence of those records where, in the ordinary course of events, it would have been mentioned. Here both these kinds of proof concur. Sir George Mackenzie, who must have known the fact if it ever took place, expressly denies it. That industrious chronicler, Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, who certainly would not have been restrained by any friendly feeling towards the Government, makes no allusion to it. The records of the borough of Wigtown, minute enough as to contemporaneous matters, and in which the expenses of the execution must have appeared, are silent.* One of the supposed actors, Colonel Douglass, is shown to have been otherwise employed, and at a different place, on *the very day* (the 11th of May).† Another, Provost Cultrain, is proved to have been absent from Wigtown from the middle of April until the latter end of June following.‡ We have a minute account of the misdeeds of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, a third participator in the atrocity, how he slaughtered six men at Lockerby, and five at Kirkconnel, just before, and a couple more just after, the date of the martyrdom,§ and yet no notice of that far more remarkable event; and this silence is with regard to an act, supposed to have been done not on a lonely hillside, or on a desolate moor, but in the presence of hundreds of sympathising spectators, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the borough of Wigtown, and is preserved for five and twenty years at a time when the party to which the victims belonged had just achieved a triumph over their oppressors, when religious zeal and political animosity, outraged humanity and personal affection, would alike have cried aloud for vengeance! And what have we to set against this evidence? Simply the assertion of two anonymous pamphleteers, who contradict each other!

We think it may be safely left to any impartial mind to say to which side the balance of proof inclines.

But it may be fairly asked, how then did the story, in one form or other, find its place in history? With regard to the pamphleteers, we reply that the *sentence* was sufficient. They either assumed or fabricated the *execution*. We are little concerned with the evidence of witnesses of such character. We believe Lord Macaulay's denunciation of the pamphleteers of the time of the Revolution, as "habitual liars," to be perfectly correct, and equally applicable to those of all parties.

But having disposed of the evidence, we must now deal with the tradition, and to do this we must pass over a quarter of a century, during which we hear nothing whatever either of Margaret M'Lachlan or Margaret Wilson.

In the year 1711 (twenty-six years after the supposed event) the General Assembly recommended the Presbyteries to cause an exact account of "the sufferings" for adherence to the *covenanted* work of reformation in opposition to the late *Erastian prelacy* to be made in each parish. The date is material. It was the very year when the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was roused to the utmost activity by the proposed Bill for the toleration of the Episcopal clergy. The old spirit of the West awoke, mobs assembled, and outrages were committed upon those who were suspected of worshipping their Creator in a form displeasing to the disciples of Cameron and Renwick, and the admirers of Hackston of Rathillet and Robert Hamilton.‖ Such was the time when the Kirk-session of Penninghame assembled to obey the orders of the General Assembly. On

* 'Case for the Crown,' p. 45.
† Ibid. p. 68.
‡ Ibid. p. 115.
§ Ibid. p. 68.
‖ Burton's Hist. of Scotland, clxiv.

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the 25th of February 1711 we find the legend of the Wigtown Martyrs inscribed in the Minutes of the Kirk-session almost in the words in which it has been repeated by Lord Macaulay in our own day. It was one note of the trumpet-call which summoned the troopers of the Covenant to the coming fight. Under such circumstances, to look for historic truth would be absurd. A song of battle was wanted, and there were plenty of bards to frame a stirring lay. The note was echoed from the neighbouring parish of Kirkinner, where, oddly enough, no mention is made of Margaret Wilson, and the strain is repeated in a wilder and more vigorous tone by Patrick Walker the Packman.

The minute of the Kirk-session of Penninghame, which is too long to be transcribed here, will be found, *in extenso*, at p. 102 of Mr Napier's 'Case for the Crown.' It bears all the marks of a fabrication. The false coin betrays itself by retaining too sharp an impress of the mould. The incidents of the story are too distinct and fresh to be true. The skilful hand of the modern historian has effaced these marks before issuing his version to the world. The workmen at Abbéville who impose upon antiquarians with sham stone hatchets, smear them with dirt before they offer them for sale; the guides at Waterloo bury the Birmingham eagles before they attempt to palm them off upon the traveller. But the Kirk-session of Penninghame dealt with customers who were willing to "ask no questions." Wodrow greedily accepted the story, the evidence of the falsehood of which he had in his hands, and guarded himself with the cowardly salvo that "the Jacobites" had, what he terms, the "impudence" to deny its truth. This admission, which Wodrow, no doubt, inserts to protect himself against the detection which he may naturally have apprehended, has become important as evidence of the fact that the truth of the story was *then* denied—a most important admission. If the story were true it must have been notorious—so notorious that denial would have been impossible. Yet both Wodrow and Walker guard themselves in the same manner. The reason is obvious:—both of them knew that the story had no foundation in truth; and both were desirous to secure a loophole against a conviction for deliberate falsehood.

The arguments derived from the inscription in Wigtown church-yard hardly deserve even a passing notice. There is not a particle of evidence of the antiquity of the stone. The epitaph is just as likely to have been copied from the 'Cloud of Witnesses' on to the stone, as from the stone into the book. Still less can we waste time in answering an argument based on the assumption that, if Margaret Wilson was not drowned in 1685, she *must* have been alive in 1711, and *must* have been then residing at Wigtown, and *must* have walked over her own grave and read her own epitaph. Still more puerile is the attempt to answer the inference drawn from the silence of Fountainhall by the argument (if it can be so called) that one would not be led to doubt that Palmer was hanged, merely because a gentleman residing at Edinburgh had not noted that fact down in his journal. The conclusion at which we arrive is, that Mr Napier has made out his case, that he has satisfactorily established that there is no reason whatever for believing that these women ever were drowned at all. This conclusion is one which ought to be satisfactory to everybody. We will not commit such an injustice to Principal Tulloch as to suspect that his zeal can so far cloud his Christianity as to prevent him from sincerely rejoicing at the proof that a great crime was not committed.

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THE INVITATION.

WILL you walk into my parlour? says the little man so sly;
I cordially can offer you my hospitali-ty:
Some ugly things I'm certain could be settled in a trice,
If you and I would only try: and wouldn't that be nice?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, neighbour dear?
Will you, will you, won't you, won't you, friends and neighbours dear?

Sure such a mess was never seen, a chaos so complete,
Where black and white and wrong and right in wild confusion meet.
We've rights without a title, and demands without restraint,
And duties where there's nothing due, enough to vex a Saint.
Will you, will you, &c.

A Congress is the thing we need, our quiet to insure,
To regulate the present and the future to secure;
And I'm the man to moot the plan, as all of you must feel,
For well I know, both high and low, each spoke of Fortune's wheel.
Will you, will you, &c.

It isn't out of vanity I wish to take the lead,
It is because my character's so very bad indeed.
Men call me so ambitious, still to selfish ends awake,
But when they see me frank and free they'll think it a mistake.
Will you, will you, &c.

Then for our place of meeting, let me hope you all will give
A preference to my house and home, and with me come and live:
The peaceful drama we're to act this well-known scene befits,
From which of old came schemes so bold—to blow you all to bits.
Will you, will you, &c.

And you, friend Bull, especially, I trust will not refuse,
Though nothing you may have to gain, and everything to lose;
'Twould suit your high position, and your noble turn of mind,
To cast in with the rest your lot, and take what you may find.
Will you, will you, &c.

The Channel Islands once were French, Gibraltar lies in Spain;
And Malta, after Corfu,—'tisn't worth while to retain.
Then if a share of India's spoils would make our quarrels cease,
I'm sure you would not grudge a slice to buy a general peace.
Will you, will you, &c.

You ask how members are to vote—that's easily arranged;
I've got a plan, which, if you wish, can readily be changed:
But trust to me, and you shall see, my sleight of hand so neat
Will work as well a Congress as it worked a *Plebiscite*.
Will you, will you, &c.

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BOOKS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Two very different orders of writers are necessary for the production of history. First there is the contemporary actor or eyewitness, or, at any rate, one who is so near these that his record has all the force of reality which familiarity with the scene and with those who figure on it unmistakably confers. Diaries and journals, the public and private letters of important actors or acute observers, and the recollections of those who in old age attain some haven where, apart from the current that bears contemporary events so rapidly past, they can recall the incidents, the vicissitudes, and the pleasures which marked with such interest the earlier period of their life-voyage, and summon from the past the comrades who had shared with them its joys and labours,—such are the materials which lend to the pages of history most of their picturesqueness and individuality.

But the writers of these are what may be termed involuntary historians. They are only the witnesses in the great cause. It must be summed up by one who sits above the local interests and the party prejudices which may colour the most honest evidence, who brings a knowledge of general laws to bear on the particular case, and who marshals the facts on which the great jury, posterity, will deliver the verdict.

In this way military history has its two classes of writers. There is the actual combatant, whose descriptions, if they are brightened by the fire of the conflict, are also often dimmed by its smoke. He dwells most on the poetry and romance of war; he loves to describe the feats of individual valour, and writes in the spirit which animated him and his immediate comrades. His corner of the battle is for him all the battle, his own marches and bivouacs are all the campaign. There is the leader whose despatches were written when he stood so close to surrounding events that only uncommon sagacity could rightly interpret them. There is the inhabitant over whose peaceful life swept the hurricane of war, whose ideas of law and justice and social order and individual right, twined with his life and parts of it, were uprooted in a moment, and a new law of force, not hard to understand, but very hard to submit to, promulgated in their stead. These unfortunates paint the reverse of the soldier's picture; they contribute the dark masses of sorrow that relieve the high lights of glory; and were war on its trial, these would be the great witnesses for the prosecution. Numbers of venerable Prussians may still be found who grow eloquent as they describe the miseries they endured from the troops of Napoleon; and also many aged Frenchmen, who become youthful in vivacity as they recount the reprisals of the Prussians in Champagne. In America no such balance of woe has yet been struck; on the South alone has hitherto fallen the blasting breath of those hideous associates of war—Rapine and Devastation.

These sources of history have re-

'Review of the Recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland.' By Captain C. C. Chesney, R.E., Professor of Military History, Sandhurst College. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

'The First Year of the War.' By E. A. Pollard. Richmond. 1862.

'War Pictures from the South.' By B. Estván. Routledge. 1863.

'Official Reports of Battles.' Richmond. 1862.

'Battle-Fields of the South.' By an English Combatant. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

'Three Months in the Southern States—April-June 1863.' By Lieut.-Col. Fremantle, Coldstream Guards. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

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ceived, from the necessities of an age of progress, a novel addition in the Newspaper Correspondent. He is selected especially because he is acute in observation and graphic in description. His first duty is to be interesting. He is in essential antagonism to the commander. The business of the one is to keep plans secret, to maintain a good heart under difficulties, to exercise authority from which there is no appeal, and to suppress criticisms on his measures or his ability. The business of the other is to penetrate and describe plans, to be strong in the painting even of the despondency of his own side, to discuss grievances, and to pass judgment on the commander. The one represents the popular interests, the other the popular curiosity. If it be said that the interests ought immeasurably to outweigh the curiosity, it is replied that the correspondent has his useful side, inasmuch as he enlightens the public about abuses which but for him would never be remedied. However this may be, he is manifestly an institution; and as none but a leader whose genius is so commanding and whose success is so eminent as to be beyond dispute can afford to set this new military power at nought, a compromise is generally effected. Those in authority in the army can greatly facilitate the task of the correspondent by giving him access to what it might embarrass him to seek for himself, and by granting information that might easily be withheld. They may reasonably demand in return that he shall keep counsel in matters essential to the success of operations. His opinion of official personages will naturally be influenced by the amount of favour they bestow on him. He will be tolerably certain to become a partisan, and will also be, in his degree, a dispenser of military reputation. It may thus chance to happen that the fame and advancement of military men may be in great measure dependent on their position in the correspondent's regard.

All this we see curiously exemplified in the Federal armies. Correspondents of all the principal journals attach themselves to all the armies. Their powers are unusually formidable, as they can communicate with the greatest rapidity and frequency between the public and the scene of operations. In some cases Generals stand in such relation to the public opinion which gave them their position, that they can afford to consider whether the correspondent's good word is of sufficient importance to outweigh the inconvenience of his revelations. Rosecrans has lately been abused because he would not suffer Democratic reporters in his camp. And having decided that it is not, these commanders secure themselves against his adverse criticisms by visiting with the penalties of military law all his indiscretions. In this case he becomes the humble chronicler of what facts he is permitted to glean, and the respectful admirer and apologist of the great man by whose toleration alone he can glean any facts at all. Anybody who is sure of the support of a party—a General who has been intrusted with a command because he is an Abolitionist or because he is a politician, and who has been invested, for reasons unknown to the world, with the reputation of a Cæsar, a Hannibal, or a Napoleon—may venture thus to assert his independence. But there are Generals of another sort—men who may have been attorneys, or potmen, or keepers of particular sorts of houses of public entertainment, or near relations of eminent contractors, and who, having great power of self-assertion, have managed to get squeezed to the surface on some occasion when the President was putting his inevitable foot down. An officer of this sort, being perhaps all that is available for choice in a particular juncture, is elevated to the giddy height from which Cæsar or Napoleon has just, with hideous ruin and combustion, tumbled; and having to keep afloat, partly by his own puffings, partly

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by the puffings of those whom he can persuade to contribute some breath to the general inflation, he feels himself by no means so securely buoyant as to be independent, however great may be his self-proclamation power of assertion. Thus the Popes and the Fighting Joe Hookers attach to themselves servile and zealous adherents, who, having no character for veracity at stake, lay on their praises thickly, in the hope that Joe or John may turn up a trump; and thus the illustrious warrior is depicted in terms which would be rather exaggerated if applied to the veteran conqueror of half a world, till the airy structure of his fame is dissipated by a disgraceful defeat.

Such, then, are the materials which the modern historian of the second kind we have described must sift for the truth; and he finds himself further embarrassed by the doubtful element of telegrams. These all come through the North, and are invariably accommodated to the needs of the Federal Government. It is said that they consider it great gain to keep back from Europe disastrous intelligence even for a single mail. The gain, whatever it be, cannot be devoid of drawback. Europe is so accustomed to Federal mendacity and exaggeration, so convinced of Federal unscrupulousness, that the construction put on a dubious telegram is not generally such as can greatly benefit the Northern cause. It is known that they have the wires in their own hands, repeated experience assures the world that they use them solely for their own fancied interests, and the public utterances of their own partisans tell us that those interests are often of the meanest kind. It may be said that the First Napoleon became proverbial for the advantages he managed to gain by lying bulletins. But there is this difference in the cases, that Napoleon's stupendous ability was unquestioned, and there was nothing absolutely incredible in his claims even to almost impossible achievement; whereas the Washington Cabinet and its military adherents are conspicuous only for imbecile pretension, and none but the strongest evidence can be received as proof that they have blundered into wisdom or stumbled on success.

The materials, then, for comprehensive historical survey of the American war exist in abundance, but they demand careful and intelligent investigation. The telegrams require confirmation, and the means of correcting them is generally conveyed in the form, itself so doubtful for the reasons we have given, of newspaper reports. But in this vast field, with so many armies afoot, the extent and nature of the theatre of war are additional difficulties to the military theorist. In any case he must deduce from the facts of a campaign the system on which the operations are based, and must show how the various movements, aiming at a definite result, failed or succeeded each in promoting the general design. But here the general design is not only vast but indefinite, being nothing less than the entire subjugation of the enormous territories of the Confederacy. And it is with the object of executing or defeating this design that all the operations of the forces on both sides, with more or less of skill, are directed. Richmond is not the ultimate aim of the army of the Potomac any more than Chattanooga is the final goal of the army of the Cumberland; but all have a common action, as was lately made evident when Lee detached a portion of his troops to Bragg, thus enabling him to defeat Rosecrans; and as was exemplified earlier in the war, when Beauregard, after the battle of Pittsburg, evacuated Corinth, and moved to the seat of war in the Eastern States. Thus it is as if a student of European campaigns should have to give his attention, not to a single country like Italy or Germany, but

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to operations extending from the Rhine to the Bosphorus.

In April 1862, in a review of Mr Spence's book on the American Union, we pointed out how the superior communications which connected the extremities of the Federal front from Washington to the Mississippi, enabled the North to concentrate troops on any desired point with far more facility than the Confederates, whose front was divided by the formidable obstacle of the Alleghanies, over which only few and bad roads existed. And we stated that when the Southern line of defence should be drawn back throughout its length to the Alleghanies, the advantage of speedy concentration would pass to the South. The Northern armies, as soon as they should quit the navigable rivers, would have only a few very bad roads to move on through a thinly-peopled country. The Confederate line, on the other hand, would be connected from east to west by the Virginia and Tennessee railway that passes from Richmond by Lynchburg to Knoxville and Chattanooga. Immediately on penetrating the mountain-barrier, the Northern armies would be liable to be attacked in detail by superior numbers. All this has been confirmed by the events. Rosecrans's advance over the distance from Nashville to Chattanooga has been so slow as scarcely to look like an advance at all. He entered the mountain-barrier with his wings separated, and the auxiliary force of Burnside still far distant. Bragg's army, suddenly reinforced, attacked and defeated his wings and centre in detail, and interposed between him and Burnside, rendering their junction difficult and doubtful. The Northern Government is now seeking to reinforce the broken army at Chattanooga; but any one who will look at the map will see how great was the space which the Northern troops must traverse, coming from Washington or Baltimore by the Ohio to Nashville, and thence along the road, compared with the distance by railway from Gordonsville or Richmond to Chattanooga.

Such are some of the primary considerations which must force themselves on such amateur strategists as Mr E. Stanton and Mr Abraham Lincoln, showing that, if the South can maintain the requisite force of its armies, the troubles of the North are only beginning. How to carry troops with sufficient rapidity to the required point, and to supply their wants there, though puzzling considerations, are easy compared with the after-part of the problem—namely, how to conduct them skilfully and securely through the hills.

Nothing could be more puzzling than the attempt, at the beginning of the war, to follow, by map and description, operations which extended along the whole frontier from the mouth of the Potomac to that of the Mississippi, the attention being further perplexed by the many isolated expeditions along the coast. There were campaigns occupying considerable numbers of troops proceeding almost simultaneously in Eastern Virginia, in Western Virginia, in Kentucky, in Missouri, and in Tennessee. But owing to the necessities of good communications, either by land or water, before armies could move effectually, and which a large part of the frontier did not afford, these have mainly resolved themselves into two great points of collision. On the one hand, the space between Washington and Richmond has been traversed and retraversed in all directions by the contending armies. On the other, the region watered by the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers has become the focus of operations which were lately spread over a vastly more extensive tract. The great sieges and battles in the West—Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Fort Donnelson, Shiloh, Murfreesborough, and lastly Chattanooga—have had for their object to establish this line of invasion, leading straight to the heart of the Confederacy. While the army of the Poto-

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mac seeks only to push back the Southern frontier, and owes much of its importance to the prestige that surrounds the Southern capital, the Western attack aims at the dissolution of the whole fabric of the South. Could the Eastern army of the Federals hold Richmond, and the Western maintain itself east of Chattanooga, they would communicate by the line of Lynchburg and Knoxville, perfect concert would be established along the whole front from Washington to Memphis, and a huge slice of territory would be almost irrecoverably lost to the South. We see, then, how it is that the operations in these two districts have absorbed all lesser enterprises. They were lately connected intermediately by the force under Burnside at Knoxville; from whence, failing to succour Rosecrans on his right, he moved over the hills on his left to menace the communications of Lee. Lee, after driving back Meade, had the option either of falling on Burnside, and moving by Knoxville against the Federal line from Nashville, or of moving directly to reinforce Bragg. For a full comprehension of the military position, it is necessary, therefore, to appreciate not only the operations in the East and in the West, but the connection between them.

The subject of the first on our list of books under review is the operations in the eastern portion, only, of the vast theatre. Captain Chesney is a writer who deals not with partial details and local conflicts, but with the general design of that section of the war. His volume treats of the campaigns in Virginia and Maryland in 1862. He presents by far the clearest and most scientific view of the operations which has yet been given. His task is such as could only be accomplished by a very careful and intelligent military student, accustomed to consider problems of strategy as exemplified in the practice of great commanders, and able to apply his deductions to new combinations of circumstances. To such an investigator, the masses of desultory information, existing in the forms we have already mentioned, present comparatively few difficulties. The theatre of war mastered, the starting-points and objects of the antagonist armies known, the practised military historian perceives at once the threads which it is important to follow, and, seizing these, he presently evolves order and design out of hopeless confusion.

The army of the Potomac has three lines of operation by which to move from the river upon Richmond, all of which, and one other, it has tried. First, it may move up the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and the neighbouring fords, crossing by which it enters the valley of the Shenandoah. This was where Banks was defeated by Jackson; and more recently Milroy, who appears to have been rather a brigand than a General, by Ewell. Secondly, crossing the Potomac at Washington, it may move by Alexandria on Manassas—the route taken by M'Dowell when defeated at Bull's Run, and subsequently by Pope, when he illustrated the same theatre of action by another disaster. Thirdly, descending the river to Acquia Creek, it may attempt to advance by the shortest and most direct route of Fredericksburg—a place which has also contributed its two great failures to the history of Northern invasion. An army in the Shenandoah valley is separated from its auxiliaries on the lower Potomac by the Blue Ridge, and can only keep up precarious communication with them through the gaps in that mountain-barrier; while those advancing from the river at Washington or Acquia find their first obstacle in the streams which directly cross the line of operation—the road from Washington being traversed by the Bull's Run, the Rappahannock, and the Rapidan, and the road of Fredericksburg by the Rappahannock and Pamunkey.

The first attempted combination of the Federals in the war was an advance from Washington

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towards Manassas, while at the same time a force under Patterson was to hold Johnson in check in the Shenandoah valley. It was here the North received its first lesson in the elements of strategy. Johnson was nearer to Beauregard by the road to Manassas from the valley, than Patterson, by the Potomac and Washington, was to M'Dowell. Keeping his adversary in play by manœuvring to the last, Johnson, suddenly quitting the valley, moved towards Beauregard at such a critical moment that part of his troops fell upon the Federal right flank in the midst of the battle, and the panic rout ensued which astonished and amused the world.

Captain Chesney's review commences with the next stage—namely, the Federal combinations for the advance upon Richmond by the Yorktown peninsula. According to the programme, M'Clellan with the main army was to embark on the Potomac, and to be landed on the peninsula south of York river; M'Dowell was to operate by the north bank of York river; and Banks was to move by the Shenandoah valley against the common object, Richmond.

Such was the original design. But the President grew nervous as he saw the troops departing and leaving Washington uncovered. So he retained M'Dowell to cover Washington at Fredericksburg, sending one division to reinforce M'Clellan instead of the whole corps. Thus the new combination was: M'Clellan advancing from the peninsula; M'Dowell in Fredericksburg, from whence he was to move towards the Pamunkey to join M'Clellan's right when it should arrive there; Banks in the Shenandoah valley; and lastly (a new feature in the combination), a division under Fremont, drawn from M'Clellan's force, was sent beyond the Alleghanies into Western Virginia, where it was to cross the mountains upon Jackson's rear, and thus cause him to fall back, on penalty of being enclosed between Fremont and Banks.

The first counter-movements of the Confederates were these:—Magruder's corps was to occupy a line of intrenchments across the peninsula, and delay M'Clellan, while behind these defences Richmond should be fortified on its east side, and the Confederate troops between Richmond and Washington should move to cover the capital from the advance of M'Clellan. All this was successfully accomplished. But it was in the Shenandoah valley that the Federals received their next costly lesson in strategy. Fremont and Banks, trying to enclose Jackson between them, but having no communications between themselves, and consequently no concert, were exposed separately to his attacks. He first turned on Fremont and drove him back, then sent Banks's detachments flying through the valley; next turned again on Fremont, and defeated a second attempt which he was making to issue from the mountains; and, lastly, having accomplished the ruin of all the combinations against himself, turned southward to join the forces defending the capital. But the defeat of his immediate antagonists was not the only fruit of his exploits. His successes had so alarmed the President for the safety of Washington, that he checked the movement which M'Dowell was making to join M'Clellan, and even ordered the bridges, by which these two Generals could communicate, to be destroyed, in order to prevent the Confederates from using them. Thus Jackson's achievements disorganised or nullified 80,000 Federal troops, and M'Clellan was compelled, by these disappointments, and the difficulties between him and Richmond, to pause till Jackson's march was accomplished. Then followed the series of battles and defeats which were clothed in ridicule by the celebrated euphuism of "a strategic movement," till the expectant North received the gratifying intelligence, from

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which it has so often drawn comfort since, that its invading army was safe from the further pursuit of its victorious adversary.

Captain Chesney's narrative of this campaign is extremely clear, well arranged, and instructive. It is based on the well-written account that appeared in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' attributed to the French princes—corrected in some of its manifestly and naturally partial views by information obtained from Confederate sources. We are glad to find that a deserved tribute is paid to M'Clellan, the most respectable of Northern leaders, however unfortunate :—

"The conduct of this Northern army," says Captain Chesney, "which was marked in its forbearance towards the persons and property of the residents throughout the campaign on the peninsula, may have been owing rather to the good *morale* of the better class of volunteers, and to the striking example of their commander and his staff, than to any strictness of discipline. At any rate, it presents a most favourable contrast to the excesses committed in Tennessee and Alabama during the same year, when every rule by which modern generals have softened the rigours of war has been thrown aside ; when soldiers have been encouraged by their officers to plunder, excess, and cruelty ; and the horrors of the Thirty Years' War have been revived, to the disgrace of the boasted civilisation of our age."

Such is the testimony, respecting Federal excesses, of one who has made study of the annals of war his special vocation.

A very slight glance at the map will show that the contending armies, throughout the foregoing operations, were ranged on concentric lines from east to west, of which the Confederate arc was the inner, shorter by far, and easier to move on—and, moreover, the Federal right wing, taken separately, was under the same disadvantage against the Confederate left under Jackson, as the total Federal line was against the whole opposing front. This state of things had been accomplished under the direction of the new War Minister, Mr E. M. Stanton, who, on taking office, had announced that the art of war was an impious delusion, and that the only rule to be observed was to advance straight upon the enemy. Two months before the misadventures of the North began, we, in the article already adverted to, augured ill to the Federal cause from these doctrines of a new authority, who was thus soon and heavily impressed with the reality of the science of strategy.

But in the mean time, before he had been thus signally confuted, he had brought a new and congenial performer on the scene. General John Pope had signalised himself, and illustrated the Northern genius for smartness by a feat at once simple and grand. He had with a stroke of his pen converted a hundred Confederates, whom he had made the captives of his bow and spear, into ten thousand, and had thus at once given great pleasure to the North and great reputation to himself. He was in character the opposite of the General who had just been tumbled from his pedestal; for whereas M'Clellan was distinguished for modesty and reserve, and a faculty of keeping his own counsel, John Pope was prompt and vociferous in self-assertion and in anticipations of success. A brilliant disciple of the school of the new military luminary, Stanton, he announced that "the only line of operations he knew of was the line of the enemy's retreat ;" and with a view, probably, of simplifying the details as well as the principles of war, he declared that his headquarters would be "in the saddle"—the dependent branches of the staff being, perhaps, in this compendious arrangement, situated in the stirrups. Furnished with these new and simple elements of victory, he took command of the army, which was pushed towards Richmond from Alexandria to take the pressure off M'Clellan. Met on the Rapidan by Jackson, Pope's advanced-guard under Banks was

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defeated at Cedar Mountain; and at the approach of Lee he retired behind the Rappahannock. The next move of the Confederates must have greatly disturbed his theory of war, for it brought Jackson, by a circuitous movement, on his line of communications with Washington, and compelled a general concentration to secure his retreat. Next day the remainder of the Confederate army, following Jackson's march, came into line, and General Pope was compelled to mount hastily into his headquarters, and to transfer himself, and the remains of his army, to the shelter of the fortifications of Washington. The change which thereupon came over the calm and reflective spirit of his countrymen would have left him the most comical example of exploded pretension on record, had he not been so soon displaced from his pre-eminence by the superior claims of Fighting Joe Hooker.

Next followed Lee's first invasion of Maryland; and here full justice is done by the author to M'Clellan, whose plans were always sufficiently sagacious, though marred by slowness of execution and want of promptitude and decision in emergencies. "To have accomplished as much as he had done," says the essayist—"to have restored enough of confidence to the beaten and demoralised mass he led from Washington to enable them to face, not unsuccessfully, the lately victorious enemy; to force the triumphant Southerners to their own side of the border, abandoning their grasp of Maryland—these achievements must ever reflect credit on M'Clellan." In fact, he had displayed both boldness and judgment. Lee's troops, extended far into Maryland, were covered from the army of Washington by the heights of South Mountain, the passes of which he held. M'Clellan rightly judged that, if he could force these, and seize Harper's Ferry, he would sever the roots of the invading army; and he therefore moved up the Potomac to attack it in that direction. But the passes were held long enough to insure Lee's concentration; he drew back in time his extended front, and when the armies fronted each other at Antietam, he had secured, even if defeated in the battle, his retreat to Virginia.

"Those," says Captain Chesney, "who are disposed to be over-critical, may accuse Lee of having needlessly fought the battle of the 17th. Indeed it would seem that he was so little pressed on the two preceding days that he might, as soon as the news of the success of Harper's Ferry reached him, have retired over the Potomac without being harassed to any serious extent, and have joined Jackson at Shepherdstown. He cannot, therefore, be said to have fought in order to complete, in security, the merely military object of his expedition. But to have abandoned Maryland on the mere appearance of M'Clellan would have injured materially the prestige of the Southern arms; and he might well believe his strong position would prove impregnable against the attacks of those soldiers he had lately chased so rudely through Virginia. Moreover, any decided repulse of the Federal attack, ending in a retreat vigorously followed up, would have left him master of the north side of the Potomac for months, and able perhaps to distress the Northern Cabinet most seriously by the occupation of Baltimore. He played, therefore, for a great stake; and but for the power which M'Clellan wielded over the Federal soldiers, it seems probable that he would have won."

Three of the four roads to Richmond were now marked "dangerous" for the Federals. Across these routes lay, on the banks of the Shenandoah, of the Bull's Run stream, and of the Chickahominy, graveyards filled with Northern hopes and vaunts. Henceforth, Northern armies, advancing on those fields, would fancy they felt the hands of their slain comrades stretched from the soil to draw them back; while for their enemies, the air would be filled with sounds of cheer. Whether M'Clellan would have succeeded in another

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attempt by the Orange Road can never be known, because, having done all the service to the administration of which he appeared to be at present capable, they resolved to discard a weapon which they feared might burst in their hand. They dismissed him from his command, to which Burnside was for some negative reasons elevated. The Young Napoleon went into retirement, while hats were thrown up for his late subordinate, and exulting prophecies of success were uttered, which the new hero was commanded, under the penalty now established by successive precedents, to verify forthwith. He chose for his advance the road from Acquia Creek, probably for no better reason than because, as it was yet untried, it was marked by no failure; and he met at Fredericksburg the most signal disaster of the war.

"But," says Captain Chesney, speaking of the retreat of the Federals over the river, "in the escape of Burnside's forces from their critical position lies a blot on the judgment of the Confederate General, such as justice forbids us to pass by. It may be urged that the imperfect state of discipline inherent in the Southern armies would of necessity prevent their pickets, on so stormy a night, from duly observing what their enemy was about. In this way we may excuse the fact of the complete escape of the Northerners by their nocturnal flight, or at least palliate the seeming carelessness which permitted it.

"But the question still remains unanswered—Why did Lee allow the two days succeeding the battle to pass by without making a counter-attack upon his enemies, still staggering from their repulse? It is true that the lives of his men were far more precious to their country than those of Burnside's to the North. It is true that he could only conjecture—what we now well know—the utterly dispirited condition of the Federals. But something must ever be risked in war, where a very great object is to be obtained; and in this case of Fredericksburg, as in most others, the old rule appears to hold good, 'That the basis of sound defensive action is a readiness to take the offensive at the right opportunity.' Had Lee, on the morning of the 14th, thrown his whole force frankly against the Northern army, reduced as the latter was in numbers, and much more in *morale*, by its severe repulse, it is scarcely to be doubted that a mighty advantage would have been obtained. The mere beginning of any panic among Burnside's troops would have inevitably caused them to sever their line, by yielding to the natural tendency to fall back on the different sets of bridges that had carried them across; so that, an advantage once gained, the weight of the Confederates might have been directed almost wholly upon Franklin, or upon the other two grand divisions. It is possible, indeed, that the scenes of Leipsic or the Beresina might have been repeated on the Rappahannock, and the greater part of the Federal corps have been captured or destroyed. It is possible also that the political results of such a defeat might have reached scarcely less far than those which followed the disasters of Napoleon just quoted. Finally, when we assert thus plainly that Lee at Fredericksburg erred from over-caution, and missed an opportunity of further advantage such as even a great victory has rarely offered, it must be borne in mind that his troops were not on this occasion suffering from over-marching, or want of food and ammunition, as in former cases, which the reader will recall. To attack or remain still was, therefore, strictly a matter of choice; and, judging after the event with that fuller knowledge which time brings, we are enabled confidently to say that the decision should have been more bold."

So Burnside was dethroned, and Fighting Joe Hooker reigned in his stead. The Federal Bank of Fame is never weary of cashing its heroes before they are due, and Fighting Joe was honoured to the full amount of his self-estimated value.

With the actions that ensued on the Rappahannock, the retreat of the Federals, and the death of 'Stonewall' Jackson, Captain Chesney's volume concludes. We can cordially and sincerely recommend it to any reader desirous of knowing the events of that portion of the war, as clear, compendious, pleasantly written, the work of a scientific soldier, and marked throughout with the general fairness of judgment which our extracts exhibit. He sums up as follows, after detailing the incidents of Chancellorsville :—

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"Making every allowance that is possible for Hooker's difficulties—admitting that his eleventh corps proved more untrustworthy in the field than he could have expected; that Sedgwick faltered painfully, and failed to second him in any degree; that he was under special difficulties as to the transport of the needful supplies for his troops—there still remains a degree of blame resting on his own performance of the self-elected duties of Commander-in-Chief which nothing can hide, and which his own weak attempts to conceal by bluster render but the more conspicuous. It is only necessary to follow what has been said of his conduct from the time he was first attacked, on the 1st May, to the decision to recross the river, in order to see how completely the self-confidence of the man failed him in the hour of trial. Looking at the transactions here recorded in the most lenient view, he must be judged, like many another of his class—as a General, a fair leader of division; as a soldier, a hard fighter, though too much of a braggart; but when raised to chief command, a man utterly incompetent to the higher duties of his station.

"Turning to Lee once more, and reviewing his treatment of the difficulties that arose during Hooker's advance, there seems literally no praise too high to bestow on him for what he did with his small army in this brief but glorious campaign. How he waited coolly till the movement of the enemy should be fairly developed; then by sharp attack checked his onward progress; then 'contained' (as the phrase is) the main Federal army with less than two divisions; while Jackson performed that wonderfully successful flank-march and won the victory; then, when he found the Federals reduced to perfect inaction, ceased to press them for a time, but still managed to observe them while he transferred his blows to Sedgwick, crushing his corps with the lesser force, and driving him with great loss to fly across the stream; finally contrived to keep Hooker and his men so hemmed in and straitened that they were glad to escape under cover of the darkness:—these things will have been observed by the reader, and carry the proofs with them, that Lee must be ranked among the very greatest of modern strategists beyond a doubt."

Hooker has been blamed for dividing his force to cross the Rappahannock. This is mistaken censure. It is but seldom that a river can be crossed in face of an enemy at a single point. Feints must be made to conceal the true point, and these cannot be made without a division of the forces. Thus, Wellington fights at Orthes with his troops separated much as Hooker's were—so does Louis Napoleon at Magenta. The explanation of the real causes of his failure is too technical to be given here.

We now come to a book of a very different sort, bearing the imposing title of 'War Pictures from the South,' by B. Estván, Colonel of Cavalry in the Confederate army.

"I have," says this gentleman in his preface, "as a refugee, for the second time set my foot upon the rocky shores of Old England, to complete, under the shelter of her glorious banner, a narrative of the remarkable events that occurred during a period of more than eighteen months' campaigning in America, the knowledge of which I acquired from my personal experience as an officer of the Confederate army." "Scarcely had South Carolina seceded from the Union," he says in his first chapter, "when I received a commission from two of the most influential Southern leaders."

Now, the Confederate cavalry is not a service in which the talents of gifted colonels are allowed to rust; and that B. Estván is a man of merit is evident, else why should he be so sought after by the Southern leaders? How is it, then, that we have not heard the name of B. Estván in connection with some dashing enterprise of the war? Also, what brings this coveted warrior to our "rocky shores" in the very midst of the most exciting period of the contest? And why should a Confederate colonel come to England as a refugee? That a man is a refugee may be his misfortune, it is true; but it is equally true that it may be his fault. Great numbers of persons, much sought after by our own authorities, quit our rocky shores for America, and doubtless call themselves by the interesting title of refugee on their arrival. What is the colonel seeking refuge from here? Answers to the foregoing questions would be satisfactory as

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tending to remove a certain haze which from the outset surrounds the name of B. Estván.

The mystery of the commencement thickens as the work proceeds; for we find this trusted and eminent Confederate colonel devoting all his literary power, which, however, is of the very feeblest kind, to abuse of the Southern cause and of the Confederate leaders and troops, while the Union and its adherents are treated with magniloquent respect. And if he expressed his opinions in the Southern States as unreservedly as in his book, we should perfectly understand how it is that he happens to be a refugee. Plenty of other Confederate colonels would undoubtedly be ready to express their disapprobation of his sentiments in a way that would render his life among them unpleasant, and indeed impossible, while he would, moreover, find it difficult to escape the operation of whatever laws may exist in the Confederacy for the punishment of disaffection and treason in those intrusted with command. But, for reasons that we shall presently state, we cannot accept this solution of the problem.

On receiving his commission, the Colonel says he repaired to Charleston.

"Here I found at the well-supplied table a host of Southern cavaliers, who seemed to enjoy the good things before them with considerable gusto. The events of the day were loudly discussed among them, and strong words uttered against the Government of Washington. Several of these gentlemen had already donned brilliant uniforms; and as they clanked their spurs, rattled their swords, and made dashing inroads upon the viands before them, I could hardly fail to be impressed by such evidences of chivalrous courage."

Presently he favours us with a glimpse of his previous career:—

"I found," says he, "unmistakable signs of military activity all round me, reminding me of scenes I had witnessed in Italy in the year 1848. Halls and stairs resounded to the clank of spurs and swords—music familiar to the ear of an old soldier."

He then goes with Captain Nelson, a Confederate officer, to look at Fort Sumter. "It was a charming day," says the Colonel, trying his hand at description of landscape. "The sun shone mild and smiling upon the deep-blue waters of the lovely bay. All nature," he says, "looked happy," as nature would indeed be very unreasonable not to look when she was irradiated by a luminary so bent upon being agreeable and courteous.

"Through my excellent Vogtländer telescope," he goes on, "I saw many indications of great military activity in Fort Sumter: guns were being brought into position, and new works thrown up in front of the fort: in short, it was quite clear to my mind that Major Anderson was not only determined to show us his teeth, but to bite hard if necessary. I handed my glass to my friend the captain, who was standing near me, drawing his attention to the preparations in active progress then making by the commandant of Fort Sumter; observing that so old a fox as Anderson would hardly fail to receive such a distinguished party as ourselves with all due courtesy and attention.

"'What the devil do you mean? The confounded fellow is surely not going to fire at us?' anxiously inquired my heroic companion; while his face became remarkably pallid, and his well-waxed mustache lost considerably in its warlike appearance.

"'Believe me, captain,' I rejoined, 'that all those preparations he is so busily engaged in making mean mischief, and denote his intention to make good use of his formidable guns.'

"At these words a slight shiver pervaded my companion's frame, and, pleading sickness, he retired in a state of trepidation, to find a place of greater security behind the bulwarks of the steamer. The other bold sons of Mars who had accompanied me from Charleston now all gathered around, and pressed me to give them some account of my former military adventures under similar circumstances, which request I readily complied with."

After this dramatic little sketch, he tries his hand at fine writing; and so successfully that, if he had not told us he was an old soldier and a Confederate colonel, we should have at once, without fur-

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ther evidence, pronounced him to be either editor or special correspondent of a New York paper. He had met, it appears, with an Honourable Mr K——, a devoted adherent of the Great Republic, who talked of the Southern policy as "an odious game." The remarks of this patriot excite sympathetic reflections in the Colonel's mind, which he gives us in the following language :—

"I could not forget how majestic had been the growth of the Union, that vigorous plant which had been developed in such strength and power as to command the admiration of the civilised world. Each State was a glorious stem of this noble tree, and each leaf bore the words, Law, Liberty, Prosperity, Concord! These four elements of its flourishing condition were individually and collectively essential to its further development; a truth felt and cherished by the smallest member of the least part of this colossal Union. Why, then, were not the noxious insects at once crushed which had crept into the calyx of so fair a flower in order to destroy it? Why was not every rotten leaf at once cut off that threatened to poison the sap of the whole plant?

"But who could then have dreamt that the small snowball moulded by the hand of discord would become ere long a mighty avalanche, increasing as it rolled on, and in its destructive career overwhelm thousands of the homesteads of peace?"

Quite in the best style of Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram! What singular flexibility of metaphor! The plant of the first sentence may be allowed to become a tree in the second under the forcing influence of the Colonel's genius—the States may fitly be stems, though what the leaves are which constitute the very singular foliage we cannot say—and it is undeniable that prosperity, as he finely says, is an element of a flourishing condition. But how comes the tree to change into a fair flower? And how can the noxious insects of one sentence be the rotten leaves of the next? But these feats of agile imagery are slight compared with the introduction of that wondrous "snowball moulded by the hand of discord." What relation it has to plant, tree, or flower, none but a Pogram or a Brick could tell us.

"Montgomery," says the Colonel, extricating himself at length from this wilderness of tropes, "in the State of Alabama, was selected by the revolutionary party" (the Colonel's employers) "as the place best suited to concoct their schemes, and to lay out their plans in undisturbed security." It was with sentiments so befitting a Confederate colonel that he sought an interview with General Bragg, the late victor at Chickamauga, of whom we get the following report :—

"Hitherto General Bragg had done nothing except to concoct and issue forth his pompous reports to the world. The impression he made upon me was precisely that of a strolling acrobat standing outside his booth, announcing the wonderful things that were to be seen within. Bragg would not allow me to open my lips; but in wild excitement at once launched forth a vainglorious boast, that in less than four weeks he would capture Fort Pickens, put the garrison to the sword, and blow it in the air. 'All this is very well, General,' I quietly observed; 'but what measures have you taken to carry out this great plan?' On this point, however, the gallant General declined to enter into any explanations; it was his wish, he said (pulling up his shirt-collar at the same time, as if to give weight to his words), to astonish the public by his success."

Now, when we remember that the individual who utters these opinions claims to have been, at the time of holding them, an officer in the Confederate service, it will not be necessary—nor, if necessary, would it be polite—to designate him according to his merits, if his tale be true; and if it be not true, it would similarly be both futile and uncivil to affix to him a suitable epithet. Such is the dilemma, on the horns of which B. Estván has assumed an extremely uncomfortable, and by no means honourable, position. But we acquit B. Estván of being a renegade. No Confederate uniform has, we imagine, ever been disgraced by him — no Southern

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counsels has he betrayed, no Southern army has he deserted in time of action; for there is reason, supplied by himself, to suspect that he never wore the uniform, nor shared the counsels, and it is possible that he has never been south of the Potomac in his life.

Unfortunately for B. Estván, Mr Pollard's book has found its way to the English public about the same time as his own, and a comparison of the two seems to show that whole pages have been appropriated by this unscrupulous pilferer. His style of going to work would appear to be to seize on Pollard's account of the politics of the time, or his descriptions of country, or his narrative of campaigns and battles, and transfer them to his own farrago, embellished by alterations of his own. These consist in changes of style and phraseology, which are very much for the worse; in a great number of blunders, the result of ignorance and hasty thefts; in a falsification of incidents and of numbers to the disadvantage of the South; and in a few touches intended to be personal and graphic, such as would naturally suggest themselves to a feeble invention. Very little shrewdness is necessary to detect him. For instance, he says, as we have already quoted,—"Through my excellent Vogtländter I saw many indications of great military activity in Fort Sumter; guns were being brought into position, and *new works thrown up in front of the fort*." But in a passage transcribed wholesale from Pollard he depicts the fort as rising on all sides perpendicularly out of the sea, from a foundation of rock and mud, to the height of sixty feet. The new works in front of it are therefore the invention of a weak impostor. He tells us he was present at the battle of Manassas, "though prevented by a fall from my horse from taking any active part." But at the close of the day he tells us he took a very active part indeed, in attending to the Federal wounded who were left uncared for by the barbarous Southerners, and was even cursed by the Confederates for his officious humanity to the "d—d Yankees;" but was comforted by the approval of no less a person than General Jackson, who shook him by the hand, saying, "You are right; as a European officer you must know what a new army most stands in need of." The account of the battle is merely a distorted transcript from Pollard, studded with such original ornaments as this (intended, we suppose, to give it an air of personal narrative),—"The sun shone with increasing splendour on the scene, while a fresh breeze blew playfully over the plain; and the heavens looked down smilingly, as if utterly unconscious of the fearful havoc that must ensue from the sanguinary work about to commence. There stood in the full possession of life and youth, their breasts heaving with hope and courage," &c. &c. &c. He makes blunders respecting the position of the troops which no officer who had been present could fall into, and enumerates among the brigades "Kemper's"—Kemper having been captain of a field-battery. But Manassas is by no means the only engagement which he claims to have been present in. On the contrary, nothing took place in any part of the vast theatre of war but B. Estván was engaged in it; so that he might say, like Falstaff, "There cannot a dangerous action peep out its head but I am thrust upon it." In Virginia and Kentucky, Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri, the ubiquitous Colonel is present, frequently in two places at once, noting the deficiencies of his associates, chronicling the valour of the enemy, and receiving the compliments which the most illustrious leaders delighted to bestow on this European veteran, till he disappeared so unaccountably from the scene, and came to visit our "rocky shores." Entertaining the opinion of the writer with which he has himself inspired us, it is quite beside the purpose to quote further from his

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book. To judge from appearances, it has been concocted by some Yankee, who, as we presume from his style, has contributed to the newspaper literature of his country; and, besides the hope of sale, the manufacturer, if he be such, may not have been quite indifferent to the prospect of reward from the grateful North. From the special praise bestowed on General M'Clellan, we infer that it was composed before the eclipse of that luminary, in whose beams the astute Estván probably calculated on basking. We were for some time doubtful as to what could be the precise social position of this chronicler, but a clue to it is, unless we mistake, afforded by one or two passages in his narrative. He calls General Corcoran "the able Colonel," "the gallant Irishman." Corcoran was not very long ago a potman in a rum-shop in New York. He is a very successful potman indeed, and might be at once envied by mean and admired by generous potmen. We suspect B. Estván to be a generous Potman. But we must again say, that these are only the suspicions which B. Estván has himself inspired. We know nothing of him except from his book. It is possible that he is a European veteran, and that his fame recommended him to the Confederate authorities. It is possible that he was a Colonel of Confederate cavalry, and withdrew from that service, in the midst of the war, under strictly honourable circumstances. It is possible that he may have some excuse to offer for taking service on one side, when his prepossessions were on the other, and for attempting to blacken the cause he joined. It is possible that all the coincidences between him and Pollard are accidental. Whether these things, besides being possible, are also probable, our readers can judge for themselves; but no explanations can ever render the book readable, or entertaining, or trustworthy.

Mr Pollard's book is of a kind that, by presenting contemporary facts in a collected form, will be eminently useful to the future historian of the war. But he is too much a partisan to produce a perfectly reliable record. He is, it appears from his preface, the editor of a Richmond paper; and we do not imagine that Richmond editors are by any means exempt from the weaknesses of those who preside over newspaper politics in other cities of that continent. In fact, from a few flowers of rhetoric that he strews on the heads of his political opponents in the preface, we should infer that he was quite capable of feeling strong prejudice, and of expressing it in very unparliamentary language. Favourites of the Government are, he says, literary slatterns; he talks of scrubs and scribblers; he claims credit because he is not "in the habit of toadying to great men, and courting such public whores as 'official' newspapers." From which we may venture to presume that this virtuous man is not himself a favourite of the Government, nor his chaste journal an official newspaper. It is not in the least surprising, therefore, to find that he regards the Southern President with stern patriotic disapprobation. "There are," he says, "ignoramuses in the Southern Confederacy who think it necessary in this war that all the books and newspapers in the country should publish everything in the South in *couleur de rose;* drunken patriots, cowards in epaulets, crippled toadies, and men living on the charity of Jefferson Davis, trained to damn all newspapers and publications in the South for pointing out abuses in places of authority, for the sage reason that knowledge of these abuses will comfort the enemy and tickle the ears of the Yankees." No such considerations as influence the estimable characters whom he enumerates can prevail with the uncompromising Pollard. But it would be greatly wronging him to allow it to be supposed that he is a writer of the Estván stamp; on the contrary, his praise of the deeds

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of his countrymen is no less spirited than his condemnation of the Federals. He is an ardent Secessionist, and cordially detests both the old Union and its existing fragment. His antipathies are merely personal, and are directed against the gentleman who embodies the Government that has not admitted the Pollard element to its councils. His complaint against the President is, that he directs the operations of all the armies of the Confederacy, and that he chooses for his Cabinet only such instruments as will execute his will. Now we grant at once that in certain cases this would be very bad policy. It is a policy that does not prosper, for instance, with Mr Lincoln. Many of the numerous disasters that have befallen the Northern armies are attributed to the superintending care of that anxious strategist. Nor has he been so eminently happy in his statesmanship, when he has happened to take a line of his own, as to render his example a particularly bright one. But in general he takes exactly what Mr Pollard would seem to imply as the most judicious course. He has composed his Cabinet of gentlemen who proclaim independent opinions, and who possess sufficient notoriety and political influence to aim at supplanting him. The spectacle, however, of the Northern charioteer, aghast and helpless on his coach-box, dragged hither and thither by his shying and bolting team, and clutching in despair now at this rein, now at that, is not such as should encourage future weak Presidents to assemble a cabinet of independent politicians. It all depends upon who is to drive the team. Mr Davis has conducted his with very remarkable success. And though the military operations have not been absolutely faultless, yet they have been so directed as to secure marvellous results for the weaker side. There is nothing to show that the Southern President's military capacity is not equal to that of any of his generals; while there is everything to show, that in power of combination and organisation he stands unrivalled in the Confederacy. He has the courage to acknowledge misfortunes and the firmness to retrieve them. While it is impossible to speak of the pretensions of the North without ridicule, it is equally impossible to consider the achievements of the South without respect. When such has been the result, it can scarcely be expected that history will praise Jefferson Davis the less because that result has been reached through his unassisted guidance.

It is probably because General Lee was a member of this obnoxious Government, as Secretary for War, that Mr Pollard's estimate of that now famous commander is of an altogether unexpected sort. The comparison he draws between him and his opponent Rosecrans, in the campaign in Western Virginia early in the war, is altogether to Lee's disadvantage. He speaks slightingly of him as a General who was absorbed in his rules, and desirous of bloodless successes. But later in the book (which does not bring events in detail beyond the defeat of M'Clellan on the peninsula) he desires that this opinion may be considered to relate only to those first operations, and promises that, if other fields shall develop higher qualities in Lee, he will not fail to do him justice. Probably, therefore, the next volume will contain his full recantation.

For the rest, he treats his complex subject with great clearness. He follows the various threads in the tangled operations, and brings them into order; and in doing so, his style is unpretending, fair, modest, and sensible. He does full justice to the respectable Northern commanders, but by no means spares such personages as Pope and Butler. On the other hand, he does not conceal the faults of Southern troops and generalship; that which specially incurs his censure being the manifest tendency to pause after a victory as if all had been done, and, instead of following it up, to rest

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and exult. Many of his military opinions are very sensible; and he is probably right in saying that very little tactical talent was displayed on the side of the Confederates in the battles fought in the peninsula after Lee took the command, all the actions being front attacks on the strongly posted rearguard of the Federals, and won by the sheer fighting of the troops. Lee's exhibition of skilful generalship commenced with the next operations on the Rappahannock.

It is possible also that Mr Pollard is just in his complaint that the Confederate Navy Department has not done so much as was possible in defending the Southern rivers and harbours. Every now and then the world has been astonished, it is true, by the vigour and success with which an attack upon the blockading squadrons of the Federals has been commenced. The Manassas at the mouth of the Mississippi, the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, and the Arkansas in the Yazoo river, all made glorious beginnings; but they also made endings comparatively feeble. This Mr Pollard attributes to the incapacity of the Secretary of the Navy, but with what reason we have not the means of precisely determining. On the one hand, all that was necessary for the defence of rivers and harbours was a class of vessels comparatively easy to construct—vessels in which no sea-going qualities were required, but which would perfectly answer their purpose if they were shot-proof and able to move freely in smooth water. Mr Pollard may be right, therefore, in saying that an additional twenty millions of dollars might have been invested to the best advantage in structures of this kind; and he is very likely right also in saying that it would have been well to plate shore-batteries, for the defence of rivers and harbours, with iron. But, on the other hand, there was great difficulty in procuring the simplest machinery for such vessels, and the very limited supply of iron in the Confederacy might be needed, even more urgently, for other purposes. On the whole, the facts seem to be, that what the Confederates have done in this way they have done gallantly, but that they might have done more.

It is possible that 'War Pictures' have rendered us distrustful of personal narratives, and that the suspicions with which we regard the last book we shall at present notice—'Battle-Fields of the South'—are undeserved. Nevertheless, there are several circumstances which suggest doubts of the entire authenticity of this narrative. In the first place, the writer, not content with the fragmentary records that must naturally be the result of personal experience in so extensive a theatre of war, aims at all the completeness of a general history. He does not, indeed, with the rare audacity of B. Estván, lead the reader to infer that he witnessed all the actions he describes. He claims only to have been present with the army of Eastern Virginia; and the annals of campaigns elsewhere are given in the form of letters from friends serving in the other armies. It is, of course, not impossible that the author may have had a friend in each series of engagements who was always ready to supply him with full particulars in a style very much like his own. Nevertheless, in these book-making days, many people, without being hypercritical, will look askance at these convenient letters to "dear Tom" which always arrive so opportunely. Then, again, he is not satisfied with narrative, but must aim at being dramatic, and gives us long essays in the form of conversations which never could have taken place among any assemblage of human beings, however prosy. Nor does he confine the exhibition of his dramatic faculty to dialogue; there are incidents, too, which bear much stronger marks of contrivance than of reality. At any rate, we leave our readers to decide which province the following extract seems to belong to:—

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"Among the numerous incidents that fell under my notice illustrative of the sometimes tragical, sometimes laughable, occurrences of civil war, the following may be mentioned as properly pertaining to the battle of Leesburg:—Two young men, brothers, acquaintances of mine in Kentucky, had always differed in politics; and when the war broke out, Howard, the younger, sought the Southern army, and Alfred that of the North. They shook hands at parting, and said it was probable they should meet again on some field or other. Alfred obtained a captain's commission; Howard, with many fellow-statesmen, shouldered a musket in our regiment. When the battle was over, Howard was searching for the bodies of friends who had fallen by his side, and stumbled over something. 'Halloa!' said the object, in a hoarse voice, 'who are you?' 'I'm a Southerner,' replied Howard; 'you are one of the enemy, if I'm not mistaken, and know, of course, that the field is ours.' 'Well, yes, I have some faint recollection of a fight; but all I remember is much smoke, a great noise of musketry, and of some active fellow in a white cap knocking me down with a musket, and then I fell asleep.' When they advanced to one of the camp-fires, Howard recognised his brother Alfred, and he himself was the man who had knocked him down with the butt of his musket in the confusion of the battle!"

Here we have not only the remarkable chance that the brothers should be engaged on the same field, but the further remarkable chance that they should engage in a personal encounter, and the still further remarkable chance that the Confederate should stumble on his fraternal foe—the recognition being deferred, on dramatic grounds, till they arrive at the camp-fire. This goes a little beyond Shakespeare's *coup de theatre*, illustrative of the conditions of our own civil wars,—"Enter a Son that has killed his Father," "Enter a Father that has killed his Son."

The English Combatant must not, therefore, blame his readers if they do not receive his narrative with absolute faith. It would be well if ambitious aspirants would remember that what we want in a personal narrative is not the completeness of compiled annals, nor startling effects, nor facetious descriptions which, in these days of universal facetiousness, generally appear weak and insincere. What we want is a faithful record of particulars, which none but an eyewitness can afford, and to which no mere inventor can impart an air of truth. A good, honest, judicious, observant chronicle, is what we mainly want; if he can describe clearly and write well, so much the better for us, but no mere power of writing will atone for the absence of faithful information.

We must, however, by no means be understood to say that we regard the English Combatant as a mere compiler. Many of the scenes are so vividly and truthfully described that we do not doubt the reality of his presence there—especially we would note the defeats of Pope, and the first battle of Fredericksburg, as good battle-pieces. But what is most interesting, perhaps, is the gallery of portraits of famous men of the war, which this book, as well as Mr Pollard's, contains. Both agree in assigning a very high place among the generals of the South to Sterling Price, and both award high praise to his campaign in Missouri. Stonewall Jackson, one is surprised to find, is described as a bad rider and an elderly-looking man, though under forty, shambling about on an old mare hardly capable of a canter.

"Beauregard," says the English writer, "is a small man with a sallow complexion, a heavy black mustache, and closely-cut hair. With the left hand in his trousers pocket, a cigar in his mouth, a buttoned-up coat, and small cap, he is the exact type of a French engineer, and could not anywhere be mistaken for a civilian. He is jaunty in his gait, dashing in manner, and evidently takes delight in the circumstance of war. It must be confessed his modesty is equal to his merit—he is not imperious or overbearing, bears great respect for his brother officers of the old service, and is never seen to such advantage as when standing on an earthwork and giving orders, or conversing with animated gesture."

Colonel Fremantle's faithful and

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unpretending account of his experiences in the South in the present year, has reached us too late to receive so full a notice as it deserves. Most of our readers have already perused with extreme interest the narrative of what he saw in the brief campaign of Gettysburg, which appeared in our September Number. We now have, in addition, a description of his adventures from the time when he landed in the Rio Grande, near Matamoros, in April, till he quitted America in July. In that interval he became personally acquainted with the most eminent men in the Confederacy—Jefferson Davis, Lee, Longstreet, Beauregard, Bragg, Kirby Smith, Johnston, Bishop Polk, Hardee, and a host of minor celebrities. We extract the following sketch of the President :—

"Mr Jefferson Davis struck me as looking older than I expected. He is only fifty-six, but his face is emaciated, and much wrinkled. He is nearly six feet high, but is extremely thin, and stoops a little. His features are good, especially his eye, which is very bright, and full of life and humour. I was afterwards told he had lost the sight of his left eye from a recent illness. He wore a linen coat and grey trousers, and he looked what he evidently is, a well-bred gentleman. Nothing can exceed the charm of his manner, which is simple, easy, and most fascinating. He conversed with me for a long time, and agreed with Benjamin that the Yankees did not really intend to go to war with England if she recognised the South; and he said that, when the inevitable smash came, and that separation was an accomplished fact, the State of Maine would probably try to join Canada, as most of the intelligent people in that State have a horror of being '*under the thumb of Massachusetts.*' He added, that Maine was inhabited by a hardy, thrifty, seafaring population, with different ideas to the people in the other New England States.

"When I spoke to him of the wretched scenes I had witnessed in his own State (Mississippi), and of the miserable, almost desperate, situation in which I had found so many unfortunate women, who had been left behind by their male relations; and when I alluded in admiration to the quiet, calm, uncomplaining manner in which they bore their sufferings and their grief, he said, with much feeling, that he always considered *silent despair* the most painful description of misery to witness, in the same way that he thought *mute insanity* was the most awful form of madness. . . .

"During my travels, many people have remarked to me that Jefferson Davis seems in a peculiar manner adapted for his office. His military education at West Point rendered him intimately acquainted with the higher officers of the army; and his post of Secretary of War under the old Government brought officers of all ranks under his immediate personal knowledge and supervision. No man could have formed a more accurate estimate of their respective merits. This is one of the reasons which gave the Confederates such an immense start in the way of generals; for having formed his opinion with regard to appointing an officer, Mr Davis is always most determined to carry out his intention in spite of every obstacle. His services in the Mexican war gave him the prestige of a brave man and a good soldier. His services as a statesman pointed him out as the only man who, by his unflinching determination and administrative talent, was able to control the popular will. People speak of any misfortune happening to him as an irreparable evil too dreadful to contemplate."

He paid a visit to Fort Sumter after one of the bombardments, and gives an account of that world-famous work, and of the land and sea defences of Charleston. He closes his honest and entertaining little volume with this view of the aspect of the war :—

"But the mass of respectable Northerners, though they may be willing to pay, do not very naturally feel themselves called upon to give their blood in a war of aggression, ambition, and conquest; for this war is essentially a war of conquest. If ever a nation did wage such a war, the North is now engaged, with a determination worthy of a more hopeful cause, in endeavouring to conquer the South; but the more I think of all that I have seen in the Confederate States of the devotion of the whole population, the more I feel inclined to say with General Polk—'How can you subjugate such a people as this?' and even supposing that their extermination were a feasible plan, as some Northerners have suggested, I never can believe that in the nineteenth century the civilised

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world will be condemned to witness the destruction of such a gallant race."

Events follow each other so rapidly, that not only is a book on the war superseded by matters of fresher interest before it can be published, but our own remarks may possibly be out of date before they can be printed. Nevertheless, we will hazard a few in closing this article.

English writers have generally taken for granted that, though the fall of Charleston is postponed, it is inevitable. They argue that, the army once landed, the superior resources of the North can be brought to bear, and must ultimately prevail. In this opinion we have never concurred. The example of Sebastopol proves the difficulty of capturing an uninvested intrenched camp with an unlimited supply of material, and free access for reinforcements. In the case of Charleston these difficulties are increased; for whereas at Sebastopol reinforcements could only reach the place by long ruinous marches, and were always more than balanced by the fresh troops despatched without loss or fatigue from France and England, at Charleston reinforcements to any required extent can be sent and furnished with supplies by railway, far more rapidly than troops to Gillmore by sea. The case is that of two lines of hostile intrenchments, where the advantages of position and access are on the side of the defenders. No doubt, if the Federal fleet can pass up the harbour, all the intrenchments that it can turn will probably be abandoned. But if the fleet cannot pass, the Confederates will hold their own, though no doubt the town may be destroyed.

If Lee's late advance upon Meade, by enabling him to destroy the Orange Railway, really prevented a new advance of the Federals to the Rappahannock for twenty days, the advantage is well worth the pains. A small force may harass and check him, whilst Lee can detach whatever troops may be required to Bragg's assistance. In the mean time Meade must either advance slowly from Alexandria, restoring the railway as he goes, or advance without the aid of the railway, in which case his supplies will be very precarious; or transfer his line of operation either to the Shenandoah valley or to the Fredericksburg road. Such a transference will take time, and events have proved that on either line he may be checked by an inferior force. Richmond, therefore, is safe for the present, though Lee's army should be weakened by detachments to the South-west. In that region the advantages of manœuvring are all on the side of the Confederates; for whereas the Federal army in Chattanooga is dependent on a single long line of communication through Nashville, and the line of railway to Memphis which the recent occupation of Bridgeport is said to have opened, the Confederates are free to operate on a wide arc, and may attack those lines without endangering their own. We shall be disappointed, therefore, if we do not shortly hear that they have achieved a decisive success in the South-west.

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